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#### TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, November 7, 1849.

THE BELLS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells-Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, In the icy air of night! While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight; Keeping time, time, time,
To the untinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, Belle, bells, bells-From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells Golden bells! What a world of happiness their harmony foretells

Through the ha'my air of night How they ring out their delight !-From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What agush of euphony voluminous wells, How it swells! How it dwells On the Future !-- now it tells Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing Of the bells, bells, bells-Of the bells, bells, bells, bells.

Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarm bells-

Brazen bells!, What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells! In the startled ear of night How they scream out their affright! Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek, Out of tune. In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire, in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire, Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire, And a resolute endeavor Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells! What a tale their terror tells

Of Despair! How they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour . On the bosom of the palpitating air! Yet the ear, it fully knows, By the twanging

And the clanging, How the danger ebbs and flows; Yet the ear distinctly tells, In the jangling

And the wrangling, How the danger binks and swells. By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

In the clamour and the clangour of the bells

Hear the tolling of the bells-

Iron bells! What a world of solemn tho't their monody compelle! In the silence of the night, How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone! For every sound that floats From the rust within their throats Is a grean. And the people-ah: the people-

They that dwell up in the steeple. All alone, And who, tolling, tolling, tolling, In that muffled monotone.

On the human heart a stone They are neither brute nor human-And their king it is who tolls:-And he rolls, rolls r lls,

Rolls
A pean from the bell! his merry bosom swells With the pean of the bells! And he dances, and he yells; Reeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme. To the pean of the beils-

Keeping time time, time, In a sort of Runic chyine To the throbbing of the fells-Of the bells, bell, bells :—
To the sobbing of the bells :—

Keeping time, time, time, As he knells, knells, knells, In a happy Runic rhvine,
To the rolling of the bells— To the tolling of the bells-

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells, bells-To the moaning and the groaning of the bells !

KIND WORDS DO NOT COST MUCH.—They neve buster the tongue or lips. And we have neve heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much-1 They help one's own nature. Soft words soften our soul Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. 2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They smooth, and quiet, and comfor the hearer. The shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun

If we would enjoy ourselves we must take the world as it is, mix up a thousand spots of sunshine -a cloud here and there a bright sky- a storm today, calm to-morrow—the chill piercing winds of anthum, and the bland, reviving air of summer.

to use kind words in such abundance as they ought

to be used\_Paschal.

### THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY CHARLES J. PATTERSON.

The clock had struck midnight, yet still the seamst ess miled on, though her fingers were long since weary, and her heart sad almost unto death. Her candle flickered low in the socket, and at last flared up as if about to go-out; she rose, lit another, and still toiled on. The sleet drove against the window pane, rattling like shot upon the frosty glass, and the step of the trusty watchman without whole city lay dumb; yet still she toiled on. She work had a piece of work which it was necessary to finish by the next day, and so, though hungry, and sick, and spiritless, she was forced to toil on.

The tread of the watchman grew fainter, the tempest deepened, and at last the hour of one struck The scanty fire which had warmed that miserable apartment, had expired two hours before. and cold chills began to steal over the thinly clad inhabitant. She cast a wishful glance at the dead embers of the hearth, turned over her work, to see how much remained, and, sighing heavily, resumed her needle. And thus hour after hour that lonely and friendless orphan toiled on.

Left fatherless and motherless, she tried to keep up a brave heart, and as long as health lasted had succeeded. But her incessant labors gradualis undermined her strength. Her constitution, overtasked, gave way. She became thin and pale; and sometimes was troubled with a hectic cough. The severe winter, finally, had brought a temporary illness, during which her last penny had been exhausted; and it was not without great exertion, for work was scarce, that she had, on her recovery, obtained something to do. That which she had in hand was to be finished in an incredibly short time; but anything was better than starvation, and she had thankfully undertaken the task.

The night wore on. The storm raged fierce and more icy and the poor girl shivered continual- gle on. Is there no one to care for there? ly. Still the piece of work was far from being finished. At last, tears began to fall upon her lup, at first slowly, then faster and faster. Finally she sobbed convulsively. She could not longer sew her emotion was too great, so she laid down her work, and gave free vent to weeping.

"O. Father in heaven!" she cried, lifting her clasped hands, and looking upward with streaming eves, "is there no relief from this? Must 1 still struggle in body and soul? Teach me to say, Thy will be done!"

