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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, September 16, 1888.

Selected Poetry.

AN ANGEL IN THE WAY.

Fair the downward path is spread,
Love and light thy coming greet,
Fruit is blushing o'er thy head,
Flowers are growing 'neath thy feet.
Mirth and sin, with tossing hands,
Wave thee on, a willing prey;
Yet an instant pause—there stands
An angel in the way.

Heed the heavenly warning—know
Fairest flowers thy feet may trip;
Fruit that like the sunset glow,
Turn to ashes on the lip.
Though the joys be wild and free,
Even mortal eye can see
An angel in the way.

Wilt thou down in worldly pleasure?
Wilt thou have, like him of old,
Length of days and store of treasure,
Wisdom, glory, power and gold?
Life and limb shall sickness waste,
Want shall grind thee day by day,
Still to win thee God hath placed
An angel in the way.

Trusting all on things that perish,
Shall a hopeless faith be thine?
Earthly idol with thou cherish?
Bow before an earthly shrine?
Meet rebuke to mortal love
Yearning for a child of clay,
Death shall cross thy path, and prove
An angel in the way.

When the prophet thought to sin,
Tempted by his heathen guide;
When a prince's grace to win,
Prophets would fain have lied,
Even the brute the sage controlled
Found a human voice to say
"Master, smite me not—Behold
An angel in the way!"

So, when Vice to lure her slave,
Waves him down the shining track,
Spirits hands are stretched to save,
Spirits voices warn him back.
Heart of Man! to evil prone,
Chafe not at thy sin's delay,
Bow thee humbly down, and own
An angel in the way.

Miscellaneous.

Translated from the French by D. E. Turner.

The Emperor and his Daughter.

A few years since, there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her, even in a peasant's hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer his hand and crown.

But far from having first seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on earth. It was Marie Nicolson, the adored daughter of the Emperor of Russia. As her father saw her blooming like the May flower, and caught by all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest and the most powerful of them, and with the smile of a father and a king, he said:

"My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy?" stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh, which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father," she said, as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the Czar. "Speak, and your Majesty shall be obeyed."

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life. "It is then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?"

The young girl was silent and concealed a tear. "Is your faith already pledged?"

"The young girl was still silent."

"Explain yourself, Marie; I command you."

"At this word, which ways sixty million human beings, the princess fell at the feet of the Czar."

"Yes, father, if I must tell you, my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it, if such be your wish. He has seen me but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other if your majesty forbid it."

The Emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He durst not ask the name of the young man.

He would have braved, for a caprice, the monarchs of the world at the head of their armies—he, with his omnipotence, feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him the possession of his dearest treasure.

"Is it a king?" he demanded at last.

"No, father."

"The heir of a king, at least?"

"No, father."

"A Grand Duke?"

"No, father."

"A son of a reigning family?"

"No, father."

At each step in the descending scale, the Czar stopped to recover breath.

"A stranger?"

"Yes, father."

The Emperor fell back into an armed chair, and covered his face with his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Is he in Russia?" he resumed, with an effort.

"Yes, father."

"At St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, father."

And the voice of the young girl grew faint.

"Where shall I see him?" said the Czar, rising with a threatening aspect.

"How shall I recognize him?" repeated the Czar with a stamp of his foot.

"By his green plume, and his black steed."

"It's well. Go, my daughter, and pray God to have pity upon that man."

The princess withdrew, in a fainting condition, and the Emperor was soon lost in thought.

"A childish caprice," he said at length. "I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She will forget it!" and his lips dared not utter what his heart added.

"It must be; for all my power would be weaker than her tears."

On the following day, at the review, the Czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions nought else than a green plume and a black charger. He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other, a simple Colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse, Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Beauchamp, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine (who was for a brief time Empress of France) and of Auguste Amelie, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria, an admirable and charming cavalier, in truth; but as far inferior to Marie Nicolson, as a simple soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible," said the Czar to himself, as he sent for the Colonel, with the design of dismissing him to Munich.

But at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter—fainting in her caiche.

"There is no longer a doubt," thought the Czar, "it is indeed he."

And turning his back upon the stoppied stranger, he returned with Marie to the Imperial Palace.

