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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA: thursday Morning, March 24, 1859.

Selected Boetry.

WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

and less for battle-field and giory; writ in human hearts, a name Seemed better in a song or story; I men, instead of nursing pride, Would learn to hate and to abhor it

If more relied On love to guide, the world would be the better for it.

men dealt less in stocks and lands. and more in bonds and deeds fraternal : lave's work had more willing hands To link this word to the supernal ; I men stored up Love's oil and wine. and on bruised human hearts would pour it;

If " yours " and " mine Would once combine, the world would be the better for it.

men would act the play of life, And fewer spoil it in rehearsal: Bigotry would sheath its knife Till good became more universal; ustom, gray with ages grown, Hal fewer blind men to adore it-If talent shone In truth alone. The world would be the better for it.

men were wise in little things-Affecting less in all their dealingshearts had fewer rusted strings isolate their kindly feelings; men, when Wrong beats down the Right, Would strike together and restore it-If Right made might

In every fight, The world would be the better for it.

Selected Cale.

DEAD MAN'S REVENGE. HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

TRUE to his promise, Richard Mallet never fered, by word or deed, with the arrangeents his child's guardians had made for her

A few years went by, and the laboring master's employ. With bettered means watched them with a laughing face. good wages, Richard Mallet was able to at a small house in the suburbs. Mrs. Mal- such a birth-day keeping as this." still washed and ironed, and cooked her

People said Richard Mallet was not the Jessie hesitated. un he used to be. He had grown churlish seemed intent upon making his way up in nd no fault in him. In her heart of hearts, very pale. anah, perhaps knew that her husband was the same; but she would have died sooner in breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time? n these few years, Jessie Mallet, the om crippled child, had grown into a might, well-formed girl, whose presence old disgrace to drawing-room. Of a slight were and delicate features, she still recalls e pale-faced little child who used to hobble at her father's house upon a crutch : but ere is bloom upon her cheek, and health energy in her movements now-a-days .oder skillful treatment, and the healthy in-

ices that have surrounded her of late, her

rmity has gradually disappeared. It is an important day at the Canterbury hool, when next we see her. It is Jessie's enteenth birthday, and her school days at an end. She has been writing a letter her parents-those letters are the only aks between the old one and the new one chard has them all, from the first childish rawl, to the last well-penned epistle, safely cked up in an old desk-and Jessie sits inking of her father and mother with tears her eyes. Why are they not here to-day? ound the room are spread all the little ts her companions have given her-mere ifles for the most part, but pleasant tokens the good will she had awakened there, and the good name she leaves behind. "Every dy here remembers me, and is kind," thinks sie. "It is only my own family who for-

Well, Jessie has plenty of new friends now, o, for aught we know, may have learned to without her parent's love, since last we et her. There are many affections we count fong, that a six year's absence would try; d letter-writing, as we most of us know, is nt a poor bond, after all.

So perhaps Jessie's love is of a less ardent ature than it used to be.

She has not much time, however, for reflec

on on this or on any other score. There is a und of wheels on the gravel-path, and a arriage rolls up to the door. It is Mr. Hale, e of Jessie's guardians, who is come to take er away from school, and escort her to his wn house in Hale Fields, where an archery eeting is to celebrate the day.

Jessie bids farewell to her companions of years, and, driving away in Mr. Hale's riage, looks up at the school-room windows, with dimmed eyes, and sees the old cathedral, blurred by her tears, for the last time. at her eyes brightened ere long. There is a deering influence in sunshine, green fields, ad fresh air, hard to resist, and it was next impossible to be dull, seated by Mr. Hale's The wealthy-hop grower's genial face ways did Jessie good. Such a smile as his onld have been a small annuity to a young

hysician, as a cheap and efficacious remedy "Here we are," cried be, as the carriage thed into his gates at Hale Fields, "here we ce, all ready, you see."

Jessie beheld the tents and targets on the was no archer, but she stood by and watched lawn, the servants hurrying to and fro, and the sports, well pleased when her old friend, the gardeners giving the last touches to ther Mary Hale, carried off the first prize of the day,

"Don't fancy. Miss Jessie, this is all got up on your special account. Other people can have birth-days besides you. Dick is nineteen to-day, and he means to share in the honors Here he comes. He'll take you in to speak to Mrs. Hale and the girls."

Mr. Richard Hale raised his wide-awake, and shook hands with Jessie. He had taught her to ride one holiday, and play chess another, so they were old friends.

