

Pew Talk. That tall young fellow's here to-day ! I wonder what's his name? His eyes are fixed upon our pew-Do look at Sallie Jane. Who's that young lady dressed in green? It can't be Mrs. Leach : There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles— I wonder if he'll preach? Jend me your fan, it is so warm; We both will sit in prayers; Mourning becomes the widow Ames-How Mary's bonnet flares! bo look at Nancy Sleeper's veil, It's full a breadth too wide : I wonder if Smarth wonder if Susannah Ayres Appears to-day as bride?

blood !"

with the idea.

way.

Lord ! what a voice Jane Rice has got : ()h! how that organ roars; ]'m glad we've left the singers' seat— How hard Miss Johnson snores! What ugly shawls those are in front! Did you observe Ann Wild? fer new straw bonnet's trimm'd with black I guess she's lost a child. I'm half a sleep; that Mr. Jones, His sermons are so long: This afternoon we'll stay at home And practice that new song.

## Biterary.

Killing an Enemy.

BY T. S. ARTHUR. "That man will be the death of me et." said Paul Levering. He looked worried, but not angry. "Thee means Dick Hardy ?" "Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now ?"

The questioner was a Friend named Isaac Martin-a neighbor. "He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me that he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her in the head,'

"That's very bad, friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his grounds?"

"No," she was only looking over his fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear tree, that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property ?"

'Yes. "Two large limbs, full of fruit, stretched over on his side. You hardly believe it, hut it's true. I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off these two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground, and his pigs were eating the his horse. fruit." "Why is Dick so spiteful to thee

friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him ?" "Nothing of any consequence." "Thee must have done something.-

Try and remember." I know what first set him out. I

kicked an ugly dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home, I suppose was all the while prowling about here, and snatching up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous

horse in front of Dick's and made the kick that sent him howling through the track fast, "one pull, and the thing is . Unfortunately, as it has turned done !' out, the dog's master happened to be And before Dick could get down from passing along the road. The way he the cart, it was out of the mud-hole. swore at me was dreadful. I never saw Without saying a word more. Levera more vindictive face. On the next ing unfastened his horse from the front morning a splendid Newfoundland, that of Dick's animal, and hitching up again I had raised from a pup, met me shiverrode on. ing at the door, with his tail cut off!  $\Gamma$ On the next day Mr. Levering saw don't know when I have felt so badly Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening Poor fellow ! his piteous look haunts me a bit of weak fence through which his now. I had no proof against Dick, but Levering's) cattle had broken once or have never doubted, as to his agency in twice; thus removing a temptation, and the matter. In my grief and indignasaving the animals from being beaten tion, I shot the dog, and so put him out and set on by dogs. of my sight." "Thee's giving him a bad wound, "Thee was hasty in that, friend Lev friend Levering," said the Quaker, on ering," said the Quaker. getting information of the two incidents " Perhaps I was, though I have never just mentioned. "and it will be thy own regretted that act. I met Dick a few fault if thee doesn't kill him outright.' days afterwards. The grin of satisfac Not long afterwards, in the face of an tion on his face I accepted as an acknowlapproaching storm and while Dick Haredgment of his mean and cruel revenge. dy was hurrying to get in some clover Within a week from that time one of hay, his wagon broke down. Mr. Levmy cows had a horn knocked off." ering, who saw from one of his fields What did thee do ?" the incident, and understood what loss " I went to Dick Hardy and gave him it might occasion, hitched up his own a piece of my mind." wagon, and sent it over to Dick's assist-'That is, thee scolded, and called him ance. With a storm coming on that

alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him that seemed to touch the flaming West in some by-road. Nobody need see -the whipporwill, meaning its plainthee, and when he's dead, I think peo-ple will be more glad than sorry. Thee tive cadence on the ruinous fence beyond the old mill, was answered by the ripple of the stream in the glen below. needn't fear any bad consequences." "Do you think I'm no better than a and the whole landscape was wrapped murderer?" Levering's astonishment in the sweet, dreamlike repose of a sumpassed to horror and indignation. "I, mer twilight. Paul Levering, stain my hands with Ralph Vane had stood waiting at the nossy stile for two long hours-waiting

