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TOWANDA:

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FRATERNITY.

What though the crowds who about the word,
Fervent the meaning it should bear,
And feel their hearts with hatred stirred,
Even while their plaudits loud air;
Yet shall not we, too, mighty TOWANDA,
Despair thy triumph yet to see.
To doubt the good that shall be wrought
In thy great name, FRATERNITY.

By prophets told, by psalmists sung,
Preached on the Mount by lips sublime,
The theme of every sage's tongue,
For twice a thousand years of time;
What happy progress hast thou made?
What bliss? man has flowed from thee!
What war and bloodshed hast thou stayed?
What peace affirmed? FRATERNITY.

Alas, the years have failed to teach
The obvious lessons to mankind;
A myriad preachers failed to preach
Conviction to the deaf and blind.
Still do we rush to furious wars,
Still to the slaver bend the knee,
And still, most Christian as we are,
Forget thy name, FRATERNITY.

And shall we, crammed with mutual hates,
Despise our neighbor for a few?
And sneer because he promulgates
Before he understands thy law?
No! let us hail the word of might,
Blessed by a nation of the free;
Thy recognition is a light—
Thy name a faith, FRATERNITY.

The preacher may belie his creed—
But still the truth preserves its flame;
The sage may do a foolish deed,
Yet wisdom shares not in his shame.
But wisdom hushed—be civil dumb—
Whatever evils men may see,
We'll look for blessing yet to come
In thy great name, FRATERNITY.

A NOVEL TEST.

BY A COUNTRY EDITOR.

"Every man," says Burke, "has his price."—
There is a great deal more involved in this than
generally supposed; and hundreds who indignantly
reject it as a libel on human nature, show, al-
most daily, that they have their price. The senti-
ment just quoted is most commonly understood to
mean, that there is a certain money-consideration,
by which every man may be tempted into a viola-
tion of honor and honesty. But this is only its
most palpable and grossest signification; and thus
interpreted, it will not bear a universal application.
Hundreds and thousands, who are constantly giv-
ing evidence, in one form or another, that they
have their price, would reject, with indignation,
any attempt to bribe them from integrity, no matter
how large the consideration offered.

What then does it mean? It is asked. Simply,
that every man, by nature, has an evil will; and
that there is some form of temptation which, as an
easily besetting sin, will draw him aside from a
just regard to his neighbor's rights unless he be
fortified by a true religious principle formed in
his mind after he had attained the age of rationality
and freedom. And it is not speaking too boldly to
say, that no man reaches the age of rational free-
dom, without, in something small or great, being
drawn aside into acts that were not just to others.
In proof thereof, let every man examine his own
life. Beyond this, no evidence is asked to sub-
stantiate the position that every man has his price.

One will yield a point of principle, in order to se-
cure some trifling advantage. Another will speak
ill of his neighbor, from the fact that it makes him
feel pleasant to do so—the pleasurable feeling is
his price. Another, whose love of reputation, or
desire to have the credit of being a truly honest
man, in order to forward his interests, leads him
to strict rectitude before the world, will without a
single word of the full amount really due to a
porter, coal-bearer, wood-sawyer, or other poor
persons from whom he has received a service, and
experience a feeling of satisfaction at having saved
the paltry sum. Is there a question of the fact,
that such men have their price? None. Hunder-
reds and thousands thus sell themselves daily and
hourly, who would reject, as an insult, beyond
statement, an offer of money to make a false ac-
cusation against another, or betray a friend, or his
country.

Let every one examine his own heart, and his
own conduct, and see if, in certain acts of his life,
so secret as almost to pass without his reflecting
upon them, he is not, for a consideration felt to be
desirable, parting with honor and integrity? The
examination is worth making.

But we are saying too much by way of introduc-
tion to a little affair, that occurred in a certain town
that shall be nameless, and, perhaps, rendering ob-
scure, by many words, what we wished to make
clear.

