## BRADFORD REPORTER. JAHO

NE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 4, 1858. Selected Boetry.

HARVEST FESTIVAL ODE. BY J. G. WHITTIER.

This day, one hundred years ago, The wild grape by the river side, And tasteless ground-nuts trailing low, The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apples red and gold, The blushing tint of peach and pear : The mirror of the powwow told No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till, The vales the idle Indian trod; Nor knew the glad, creative skill, The joy of him who toils with God.

We thank Thee for Thy wise design Whereby these human hands of ours In Nature's garden work with Thine And thanks, that from our daily need

O. Painter of the fruits and flowers!

The joy of simple faith is born ; That he who smites the summer weed, May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power. Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ; Who sows a field, or trains a flower; Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses more is blest; And God and man shall own his worth Who toils to leave as his bequest An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow The time of harvest shall be given ; The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow If not on earth, at last in heaven

Miscellaneous.

## THE LAST VICTIM OF THE GAUNTLET.

An imperial rescript, bearing the date of he 20th August, 1854, and the signature of whole Austrian empire that terrible chastisethe worst legacies of by-gone centuries.

e garrison of the fortress of Theresienstadt. tance from his next man. At the tenth stroke | nigh giving way. of the clock the drums were beaten, and amidst a silence deep and oppressive the prisoner was the second rifle battalion of Kherenhuller inmarched into the square.

only they were of a deadly paleness.

check or rebuke him. He was hated by the into the hands of the provost. men to the utmost. There was not a private When the latter tore off from his uniform was sure not to pass it over in silence.

aumanity in the man made him an object of sic of a funeral procession.

them to be done by others.

A few weeks previous to the dreadful pun- the same way back again. ishment which he had now to undergo he was twenty or twenty-five men of his own company. and shameful mockery; the delinquent had to wear dresses. Our fashionable ladies are and restores courage to the faint heart, once It was a chilly, rainy night; and when the I thank his executioners for his tortures.

sentry was relieved they were glad to stretch themselves—wet as they were—upon the floor near the large stove in the middle of the guardroom. The floor not being very clean, (floors seldom are in these localities,) and the white uniforms being wet, it was no wonder that the dirt adhered to them with a tenacity that defied all exertions to rub it off, when the wearers were roused by this serjeant to prepare for standing guard once more. The more they tried to rub their clothes clean the more sturdily he lent a helping hand to their endeavors by an application of the sad equipment of every Austrian non-commissioned officer-the stick.

Whilst he was fully at work, cutting away at

the men with a powerful arm, the door open-

ed, and the officer on duty entered the guard

"Attention!" commanded the serjeant; and, saluting his superior, made the usual report that nothing worth remarking had happened. The officer, a young ensign, fresh from the military school, and almost a boy, took no notice of this important news, but asked the serjeant in a brisk and somewhat impetuous manner, "What he was again striking the men

The serjeant, already much annoyed at this interference, gave a surly and nuwilling anself-control, lifted up his hand against his of-

It is but one fatal moment, quick as light ning. The uplifted hand never descended; it was caught by a dozen powerful arms. He was felled to the ground and disarmed. Half an hour afterwards he found himself in irons in the casements.

Lifting the arm against a superior is considered a capital crime. In this case it had been committed while both parties were on duty, and the Austrian military laws are the very last in the world to be trifled with. The following day he was tried by court-martial, and he had spent some time with his daughter, she sentenced to be shot. When the sentence was forwarded to the competent authority for ratification, it happened to be the superior's anniversary day; capital punishment was commuted, the criminal had to run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has When the first sentence had been read over to abolished for evermore within the realms of the him, he had been cold and impassable; not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not ment-running the gauntlet. Terrible as it fear death ; he had looked it in the face many was indeed—a cruel and barbarous remnant a time without flinching, and to die in the open of those dark and dismal times called the mid- air pierced by a dozen balls-a soldier's death dle ages. I witnessed the last execution of -what should he care much for that? But this kind, and record it for the benefit of those when he was informed that he had to run the who still cling with a strange fondness even to gauntlet twice through his company, after having been previously degraded, he trembled for On an autumn morning in the year 1851, the first time in his life. He knew of many a soldier who had run the gauntlet thrice through on the Eger river, in Bohemia, was formed in a whole battalion, and not been the worse for a large square on the spacious place before the it after all; he knew of some who had even residence of the commandant. In the middle of the square, drawn up in file, stood a comchildren; he was fully aware that the issue of pany of the rifle battalion, to which the delin- this terrible torture depended entirely upon quent belonged. It was understood, each pri- the dispositions of the men. Dreadful reflecate (there were three hundred) being pro- tion! Above all, he thought of the shame, vided with a switch, and placed at a small dis- the dishonor—and his proud heart was well On the evening previous to the punishment,