Renewed sobs choked her utterance, and bury ing her face in her hands, she wept with a violence that shook the frail chair on which she was sitting. At last the tempest of her grief gradually died away; her sobs grew less frequent, and finally were heard only at intervals, like those of a child which had cried itself to sleep. Exhausted nature had given away. She slumbered.

And as she slept she dreamed O bless God for eams! They come to he head of erty and augmsh, soothing the worm-our strugger, and stringing the soul anew for the strite of the morrow. The rich and prosperous know not what the luxury of dreaming is. But in dreams the famished beggar sits at the full board; the bankrupt forgets his shame, and surrounds his wife and children once more with wealth; and the mourner beholds again a smile of the loved one, and clasps the wife or daughter to his throbbing heart.

She dieamed. At file: however, herdream was not a pleasant one. The actual wove uself too much into the ideal; and her thoughts were still of co , and the , and we cancer. She farried herself sande rig over a side common which was covered with snow so deep that, acerea, step she drew her bleath with more and more ditheuity Yet sauzabase on at last she could stem the doving sleet and wade through the gathering drifts no longers as Coopele ely expansed she sank down againer a bulk

As she diseased ther nead, which had rested be tween her cards in the back of her claim to larger azakis the wall and to the easier position she sopt more procession. A entire gradually mole over her man marries. She started shightly, or casionally, and mulmured low words, like a child calling its mother in its slumbers. The storm meantime had ceased without, and the wind, late ly so violent, now mounted low and plaintively. while the mu-ical chaunt of the watchman, crying "three o'clock, and a starlight morning," sounded sweet and cheerful after the roar of the spent tem-

She was dreaming when she smiled. The waste of snow had disappeared, and the icy bank on which she leaned; and in their place a field of ragrant spring flowers opened before her sight as he sat on a soft mosey seat. The gurgling of waers hurrying over the pebbles, and the morning songs of the birds were in her ears. The dew glittered among the grass, trembling on the leaf of the rose, or pattered on the earth with slow, musical sound, as the breeze stirred the trees around her. A pleasant but subdued radiance was over the whole landscape; and oh! how light and happy

Morning began to dawn, but still she slept !-- yes, lessed be God, she slept! The gray dawn stole into her room, at first timidly, lingering at the window, and nestling around her form, but finally ventured further into the chamber, exploring every corner, and penetrating into each crevice as the morning advanced. It was now broad daylight, bitter cold was it, even in that room; but the over-wearied slumberer slept on. She had dreamed again;

and now she was happier than ever. For, as she gazed around the beautiful landscape, the light had seen ed to brighten, and she saw two figures approaching her, hand in hand, whom she recognized immediately as her father and mother. She would have sprung to meet them, but an invincible, though delicious lassitude had stolen over her, and she waited till they came up: How her heart beat when she saw them enddenly behold her, and with a glad cry rushed forward and clasp impersonated.

her in their arms. A smile of exquisite delight wreathed her lips as she thus dreamed, and in her sleep she looked like an angel.

The dawn brightened. The winter sun came forth, sharp and clear, and shooting into the room, brought everything out distinctly. A ray lingering round the head of the sleeper and glittered on her hair, crowned her as with a halo of glory, and made her look even more beautiful than before.

At this moment the door opened, and an old woman entered, followed by a boy. It was the keewas the soul sound that echoed in the streets; the per of the house, attended by the lad sent for the

> "Hush," said the woman as she saw her lodger Poor thing ! she has sunk to sleep exhausted. It is a pity to awake her. "Are you sure she is asleep?" said the boy, in

> a low, thrilling whisper, as, advancing into the room, he obtained a full look into her face. And he shrunk back. The woman started, looking wonderfully at the

lad, and then, by a sudden impulse, crossed the room on tip-toe, and laid her hand on the shoulder of the sleeper. But the next instant she drew it quickly away as

if the touch had shot an ice bolt to her heart. "She is dead!" said the lad, awe-struck. She is with angels—thank God!" said the wo

nan, bursting into tears. "I knew it would come to this, but did not think it would be so soon, or I might have saved her by sharing my own scant fire and crust with her. But yet thank God!"