Mr. Justice Gregory was a city magistrate, in the
town of Y—, and had the reputation of being an
honest man. He was spoken of as "Honest"
Squire Gregory by every one; and knowing the
reputation in which he held, he felt not a little
pride thereat. A few men were more strictly
honest than Squire Gregory. In his dealings, he
was careful to regard other's rights as well as his
own, and more frequently called and paid such
bills as happened to be against him, than waited
for them to be sent in.

"I don't know how others view the matter," he
used to say; "but, for my part, when I have ac-
quired the property obtained from another, it seems
to me that the least I can do is to pay for it."

"If money is not worth calling or sending for,
it is not worth having?" was the usual reply to this.
"I wish I could get my own by simply calling for it.
You may be sure I would think it no hard-
ship."

"Perhaps not," returns Squire Gregory; "but
that doesn't remove the simple obligation under
which every man lies, to pay what he owes the
moment he has the ability to do so. The waiting-

to-be-called-on system, is grounded, say what you
will of it, in a secret reluctance to pay what is justly
due. Now, I don't call that a clearly honest
feeling. I know what it is—I've felt it hundreds
of times, and have to fight against it now. We
all love our weaknesses."

It happened, one day, that Squire Gregory and
his character for honesty, formed the subject of
conversation among several persons, one of whom
was the editor of a newspaper published in the
town.

"Squire Gregory" remarked the latter, after list-
ening for some time to what was said; "is, no
doubt, one of the most honest men living. Still, I
do not believe him to be strictly so."

"While I believe," said one of the company,
"that Squire Gregory could not be tempted, in the
value of a sixpence, to wrong another by with-
holding what was justly his due, or by over-reach-
ing in a bargain."

"Understand, gentlemen," said the editor to this
"that I think as highly of Squire Gregory as any
man in town. But I am satisfied, that I can put
him to a test, as well as every man present, that
will show a palpable disregard to the plainest
and most common sense views of honesty. The fact is,
and it is no use trying to deny it, we all, as Burke
says, have our price. That is, there is something
to us all some weakness, or easily be-setting
sin, that leads us, almost unawares, into acts by
which our neighbors suffer wrong either in person,
property, or reputation. Or, if not led into direct
acts, we are betrayed into omissions of duty by
which others are equally wronged."

"Then we are evil of necessity," said one.
"No, not by necessity, but by nature."
"What is the difference?"

"Necessity would make the state a fixed one;
but inherited evil propensities may be overcome;
and it is the duty of every man to search into his
heart and life, and to see in what he is tempted of
this nature to do wrong to others. When he has
discovered the lurking devil in his breast, let him
cast him out, as he can if he will."

"Humph! That's your theory! And so you
don't think our Squire Gregory honest in every-
thing?"

"I do not."
"Well, all I have to say is, if he is not a strictly
honest man, I don't believe there is one in the
world."

"I don't know how that may be," replied the
editor. "I only know that we are all born with
propensities to seek our own good at the cost of
even the rights of our fellow-men; and that no
man rises superior to this evil state, without many
and sore struggles with the evil will that is ever
prompting him to unjust actions. Even the best
are not wholly good."

"No, of course not."
"Nor do I believe Squire Gregory to be perfectly
honest in all his dealings with the world," added
the editor.

"Then you think him wilfully dishonest in some
things?"

"No, I do not say that. But I am well satisfied
that I could probe him in such a way as to show
that by neglect, almost willful, he has wronged
for years and still wrongs his fellow man. That
he has enjoyed, in fact, the goods of another with-
out paying for them."

"That's rather a grave charge."
"I know it is."
"Will you make it to his face?"

"Certainly."
"Then suppose we all adjourn to the office of
the squire, and have the point settled?"

"No objection in the world," said the editor.
So the party went to Squire Gregory's office. As
they entered, one of them said—
"Good morning, squire! We come to try a
case in your office."