Mrs. Hale was a stately woman, who kissed Jessie on her cheek, and bade her welcome with an air of polite patronage .-Pride of birth was Mrs. Hale's failing. She had the misfortune to be the grand-daughter of a baronet, and had a weakness for good blood; hence she never took so kindly to Jessie as the rest of her family. Her hus- his daughter. During all this time, he had kept band, with a delicacy of feeling peculiar to his resolution of never interfering with her edhim, had never divulged to any one the real facts of Jessie's parentage; but Mrs. Hale had formed a shrewd guess on the subject.

To-day, there was even a more than usual amount of dignity in the good lady's demeanor; her head was carried more erect, and her dress rustled more imposingly, as she swept by. A young lord was to be her guest, to-day, and, to meet him, some of the first families in the neighborhood, and the elite of Canterbury had been invited to Hale Fields; consequently, Mrs. Hale's reception of Jessie was quite a solemn and impressive sight.

The daughters were rather more humbleminded, and being old school-fellows of Jessie, welcomed her right gladly. They were soon minutes' chat before the bustle of the day com-

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand people who were expected. But his ears. before her friends had half finished their confidences, the confab was broken up by Mr. Dick Hale rushing down to the arbor where ed away again. they sat, and summoning his sisters to their mother's presence.

"Make haste, girl's. There's mother becoming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived, and nobody to receive him. Do, pray, go to her aid, or she'll be speechless in five minutes,

The two girls flew away to the house, and emason had risen to be first workman in left Jessie to their brother. He stood and

"Well, Miss Mallet, this is doing us honor, the neighborhood of Peck's Court, and isn't it. You and I are lucky folks to have

"I am lucky in having such friends, and asband's dinner, but her labors were aided by such a home to-day. I little thought, though, tle servant; and the boys were sent to a when Mr. Hale brought me over, that I should find such a gay assembly, or, perhaps"-

"Or, perhaps, you wouldn't have come. b bis friends, haughty with his fellows, lost Well, that's very polite. I think I had better is old spirits and his pleasant smile, and on- tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury .world. But his wife and children could He's sure to oblige you." Mr. Dick turned

No; don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean. Richard, to-to"- Jessie stammered, and stopped again.

To insult your guardian, eh !" said Dick. recovering his good-humor, when he saw Jessie looking distressed. "You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. Oh, if you only knew what she's gone through to get them together, and the management it has taken to avoid giving offence. Just imagine her position this morning, when the Romleys sent word they'd be able to come after all, and we (unhappy wretches,) on receiving their first note to decline, had invited their mortal enemies, the Cheesemans. The families are at daggers drawn, because young Romley, I suppose, wants to marry one of the Miss Cheesemans, and old Romley spurns the alliance, and swears he'll never consent. A pretty thing for an anxious hostess !- I wish the Cheesemans were all at Jericho, I'm sure. I never wanted them to be invited here at all." Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

"Why not?" asked Jessie. "Oh, because nobody knows who they are, or what they are. It's said he was a tallowchandler, and had a large fortune left him. They have just that cut. He has taken a large house near us. I don't know them, you know. By the way, you don't, I hope."

Jessie had suddenly grown crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet. "No. I don't know them."

"Oh, that's right. That sort of origin always makes one suspicious."

Quietly as Jessie had disclaimed acquaintance with the Cheesemans, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing him in time. in her ears, that for the next five minutes she heard not a word her companion said.

"There goes my father!" suddenly cried He is looking for you, I know. Richard. Let's follow him ; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people. I must be off, too, or we shall have the Romleys falling foul of the Cheesemans, and there'll be blood spilt.

Come along." They hastened away to the lawn. Everything wore a gala air there. The vis-

itors were arriving there fast; a splendid collation was laid out in one of the tents, and a bang of music was playing under the mulberry trees. The forthcoming archery fete at Hale Fields had been the talk of the neighborhood for days past. Jessie was an object of considerable inter-

est to the guests. She was said to be a sort of ward to Mr. Hale's, and very rich; also there was some mystery about her fortune .-Had they known that it was a half-sovereign lent, many years ago, by Mr. Hale's father to Zebedee Peck, the hop-picker boy, that had laid the foundation of this same fortune, they would perhaps have manifested less enthusiasm; but being ignorant of this prosaic fact, several persons were very eager for an intro-

Then followed the luncheon in the tent, and Mr. Hale's funny speech when he presented the oak-leaf crown to his daughter.