Yes! cold, and hunger, and weariness had done their work. Her prayers had been kindly answered, and she had found relief! The dream had passed into reality; the reunion with her parents was not all a vision; but at what moment the ideal had changed to the real, and the free soul " walked into Paradise," who can tell?

She had found relief. But there are others, almost if not quite, destitute, who will struggle and strug-

#### Fall Transplanting.

Mr. E. C. Frost of the "Highland Nurseries," Seneca Lake, New York, writes, in the September number of the Albany cultivator, on the subject of 'Fall Transplanting" to the following effect:

Persons of limited experience differ in their opinions, as to the relative advantage of spring and fall for transplaining trees, while the most experienced fruit growers prefer the fall for hardy kinds. Some believe that the apple, pear, plum, &c., can be moved with the least injury in the fall;

while the peach and apricot will succeed best in the spring. Mr. Downing says, in relation to the peach, -"North of New York it is better always to make may usually be done with equal advantage in au My experience has confirmed me in the opinion

that in our latitude fall planting for the neach is better than spring, if set on dry ground; and they should be placed on no other.

On the 5th 6th and 9th of November, last I set in the orchard one t: ousand five hundred, worked on peach trees; and now, on examining them, find that all are alive but ten; the trees are not only ative, but are making a good growth, so that the rows can be seen half a mile.

I have six hundred peach trees, which have been in the orchard from three to five years, the most of which sere transplanted in the fall, with specess equal to those set last actumn.

The manner of preparing the ground, and treatneut of those set last fall, has been as follows: The field was sowed with buckwheat last sea

out after that was harvested straight forrows were plowed one rod apart, then furrows were run the other way the same distance; where the furrows on seet each other was a mark for a tiee, and the downer assisted in digging the holes. The roots were set no deeper than the plough run; they were hilled up a little more than would be required for gring planting. Early in the spring they were examined to see

whether all had kept their position, and if the frost had started any during the winter they were attended to. About the middle of June each row was ploud, the same as a row of corn, with a two horse eam, having a short whiffletree for the offside horse; two men followed the plow, and hoed each The ground has since been ploud clean and sow

ed with buckwheat, but none allowed to grow within two feet of the tree. This field occupies a highland bleak position

front being a level eminence, the balance sloping

REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.—The following valuable prescription far the effective cure of the cholera has smell and a taste) yes, brandy, very poor stuff at Cronstadt, Russia:--" The principal point is to at- and a little camphor and peppermint p tack the disease the instant it is suspected : take a stimulating dram, with peppermint, and a few dreps | I'm a temperance man; I never drink brandy or laudanum; cover yourself up as warm as possible to promote perspiration; apply hot substances, such as water brain, salt and even sand to the limbs, and stuff, I corked it up and laid it by." put a mustard poultice over the whole stomach.-As soon as perspiration breaks out, and the beating of the pulse is restored, the complaint may be stuff," observes Galen. looked upon as conquered; if it is neglected till its last stage, to the above simple means, Mr. Booker | does the label call the stuff, anyhow?" says that no person need lear fatal consequences.

Every married man should let his wife have the management of the Home Department, and give her, as Secretary, the control of the different bureaus. It won't do, however, to let her have the control of the Treasury or War Depart-

ANGRES UPON EARTH.-In sickness their is no hand like a woman's hand-no heart like a woman's heart-no eye en untiring-no hope so fervent. Woman by a sick man's coach is divinity

### DOING AN APOTHÉCARY.

It will seen be a mooted question, to whom really belongs "the knife"-Dodge or Horn, for Dodge is every day "doing something rich, or "do ing" somebody very brown.

Dodge has been laying on his oars for a spell here in Boston, recruiting his health, he says: for, though he fattens others by the laughing compounds he gives them, the business has made him thin as a rail, and empty as a flute. Well, Dodge was going off a few days to the White M untains, up in New Hampshire, and as these are considered cholera times, Dodge popped into a "Shotecary pop," to get some cholera medicine : not that the complaint would condescend to take hold of a body like Dodge, only, rays he, there's nothing like being on hand when the bell ringe.

"Have you got anything that's good for Cholera?" says the incorrigible, addressing a sage, grave and reverend disciple of Esculapius, standing behind the counter in a dark store.

"Well, ye-as," drawled the old 'un, "I have an excellent article for the chol-e-ree. It aint none of on board. your molasses and ginger roots, but a rale good, warranted article;" and as Galen turned about to get his "stuff," Dodge daubed his finger in a paste cup on the counter, and ameared it over a French soup label he had in his hand.