"Ah! Who's the defendant?"
"Yourself!"

"Me."
"Yes. Our friend B—, here, says that you
are not a strictly honest man, and we've brought
him to prefer the charge to your face. So consider
yourself on trial."

The blood mounted to the very forehead of
Squire Gregory, as such an unlooked for and scandal-
ous allegation.

"Not honest! What does mean?" said the
squire, in a disturbed manner.

"Just what he says," returned the editor, smil-
ing.

"Oh! you're trying to play off a pleasant joke,"
said the squire, brightening.

"No. The Review is a work I read with much
interest; and, as for the Lady's Book and Post, my
family would be lost without them."
"So I should suppose. Now, squire, pardon me
a few more questions."
"Ask as many as you please."
"Have you regularly paid your subscription to
these three works?"

"Ye-ye-yes! No-no-no, not exactly," stammered
out the squire. "B-but, it is not my fault."
"Are you sure of that?" was the editor's calm
interrogation.

"I have not been called upon by the collector of
either publication for two or three years. The
money has always been ready, and would have
been paid down, had the bills been presented."
"A thousand miles, squire, is a good way to
send a collector for a bill of two or three dollars,"
said the editor.

"True. But mine is not the only account due,
of course."
"No, of course not, much to the grief of the
publishers. But, suppose there are half a dozen
bills to collect in our town, would it pay to send a
collector a whole thousand miles?"

"It might pay a collector to come from the near-
est town, to which, in the course of his regular
collecting tour, he had progressed."
"It would cost him to come from the nearest
town here, remain a couple of days, and then re-
turn, say five dollars. Could he do it for less?"

"No, I think not."
"If, then, he collected twenty dollars, he must
deduct twenty-five per cent. for expenses, besides
commissions. After that, how much do you think
would be left for the publishers?"

"Why don't they appoint local agents? That
would save this expense."
"And have to send a collector, in the end, to
get the money out of the local agent's hands."
"Let them appoint honest men."

"How is a publisher, a thousand miles away go-
ing to know who is honest? He may select thirty
honest men in thirty different places, and ten dis-
honest men in ten other places. The ten dishonest
agents will collect promptly, and keep the money;
and the thirty honest ones will have, perhaps, too
much to attend to matters of their own, to look af-
ter the publisher's interests. I've seen the prac-
tical working of this system, and know precisely
what are its evils."

"Then I can only say," returned the squire,
"that publishers must have a pretty hard time in
getting what is justly their due."
"You may well say that, Squire Gregory."

"What is the remedy?"
"For every man who takes a periodical to feel
that he is bound in honor and honesty to pay for it."
"I feel that; and yet I have not paid for the La-
dy's Book in two years, nor for the Post in three—
I have not had the opportunity."

"Rather say, squire, that your honest or hon-
orable feelings have not been permitted to come into
activity."

"There has been no opportunity."
"Perhaps you are mistaken as to that."
"Oh, no. Not at all."
"Would you embrace the opportunity now if it
were presented?"

"Certainly I would."
"Give me a sheet of paper and a pen," said the
editor.

They were handed to him, and he sat down and
wrote—
"Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find twelve dol-
lars. Six, for my two years subscription due the
Lady's Book, and six that I will trouble you to hand
to the publishers of the Saturday Post. Let me
have receipts by return mail."

"Do you understand that?" said B—, handing
the sheet of paper to the squire.

Squire Gregory read over what was written;
passed to reflect for a moment; and then taking
up the pen, signed the letter.

"You are right—you are right, my friend," said
he, as he took out his pocket book, and selected
the bills necessary to send. "I ought to have
thought of this before. In fact, to tell the truth,
I did think of it several times—but the truth is,
I neglected it. In other words, to speak out
plainly, I have not been honest between man and
man in this thing at least."