For six weeks, all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the Colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week, she was resigned; at the end of the second she wept; at the end of the third, she wept in public; at the end of the fourth, she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth, she fell sick; at the end of the sixth, she was dying.

Meanwhile, the Colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aid-de-camp of the Czar came to him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself—"I should have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash save yourself from the thunder-bolt."

The bolt in reserve for him was the following: He was ushered into the cabinet, where only kings are allowed to enter. The Emperor was pale, and his eyes were moist; but his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel Duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with his glance, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said also, and I believe it true, that you possess an elevated mind, a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart, and a loyal character."

"What think you of the Grand Duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolson?"

This point-blank question dazzled the young man. It is time to say that he admired, adored the princess, without being fully aware of it. A simple mortal adores an angel of paradise, as an artist adores the ideal of beauty.

"The Princess Marie, sire?" exclaimed the man, reading at last his own heart, without daring to read that of the Czar; "your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I should die of joy if you permitted me to say it."

"You love her, is well," resumed the Czar with a benign smile; and the royal hand, to which the Duke was awaiting the thunderbolt, delivered to the Colonel the brevet of General Aide-Camp to the Emperor—the brevet of the Commandant of the Cavalry of the Guards, and of the regiment of Hussars—of the Chief of the Corps of Cadets, and of the Mining Engineers—of President of the Academy of Arts, and the Member of the Academy of Sciences of the Universities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Kazan, of the Council of the Military Schools, &c. All this with the title of Imperial Highness, and several millions of revenue.

"Now," said the Czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, "will you quit the service of Bavaria and become the husband of the Princess Marie?" The young officer could only fall on his knees, and bathe with his tears the hands of the Emperor.

"You see that I also love my daughter," said the father, raising his son-in-law in his arms.

The 14th of July following, the Grand Duchess was restored to life—to health—and the Duke Beauchamp de Leuchtenberg espoused her in presence of the representatives of all the royal families of Europe.

Such an act of paternal love merited for the Czar and his daughter a century of happiness. Heaven, which has its secrets, had ordered it otherwise.

On Tuesday, November 5th, 1882, the Duke de Leuchtenberg died at age of thirty-five—worthy, in the last, of his brilliant destiny, and leaving to Marie Nicolson eternal regret.

All the young princes of the world will again dispute the prize of her hand; but she has been too happy as a wife to consent to become a queen.

—*Penn's Inquirer.*

WIVES AND CARPETS.—In the selection of a carpet, you should always prefer one with small figures, because the two webs of which the fabric consist are always more closely interwoven than in carpeting where large figures are wrought.

There is a great deal of true philosophy in this that will apply to matters widely different from the selection of carpets.

A man commits a sad mistake when he selects a wife that cuts too large a figure on the green carpet of life—or in other words, makes much display. The attractions fade out—the web of life becomes worn and weak and all the gay figures that seemed so charming at first, disappear like summer flowers in autumn.

Many a man has made flimsy linsy-woolsey of himself, by striving to weave too large a figure, and himself worn out, used up, like an old carpet hanging on the fence, before he has lived out half his allotted days of usefulness.

Many a man wears out like a carpet that is never swept, but by the dust of indolence. Like that same carpet, he needs shaking or whipping—he needs activity, something to think of, something to do.

Look out then for the large figures; and there are those now stowed away in the garret of the world, awaiting their final consignment to the cellar, who, had they practiced this bit of carpet philosophy would to-day be firm and bright as a Brussels fresh from the loom, and everybody exclaiming, "It is wonderful how well they do!"

Wonderful Curiosity.

The Cleveland Herald furnishes an item worthy the attention of all lovers of the curious. The novelty is in Brian, Williams county, Ohio, and is described as follows:

"It is supposed by some that there is an underground lake at the depth of some forty or fifty feet, of considerable extent, as water has been found for several miles around. This also is apparent from the fact, that every new well that is bored effects the strength of the others in its immediate vicinity, until its stream is elevated, by means of a stock to an equal height. The amount of water discharged by these fountains, however, is not proportionate or equal—they vary considerably in different parts of the town, the strongest ones being generally east of Main street. The water can be raised in proportion to the stream forced up. There are several that fill a two inch auger hole at the height of eight feet above the surface of the earth, and the others issue a somewhat smaller stream to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. Some of the large ones frequently throw up small fish, and we are told there is a very strong fountain about a mile east of this place, in which fish of a blackish color, of the length of three inches, have been seen."