"Who said anything about staining and watching in vain. thy hands with blood !" The Quaker "She is coming at last-at last!" he was imperturable. muttered between his set teeth, as a slight rustling in the bushes struck his "Why you!" "Thee's mistaken. I never used the No, it was but a robin darting home-

word blood." "But you meant it. You suggested ward to its nest, half terrified at being out so late; and once more the deep, murder." "No, friend Levering. I advised thee peaceful quiet brooded above the silent

to kill the enemy, lest some day he meadows. should kill thee." "It is too late," he said, as the village "Isn't killing murder, I should like church spire chimed nine. "She will not come now, and I have the ineffable to know ?" demanded Levering. "There are more ways to kill an ene satisfaction of knowing that I am a fool! my than one," said the Quaker. "I've She never loved me-she never cared for me, else she would have come here killed a good many in my time, but no

stain of blood can be found on my garto tell me good-bye. It may be the last ments. My way of killing enemies is time she will ever look upon my face. Much she cares, the pretty, deceiving to make them my friends. Kill neighbor Hardy with kindness and thee'll little coquette-yet I fancied, blind have no more trouble with him." blockhead that I have been, that she "A sudden light gleamed over Mr loved me." He dashed a suspicious drop of mois-Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed

from the sun of his spirit." ture from his eyelashes as hespoke, and plunged in the dense, fragrant woods, A new way to kill people.' "The surest way to kill enemies, as as if he would fain bring himself away

the'll find, if the'll only try." from human ken. "Such magnificent wild strawberries "Let me see. How shall we go abou "' said Paul Levering, taken at once as I have found down in the pasture lot, mother. Only look !" " If thee has the will, friend Levering, And Rachel Bensley held up her

apron full of scarlet berries blushing it will not be long before thee finds the through silver-green leaves. And so it proved. Not two hours af-

She was a pretty, rosy girl, with shinterwards, as Mr. Levering was driving ing black hair, and brown eyes that had into the village, he found Dick Hardy the velvet softness of a gazelle's-a ruswith a stalled cart-load of stone. He tic beauty, whose sun bonnet was tied was whipping his horse and swearing at as coquettishly under her chin as if it him passionately; but to no good purhad been a French chip hat that had pose. The cart-wheels were buried half cost forty dollars. "Put them down, daughter," said

way to the axle in stiff mud, and de-Mrs. Bensley. "Widow Moore has just fied the strength of one horse to move been here, and what do you think she them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and getting on the cart, with his back towards

'I don't know.' his neighbor, commenced pitching the "She says that Ralph Vane has enlisted and gone off to the wars. He left stone off into the middle of the road. "Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said the village last night." Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dis-Rachel satdown, the rosy bloom dying mounted and commenced unhitching out of her cheeks and leaving a ghastly pallor behind. "Mother," she wailed,

But Dick, pretending not to hear him, ' do you believe that it is true ?" kept on picking out the stones. " I'm afraid so, daughter. Do not fret " Hold on, I say, and don't give your -he isn't worth it, to leave you in this sort of way—you that he was as good as self all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in engaged to ! Oh, Rachel, I couldn't

sayin' pretty fair."

mured to himself.

ev, No. — Barker street.'

the clock under his arm.

examined it more closely.

upon his throbbing brain.

seal unbroken still.

kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses have believed it !" are better than one. With Charley's Rachel laid aside her bonnet, and behelp, we'll soon have the wheels on good gan mechanically to pinch the green tems from her strawberries, but she solid ground again." Understanding now what was meant said no more. From that moment she Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by

his side. all the tears she shed were wept in secret. "There," said Levering, as he put his And Farmer Bensley, leaning against the porch pillar, drew a long breath of "Shedon't take it very hard after all," he muttered, "I'm glad it's all over. Ralph Vane never would have made a good husband for her." Three years passed away, and Captain Vane was walking up a crowded city street, absorbed in his own meditations when suddenly he stopped. "Now what was it brought the wide old kitchen at Farmer Bensley's so suddenly to my mind just then ?" he thought. "I could take my oath I saw the old clock, just as it used to stand above the chintz-covered settee. Andhallo! there it is !" There it was-ticking monotonously away in the window of a dingy little second-rate pawnbroker's establishment on the corner where two narrow streets Following the first impulse of the noment, he opened the door and went in. "What is the price of that old fash ioned clock in the window?" he asked. "That clock?" said the Jewish-looking individual in attendance. "Well. you can have that clock cheap, bein'

She rose to open the door, as a gentle tan sounded on the nanels-a tall officer in the uniform of a captain in the Federal army stood before her astonished eyes.

"Rachel!"

"Ralph Vane!" "Nay, I scarcely wonder that you look coldly at me, Rachel, but I have been true to you all these years. Here is the letter I gave your father for you, three years ago this very summer When you gave me no answer either by look or word, I fancied you had been playing with my affections. Now I see Low erroneously I have judged you. Rachel, will you read the letter now Will you give me the answer I waited

for, so long and vainly, the night before I enlisted ?' She broke the seal with trembling hands, and glanced over the contents of the time-vellowed note.