The individuals who had come to witness the
test to which Squire Gregory was to be subjected,
did not exhibit a very lively state of feeling in
regard to the result. One smiled briefly, another
looked slightly grave, and another moved towards
the door. The eyes of B— were on them, and
there was a mischievous twinkle about his lips.

"Haven't I made out my case?" said he, address-
ing his companions.

"I rather think you have," returned one, with a
shrug.

"Clearly?"
"Well, I suppose so. Still, I can't see that the
squire is so much to blame."
"Beg your pardon," said the squire; "I think
I am a good deal to blame. Here, for two or three
years, weekly and monthly, have I and my family
been enjoying these excellent publications, each
number of which has been sent with a cost of travel
fully equal to what would have been required
of me to send, once in a year, the trifling subscrip-
tion money in a letter by mail. Now, as a subscrip-
tion under any plan. In fact, gentlemen, I acknowl-
edge the card—I was not honest in the matter, for
I withheld what was due another when I might and
should have paid it. If all their subscriptions are
lower than "honest" Squire Gregory, Heaven help
them! That's all I've got to say. And now, gentle-
men, if any of you are in the same category with
me, just go home and make a clean conscience of
it."

The number of letters mailed for editors and pub-
lishers, that day, in the town of Y—, was un-
usually unprecedented. B— estimates that some-
thing like a hundred dollars went on to the West-
ern Express, before the sun went down, was
over thirty dollars.

THE DEADLY NIGER.—Quite recently, the En-
glish have made a settlement at Aden, near the
Red-Sea. Having once obtained a foothold, they,
English like began to push about them, and one of
their first discoveries was a river where none was
marked on any chart, and upon this steamed 300
miles without finding the least obstruction. Hav-
ing now passed around this continent let us look up
into the interior. For half a century the English
government have been expending their lives and
treasures, in a partial exploration. They have found
that this whole tract of country, abounding in
gold and other tropical vegetation. There are hun-
dreds of woods, invaluable for dyeing and architec-
tural purposes, not found in other portions of the
World. Through it, for thousands of miles, runs a
broad river with clear water and surpassing depth,
flowing on at the rate of two or three miles an hour
without rock, shoal or snag to interrupt its naviga-
tion.

Other rivers pour into this tributary waters of such
volumes as must have required hundreds of miles to
be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it.
This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through
the most magnificent delta in the world, consist-
ing, perhaps, of a hundred mouths, extending prob-
ably five hundred miles along the coast, and main-
ly broad, deep and navigable for steamboats. Up-
on this river are scattered villages, some of which are
estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and
the whole country teems with a dense population.

Far in the interior, in the very heart of the con-
tinent, is a nation in an advanced state of civiliza-
tion. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the
country through which the Niger makes its sweep-
ing circuit, are indescribable. In many places, its
banks rise boldly a thousand feet, thickly covered
with the richest vegetation of tropical climates.

But all this vast and sublime country—this scope
of rich fertility and romantic beauty—is apparently
shut out for ever from the world.

It is the Negro's sole possession. He need not
fear the incursions of the white man there; for over
this whole lovely country moves one dread malar-
ia—the white man, it is the "Valley of the shadow
of death." Of expedition after expedition, sent
out from the English ports on the Island of Ascen-
sion, not one man in ten has returned alive; all
have fallen victims to this seemingly beautiful but
awful country. It seems impossible for an English-
man to breathe the air. So dreadful is it—so small
the chance of life, that criminals in England have
been offered a free pardon, on condition of volun-
teering in this service; more terrible than that of
the gathering the poison from the upas. This
country, tempting as it is, can only be penetrated
at the risk of life—and it is melancholy to think
that those who had given us the meagre informa-
tion that we have, do so at the sacrifice of their
lives.