The work of procuring water is simple and easy. There are seldom any stones met with, to obstruct the course of the water, and but one or two days are required usually to sink a well of five or six inches in circumference, the necessary depth.

Water is found at an average depth of forty-two feet. The auger passes through a loose sand until it strikes what is called a "hard pan," a bed of solid blue clay, of from 2 to 3 feet in thickness, and of such a nature that it requires a drill to penetrate it. Immediately below this "hard pan" lies the water, embedded, it is supposed, in quicksand, as for some days, and in some instances weeks, large quantities of fine white sand are ejected by the water, but the stream finally becomes entirely pure and clear and no sand is afterwards seen.

No season or state of the weather has any effect upon these living fountains—neither the drought nor flood can change their currents. They are ever the same—their source is inexhaustible, and therefore they cannot fail."

A SHORT STORY BY DICKENS.—Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain:—"On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attraction—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen, passengers, and in turn she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain, being a man of original turn of mind, says to the young lady, 'Jump overboard and marry the man who jumps after you.' The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat ready manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the seahead foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, 'What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?' Says the captain, 'Take the dry one!' And the young lady did, and married him."

WOMEN AND TEARS.—These two topics are properly put in connection at the head of our paragraph says the Boston Post, since, as the logicians say, "the latter flows naturally from the former." As passion and love are nearly opposite sides of the same thing, so women cry as easily as they laugh, and we are inclined to think, enjoy the latter diversion quite as much as the former. The "luxury of we," as some sentimentalists call it, is to them a satisfaction even more intense than that of making a lover jealous or a rival envious. Sometimes indeed, crying becomes an evil, (a "crying evil" of course,) like any other amusement when it is indulged in to excess. Tears, no doubt, may be "run into the ground," which is certainly carrying the thing too far. Yet, except for real, heartfelt grief, handsome eyes, whether black or blue, are not often spoiled by weeping. As water always finds its level, the lachrymal fountain usually regulates itself—a wise provision of nature, by the moralists say. When a man cries, he is either in deep affliction or—drunk. But, fortunately, women can weep without grief or in ebriety. Let 'em weep. I don't want a woman's eyes would be as unkind as it sounds profane. Let her cry, if she likes; she will feel better for, and look none the worse. Take away her "rights," if you will, but don't deprive her of this most beautiful and valuable "water privilege."

One act of beneficence, or act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiments in the world.

The rain! The rain!

O, for a drop of water not to cool the tongue, but to refresh the languishing earth, which pants for the living brooks and the descending rain! Is it not the patter of the small rain upon the roof? Can it be the sweet trickling of the beginning shower on the quivering leaves of the great elm before the door?—No, it is not the rattling of the rain upon the small roof, nor the delicious sound of bright falling water-drops from leaf to leaf. It is the brown sun-baked dust caught up by the strong south wind, and dashed against the lately green foliage and showered upon the dwelling. O, south wind, once so liberal of moisture, when moisture was not needed, where are your overflowing fountains now? Have you not come directly from your ocean home, or has old Neptune laid an embargo on his treasures?

Thank Heaven! the distant thunder precludes at least, an approaching shower. Is it not so? Ah! we have mistaken; it was the report of cannon, announcing some miserable celebration. We have heard that the roar of artillery is effectual in dispersing clouds. It so, pray cease from firing, your idle revels! Hush, and be still, while the elements are silently collecting in their airy store-houses the mountains of plenty to this thirsty, suffering land. Where is Aquarius of old, who is represented as pouring catenae of water from his pitcher upon the earth? Astronomers assign to him the performance of this useful office in January alone, when our farms do not want copious draughts of water, as in summer. If he cannot be spared from his official duties, has he no relative, is there no Aquarius, jr., who might be appointed to water the earth in the dog days?