"Oh! Ralph!" she murmured, burst ing into tears, "can you ever forgive me for the hard thoughts I have cher-

ished towards you ?" "Then you will be my wife, now, Rachel?"

"I cannot tell you how gladly-how willingly !"

Will you give her to me, Mrs. Benslev ?" said the tall soldier, kneeling on one knee beside the widow's chair. "May God deal with you as you deal with my child, Ralph Vaue !" uttered

Mrs. Bensley, solemnly. Late into the glorious moonlight of the Argnst night they sat and talked .--Rachel learned that riches and honor had been showered upen her betrothed husband from fortune's liberal hand since he had left the little New England village and "gone soldiering," and he in his turn listened to the sad story of

old Jacob Bensley's failure and death, and his widow's poverty. And then he told them how the antique fingers of the little old-fashioned clock had guided him back to the heart whose constant love was to be his wife's sunshine henceforward and forever.

And the most treasured ornament in Mrs. Capt. Vane's exquisite boudoir is the wooden clock, time-stained, and rudely carved. Yet she would not exchange it for the costliest time-piece of alabaster and gold, that ever sparkled though Tiffany's plate-glass windows.

A Pack of Cards.

A nobleman in London, who kept a never mentioned Ralph Vane's name; hold a pack of cards was found in his

great number of servants, reposed considerable confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who, in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gamester. Jack was called up and closely interrogated ; but he denied the fact, and at the same time declared he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when be-

of our ancestors still possess a hold on the minds of the people, the facts occured a few years since, of which the following is a true narrative: An honest farmer and his family,

preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's, in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely

on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be banked up, and the gleanings of the harvest, abbages, turnips, and so forth, put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage with, while the good man himself was busied on the

pposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm. having got a taste of the scattered cabbage leaves, unobserved, entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had en tered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them.

Soon after, the parents and their little ones, having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows to keep out thieves, started on the same destinaion.

On the afternoon of the day following he festival, the family returned to their nome, accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors, of both sexes, were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving carousa was in full tide of successful operation when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar with a little towwick candle which gave just light enough to make darkness visible to draw cider, ran back into the room, with eyes glaring wildly, uttering the half suffo ated exclamation :

"The devil is in the cellar." "Pooh !" said the father, "you have only been frightened by your own shadow, give me the light.' Saying this, he seized the candle eaving the candlestick fastin the shaking hand of the boy-and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but before he had lescended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the ram caused him to retreat as much ter

rified as his son, exclaiming : "Sure enough, the devil is in the cellar!" The good man siezed the great Bible and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burned blue, and threw such eeble light on the sacred page, the book trembled so much in the hands of the leader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little chil-

dren cried and clung to their mother; the girls nestled close to their favorite • and the whole house was shak in

sound was borne on the summer air niles away, making solemn music, which was very pleasant to a little loney heart.

On the stone steps of the farm-house watching the shadows, or looking now and then with a wishful glance toward he bright sky, sat Margery. Margery who? "That was all, she

had no other name," she said, when trangers questioned her. Farmer James had found her one

wintry night on a snow drift by the roadside. She was warmly wrapped and sheltered from the storm. Several changes of clothing, a sum of money, a paper on which was written "Margery,' vere in a basket near. She had been kept by the farmer's wife, who hoped some day to be rewarded, and who at first built many air-castles. which had for their foundation the coming of Margery's rich friends. She was sure they vere rich she said, for the child's clothng was fine and soft, and the lace upon the little dresses was worn more than her best Sunday gown.

But as years passed and these unknown persons gave no sign, she grew weary of her charge, and by degrees indifference gave way to actual unkind-

Poor little Margery, what had she done, and why was she so unlike the happy children whom she sometimes met? She often wondered, as she did that Sunday afternoon, sitting in the sunshine, how many miles off heaven was, and whether she could walk there if she tried? "I wish I knew," she said. "I wish I knew which road to take, and had somebody to go with me, for I am so tired of living here ?" Little children who, with folded

hands, say your "Now I lay me down to sleep," who are laid to rest by loving hands, with your mothers' good-night kisses on your lips-little happy children-how blest are you who read wonderingly of this child, whose life was so unlike your own! Margery had been taken once by a

kind neighbor with her children, to the village Sunday school. There she heard or the first time of a beautiful place called heaven, the home of God and his angels. The good old minister was talking of Jesus, of the little ones whom he had blest while on earth, whom he still loved in heaven, where after death good children would go to be shinirg angels in the sky.

Margery went homelike one in a happy dream. She scarcely heard the scolding words that Mrs. James poured out like a torrent. She should not always have to be scolded and beaten. She should not always be tired and lonely. There was some one who would love her, if she only could reach him; there was a beautiful home if she only knew the way there.