"That's the article sir-good, I'll warrant it, says Galen, handing down several bottles.

"This, eh?" says Dodge, looking at the labels,

"That," echoes Galen.

"How much is it, sir?" "Fifty cents,"

"Well, that's not dear, if it's good; you'll war-

rant it first rate, eh?" says Dodge. "Yes, I do; made it myself-know what's in -twenty-two different things in that compound

and every one of 'em is good for the chol-e-ree." "Well, that's all right then, them," Dodge replies; now let me see what you have got for colds coughs, and so on. I've been some troubled lately with a cough, and I'm going out into the country the doctors tell me I ought to travel-too much confinement in town don't agree with me, so I'm to the country; but I like to take a few medicines along, you know; can't be had very easy. People don't know much about these things in the country, you know."

" Exactly, sir, you act prodently; nobody ought to venture in the country, sir, without taking plenty of good wholesome medicine along with them that's always my advice."

AOI course it was," thought Dodge. The old medicine man fumbled in his drawers and cases, and brought forth sundry bottles of various sizes plantations in the spring. South of that limit, it and shapes, and finally tound the prescribed stuff for coughs, over which he duly delivered a warm and thrilling eulogium; and during its delivery, Dodge slipped a bottle of the cholera mixture into his fists, pasted on the soap label, and enveloped

he bottle in one of his stray programmes. "Well, you say this is good for colds or coughs?" savs Dodge.

"Good! I know it's good-made it myself-have used it in my own family every day these forty " Don't tell me so !" echoes Dodge.

"Yes I do, too, and I warrant it; none of your Sarspriller slops, or Mrs. Tilley's stuff, but the real up and down cough cold curer compound," says "Mighty small chance of it in that bottle-pow

erful, I suppose, what there is of it?" observes Dodge. "Yes sir, I warrant ye its powerful stuff or

colds and the sich like," replies Gaien. "Well, I take your word for it, sir," says Dodge

to but there is a mighty mess of stuff affoat now, in the medicine way, that aint good for much." "Exactly, a great deal of sugar and sweet oil

molasses and water, and sich like, but I don't keep none of them stuffs about me; what I sell for medicine I know to be medicine, and I don't sell anything else," said the eloquent Galen, elevating his wrinkled front, and shaking his spectacles out of their place on the ridge of the old medicine man's

"O! I'm satisfied, sir," says Dodge, "that your long experience and observation, in the practice and dispensation of medicine, must have qualified you amply for your business. Now, si, here is an article I bought a few days ago, for cough mixture, (here Dodge drew forth the bottle he had taken from the medicine man's collection) lend me a cork screw if you please-never mind sir, my knife will do-(with the knife he drew the cork) there, sir, just taste that-what do you call THAT."

"That?" said Galen, smelling the bottle-" that, sir. (another smell) that sir, is brandy-(another been received from J. Booker, Esq., vice consul at | that, (another taste) yes, nothing but poor brandy.

"That's what I thought," says Dodge. "Now any other spirituous liquors, under any pretence, so after getting one smell and alight taste of hot

"That's right, sir, pertectly right, sir. I don't believe in this mixing up brandy with medicine; all

"So I think; let me see," says 'Dodge-" what

"O, some high kicky French or Dutch stuff-sa von sup-superfine, superfine savings, of slops, I reckon it wants to say," says Galen, handing back the decoction to Dodge, who requested him to pour the contents into his slop pail, which Galen did. "Well, I guess I'll be in this afternoon," says the incorrigible, "and get a few of your mixtures -I rather like them; so I'll bid you good morning."

"But, sir, I thought I put two bottles of my chole-ree mixture on this counter here; didn't you get

"Yes, I did get one, but I gave it back to you,"

gave it to you, and you've emptied the damed stuff in your slop pail!" "Where's Boston?" says Dodge, vamosing around the first corner .- Yankee Blade

## That Fire Engine.

Some years ago, the worthy citizens of P--- in the State of Maine, voted in their united wisdom to purchase a fire engine. Thereupon an order was transmitted to Hunneman for one of his crack tubs. and a company was formed to take charge of it upon its reception. But the most difficult matter in relation to the affair was to select a proper foreman. However, after a nature deliberation, their choice was fixed upon Esq. W., a worthy exceptesentative and trader of the town, who had seen the machines in operation on one or two occasions, during a transient visit to Boston. In due course of time, the chairman of the board of selectmen received a bill of lading of the engine, and in a few days after rumor announced to the company that the sloop Susan Jane was coming up the river with the tub