ROYAL TRAVELLING IN CHINA.—The projected
pilgrimage to the Eastern tombs not having been
undertaken by Tsou-kiang himself, but by proxy,
it was generally believed that the Emperor would
not leave his palace during spring—Great, there-
fore, was the astonishment when his majesty made
the announcement that he would proceed in person
to the Western mausoleums, to offer sacrifices. The
whole court was thrown into commotion; the stars
had to be consulted, to ascertain the lucky hour
for departure; the Board of Rites was directed to
draw up a paper about a cottage was chosen of the
most trustworthy officers; and sundry other arrange-
ments made, which kept more than 10,000 people,
day and night, in employ. In the meanwhile, the
Governor-General of Chih-lee made a present of fruit
to the Emperor; one high military officer sent some
hams and dried ducks; and the Governor-General
of Kiang-nan and Keang-se, a considerable number
of silk dresses, and 800 ingots of silver; all of
which the Great Emperor condensed to receive. Having
made his final preparations, he set forth in due order.

It is an event in Chinese History, when the sover-
eign leaves his capital to journey and distance;
and such a tour, from the very great number of sol-
diers and other followers, resembles a campaign.
Some of the princes of the present line used to visit
the provinces, and Kang-he even crossed the Yang-
tze and went as far as Chekiang, to ascertain the
state of the empire; this laudible custom, how-
ever, has now entirely ceased, under pretence of sav-
ing the expense entailed by such a tour, but in re-
ality from fear, lest during the absence of the des-
pot, the throne should be usurped by another.

The pilgrimage to the tombs is looked upon as
a pious act of filial devotion, in which the Emper-
or ought to show an example to his subjects. To
omit this entirely would brand the monarch with
the character of a despoiler of the most sacred duties.

How to be happy.—Do all the good you can—
Whenever you hear of a poor, widow, orphan child,
or aged man who is in affliction, pay that individ-
ual a visit. Do not board up all your ears; give a
certain portion of your property to the poor. Never
forget a little, that to retaliate and use harsh
language. Be not proud and selfish. Think no
more highly of yourself and your talents than you
do of the capacities of others. Pay all you owe—
Keep out of debt. Get not entangled in the mesh-
es of the law: avoid it as a sure gate to ruin—
From vicious pleasures and unprincipled associates
Honor the Sabbath, serve God, and be devoted
to truth and religion. Finally, take some pious pa-
per, pay for it in advance, and read it attentively;
and your word for it you will be happy. Peace and
contentment will smile in your path, joy dance on
your countenance, and every lane of life before
you will be fragrant with blessing rich and abun-
dant.

Remember for the full pay if charged to do such
an errand in San Francisco, that a party of Organi-
sation stopped to have a dance around an old oak
off stump.

WELL MEET AGAIN.
We'll meet again; how sweet the word—
How soothing is its sound!
Like strains of far-off music heard
On some enchanted ground.

We'll meet again—thus friendship speaks,
When those most dear depart.
And in the pleasing prospect seeks
Balm for the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again, the lover cries;
And oh! what thought but this
Can e'er assuage the agonies,
Of the last parting kiss.

We'll meet again, are words that cheer
While bidding o'er the tomb,
For oh! that hope, so bright and dear,
Can pierce its deepest gloom.

We'll meet again; then cease to weep,
Whatever may divide,
No time, nor death, can always keep
The loved ones from our side;

For in the mansions of the blest,
Secure from care and pain,
In heaven's serene and endless rest
We'll surely meet again.

COOL OPERATIONS.—"Hallo, there, captaining!"
said a "brother Jonathan" to a captain of a canal
packet on the Erie Canal. "What do you charge
for passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the
captain.

"Well, I guess I'll take passage, captaining, seeing
as how I am kinder gin' out so far."
"Accordingly he got on board just as the steward
was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down
and began to demolish the "fixins," to the utter
consternation of the captain, until he had cleared
the table of all that was eatable, when he got up
and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfort-
ably.

"How far is it, captaining, from here to where I
came on board?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the cap-
tain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan "that would be just
four and a half cents; but never mind, captaining,
I won't be a cent; here's five cents, which pays my
fare to here; I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder
rested out."