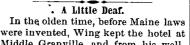
She kept the sweet thoughts in her little sad heart: dreamed of them when she slept, and took comfort in them as she went upon her errands day by day or tended the fretful child whose mother had so little pity for her desolation. One morning when the busy dame seemed to be in ri unwonted mood. Fish. more gentle than she remembered to have seen her, Margery took courage and ventured to ask information on the subject that had occupied so many of

ing, tender kiss will flood the heart with joyous emotions when a volume of words mightfail. It bindeth up the sorespirit, and, oft given, covereth a multitude of and talented correspondents of the counshort-comings. None of us can forget that it was the panacea of childhood. To women it is as necessary as the sunshine and dew to the rose. We refer not to the "strong-minded" of the sex who, in their boasted independence, find all that is needful to existence within themselves-but to those gentle, domestic beings who make glad homes. A frequent, heart-giving kiss will keep fresh the sweetness which otherwise would turn to coldness and indifference. The lover bestows of domestic life. How far the inthem profusely on his sweet-heart, and marvels at her loveliness as she

bounds to meet him. She is beautiful for joy has made her so. The husband gives them not, and soon is wondering at the change so brief a period has wrought in his wife. Although she listens anxiously for his footfalls, her face does not brighten as of yore, nor does she spring to meet him for the

caress she yearns for, but knows will of sixty years of age, high in the Church, not be given. She becomes exactof unimpeachable private character, to a ing, and, if he is belated, asks remaiden of age not stated, a rich and proachfully how he can stay away fashionable maiden of Parisian polso long from his family. This meets ish, a maiden of a most excellent from him an acrid reply. They preside family (as families go)--the minister silently at the meal, vieing in an apof sixty years of age having grandparent unconsciousness of each other's | children-the family of the bride being presence, the silence only disturbed by transported with indignation-the the crowing, blue-eyed baby in the match in every way being unsuitable. mother's arms. With the first unkind A correspondent declares, with a little word the charm has been broken, and moral groan-nobody, not even "the

imperfections have been exhumed which the soil of love had covered.- | if we except the happy pair whose The wife has even become suspicious of wishes, tastes and pleasures in the her husband's truth, be he as faithful as | premises, are not supposed to be of the the needle to the pole.



Middle Granville, and from his wellstocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the

same way. One day they were sitting by them selves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire, with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat. A traveller from the South, on his way to Brandon, stopped in to inquire

the distance. Going up to the counter. he said : "Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon ?"

"Brandy ?" says the ready landlord, jumping up : "Yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a de canter of the precious liquid.

Brandon."

much the lace cost-how much was ex-

tracts continents to the limits of a tea-

table. The trustworthy, well-informed

try press, who date their valuable week-

ly letters from this city, though they

may not draw upon imagination for their

facts, are certainly obliged to detail

many occurrences to secure the requi-

site spice, which escape the attention

of other metropolitan observers, or, at

least, are not deemed worthy of type.

The beer which they chronicle may not

be small; but it is often drawn from

private and personal taps, and with

small regard for the sanctities

telligence thus communicated may be

of public importance, we, who find it no

easy task to determine in our own busi-

ness, will not undertake to decide in re-

gard to the business of others. It may

be necessary and profitable, for instance

for all the world to know of an event

which it is stated has recently convulsed

the topmost ten thousand of New York

officers of the church" being pleased

slightest consequence. Correspondent,

who knows everything, informs us

that the parents are highly "indig-

nant;" and he concludes by pointing

out the hotel which has been illumin-

ated by the honeymoon; though he does

not, which is a singular omission, give

us the name of the popular and gentle

manly landlord who has kindly afford-

ed the new pair a shelter from the eyes

of a curious world, and the indignation

of "a very rich and fashionable family

who live in great style." Correspond:

ent, by this neglect to name popular and

gentlemanly landlord, has probably lost

a bottle of the best wine in the cellars

We tell the story as we find it, care-

fully avoiding names and guesses, and

not desiring to add to the mortification

of persons who had done us and the

world no harm, and who have a perfect

right to be married without being made

the subjects of all this gratuitous tittle-

tattle. This is a marrying world-gal-

lant grooms are leading blushing brides

to the altar every hour of the day, and

nor to publish to the world their esti-

mates of future housekeeping expendi-

There is in almost every village some

old woman, or some young one, or some

weak-headed and talkative male-we

will not say man-who makes it a busi-

of the "small hotel on the Avenue."