fantry would have been unfit for service : the He was as fine-looking a man as ever I have men were drunk. They had got up a carousal set eyes upon-tall, powerful, and well formed. in joy and honor of the coming day. But in His handsome features, to which a black mous- the morning they were sober enough. The tache gave a bold and martial expression, shone | drums ceased to beat as soon as the prisoner forth in the full glow and vigor of manhood, had arrived in the middle of the square; his escort fell back. He stood alone near the He was a non-commissioned officer, and du- right wing of the company. There was a dead ring the last campaign in Italy, in 1849, he silence; not a respiration was to be heard from had distinguished himself in such a manner that all the thousands gathered on the spot. The his superior officers had recommended him for commanding officer read the sentence over to romotion. Austria is more generous than him for the second time. This done he exhort-England towards those that shed blood in her ed the men according to custom, to dispense service, and he would have been mace a com- with all feelings of compassion; and to do missioned officer long since-in spite of his their duty conformably to the law. The colhumble origin and his poverty—if it had not onel went through this part of the formality in been for a fatal impediment. This impediment a quick hurried manner; as if he were unwillwas his own passionate temper; he was a very | ing to perform it. So he was; he knew but choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his too well that, in this instance, there was no inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his su- need whatever of exhortation. These prelimiperiors whenever they deemed it necessary to naries being over, the prisoner was delivered

in the whole battalion that had not vowed him the golden lace and galloons—the marks of his revenge. He had never made one friend, nor military rank-throwing them, together with did he care to have one. Strict in the per- the gold medal, at his feet, the face of the unformance of his military service-the most mi- fortunate man became purple, and his dark nor duties of which he discharged with the ut- eyes flashed fire, when he was stripped of his most exactness-he went his own way, proud, | coat and shirt, and placed at the entry of the reserved, solitary. Innumerable were the pun-terrible street through which he had to pass, shments which he had brought upon the men; he became pale again. Two soldiers went for, however slight the offence might be, he ahead of him; they marched backward with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to His superior officers respected him for his force him to keep measure to a drum which usefulness, his ability, and his exactitude, but brought up the rear. The drum was muffled ; they did not like him. The evident lack of its slow and dismal beats sounded like the mu-

doubt rather than of love. Moreover there | When he received the first stroke his feawas a yague rumor about his having once tures assumed an expression of pain, and his struck at his own officer in a pell-mell caused firm-set lips quivered slightly. This was, howby a hand to hand encounter with the enemy, ever, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his The report never took a clear shape, the officer arms over his breast and pressing his teeth having been killed during the engagement, and close together, his proud face remained hencethe gossipings of a few wounded soldiers hav- forth immovable. His merciless enemies ening been much to incoherent and contradictory joyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they to lead to a formal investigation of the matter; | might slash his body in pieces, but his proud besides it was at the victory of Novarra. He and indomitable spirit they could not break had greatly distinguished himself, and old The blows descended with fearful violence up Field Marshall Radetsky had, with his own on him. After the first dozen blood came hands, affixed the golden medal on his breast. but never did he utter one single exclamation The rumor, however, together with the know- of pain; never-not even with a look-did he edge of his harsh and violent temper, caused implore for mercy. An expression of scorn and his name to be erased from the list of those disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as that were recommended for higher promo- death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company, his lacerated back pre-When this incident was made known to him sented a frightful appearance. Even his most he became even more sullen, more rigid, more exasperated enemies might well have been satcruel than ever; but always, as it was well un- isfied now; if it had but been possible, the derstood, for the benefit of the service, the commanding officer himself would have interslightest demands of which he performed with ceded in his behalf; but this was not even to the same immutable strictness as he enforced be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to make

There was one formality connected with mounting guard in the outworks with some this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous He says : "it is supposed that angels do not the preceding night.