The captain vanished for the cabin, and Jonathan
then went on shore. The captain did not take any
more "way passengers" the remainder of the summer.

TOLERATION.—When Abraham sat at his tent
door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain
strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and lean-
ing on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming
towards him, who was an hundred years of age;
he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided
supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing
that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged a
blessing on his meat, asked why he did not wor-
ship the God of heaven? The old man told him
that he worshipped fire only, at which answer
Abraham grew zealous that he thrust the old man
out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of
the night, and unguarded condition. When the old
man had gone, God called to Abraham, and asked
him where the stranger was? He replied, I have
thrust him away because he did not worship thee.
God answered him, I have borne with him these
hundred years, although he dishonored me, and
couldst thou not have endured him one night when
he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, said the sto-
ry, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him
hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.
"Go thou and do likewise," and thy charity will
be rewarded by the God of Abraham.—Dr. Frank-
lin.

OUR COUNTRY.—On no country more than our
own have the charms of nature been prodigally
lavished; her mighty lakes like oceans of liquid
silver—her mountains with their bright glisten-
ing—her valleys teeming with fertility—her tremen-
dous cataracts thundering in their solitude—her
boundless plains waving with spontaneous verdure
—her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence
to the ocean—her trackless forests, where vegeta-
tion puts forth all her magnificence—her skies kind-
ling with the magic of summer clouds and glori-
ous sunshines—no, never need an American look
beyond his own country for the sublime and beau-
tiful and natural scenery.—Froing.

How to MAKE A GOOD CUP OF TEA.—M. Soyev
recommends that before pouring in any water, the
teapot, with the tea in it, shall be placed in the
oven; hot, or heated by means of a spirit lamp,
or in front of a fire, (not too close of course),
and the pot then filled with boiling water. The
result, he says, will be in about a minute, a most
delicious cup of tea, much superior to that drawn
in the ordinary way.

QUARTER.—"Giving quarter." This custom, so
well known in warfare, had its origin in an agree-
ment between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the
reason of an officer or soldier should be the quar-
ter of his year's pay. Hence to best quarter, was
to offer a quarter of their pay for personal safety,
and to refuse quarter, was not to accept the offered
reason.

ADVISE GRATE.—One of our exchanges says:—
Be content as long as your mouth is full and body
covered, remember the poor—kiss the pretty girls
—don't rob your neighbor's hen roost—never pick
an editor's pocket, nor entertain an idea that he
is going to treat—kick dull care to the denon—black
your own boots—sew on your own buttons, and be
sure to take a paper and pay for it. Good practical
advice!

A schoolmaster has been mulcted in \$110 dam-
ages, in Boston, for severely whipping one of his pu-
pils with a ferule and cowhide. Served him right.

The Unclad Horseman.

BY MAJ. JOSEPH JONES.

Widow-were should look out for breakers—Abra-
ham Nippers was a widower, and one of the particu-
larlest men, perhaps, that ever lived, though
some people said, that when his wife was alive he
used to dress as a common field hand, and didn't
use to take any pains with himself at all. Every-
body knows how he spruced up about six weeks
after Mrs. Nippers died, and how he didn't church
regular every Sunday; but they didn't have no con-
fidence in his religion, and used to say he only
went to church to show his new suit of mourning,
and to ogle the gals.

With such a character among the wimmin, it
is to be supposed that he stood any chance of get-
ting another Mrs. Nippers near home, and whether
he was so bad to his first wife as they said he was,
or not, one thing was certain, he had to look broad
for someplace to fill her place.

Mr. Nippers was very lucky in finding a gal just
to his mind; what lived about ten miles from his
plantation, Nancy Parker, was rich, and though
she was a very young girl, very handsome, she be-
longed to Mr. Nippers's church, and filled his eye
exactly; so he got in courtin' her with all his might.
Ten miles was a good long ride, and he was an
economical man, he used to ride over to old Mrs.
Furder's plantation every Monday morning to go to
church with the family, take dinner with them, and
ride back in the cool of the evening. In that way
he managed to kill two birds with one stone; that
is, to advance the prospect of his happiness on this
earth and the world to come at the same time,
without losing any of his week-day time.