-the clandestine marriage of a minister

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger. "I asked how far it was to "They call it pretty good says Wing. "Will you take sugar with presents the swain bestowed upon his it?" reaching as he spoke for the bowl beloved—is simply none of our busiand toddy-stick. ness. It is our business to col-The despairing traveller turned to lect of the parties a few shillings, if they wish to advertise their rapture "The landlord," said he, "seems to in our columns. It is our business, if be deaf! will you tell me how far it is they are married under circumstances to Brandon? f notorious and scandalous immorality, "Thank you," said Fish. "I don't to make those statements which a re care if I do take a drink with you !" gard for the public welfare and the The stranger treated and fled. honor of matrimony may require. It is "A COUNTRY schoolmaster, one day our business, if they have made a promannounced to his pupils that an examiinent and flaunting parade of the cerenony, to notice it as we would notice a nation would soon take place. " If you ship-launch, or a parade of the militia. are examined in geography," said he, But it is not our business to tell what you will surely be asked of whatshape they had for dinner on the happy day, is the earth : and if you should not re-

tuns of bridal cake will be baked, will be cut, will be eaten, while we are penning this article. How these victims appeared on the great occasion-how pended for flowers and wine-what

ture.

hard names, and threatened." 'Yes-just so, friend Martin." " Did any good come of it ?"

"About as much good as if I had whistled to the wind." " How has it been since ?"

No change for the better. It grows if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me." "Has thee ever tried the law with

him, friend Levering ? The law should protect thee.' "O yes, I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage, purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape of my life. The carriage was so badly broken that it cost me fifty dollars for repairs. A neighbor saw the whole thing and said it was plainly intended by Dick .-So I sent him the carriage maker's bill at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt that the time had come to act decisively, and sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbor. was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure. and gave their verdict accordingly .--After that, Dick Hardy was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoving and injuring me. I am satisfied. that in more than one instance, he left gaps in his fences in order to entice my cattle into his fields, that he might set his savage dogs on them, and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence who strayed into one of his fields after buttercups. The dog was

less cruel than his master, or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of being only frightened by his bark." "It's a hard case, truly, friend Lever-

ing, Our neighbor Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit." 'The very spirit of the devil," was

answered with feeling. "He's thy enemy, assuredly; and if thee doesn't get rid of him, will do thee

great harm." "Thee must, if thee would dwell in safety," friend Levering.

The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice and bent towards his neighbor in a confidential manner.

"Thee must put him out of the way." "Friend Martin!" the surprise of Paul Levering was unfeigned. "Thee must kill him !"

The countenance of Levering grev black with astonishment. "Kill him! he ejaculated. "If thee doesn't kill him, he'll cer-

tainly kill thee, one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self-preservation being the first law of nature." "And get hung!"

might last for days, and ruin from two to three tons of hay, Dick could not decline the offer, though it went terrible against the grain to accept a favor from the man he had hated for years, and inured in so many ways. On the following morning Mr. Lever-

ing had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast. "I've come," said Dick, stammering

and confused, and looking down at the ground instead of into Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team yesterday, in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it's only right that I should pay for the use of it.'

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering, cheerily, "if I couldn't do a neighborly turn without pay. You were right welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice field of clover. How much did you get?" "About three tons. But Mr. Lever

ing, I must —,' "Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interposed Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that in wouldn't do as much for a neighbor in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed--if you don't wish to stand my debtor-pay me in good-will." Dick Hardy raised his eyes from the

ground slowly, and looked in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering. "Shall we not be friends ?" Mr. Lev ering reached out his hand. Hardy

grasped it with a quick, short grip; then, as if to hide feelings that were becoming time-worn dial. too strong, dropped it and went off has tily.

Thee's killed him! said the Quaker door. on his next meeting with Levering 'thy enemy is dead !" ot entirely deserted me yet." "Slain by the weapons of kindness."

answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied." "No, thee took them from God's ar

mory, where all men may equip themselves without charge and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy own peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbors. They

A sox of Neptune, who was in the habit of quarrelling with his better half was one day remonstrated with by the minister of the parish, who told him he

and his wife ought to live on more amicable terms, as they were both one. "One !" said the old salt, shifting his quid, "if you should come by the house

are sure to kill."

sometimes, blast my tarry toplights, if you wouldn't think we were about twenty."

A CRUEL wag recently appended to the list of market regulations in Cincinnati, you when I am gone!" "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

eket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared to persist in an untruth.

"My lord," replied he, "I certainly do not know the meaning of card; the bundle in my pocket is my almanac." " Your almanac, indeed! then I desire that you will prove it."