When the victim had arrived at the file leader of the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last, long look, full of contempt, at his tormentors. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man toward a commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with unnatural brightness, his respiration was fell off; for travellers who had been in the short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute, he said in a voice that came out of his throat with a rattling sound, but that was nevertheless distinctly audible all over the place: "I have to main ignorant. The fact was, that this house thank your honor for this exquisite punishment," and fell down dead.

Is THIS TRUE ?- There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Is this true? Has the ingratitude of children passed into a proverb? Luther relates this story:

There was once a father who gave up every thing to his children, his house, his fields, and his goods, and expected that for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me to-night, and there, where your arm chair stands, the cradle must swer; and, when the young officer rebuked come; will you not perhaps go to my brother, him, in a severe and somewhat haughty man- who has a larger room?" After he had been ner, the violent and passionate man, losing all some time with the second son he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him burdensome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeonhouse, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town wall?" The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will go and try it with my daugh-Women have softer hearts" But after grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there was no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after sometime she too was tired of him and told him by a third person that her house suffered from the gout, and her sister the grave digger's wife at St. Johns, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she youngest daughter Helen. But after he had

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY .- The Ex-

sank back in his chair and died.

"We may not conceal from the friends of the Society that the deficiency of contributions in the first five months of the current year as compared with the last year, amounts to \$15,-000; and that unless relief be speedily afforded, we must turn away from opening doors of usefulness, and even forsake vast fields of labor upon which we have already entered."

The Ohio state Journal says that this state of things was foreseen by the opposers of the policy adopted by the Society last Spring. It was then said that its expedient of silence in regard to the moral duties growing out of slavery would bring leanness upon the Society. and prediction is verified. The urgent appeal of the committee for relief will hardly be regarded with much favor. Earnest Christians do not care to pay cash to uphold an organization which strains at a gnat-fulminates Tracts against dancing-but swallows the camel, Sla very. It can publish Tracts urging upon masters to give to their servants that which is just and equal. The master is rich and powerful, the servant is poor and despised, and the Tract Society sides with the former. If the Society is really desirous of opening the doors of usefulness, let it abandon its craven policy and we doubt not relief will be speedily afforded. Until it does this, it has no right to expect anything but "deficiency of contributions."

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF .- Two unsophis ticated country lasses visited Niblo's, in New York, during the ballet season. When the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgetty.

O, Annie l" exclaimed one, solo voice.

"Well, Mary." "It isn't nice. I don't like it."

"Hush, the folks will notice you." "I don't care ; it isn't nice, and I wonder

aunt brought us to such a place." " Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you.

After one or two flings and a pirouette, the lushing Mary said; "O Annie, let's go ; it isn't nice, and I don'

eel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose wn fate was scarlet though it wore an air of determination; "it's the first time I ever was at a theater, and I suppose it will be the last, so I'm just going stay if they dance every rag off

HUNGER PROCE.-Boswell, the biographer and worshipper of Dr. Johnson, observing to the latter that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotnd-"I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson, "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the imposibility of starving a Scotchman."

PRENTICE, of the Louisville Journal, thus hits the present fashion of low neck dresses .-

[From The London Journal.]

## The Haunted Road-side Inn.

Robert, an innkeeper in a small, flourishing town on the Upper Rhine, had become rich through the custom which his house had for many years enjoyed. All at once, however, at habit of putting up there, either avoided the place altogether, or preferred the inferior accommodations of another inn. Of the cause of this decline of his trade he could not long rewas haunted by a ghost; and what traveler, weary with his journey would like to have his rest broken at night by the pranks of a

Sigismund, a distant relative, who had an eye on the fair Rosina, the only daughter of the host, had of late years been frequently at this house, either on visits to the family, or when traveling upon business. He was accustomed always to sleep in the same room in the upper story; and there he was destined to make the public. discovery, so unlucky to his kinsman, that the house was haunted.