After that came a dance on the lawn, when Jessie was his lordship's partner, and when the band from Canterbury, under the influence of rating quadrilles, that it was enough to set the very cows in the neighboring fields doing L'ete and La poule.

Blithe, however, as the music sounded to the merry makers, there was one ear, not far off, to whom it brought no mirth.

In the lane leading to Hale Fields, a solitaface. It was Richard Mallet, who for the last hour had paced backwards and forwards in the lane. Six years had passed since he had seen ucation, and had never presented himself before her eyes. He had a purpose ever in view from which he had never swerved.

He had come down to Canterbury by coach overnight, and finding, as he expected, that and polished, but rough, unedicated people. his daughter had that day quitted school, and gone over to Hale Fields with her guardian, something to gain. We can give you love, he had followed them in order to carry out the purpose he had so long meditated.

It was only within the last hour that his heart had failed him.

Though Richard Mallet looked older and sterner, he was much the same man at heart. Time, however, had wrought some changes in him. Though still in the prime of life, his hair was tinged with gray, and his face had a hardont in the garden together-all three glad to er look than of old. He wore a better coat now. escape from the drawing-room, and have a few and had a black silk handkerchief fastened loosely around his throat.

The horns and bugles of the Canterbury band swelled over the gardens, and the wind the grand doings that were to take place, and carried the hum and laughter of the guests to

For the twentieth time, he stopped before the gates, and for the twentieth time, he turn-

At last, with an angry expression at his own irresolution, he opened the gates, and entered the grounds.

"Mr. Hale won't be able to see you to-day, my man-he's engaged, and can't attend to business," called out the lodge-keeper as he went through the gates. "My business ain't with Mr. Hale," said

Richard looking at the man, whose red face showed he had taken good care of himself in the general festivity. "Oh, it's the back-door you want, is it ?"

Take the first path, then, to the right." The man spoke with an insolent air. But Richard kept in the broad walk, and and terrified.

went on as before. Suddenly, he came to a by some one behind the high laurel hedge at think. Dare you do it?"

der to this day. But, however, that may be, and a shiver passed over her. they are vulgar people-that's certain." Richard's lips became as pale as death.

'What a mercy the child was removed from her friends in time !" continued the first speak- alone. "Really, no one would suppose her to be of low origin. With her money, she may make a good match one day, and so get free of her I have no fear." former ties. What a good thing she fell into the hands of the Hales-quite providential. Ah, here comes our host !'

The ladies moved away; and Richard, with in the garden before all the people. his teeth set, and his foot crushing the gravel under his heel, strode on to the house.

assembled and the marquee erected : so he es- were sitting. caped observation.

'Is my daughter in?" he inquired of the servant at the hall door. He had walked straight up to the principal

ntrance. The man stared in surprise, and then, with a satirical glance at a waiter near, replied :-'No, she aint, nor won't be to-day, nor vet

to-morrow. Your business ain't partickler made known her father to Mrs. Hale. pressin', I 'ope ;" and he winked at his com-"You'll please keep a civil tongue in your

head, and ans ver my question. Is Miss Mallett in? "Miss Mallett? Yes she's about somewhere; but you can't see her; that is, youvon"_ - The man stammered, changed his

"You'll have the goodness to show me into send and seek her."

tone, and stopped. Something had warned

Without another word, the man led the way across the hall, and ushered Richard into the

It was a handsome room-green and cool. garden, and an awning outside. Richard could on the lawn. He caught sight of his own figure in a mirror opposite, but the contrast there did not trouble him. A strange self-control had come over him : there was an iron resolution written on his face.

through the window It was Jessie and Mr. Dick Hale.

expected visitor in surprise : the next, Jessie gave a low cry and sprung torward: Richard Mallett's arms were folded on his

Mr. Dick Hale disappeared.

"Thou aint forgotten my face, then !" said Richard, looking down at his daughter .-"That's well. I didn't know but how you might."

Though he spoke coldly, his lip trembled so he could scarcely articulate. "Thou art changed since we met, girl .-Instead of my poor lame lass, I find thee a Mr. Hale's home-brewed, played such exhila- lady grown." He scanned her over at arm's

"I want to know, now, whether you are still my own child or not; I want to know whether they have changed your heart as well as your dress. Stay; don't speak vet : you may repent it. I have a question to ask you : I want to know whether you will leave these ry man was standing, with a stern, down cast people, and come home to your mother and me -that's the proof I want as to whether you are still my own child."