But the clouds are gathering apace. The horizon darkens. The bees are hurrying home. The house-flies gather in the parlor, and bite worse than ever. The dry leaves and loose hay are whirling in eddies. The sea bird screams on the shore; the peacock does the same in the poultry-yard. The minnow begins to close, and the cake of soap grows moist. The cat frisks round the yard, and the cattle round the pasture. Universal stillness reigns, interrupted only by the occasional sighing of the winds as at the approach of some great event.

The rain is coming; the rain is upon us! Stop, stop! Is that the sun, whose upper lip shines like gold just as it sinks below the western horizon?—It is indeed that glorious luminary, and he promises distinctly a beautiful day to-morrow, in which no one need carry an umbrella—a promise often here before received with smiles and approbation but now with a rueful countenance and open censure. Alas! all signs fail in dry weather, excepting drought; they are pretty sure to hold good.

A kind of calisthenic is beginning to seize upon the imagination, and men, for the want of reality fancy they are sea-green seas in their arid wastes and reviving icebergs in their rocks. In return for our waking disappointments we dream of the white cold sail upon the sounding beach; the white thread like mountain cascade; the thundering cataract. But most of all, perhaps, one delights in this universal dryness of Nature, the brass color of the sky reflecting the premature brown and yellow of the burnt-up earth, to recall soft pictures of green hill and valley under the weeping skies of May. The chattering brooks, like merry little children, were then running about everywhere among the trees and long wet grass. Water—the very word was a moist and joyous smell and sound—was gushing all around on the surface of the ground and below the surface. The leaf then glistened with a brilliant radiance as the sun struck it and glanced; that sun was then welcome. The tree, the grass, and delicate beautiful flower then had enough of it, and was not dying as now, with fatal thirst. Who does not wish the days of mud, good, deep, and plentifully supplied with water, would return to us once more? Is there a man, we will not say patriot, who would not be happy to go over shoes in water this blessed day, if thereby his country's crops could be secured? Happy people they whose lot is cast in the vicinity of the great or little lakes or rivers. Even a frog pond is a heritage in these days not to be despised, and a water privilege must be of indescribable value.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

PASTOR AWAY!—We can read those solemn words upon our very nature. The ruthless hand of time is constantly heaping upon our heads the weight of years, that, like an incubus will continually press us down, until at last our feeble frames will totter and sink into the grave. It is, indeed but a "step between the cradle and grave."

Scarcely have we passed from the tender mother, where we were nursed and protected, until we again must lean upon the arms of a dutiful child, and trust to his kindness to support our feeble limbs. How soon do we find our eye growing old and the world gradually receding, as it were into a mist! Our cheeks become furrowed; our limbs grow weak and pained; our heads are silvered as it blossoming for the grave. Our feeble frames are racked with pain, and "nature's sweet restorer" comes not to the eye, as if kindly warning us to watch; for we know not what hour in the night the messenger may summon us hence. Like the pearly dew-drop before the sun's ray—like the rose of summer before the autumn blast—like moon-beams on the dark blue sea, we "are passing away."

VARIETY OF LIFE.—The following, from a late speech of Mr. Benton, is a touching exhibition of the vanity of political ambition:

I have gone through a contest to which I have no heart, and into which I was forced by combination against life and honor, and from which I gladly escape. What is a seat in Congress to me? I have sat thirty years in the highest branch of Congress, have made a name to which I can add nothing, and I should only be anxious to say, what has been gained? I have domestic affections, sorely lacerated in these latter times; a wife whom I have never neglected, and who needs my atten-

tion now more than ever; children some separated from me by the expanse of oceans and continents, others by the slender bonds which separated them from eternity. I touch the age which the palmist assigns as the limit of manly life, and must be thoughtless, indeed, if I do not think of something beyond the living and shadowy pursuits of this life, of all of which I have seen the vanity. What is my occupation? A-k the undertaker, that good Mr. Lynch, whose face, present on so many, mournful occasions, has become pleasant to me. He knows that occupies my thoughts and cares; gathering the bones of the dead—a mother, a sister, two sons, a grand child: planting the cypress over assembled graves, and marking the spot where I and those most dear to me are soon to be laid.

The last new Novel. The Forked Lightning and the Mysterious Knight—A Novel in Four Parts.

PART FIRST.