The b'hoys dropped their hoes, soythes and pitch forks and started for the landing. As soon as the sloop touched the wharf, they took possession of it, vi et armis, and snaked her on to the wharf. After various conjectures as to the mode of operation of ney when wit or trick will pass current in its the critter, they attached the suction hose in order place," said my friend confidently, to see her squirt "

At this moment the chairman of the board of selectmen approached, and in a tone of authority told the boys that the machine cost the town too much money to be played with, and "they'd better onship that leather pipe before the foreman came or he would raise Ned with 'em."

By this time the worthy foreman (who upon the first intimation of the arrival of the engine, had gone and donned his ruffled shirt and representafive sun) arrived to asume to active duties of his

office.
"Fall in, boys" he exclaimed, "man the rope two and two; I'm foreman, and I'll go shead. Now then, forward march."

And off they started, up the hill, down "Ragged Lane," over the Bridge, up to "Sleepy Hollow around "Dogtown Corn," across "Ten Shares," and through every highway and by way of the town until their weary legs and the setting sun admonished them that it was time to tie up.

That was a great day for the town and the foreman, and for an hour after tea he sat and expanated to his wife upon the responsibilities of his station. At length he retired, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus, while his worthy spouse lay wide awake wondering when her valiant lord would have an opportunity to distinguish himself.

Her reflections however, were soon disturbed y a bright glaring into her chamber window.-Could it be possible? There must be fire some-

"Husband, husband," said she, "there's a fire." "Walk her no !" shooted the new foreman, half waking.

"There's a fire, I tell you," said she " Poh! let it burn."

"There's a fire, and I am going to get up to see where it is."

"Pshaw! you fool-you'll only get your death of "But I tell you there is a fire, shooting up like

blazes." "They are only burning brush at Sleepy Hollow." "No it is t'other way."

"Well, I s'pose 'tis True's brick kiln." "Why, good Lord it is Deacon Butman's house

up to Five Corners! It's all of a light blaze!" "Well, get into bed, you fool, and let it burn !-Thank the Lord our new engine is nowhere near it!"

CAUSE OF THANEFULNESS .- The following aneclote show the perseverance of some of the daughters of "Mother Eve." Besides one gentleman and two ladies, traveling in a stage-coach in Vermort, there was a small, sharp-featured, black-eyed woman, who had questioned her companions to her satisfaction, and had nothing further to do, until the arrival of a lady deeply veiled, and dressed in mourning who was no sooner in, the seated, than little woman commenced her examination as folows, namely: have you lost friends ?" "Yes I have." "Was they near friends?" "Yes, they was." "Was they relations?" Yes, they was? "Was they near relations?" "Yes, they was." how near ?" "A husband and a brother."-"Where did they die!" Down to Mobile." "wha did they die with?" "Yaller Fever." "Was they long sick?" "Not very." "Was they seafaring men?" "Yes they was," "Bid not get their chists?" "Yes, I did." "Was they hopefully pious ?" "I hope and trust they was,"-Well, if you have great reason to be thankini." Human character will not be concealed. It hates

itive deed and word, the mere air of doing a thing the intimated purpose, expresses character. If you act, you show character; if you sit still you show it. You think because you have spoken nothing when others spoke, and have given no opinion on the times, on the church, on slavery, on parties and persons, that your verdict is still expected with curiosity as a reserved wisdom. Far otherwise; your silence answers very loud. You have no oracle to utter, and your fellow men have learned that you cannot help them; for oracles speak. Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice !- Emerson.

darkness-it rushes to the light. The most fug

As Enroa's Joy .- The Richmond Palladium says that an Editor was recently elected to the Indiana Legislature from Wayne county, who was so elated at his success, that he caught himself by the seat of his trowsers and tried to hold himself out at arm's length. It is added in a postscript, that he would have accomplished the feat if he had not let go to spit on his hands!

know little of human character and prove that their with the mixture of sulphate of soda and muriatio says Dodge, gathering up his speckled cane. "I hearts are as colders their judgments are week. | acid, he obtained ice only after seven hours.