Jessie's eyes fell. There was something so cold and stern in her father's voice, it made her heart shrink

"Think before you speak; there's much depends upon it. Are you ready to leave these friends, and cast your lot with me? Are you prepared to live with those who are not clever Jessie, such as you may never find else"——He suddenly stopped. "Answer me, my lass, which is it to be-go or stay?"

"I'll go, father." He loved her still; his last words had decided her in a moment.

"You'll go? And will you go contentedly? Will you go, feeling you aint ashamed o' them you'll have to live with ?"

'Father? why do you put these cruel questions to me? I have prayed to God to bring us together every night of my life. Ashamed! oh you forget I am your child."

You say you ain't ashamed of me," said steamer in the distance, with its smoke plume Richard, with a strange expression gathering trailing along the horizon, were visible. over his face. "Then I'll put your words to the test. Look at this hand; it's rough and were assembled in the garden at the Cliff hard with labor; my boots are thick and ugly; the linen on my back is coarse; my coat is badly cut; I don't look like a gentlemananybody may see that. Now, if you ain't ning some improvements for the farm-yard,ashamed of me, common looking as I be, take His wife, busy with her knitting, sat at a little me out through that window on to the lawn distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at amongst those people, and tell them I'm your his mother's feet, reading to hea; the other father. Dare you do it? Dare you own me was watching the Plymouth steamer through

before 'em all? Speak out." asked? It was too much-too much. A hundred things forbade it: Mrs. Hale's pride, the conjugation of her friends, and—worse than all!— "Father," she said suddenly, "I was just the conjugation of her friends, and—worse than all!— "Father," she said suddenly, "I was just the conjugation of her friends, and—worse than all!— "Father," she said suddenly, "I was just the conjugation of her friends.

struggle was at an end She had counted the been senerated from my home poor thing, her family is not recognizable. Is over her brow, and said : "Yes, father, I dare. much you loved me." Come!"

She had reached the window, when her step to me herself. They do say her father is a faltered. Before her was the gay and brilliant fection. common mason, and carries a hod on his shoul- assembly. She stood spell-bound at the sight,

word, he stepped back, and turned and left her long as you and me remained so, Uncle Zeb's a man whose corporation justified her in in-

face radiant in her love, and led him straight mother who says I'm as good as the parson, or Every eye was fixed upon the young girl as

she crossed the lawn with her companion and One or two persons turned to look at him as walked up to the tent where Mr. and Mrs. Hale he approached, but the majority of the guests and a party of their friends (Canterbury granwere on the side-lawn, where the dancers were dees, and quiet old folks, who did not dance) Who has Miss Mallett got with her?'

'What a singular proceeding!" "Is she escorting one of the gardeners to the tent?" asked the young people on the lawn. Regardless of all comments, Jessie never

stopped till she had reached the tent where her hostess sat. Then and there, in a few simple words

A buzz of astonishment rose up around Mrs. Hale looked bewildered and confused ;

was at her side "This is your father, Jessie, is it? Then I am glad to make his acquaintance." Mr. Hale he's coming this way. held out his hand to Richard. "I have only seen you once before, Mr. Mallett (it was when

your behavior then.' Mr. Hale's prompt manner had spared any

your uncle died); but I have not forgotten

let me explain how I came to intrude myself only to frequent one part of the coast, and here." sed with his hat off "I aint a man to intrude with a large bow-window opening out into the myself anywhere, but I had a reason for coming here which may be a wrong nn, but which see the gay company, and the band and tent I couldn't help follerin' out. For now goin' on seven years, sir, I have been pining for the sight of my child, and all this time I have ne ver meddled nor interfered with the edication I knew she ought to have. I come down here to-day, sir, to claim her, and see if she still He was standing gazing at the sacrifice of loved me as she used to do; but I come, I'm Iphigenia, in bronze, on the mantel-piece, and afeard, in a sperit as might have led to no good. was striving to find out its meaning, when he I had grown mistrustful, and thought she'd be heard footsteps approaching. He turned, and changed, and ashamed of me. So when she a young lady and gentleman entered the room comes into your parlor, where I was waitin' for her just now. I steeled my heart again her. bonny as she looked, and felt jealous of her For one moment they both stared at the un- dress and lady ways. She said she was ready to go wi' me, but she seemed to be frightenedlike I thought, and I doubted her still So I said to her (it was a sudden thought that come I don't know how): "If you'll cross that lawn breast, his face was cold and unmoved; but at hand in hand with me, and own me afore all that one word his arms opened and he strained | those people, I'll believe you love me as you

consider o' what I asked (I wasn't myself just then), she stepped out of the window, and brought me straight into your presence without a murmur or a blush. And God love her for it! cries Dick. And so he will. It was a right noble act, tho' I hadn't ought to have asked it." Jessie hid her face on her father's arm, and