Heavy masses of lowering pitch colored clouds obscured the translucent sky—hoarse huttering of grumbling thunder reverberated through the atmospheric air, strongly indicative of an approaching tempest. The hour was midnight, and the night was dark as Erebus—not a living human seemed to be stirring save—a stalwart form, close mantled in a cloak of folds voluminous—he sat gallantly astride a prancing charger of a dappled gray—his course was westward bound—silence reigned supreme—not a sound was heard save the portentous thunder, and the patter of the stallion's hoofs as he went cantering on through mud and mire—not a soul was abroad save the steed and his gallant rider—and the rider was the Mysterious Knight!

PART SECOND.

Suddenly a sharp peal of thunder, accompanied by a vivid blinding streak of forked lightning, brightens up the inky sky—when—ha! what do we see? The prancing stallion lies gasping on the road, a lifeless lump of clay, struck to the earth by forked lightning—his flesh is yet quivering with agony, though his vital spark has fled to parts unknown—but the gallant rider—the Mysterious Knight where is he? Ha! thanks to a merciful providence, he is safe—he has escaped the shafts of the forked lightning—it stayed his steed, but only scorched him. Fortunate Knight!

PART THIRD.

Torches are seen gleaming in the distance—they approach—A neighboring Nobleman hearing the unearthly yell of the dying steed left his castle to proffer assistance to the benighted traveller—he finds the Knight gazing with wildered air on the dead steed, stupified at his tremendous loss—he takes him home to his Baronial Castle—the Knight after imbibing a few tumblers of "hail and half" recuperates—the nobleman introduced him to his only daughter Imogene Clarissa Lucinda Belvidera de Poits—she is beautiful—the Knight falls in love at first sight—Imogene does the same.—He (romantic incident) addresses her on the spot—she refers to Papa—Papa consents, having learned that the mysterious Knight is "some pumpkin" in his native country—the wedding day is fixed—a hoghead of ale is tapped—thirteen beehives are butchered—and the pair is wed. The Knight is overjoyed at his good fortune, and well he may be, for—(See part 4 h)

PART FOURTH.

She was worth fifty thousand dollars.

FINIS.

Knickersbockiana.

The Knickerbocker for August, sets out some good things on its "Little People's Side Table."

"Our Ann" has a little girl to help her with the "house-work"—as *sui generis* a little creature as the sable Topsy. A few days since, when "Ann" came in from having, she said, a short "chatter" with a friend, she detected her little 'help' in some misdemeanor, and proceeded to reprimand her for it. In the course of her Anna-mad' reproofs, she said:

"Do you think you are fit to die?"

"I do not," said the little girl, taking hold of her dress and inspecting it, "I guess so, it I ain't too dirty!"

"When my grand-mother, (long since in Heaven) was about three years old, she was taken to the funeral of a deceased play-mate. The little corpse was lying in its coffin, around which flowers were strewn; and she being lifted up, kissed its cold cheek, whispered:

"Please give my love to God!"

"This strikes me as one of the sweetest expressions I ever heard made by a child."

"Our little Charlie has always been in the habit of saying a little prayer before going to bed. A few evenings since, all things being ready for retiring, and when he was about to kneel at his mother's knee, he stopped, and looking earnestly into his mother's face, said:

"Mamma, I am tired of saying somebody else's prayer; mayn't I make one myself?"

His mother said, "certainly, my boy, if you really wish to."

He knelt very reverently and clasped his hands; then, with the earnestness of unaffected childhood, said to his mother:

"Mamma, if I get stuck, will you help me out?"

"My little boy after listening some time to his mother's efforts to get a peddler to throw in something with everything she purchased, cast his longing eyes on some primers in the trunk. The peddler, reading his wishes, offered to give him one. The little fellow hesitated, and when urged, said: 'I don't know as I will take it, unless you will throw in something.'"

"A little girl had been playing in the street until she had become pretty well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off she didn't use enough water to prevent the dust rolling up in little older than herself. For a solution of the mystery. It was explained at once—to his satisfaction, at least:

"Why, sis, you're made of dust, and if you don't stop you will wash yourself away!"

This opinion, coming from an elder brother, was decisive, and the washing was discontinued.