One night, when all the family had retired to bed, and where in their first sleep. Sigismund was aroused by the spectre. Almost beside himself with terror, he rushed out in his shirt, ready to break his neck down stairs, he called up the master of the house. It was not without great difficulty that Robert could draw from him an explanation respecting the nature of the circumstance which had thrown him into such vehement alarm. Having at length somewhat recovered from the fright occasioned by the apparation, he gave the landlord the following account.

"I was fast asleep, when a white, death like figure opened my door, which I had locked before I went to bed. The noise awoke me. The spectre had a bunch of keys in one hand, and n the other a lamp which gave but a feeble light. It walked past my bed, paced the room several times, then set the lamp down on the table, and slipped into bed with me. I endeahorror paralyzed my senses. God knows how I got out of bed without falling a prey to the hideous apparation !"

after maturely considering the pros and cons, he ventured, in their company, and well armed, to approach the haunted chamber. He found the near the water was too damp for a man who door fast. Sigismund, as far as he could recollect, had pulled it after him, that the ghost might have less chance to overtake him in his flight. As he had taken out the key of the was right, and went outside of the gate to his door after locking it when he went to bed, and been three days with her, her little son said to was found necessary to bring the master-key his house. his grandfather, " Mother said yesterday to before they could gain admission. This was cousin Elizabeth that there was no better accordingly done; and all eyes looked round coolness and deliberation. He placed on the chamber for him than father digs," These for the spectre, but in vain—it was gone. Si-table by his bed, a brace of loaded pistols, prowords broke the old man's heart so that he gismund, however, durst not resume possession

ecutive Committee of this Society have put story of his kinsman. He was too well ac- He did not fail to impress upon the mind racy of his statement, At the same time, he Risina. was vexed when he reflected that the spectre might think fit to return ; his house would, in might be ruined In spite, then, of his excesdelusion, he deemed it incumbent on him to investigate the matter more closely. To this end he repaired, the following night, accompanied by Peter, the most trusty of his people, well to Peter, the post of danger and honor by the door, while he himself took possession of an easy chair, at the remotest corner of the room The great house lantern containing a lighted candle, was placed on the table.

Long did they thus wait in vain for the visit of the spectre. Both of them found it difficult to keep their eyes open, and nothing but the supposed danger of their enterprise furnished them with usual powers of vigilance. Sleep, nevertheless, began to exercise its despotic sway over the landlord. He could not help nodding and it was but now and then, and with incoherent words, that he answered the observations addressed to him by Peter. The latter, meanwhile, heard, as he thought, something coming up stairs, and imagined that he could distinguish soft steps. The effect on his sleepy senses was powerful and instantaneous. He gave his master notice of the impending attack. Sleep, however, had complete power over the landlord; and, under these circumstances, Peter deemed himself justified in leaving his post and arousing his master, by no very gentle shake, to the conflict. Both, trembling, drew their cutlasses, and took post behind the arm-chair .-The spectre was already at the door, and the bunch of keys which it carried rattled like chains. The door opened, and the figure of a living corpse presented itself. It was covered from head to foot by a white shroud, walked twice around the room, and then glided, with a deep sigh, into the bed.

Glad to see the coast thus far clear, Robert seized the lantern, and made a precipitate retreat down stairs-not only leaving his arms in the possession of the enemy, but in his haste, dashed the lantern with such force against the balusters, that it was shattered to pieces.

Peter, who at first appearance of the spectre, had squeezed his eyes together, and in vance guard, and before they ventured to go his fright commended his soul to all the saints, had meanwhile sunk on the floor behind the arm-chair. He saw nothing, heard but little of what was passing about him, and awaited his from former experience that Rosina had a presenses-only served to increase his stupefac-

Robert hurried to his bed, without undress the clothes ; so low had his courage fallen after its late excitement. Next morning, at a very early hour, he called up his servants and family, and eagerly inquired how poor Peter was ; but no one had seen or heard anything of him since

his people, he went in search of his lost attendant, to the place where he had left him. Peter, probably fatigued and exhausted with terror, had sunk into the arms of his kind deliverer, sleep-and lay snoring, at full length, on the floor behind the arm-chair. His good natured was sorely afraid lest the spectre had carried off the poor fellow.