Every one was silent. The simple earnest-

ness of the man, and his erect yet modest bearing, had touched all present.
"Mr. Mallett," said an old gentleman com-

your conduct. May God bless your daughter." erable hotel kept by " Bob Russell," who with The old clergyman, a high dignitary of the his well known colored servant "Dick," (thochurch, laid his hand on Jessie's arm, and led roughly marked with the small-pox,) will not her to a seat.

" Let me shake hands with you, Mr. Mallet. I honor both your head and your heart." It was his lordship that spoke. Yes; Mrs.

Hale might stare and refuse to credit the evidences of her senses; but there was her noble guest actually shaking hands with a man without gloves! When a right reverend dean and a peer's son had thus openly acknowledged the stone-mason, no one was afraid of losing caste

by addressing him. become lions, had they not stolen off, through statement of the Auditor's books. Mr. L. at Dick Hale's agency, to a quiet parlor, where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course, the archery fete at Hale Fields was long remembered in the neighborhood, and gained considerable edat from what certain ladies pleased to term "the romantic incident" that terminated the day.

One summer evening a few years later, a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farm-house

in Devonshire. The garden overlooked the sea, and, from the seat under the sycamore, the white, bird-

It was Richard Mallet and his family who

Farm. The father with a roll of paper on his knee, and pencil and compasses in hand, was plana telescope. Jessie, alone with her father, on Jessie turned deadly pale, and a spasm passed over her face. What was it her father clasped idly before her, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thought-

Dick's words that very day. She stood dumb thinking how strangely good has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb's wicked in-Her father saw her irresolution, and his tentions seemed to have carried with them rated. stop. He had heard his own name pronounced breath came quick. "You've had time to their own frustration. He has knit us closer together than ever. I think I should never There was a moment's silence, and then the have known how much I loved you, had I not she is certainly goodlooking. But they say, cost, and had triumphed. She passed her hand and I certainly could never have known how

Jes ie took hold of her father's hand as she spoke, and looked at him with unutterable af-

"Yes, Jessie, good has come out of evil in She put out her hand, looked up into his the world. But I musn't preach; it's only your to the window. The next moment they stood who think's me as clever, bless her heart!" He looked towards his wife with a fond smile .-'Holloa, what are they up to there! See,

there's Phil shouting like mad!" There was evidently great excitement amongst

the mother and her boys "There he goes, father. There's the gentleman who took us out fishing the other day, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the amused at the joke.

water ! A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall.

"Oh, do run and ask him to come in," said the mother. "I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn't know him! You go too, Jessie; you'll know how to thank him. Here's your hat.

Jessie took her father's arm, and they set off but, ere Jessie had done speaking, Mr. Hale for the cliff. As they drew near the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father's arm. "Oh, stop, father-stop! Look,

Jessie had recognized the figure before her -it was that of Mr. Dick Hale

He had been prowling around the neighbor hood for some days past in a secret sort of way, quite unlike his usual open behavior .a room where I can speak to her, and then thing like a scene, and relieved every one at Wild-ducks had been the estensible object of his wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder "Sir, I thank you; that's kindly said. But | gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appeared Richard stood erect, and unembarras- | that was the immediate neighbordood of the Cliff Farm

It required no great amount of persuasion about what we can't help And the second is upon Mrs. Mallet's part to induce Mr. Dick like unto it-never to vex ourselves about Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take what we can help. supper afterwards. And as upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighborhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening. A few years further on, and we again take

a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm. But this time they are assembled by a win ter's fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below. A gray haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grandchildren. Grandfather has seen strange changes since his youth, and can tell strange stories too.

"Let it be something true, grandfather," says a bright eved little girl on his knee. "And let it have a terrible name," says Dick a fine boy of nine.

"Suppose, then, I tell you your mother's his tory," says grandfather, looking at the young Whereupon, sir, before I'd time to | matron sitting by her husband's side.

