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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 8, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those that love me—
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too—
For all human ties that bind me—
For the task by God assigned me—
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake—
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake.
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine—
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine—
To profit by affliction,
Lead truths from fields of action,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold;
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong be righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me;
For those who know me true—
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too—
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Miscellaneous.

Luke Blair's Encounter with a Pack of Wolves.

"God have mercy upon us?" This exclamation was not more sudden than startlingly uttered, and sent the chills creeping from the leaping heart in pricking sensations over the skin.

It was the first time I had ever noticed such a tremor in the old squatter's tones, or a manner which indicated that he ever felt fear. It was something unusual, and with my own young pulse quickened, I watched the old man by the dim light of the fire.

I had known Luke Blair—"Old Luke," as he was called—for ten years, and yet knew nothing of his history. There was a mystery about him which none ever penetrated, an eccentricity of manner which gave his movements a peculiar interest to his rough but true-hearted comrades. He spent his time in the woods, and never brought in any thing but wolves' scalps. There was a fierce burning look in his eye as he flung them upon the ground, and he would sit for hours after one of his excursions with his head bowed between his hands.

As unsocial as was the squatter, he was respected by all who had come in contact with him. He was brave to madness, and yet as cool in danger as in his camp. Nor was there anything rough in his manners; on the contrary, there was an easy bearing, which—almost elegance—bespoke a day of education and refinement. And when he did speak his language was well chosen.

Blair had other qualifications which won the respect of the hardy spirits around him. He was six feet in height, broad shouldered, full chested, and form erect, and his limbs were models of symmetry and strength; hair and beard had grown unshorn since he had known him, and were thickly sprinkled with gray—but the forehead, though darkly bronzed and deeply seamed, was almost massive, and the head of faultless mould. The eye was dark, lustrous, and in excitement, of peculiar and fascinating power. Around his neck was some sacred token, which no eye had seen, and which he guarded with a jealous care.

There was something about the old man—his commanding presence, his bravery, and his lonely habits and sad manner—which won my young heart, and I watched every opportunity of manifesting my regard. I had engaged him to guide me to the Mississippi, by way of—

Prairie.

For several days we threaded the dense forests which intervened, and under great difficulties. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth, the cold was intense, and rendered more intolerable by the fierce wind from the prairie waste. We were warmly dressed, but there were times when the weary frame began to feel the dreary influence of the sleep which steals so fatally over the senses.

On the night in question we had turned aside to seek the shelter of a grove of small timber, and to find fuel for our fire. We had faced the blinding storm all day, and could hardly keep sufficiently awake to kindle the fire and secure wood for the night. We had just accomplished this when the hunter made the exclamation at the head of our story. I was awake at once, and blood tinged through my chilled veins, for I knew that Luke Blair would not so speak without cause.

"Hark?"

The word was but a whisper, but had a terrible distinctness. His hand had involuntarily sought his rifle, and his head turned towards the woods. I heard nothing but the wild roar of the storm as it swept by.

"There it is again! The devils are on our track!" he and I clutched his knife handle with a steady grasp, and breathed hardly between his thin nostrils.

I heard the noise this time, which had attracted his attention before swelling, as the

storm lulled an instant, into a wild, protracted howl, as from a thousand famished throats, clear, dismal, and wailing with that fearful tone which startles the boldest, even at their firesides. Blair turned, and as our eyes met he slowly whispered:

"A PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES! God have mercy upon us!"

A sickening sensation went like a flash to the heart, and then came burning thoughts of home, and again the chills, as I thought of the shelterless prairie and blinding snow.

"Again! the black devils are on our tracks!" As Blair spoke he laid his hand upon my arm, and with an expression of sadness which I never shall forget, looked me steadily in the eye. There was a tremor of the lip which I had never seen before. It was not fear—I knew that—but some terrible remembrance or presentiment which came over him with irresistible power.

"The hour has come! I knew it would—have felt it for days. I do not fear death, but it is horrible to be hunted down in such a spot as this, and to be torn by infernal devils."

His breath came thick and hissing through his clenched teeth, and his chest heaved with intense emotion.