The adventure of the night, was soon known to all the towns-folk. The more sensible of them laughed heartily at the landlord's absurd conduct, and called him a stupid, superstitous, chicken-hearted coward. This language soon reached his ears, and vexed him to such a degree that he repaired immediately to the burgomaster of the town to make affidavit of the particulars of the affair. At the same time, he requested the magistrate to take measures for ascertaining the reality of the apparation for in no other way could he retrive his lost honor in the estimation of the incredulous

The magistrate complied with his request, and the town sergeant was sent for, with four courageous fellows, to pass the next night in the Whether the spirit deemed aunted chamber. its opponents, at this instance, too formidable, or whether it had actually decamped, so much is certain, that it did not see fit to show itself to the party that was anxious for its appearance. The men repaired to their post the two succeeding nights, but the obstinate ghost was not to

Robert had thus put himself to a useless expense; and, if he had previously been the talk of the whole town, he now became the butt of general ridicule.

It was not long before Sigismund, in company with a friend again passed through the place. He was informed that the spectre, which had once given him such appalling evidence of its existence, had since terrified the landlord and Peter almost out of their lives, and resolved not to sleep any more at his kinsman's house. The courteous solicitation of the vored to cry out, but could not. Fear and fair Rosina, however, had greater influence over him; he could not refuse her invitation, and ventured once more to lodge under the same roof with her : but only on the express The trembling Robert awoke his people, and condition that he should not lie in the haunted

His friend and fellow traveler was of a different way of thinking. Desirous of an interview with a ghost, he insisted on having a bed prepared for him in the very room which the spirit had been accustomed to visit. The landlord was not a little gratified to think that he had at last met with a person willlaid it on the table that stood by his bedside, it ing to avenge, as he termed it, the honor of

Sigismund's friend took his measures with coolness and deliberation. He placed on the vided himself with a couple of candles, in adof his deserted bed for the remainder of the tion the night lamp, went to bed unconcerned, slept soundly, and awoke the next morning quianted with his character to suspect that he of his companion the silliness of the fear of good natured, happy creature, who, one mornwas playing off a hoax; he knew, too, that he apparations, and begged of him, as a friend to was not a greater coward than himself; he bear him company the following night, that he had, therefore, no just cause to doubt the ac- might not appear a coward in the eyes of his

Sigismund, sensible that his friend's exhortations were well meant, plucked up a spirit, and consequence, get a bad name, and his business repaired with him, at bed time, to his former chamber. All the inmates of the house had sive fear of ghosts, as there was a possibility of retired to rest, and not a sound disturbed the midnight silence. All at once, faint steps were heard ascending the stairs and slowly approaching nearer and nearer to the room. pale spectre, dressed in white, which had ter armed to the haunted chamber. He assigned rified him once before, again made its appearance. Sigismund, overwhelmed with horror, never thought of the pistols which lay near the bed, but again sought safety in flight. leaving his friend to cope, by himself, with the

His fellow traveler, though not a little star tled; closely watched the apparation. It approached him; and he could not help shudder ng when he saw it prepare to get into bed to him, he sprung out, and had a good mind not only to quit that, but, like Sigismund, to abandon the field also. On second thoughts however, he mustered courage, seized a pistol in one hand, and a candle in the other, drew back a little, and thus awaited what was to

The ghost seemed to take no notice of its armed autagonist, but so much the more closely did he watch the apparation. He approached nearer to the bed, on which the unwelcome visitor lay most quietly, and scrutinized its features. His terror gradually subdued, and ceased to bewilder his senses. Heavens! how agreeably he was surprised, to recognize in the slumbering figure the lovely Rosina! For fear of disturbing the fair night walker, he durst not, though stronlgy tempted, steal a single kiss, but softly quitted the room to call her parents and his friend.

None of them however, were in any hurry to obey the summons. The jocose and confident manner in which their guest spoke of his discovery, and a word which he whispered in the ear of the landlady induced the latter to follow him alone to the haunted chamber, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the nocturnal apparation.