"Yes, grandfather, tell them that," replica the children's father.

"But mother's history won't be a story,"

"It will be as good," says grandfather; and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it A Dead Man's Revenge!"

AN ANCIENT OHIO FIGHT -- Upwards of a quarter of a century ago, a little affair occurred in high life, in the town of Columbus, which ought not to be suffered to pass into ing forward, "I admire and sympathize with oblivion. The scene was the front of the vensoon pass out of the minds of the settlers of the

-y was Attorney General of Ohio, Mr. Fand L-d was Chief Clerk in the office of the Auditor of State. The United States Court was in session, and Mr. F. improved the opportunity to explain to a number of constituents in front of the hotel the circumstances of a claim which had accrued to the "Sullivan heirs" in consequence of the removal of the capital of Ohio from Chillicothe to Columbus. Jessie and her father would probably have In the course of his remarks, he questioned the once pronounced his statement a lie.

"I cannot waive rank," said Mr. F., " and fight this man."

As he proceeded to reiterate his charges. Mr. L. pronounced him a second and a third time a liar, when Mr. F., becoming much excited, shouted :--

"My fellow citizens, I have concluded to waive the question of rank, and settle this matter at once." So, taking off his coat, and descended from the stand, and immediately received a tremen-

dous "right hander," which lodged him in a like sails of the fishing boats coming up with neighboring mud-hole. Getting up, he receiv-Jessie hid her face in her hands and wept. the tide, and the great hull of a Plymouth ed a "settler," which brought him on to the same spot. A third time he came up to the "scratch," when a well directed "eye blinder," from the sub-Auditor, caused him to turn a complete summer-sault, and lodged him once more upon his mother earth.

> impression that he had fulfilled the utmost requirements of the "code," and not desirous of performing any purely "meritorous" labors, he addressed himself to his physical superior as "Before rising from this position, sir, I de-

Turning his eyes around, under the evident

sire to ask you a question : Do you intend to strike me if I get up?" " Of course, I do, d-n you," ejaculated his

excited adversary. "Then, sir, I shall not get off my back." The spectators-among them, if 1 mistake not, Hon. T- C- and Judge Snow interfered, and the beligerents were sepa-

The following actually occurred at Phil-

A lady in Spruce street, wishing to get clear of the offal, fat, grease, &c., that had accumulated in the kitchen, remarked to an English girl, who had recently come to her employ, that the first FAT man she saw in the street to call him in, she wanted to see him. our lives, as you say. And I think people The good creature, thinking the term fat ap-"You can't, then-you can't do it," whis- would often have less power to injure us than plied to the man's size, and not to his business, pered Richard hoarsely. Without another they have, were we but true to ourselves. As a little while after, on going to the door, saw curse could never have done us any harm We forming him that Mischs wished to see him But ere he had gone five paces from her, want more faith in one another, Jessie, and in and would be so kind as to step in. He did Jessie was at his side: "Father, forgive me; the goodness of our own hearts, and then we'd so and was seated in the parlor. The girl see less coldness and disnnion than there is in called her mistress down stairs to attend to the fat man. When she had descended she was informed that he was in the parlor. " In the parlor!" exclaimed Mrs. , "and what is be doing in the parlor." She hurried in, and there discovered a gentlemanly looking personage, with hat off, waiting to hear the cause of his detention. The lady, whose presence of mind did not forsake her immediately saw the whole mistake, and apologized for the ridiculous error. The fat man left, evidently much

> Wife," said a man looking for his bootjack, "I have a place where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

A wit having been asked by another person whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, said : " What ! lend him money? You might give bim an emetic, and he wouldn't return it.'

Judge Betts, at the United States Circuit in New York, has decided that newspaper reporters should be, if they are not, exempt from jury duty, and that he shall henceforth make that the practice of his Court. "You would be very pretty indeed,"

said a gentleman patronizingly to a young lady,

'if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them!" THERE are two things which make us happy in life. The first is never to vex ovrselves

Young man," said a minister to a youth of his congregation, "do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" Yes. sir; two cousins and a grandmother; but I

don't intend to sustain them much longer." that the muscle by which we shut it is much stronger than the one by which we open it: and this hold true as to giving and receiving.

If you see a wife carefully footing her busband's stockings, you may conclude that he will not find it difficult to foot her bills.

children, are "pleased with a rattle." much, if it is at the tail of a snake. After an event is irretrievable, nothing is more abourd than the discussion of what

might have been done