### YOU CAN TAKE MY HAT!

BY UNCLE TORY

We were once coming over the railroad from Washington city to Baltimore, when we observed a particular sort of a man eiting hard by-a tall. slim, good natured fellow, but one who somehow appeared to bear the impress of a person who lived by his wits, written upon his face. A friend, who was with me, answered by inquiry as to who he was, and at the same time asked me to keep between the object of my notice and himself lest he should come over to our seat, as my companion said that he knew him but did not wish to re-

cognise him here "That is Beau Hickman," said he, "a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city-always ready to borrow of, or drink with you. He never has any money, however, and I am curious to know how he will get over the road without paying, for he'll do it in some way."

"Probably he has got a ticket-borrowed the money to buy it with, or something of that sort." anid I.

"Not he, Beau Hickman always travels free. and boands in the same way. He never pays mo-

"What a shocking bad hat he has got on," said I observing the dilapidated condition of his beaver. "It's some trick of his doubtless, for the rest of his dress, you observe, is quite genteel."

"Yes, I see." My friend went to tell me how Bean had done his tailor out of a receipt in full for his last bill, and the landlady at his last ingenuity and wit. "He owed me ten dollars," said my friend, " but in attempting to collect it of him one day, lil be hang. ed if he did'nt get ten more out of me; so I think I shall let the matter rest there, for fear of doubling the sum once more ".

At the same moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the cars, to gather tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them as is often the practice with travellers. who are frequently called upon on populous routs to show their tickets, had placed theirs in the bands of their hats so that the conductor could see that they were all right, and not trouble them to take them from their pockets at each stopping place.-As the conductor drew nearer, Beau thrust his head out of the car window, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the scenery on that side of the road. The conductor spoke to him for the ticket-there

was no answer. "Ticket, sir," said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the al oulder.

Beau sprung back into the car, knocking his hat into the road, and leaving it in one minute nearly a mile behind. He looked first towards the conductor, then out of the window after his hat, and ming fit of rage exclaimed: "What the d-I do you strike a man in that way

for? Is that your business? is that what the company hires you for ?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I only want yout tick . et." replied the conductor, meekly.

"Ticket! O yes, it's all very well for you to

want my ticket, but I want my hat !" replied Bean. bristling up. "Very sorry sir, really. I barely desired to call your attention, and I took the only means in my

power," said the conductor.

"You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention next time, and hit him over the head with it, if he happens to be looking over the other way!" replied the indignant Beau.

"Well, sir, I am ready to apologize to you again, if you wish, I have done so already once," said the now disconcerted official.

"Yes, no doubt, but that don't restore my property that's gone." "Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer. I'll take vour ticket, if you please," said the conductor.

"Ticket! Haven't you just knocked it out of the vindow, hat and all! Don you want to add insult to impry ?"

"O, your ticket was in your hatband?" suggest-

of the conductor. "Suppose you stop the train, and go back and see," said the hatless Beau, with indignant scorn depicted on his face. "Well, sir, I shall pass you free over the road

then," replied the conductor, attempting to go on with his duty. "The price of a ticket," said Beau, "is one dol-

lar; my beaver cost me a V! Your good sense will at once show you that there is a balance of S4 in my favor, at any rate." The conductor hesitated. Beau looked like a

gentleman to one not perfectly well posted in the human face; he was well dressed, and his indignation appeared more honest. "I'll see you again after I've collected the tick-

ets," replied the conductor, passing on. Beau sat in silent indignation, frowning at every body until the conductor returned, and sat down by his side. Bean then, in an earnest under tone,

talked to the conductor "like a father," and we saw the crest-fallen man of tickets pay the hatless passenger four dollars! The trick was at once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day, over a bottle of wine. Beau told us that he was hard up, had'nt a dollar, picked up an old hat at Gadsby's in Wash-

ton, clasped his cap in his pocket, and resolved

that the hat should carry him to Baltimore—and it

did, with four dollars in the bargain! ARTIFCIAL PREPARATION ICE. - After numerous trials made by M B. Muilink with different salts for the purpose of converting water contained in a tin vessels into ice, during their solution be ultimately gave the preference to the mixture of four cances of nitrate of ammonia, four ounces of sub-They who will abandon a friend for one error, carbonate of soda, and four ounces of ice, while