A ride over a dusty road is apt to soil a gentle-
man's dry goods, and make him and his horse very
tired. However, Mr. Nippers didn't mind the fa-
tigue as much as his horse; but in a matter such as
he had in hand it was very important that he should
make as good an impression as possible, so he
adopted a plan by which he was able to present
himself before the object of his affections in order,
with his Sunday coat as clean, and his blooming
ruffles as fresh and as neat as if they had just come
out of a band-box. This was a happy expedient,
and nobody but a widower lover would think of it.
He used to start from home with his new coat and
shirt tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and after rid-
ing within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parker's
plantation, he would turn off into a thicket of chick-
spin bushes and there make his rural toilet.

One bright Sunday morning Mr. Nippers had
arrived at this dreary ground. It was an important
occasion. Every thing was promising, and he had
made up his mind to pop the question that very
day. There was no doubt in his mind that he would
return home an engaged man; and he was reckon-
ing over to himself the value of Miss Nancy's
plantation and niggers, while he was settin' on his
horse makin' his accustomed change of dress.

He had dropped the reins on his horse's neck,
what was brown about, making up his last night's
scenty feed from the bushes in his reach, and kick-
in' and stompin' at such files was feedin' on him
in return.

"I'll fix the business, this time," said Mr. Nip-
pers to himself. "I'll bring things to a point this
time," said he, and he untied his handkerchief with
his clean clothes, and he spread them on his saddle
bowl.

"Wo, Ball," said he—"I've just got to say the
word, and—wo!" said he to his horse, what was
kickin' and rearin' about. "Wo! you cussed old
fool!—and the business is settled just like fallin' off
a log!"

He was drawin' his shirt over his head, when
Ball gave a sudden spring what like to made him
lose his balance. "Wo!" said he—but before he
could get his arms out of the sleeves Ball was
wheelin' and kickin' like rath at something that
seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the
clean clothes, shirt and all, on the ground. "Blast
yer infernal picture—wo, now!" said Mr. Nippers,
grabbin' at the reins. But before he could get hold
of 'em Ball was off like a streak of lightning, with
a whole swarm of yellow jackets round his tail.

Mr. Nippers grabbed hold of the mane and tried
to stop the horse, but it was no use. Away went
the infuriated Ball, and takin' the road he was used
to travellin'; another moment bring him to the
house. The gate was open, and in dashed the
horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his
neck hollerin' "Stop him! horns!" as loud as he
could scream.

On came the dogs, and after the horse they went
round the house, scatterin' the decks and chick-
ens, and terrifyin' the little niggers out of their senses.
The noise bring the wimmin to the door.

"Don't look, Miss Nancy! horns! Wo! ketch
him!" shouted the unclad Nippers, as, with spent
breath he went dashin' out of the gate again, with
the dogs still after him, and his horse's tail switch-
in' in every direction like a young hurricane.—
Miss Nancy got one glimpse of her forlorn lover,
and before she could get her apron to her eyes, she
fainted at the awful sight, (1) whilst his last rec-
ord'd voice, cryin' "Horns! stop him! horns!"
still rang in her ears.

UNFORTUNATE.—Here is a capital epigram from
the pen of a friend on a Woman with red hair who
wrote poetry:

Unfortunate woman! how sad is your lot,
Your ringlets are red—but your poetry is not.

WALTHAM.—Martin Luther said: "Wealth is the
smallest of the gifts of God. What is it, to be com-
pared with His word, or corporal gifts, such as
beauty, health and activity? What is it to the gifts
of the mind, such as intellect, science and taste?"

The plying team & smiles