"One day a little school-mate of Willie's was in here, and the two got to disputing about the number of days in the week; Willie persisted that there were seven, and his little opponent stoutly maintaining that there were only six. 'Well,' said Willie, 'you say them over and I will count.' So the days were named and counted, from Monday to Saturday, inclusive; and then there was a pause which Willie broke by saying:

"And Sunday"

"Ho!" said his diminutive opponent, with a look of superb contempt, "that belongs to the other week."

"One pleasant day last summer, I took my seat in the stage coach bound from Fall River to C— Among the passengers was a little gentleman who had possibly seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pickpockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked:

"My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pockets!"

"No you couldn't," replied he; "I've been looking out for you all the time!"

Kaintuck and the Fiddler.

On board the steamer Indiana, in one of her trips down the Mississippi, was a large number of good natured passengers. They were seeking to while away the hour according to their several notions of pleasure, and would have got on very well but for one annoyance. There happened to be on board a Hoosier on the Wabash who was going "down to Orleans," and he had provided himself with an old violin, fancying that he could fiddle as well as the best man, and planting himself where he could attract notice, scraped away. The fellow couldn't fiddle any more than a sewing hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow passengers excessively.

A Frenchman of very delicate nerve, and a very fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He fluttered, and flattered, and swore at the "sacred fiddler."

The passengers tried various experiments, to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle, but it was no go. "He would play just as long as he d—d please!" At last a big Kenuckian sprang from his seat, and saying, I'll fix him, placed himself near the fiddler and commenced braying with all his might. The effect of the move was beyond description. Old Kaintuck "brayed so loud" that he drowned the screeching of the fiddle, and amid the shouts of the passengers, the discomfited Hoosier retreated below, leaving the victory of the unequal contest with the Kenuckian and his singular impromptu imitation of Balaam's friends. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds; quiet was restored for the day. Soon the Kenuckian left the boat. The next morning after breakfast the passengers were startled by the discordant sound of their old tormentor. Hoosier had discovered that the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers. Loud and arose screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman just seated to read his paper, on the first sound rose and looked anxiously around, shrugged his shoulders and then shouted "Vare is he queek—queek, Men Dieu! Vare is Monsieur Kentuck, de man that played on the jacksass?"

CHEATING THE PRINTER.—A man who would cheat the printer would steal a meeting house and rob a churchyard. If he had a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in a mosquito's eye than a building in the Pacific ocean. He ought to be winked at by blind people, and kicked across logs by cripples.—*Ann Harbor Wolverine.*

Amen! such a being would steal the molasses out of a sick nigger's ginger cake, take from a drunken man's mouth his last chew of tobacco, walk at night through the rain to deprive a blind sheep of its fodder; travel fifty miles on a fasting stomach to cheat a dying woman out of her coffin, and steal wax out of a dead hog's ears. Such a man ought to be tied to a sheep's tail and bunted to death.—*Florence Inquirer.*

Yes, thousands of such souls as that man's would rattle in a mustard seed, dance country dances on the point of a wasp sting, or march abreast through the eye of a cambric needle.

A solar microscope would fail to discover them and when found they would not fill the smallest cranny in creation.—*Hudson Post.*

Yes, and that ain't all. Such a fellow would rob a lame goose nest of the last egg, steal a rats tail from a blind zition, for there is nothing low that he would not do. He should be tied up to a broom stick and scolded to death by old maids, and then his bones should be made into buttons to be worn on the breeches of convicts.—*Rising Sun Mirror.*

ENGLISH RAILROAD CARS.—In England all the railroad passenger cars resemble little old fashioned coach bodies, stuck on low wheels. They are divided into compartments, with two seats each, six passengers riding in a compartment, or three on a seat. Thus three ride with their faces forward, and three backward, just as in a coach. There are doors on each side of each little compartment. When you take a seat you are confined to the little compartment in which you happen to be, during the journey. You cannot move about, or from one compartment into another, or from one car to another, for there are no facilities of this kind, and no means of getting from one car to another while in motion. The English enjoy these little band box cars, and declare them infinitely superior to any of our sixty feet traveling saloons; but they have never tried our cars. On the contrary we have had the benefit of both