Ashamed to be surpassed in courage by a woman, Robert and Sigismund could not therefore, stay behind. They sneaked after the ad into the chamber, cantiously peeped in at the door, while the mother's eyes had been for some time fondly fixed on her darling. She knew disposition to walking in her sleep, and she was ing, and covered himself over, head and ears, in tion to any other cause than that singular dis-

> It was long before her timid spouse would trust either the assurances of his better half or his own senses ; till at last Rosina herself fur- full breasted kiss !" nished evidence too strong to be resisted. She quitted the bed with her eyes shut, took up the through the astonished company, who made way a hot goose for a cold duck.

more raised Robert's spirits. Accompanied by for her, out of the room. They followed her in silence, because they had either not had sufficient presence of mind to awake her at first, or because they wished to spare her the embarrassment of so awkward a situation.

She found the way down stairs, without once tripping, to her chamber. All retired again to master rejoiced sincerely at this sight; for he rest, and Sigismund, in particular, resumed the place which his Rosina had occupied with very different feelings from those with which he had left it. The inference which he drew in regard to her sentiments towards him, from her behavior in the liveliest of all dreams could not but be exceedingly flattering to him. Nothing, therefore, could prevent him, next morning, from making Rosina a formal offer of his hand. and explaining to her parents his other views. They had little to object, and the heart of Rosina still less.

Thus the horrors and apprehensions of a snpernatural visitation terminated in a most joyous wedding, which was consummated in the same chamber where the innocent Rosina had twice filled her lover with inexpressible

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY .- An enterprising traveling agent for a well-known Cleveland tomb stone manufactory lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him and offer him consolation and a grave stone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a frightful one, but the agent persevered and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails, "over'n pastur, about two milds." The indefatigable agent hitched his horse and started for the "pastur." After falling into all manner of mudholes, scratching himself with briars and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear of it and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all, both of high and low degree. Informed the man that " what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a grave stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept-marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was "a little difficulty in the way." "Havn't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. "Why, yes I have," said the man, "but no grave stun ain't necessary: you see the cussed critter ain't dead. She's scooted with another man !" The agent retired .- Cleveland Plaindealer.

THE NEGRO AND A BEAR.-The following good story of a negro's first meeting wi has bear is told by Colonel——, who had spe: t some of his fortune and life in the woods of Robert could not tell what to think of the without hearing or seeing anything of a spirit. Some of his fortune and life in the woods of Florida; The colonel had a black fellow, a ing was strolling through the woods whistling and roaring as he went, when suddenly he spied an individual as black as himself, with much more wool. Dick looked at his new friend, and the bear (on his rump) at his .-Dick s eyes began to stick out a feet. "Who's dat ?" cried Dick. "Who's dat ?" again cried Dick, shaking all over. Bruin began to approach. Dick pulled heels for the first tree and the bear after him. Dick was upon the cypress, and the bear scratching close after im. Dick moved out on a limb, the bear followed-till the limb began to bend. " Now, see here, Mister, if you come any farder, dis limb break. Dere ! dere ! I told you so."-As Dick had said, the limb broke, and down came bear and nigger ! " Dere, you black imp, tole you so ; dis is all your fault. Yer broke your neck, and I'll just take yer to mas: a

> HEAT FROM THE STARS .- It is a startling fact, that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not get enough make the existence of animal and vegetable fe upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of a year to melt a crust of ice eight-five feet thick, almost as much as s supplied by the sun.

> This may appear strange when we consider how immeasurably small must be the amount received from any one of these distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes, when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars, that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon.—Dr.

> A SLANDER REFUTED .- A clergyman was charged with violently having dragged his wife from a revival meeting, and compelled her to go home with him. The clergyman let the story travel along until he had a good opportunity to give it a broadside. On being charged with the offence be replied as follows: "In the first place I never have attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor a choice of a meeting. Secondly-my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. In the third place-I have not even attended any of the meetings for any purpose whatever .-To conclude-neither my wife nor myself bave had any inclination for these meetings. Finally -I never had a wife."

How it FELT.-" A lady friend of ours says the first time she was kissed she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, too thoroughly convinced of her virtue and in- and cranberries. She also felt as if something nocence to attribute her being in such a situa- was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in Chariots, drawn by angels, shaded by suckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows. Jerusalem! what power there is in a

A TAILOR, who in skating, fell through the night lamp, which had gone out, and walked ice, declared that he would never again leave