"Well, sir, I will begin. There are four suits in the pack, that intimate the four quarters in the year; as there are thirteen cards in each suit, so there are thirteen weeks in a quarter: there are also the same number of lunations; the

twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year; there are fifty-two cards in a pack that directly answers for the number of weeks in a year; examine them more minutely, and you will find

three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in a year ; these multiply by twenty-four and sixty and you have the exact number of hoursand minutes in a year. Thus, sir, I hope I have convinced you it is my almanac; and by your Lordship's permission, I will prove it is my prayer-book also." there's somethin' ails the striking ap-" I look upon the four suits as repreparatus, and it was such a shackly old senting the four prevailing religions : thing we didn't care to have it over-

Christianity, Judaism, Mahomedanism hauled. Two dollars for that clock is and Paganism ; the twelve court cards remind me of the twelve Patriarchs. "I should think so," observed Capt from whom sprang the twelve tribes of Vane, "as it probably cost no more than Israel, the twelve Apostles, the twelve that when new. However, I'll take it articles of the Christian faith. The

-for the sake of old times," he murking reminds me of of the allegiance due his majesty. The queen, of the same "Yes, sir; I'll do it up directly." due her majesty. The ten brings to my 'By the way, where did you get it ?" recollection the ten cities in the plains of he asked, with an affectation of careodom and Gomorroh, destroyed by fire lessness which he by no means felt. and brimstone from Heaven; the ten "Well, sir, it was left here by a replagues of Egypt; the ten commandspectable old female, about six weeks

ments: the ten tribes cut off for their ago. I believe I've got her address vice. The nine reminds me of the nine somewhere, for they've brought a good muses; the noble orders among men many little items here one time and The eight reminds me of the eight another. Oh, here it is-Rebecca Bensbeatitudes; the eight persons saved in Noah's Ark: the eight persons men-Ralph Vane laid down his two dollar tioned in Scripture to be released from bill and walked out of the store, with leath to life. The seven reminds me of he seven ministering spirits that stand "Why did I ask any question ?" he before the throne of God: the seven muttered. "What are they to me?" seals wherewith the book of life is And yet it gives meakeen pang to think sealed; the seven liberal arts and sciof Rachel's mother being destitute and ences given by God for the instruction want. When I heard of Farmer of man; the seven wonders of the Bensley's death I never fancied they world. The six reminds me of the six would be left in indigent circumstances petitions in the Lord's Praver. The How strange the wooden clock looked five reminds me of the senses given on the carved marble mantel of his eleby God to man, hearing, seeing, gant parlor at the St. Ambrose Hotelfeeling, tasting and smelling. The how singularly its solemn "tick, tick," four puts me in mind of the four blended with the silver chime of bells Evangelists, the four seasons of and the rumble of omnibuses on the the year. The three reminds me of the pavement below. Yet Captain Vane Trinity; the three hours our Saviour felt his heart soften as he looked at the

was on the cross; the three days he lay in the tomb. The two reminds me of " I wonder what ails the striking mathe two testaments; the two contrary chinery," he thought, opening the little principles struggling in man, virtue and "I used to have a genuine Yankee vice. The ace reminds me of the only acility for tinkering-perhaps it has true God to adore, worship and serve one truth to practice, and one good mas-He drew out the dusty weights-they ter to serve and obey." were wedged in by some stiff paper; he

"So far is very well," said the noble man, "but I believe you have omitted "The very letter I wrote to Rachel one card, the knave." Bensley, three years ago-the letter I 'True, my lord, the knave remind entrusted to her father's care, with the

me of your lordship's informer." The nobleman became more pleased A flood of light seemed to break in with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages, and discharged

"Jacob Bensley !" he ejaculated be the informer. ween his set teeth ; "may Heaven forgive you for this deed of treachery, for Joke over Wine.

the mischief !"

t seems to me that I never can!" It is said that the late Chief Baron "How late is it, Rachel?" Thompson was a very facetious com-"Six o'clock, mother. Are you bet panion over the bottle, which he much

er, now ?" "Yes, but my head aches still." "I will come and bathe it for you certain dignitary of the church. mother, when I have finished this piece of work." think," said the very reverned guest

"You are tired, dear-I amafraid voi overwork yourself. If I could only help you-but my sight fails with every day.

O, my daughter! what is to become of "God only knows!" sighed Rachel,

with agitation of its half-demented inhabitants. One bright thought, however, occurred—and a messenger was

sent for the minister to come and slay the devil. The parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for good talents and heroism, slipped a small Bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to

his great antagonist as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed narishoners. On coming to the house, the reverence man was hailed as a deliverer, and im-

plored by at least a dozen voices at the same time, to drive the devil away. But few moments were lost in asking questions which no one could answer, before the parson pushed forward as a leader, with the same penurious light into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. He reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire, the shadowy outlines of the enormous horns, magnified ten fold at least, by the terror of those that beheld them, removed all doubt, if any had existed, in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands, began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram, not understanding the pious man's motives, but supposing by the motions of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary, but, deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the

slender body of the priest, and hastely backed to renew the assault, hooked on of his horns into the belt of hissurplice, and pulled the parson with him into the cellar ! While thus in the power of his victor-

ious foe, lost in hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation. "Brethren take care of yourselves; the devil has got me !'

This exhortation was better obeyed than any he had ever delivered from the pulpit-his friends all fied and lefs him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first supposed the fiend to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but, being a lover of fun-and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself and pretending to sympathize with them in their fears. He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot from the blazing fire, expressed his determination to rescue the preacher or perish in the attempt. A lovely damsel laid hold of the tail of his coat, and begged him to forego the rash attempt.

"Don't! don't," shouted several "What does the devil care for fire?" said another.

"Take along the Bible if you will go!" suggested another. But unheeding the suggestion and the

manifestations of concern for his safety he pushed into the cellar, seized the ani mal by one of its horns, and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, calling o the astonished parson, "Follow me!" The horned devil was led in triumph ollowed by the vanquished ecclesiastic, in the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued: but the past scene was

too ludicrous to admit of sober reflection and loud peals of laughter broke fourth from every side, during which the ram enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners was turned out at the door, the parson during the assizes, there was present a absented himself without ceremony, When and sports of the evening were resume the cloth was removed, "I always with better spirits than before.

"I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm ON A LINE .- "I don't like to patronize after a good dinner!" "Oh, no, sir !this line," said a culprit to a hangman. by no means," replied the Chief Baron : "O, never mind this once," was the it's the uncertain quantity that does all

her thoughts. "If you please, ma'am, how far is it o heaven?'

The astonished woman dropped her iron, putting in danger thereby her good man's Sunday linen. "What put that into your head I'd

like to know?" Poor frightened Margery, for once her nxiety to hear something of the blissful home she was determined to seek. gave her courage.

"I heard the minister talk about God too far and I could find the way I'd like to get there."

"Well I never" said Mrs. James and turning fiercely upon the child, of you! because, if you do you're mistaken, I can tell you. Try to get there indeed! I think you may try! Now just do you go and shell them peas, and don't let me hear vou talk such foolishness again!"

So the child went out once more into the shadow that had so long been like a pall on her heart, and the great hope that had been as a sunny gleam for a little while, suddenly faded out of her yearning heart.

But the longing was still there. Mar gery had never heen taught a prayer; she did not know that God could rend | House, Boston, last fall, and after a her every thought and wish : that his eye of love was always watching over her; if she had, she would not have gaged in bolting their allowance of food fallen asleep so often, with her cheek in the shortest possible time, climbed wet with tears, or have looked around up on two stools and hesitatingly oron the meadows, and up into the sky as dered :

then with such a hungry feeling for love and kindness. She was alone, as she had often bee

on Sabbath days; no mother's loving fingers fashioned dainty robes for Margery: "She ought to be thankful,' Mrs. James told her, "to have such

decent clothes, it wasn't every one who would give them to her-but for her part, she couldn't abide rags!"

"Haw! waiter, hear o' corn." The corn (a dish unknown in Eng-The decent clothes, however, made so noor a show that she did not choose to land) was brought in smoking hot. Bull exhibit the child who wore them, to passed it to his countryman, who ob serving the manner of his neighbors gossiping neighbors. liced it down with his knife, and tasted

So the little girl staid quietly at home it with an approving wink. "Good ?" asked Bull No. 1. "Werry," said No. 2, adding with true British economy: "There is no use alone, as I said before, except that "Watch," the house dog, moved lazily after her when she walked about, and n hordering another; ere's enough for sometimes rubbed his cold nose against both of us," passing the cob to his comher hand, and wagged his tail, as much panion, who gravely sliced it after the manner of cucumber, and seasoning it commenced eating the sliced cob. He as to say, "Don't fret, there is one friend for you !!

And the great Friend above allothers, got through two or three slices with some difficulty, to the huge delight of a small boy with a cropped head behind whom Margery did not know, lookeddown upon the lonely child, and saw the bar, and then turning to his comhow desolate her young life was. So it panion ejaculated : "My hyes, 'Enry, hif this is a sample ple hof Hamerican wegetables, their stomachs must be iron-plated, like their was that but a few more Sabbaths found her in the accustomed place upon the door-steps, or in the meadow, or look-'orrid ships !'' ing out at night, from her little window. An nuctuous grin slid over the faces

at the shining stars. There came a time when a dreadful fever took from many homes, one and another, who were sadly missed, and its fatal touch was laid on Margery, for

whom no one cared on earth, but who was just as precious in God's sight, as those whose graves were wet with many tears. The bright spirits whom we cannot see, though they are often near, watch over Margery. A neighbor who had buried her own little daughter was sit-ting by the child at the last, and thinking she asked for water took it to her : Isn't it beautiful, beautiful ?" said the

little one, "I shall get to heaven after all, they've come to show me the way! "Ian't it beautiful?" and with a smile on her lips, and a light in her eyes that made her face gloriously fair, the soul of little Margery was borne up to the Beautiful Land, and the songs of the angels welcomed her, where she could never be sad nor lonely any more.

member, just look at me, and I will show you my snuff-box, to remind you that it is round." Unfortunately, the schoolmaster had

in heaven, and I thought if it wasn't | two snuff-boxes; around one, which he used only on Sunday, and a square one, which he carried during the week.

class in geography was duly called out, 'Do you think its a place for the like and the question asked, "what is the shape of the earth ?" The first boy, appalled at the imposing appearance of the examining com-

other days in the week.

of the counter.

trate

Amusing Scene.

fwo newly imported Englishmen

ness, first to pry into the affairs of the The fatal day having arrived, the neighborhood, and then to publish them with nimble and tireless tongue. The world, weary, indignant, outraged, or simply bored, has decided upon the social standing of these two-legged gazettes-it has voted them to be moral mittee, felt embarrassed and glanced at the "magister," who at once pointed to nuisances, which it may be impossible his snuff box.

to abate, either by contemptuous silence or well-feigned deafness, or even by "Sir," boldly answered the boy, open rebuke. Still will they continue 'tis round on Sunday, and square al to chatter, to peep, to surmise, to distort, to invent, to insinuate. "Just Hover in the Hafrica."

There is not a clergyman in the whole country who has not been embarrassed, just off the steamer, strolled into the and, unless his temper be uncommonly restaurant attached to the Tremont sweet, has not been exasperated, by the mischief which these meddlers have wondering stare at the long row of inmade in his congregation. There is not a dividuals, each busily and silently enschool-teacher who has not been tormented by the same insects. There is hardly a sensitive, shrinking, peace-loving and home loving young woman who has not been bit at and stung by her "A chop and some hale." While the agile William was ordering waspish and voluble sisters. All this is bad enough; but surely the newspapers, their meal, the attention of one of the capable as they are of positive and ex-Bulls was attracted to a dish unknown to him, but of which his neighbors were cellent influences, ought not to be the partaking with great gusto. Carefully waiting until the next man to him grunted, "Nother ear of corn," he nuged his brother Bull with stimulators and allies of the chatters boxes. It is hard always to avoid in a public journal, hastily compiled by "Enry, there's an Hamerican wege table that we don't 'ave at 'ome. Let's many hands, the printing of impertinent intelligence; but for a persistence ave some," and accordingly ordered in the systematic publication of private

scandals there is no excuse. Jock's Prayer Answered.

Once upon a time there resided in Peebleshire, Scotland, a half-wi, ted sort of a man, who had a notion that he was rather religious, and who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field be hind a turf-dyke. One day this individual was followed to his retirement by some evil-disposed persons, who. screening themselves on the opposite side, prepared to listen to what he should say. Jock commenced his devotions, and among other things, express ed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he de served. No sooner had he said this when the persons on the opposite side of the witnesses, and William turned pushed the dyke over on him. Scrambfiercely on the small boy, and ordered him to "make change at the other end ling out from among the depris, Jock was heard saying: "Hech, sir! it's an awful world a body canna say a thing

n joke but it's taken in earnest.' It is stated that Prince Napoleon in-Unprotected Females on English Rail

tends going to the Dublin Exhibition ways. He was in Ireland some years ago The inconveniences of the English apropos of which there is a good story. ailway car are amusingly illustrated It is related that the Mayor of a Munster by a fact which has just come to light city, anxious to display his accomplishin the course of a Parliamentary inments before his townsmen, waited quiry. It was stated that no officer or with'a deputation on the Prince and de employee of a railway will, occupy a with a depitation on the Prince and de-livered an address of welcome in what he supposed to be French. To his hor-ror the Prince, replying in- the most fluent and idiomatic English, expressed his regret that his ignorance of the Irish language prevented him from being compartment with a female, unless. other passengers are present, for fear of being accused of assault, or some other misdemeanor. Accusations of this sort language prevented him from being have become so frequent of late, that reciate the no doubt flatte gentlemen of character and experience, ing and kindly sentiments which had when traveling in an English car, pre-fer almost any company to that of an interesting but upprotected (smale, just been expressed by the chief magis-

reply; "it will soon suspend its oper-