"Here," said he, lifting the soiled string over his head, and taking a locket attached to it in his hand, "is the shadow of one you never knew, but the original was once the light of my young life, and came with me to this territory when the world was bright with hope. I left her in the cabin one day, and went to my work as usual. She crossed the valley and came where I was working. Wishing to feel the tree I was at work upon, I urged her to cross the log over the creek before dark, and I would immediately follow her. She had not been gone but a little time, when there burst up between me and our cabin that long, freezing sound, the howl of a wolf. It was answered as if from a thousand throats up and down the valley, until one wild, startling, unearthly howl swelled on the still evening air. God, how that howl went to the soul! I reeled in utter weakness a moment, but soon rallied, and with the speed and energy of despair, rushed down the path. I had reached the stream, and was upon the old trunk thrown across, when another and a different sound reached my ears. It seemed that my brain would burn into ashes under the fiery heat, and my heart burst from my bosom. That was the cry of my wife, a clear wailing shriek of mental agony."

Blair dropped his head and thrust his fingers into his ears, as if that terrible sound was again ringing through the forest. A moment, and he hurriedly resumed:

"I remember no more until the morning broke, and the sun smiled through the trees upon the terrible scene. It was horrible! The ground was torn and stained with dark spots where pools of blood had sunk away. Seven long black bodies lay around gashed by the axe, some of them glaring fiercely as they fell, their tongues thrust out, and the white fangs gleaming fearfully in their open jaws. The axe itself lay within reach, red with blood its entire length. My own arms were also stained, and still damp. But, God of mercy! a worse sight than all this met my gaze of returning consciousness. Tightly in my arms I was holding the head of my wife, her form bare and limbs torn into shreds."

The old man sobbed convulsively, and wrung his hands until it seemed that the blood would start from his fingers.

"Coming!"

Again, and nearer than before, the dismal howl rose above the storm. The camp fire burned dimly in the blinding storm of snow, and a sense of loneliness and terror came over the spirit darker than the sky overhead.

"Here, take this," said Blair, as he handed me the locket, "and if you survive, carry it to—New York, and I will thank you. Boy, I am not afraid to die. Death will be rest, and I shall see Maria. We must take to the tree. It is freeze, or death by the wolves. Quick boy! Good bye."

I felt the hot tears drop on my hand as the old man pressed his quivering lips upon it, and then pushed on towards the tree.

We had need to be quick, for we had hardly reached the branches when a score of long, gloomy shadows shot out of the surrounding darkness, and sent up a yell which went to the heart colder than the breath of the wistful blast. They paid but little attention to the dim fire; and scenting their prey gathered in a shadowy circle beneath us.

"Lash yourself fast, boy, and commend your soul to God, for you will freeze, and better to rot on the oak than to be torn by the devils."

"It's no use," he continued, as I suggested that the sound of our guns might reach the inmates of the cabin, "they would not hear 'em in the storm, and besides, I swear by the living God that I will send some of them to—H! before I die."

Blair commenced his deadly work, and as one of the wolves fell the others fought and snarled, and gnashed their teeth over the horrid feast. Their teeth sounded like the striking of steel upon steel. Still they howled more fiercely as the slaughter went on.

"My gun is wet, and will not go," I heard Blair mutter with a curse. "Damn 'em, I'll try them with the axe."

My wildly uttered warning was too late, for, as it swelled above the sounds below, with unnatural strength Blair leaped down with a shout of rage and defiance, and with his axe and knife fought the pack face to face.

I grew sick at heart as I watched with burning eye-balls the struggle through the darkness. I could see the black forms swarming around the trunk, where Blair had backed up. After the first howl of joy, as it seemed to me, when Blair jumped down, the wolves were less noisy, and apparently more wary, for they seemed to realize that they had an enemy to deal with. I madly called to him, and muttered curses, as I tried to untie the thong with which I had lashed myself to the trunk.

"Ha, ha! glorious sport here, boy; another devil the less!" and his maniac laugh and shout came up scarcely less startling than

those of the wolves around him. I knew that he was mad.

I could hear the vice-like jaws close constantly around Blair, and now and then his axe sinks with a heavy, crunching sound into some skull, and then all grew dim; a delicious feeling of happiness crept over me; the sounds of the strife below died out, and sweet dreams stole over me like the summer's breath. The report of our rifles had reached the cabin, which, as I afterwards learned, was not twenty rods from where we camped. The inmates, numbering some fourteen by the addition of emigrants who had stopped in the storm, came out with dogs and guns, and reached the spot but a moment too late. Blair had lodged his axe so deeply in the head of a wolf that the corners remained fast, and the others tore him down. They were literally shot down with their fangs holding to the torn flesh, and his warm blood jetted over their shaggy skins. The mangled body was snatched from them, and I cut down from the tree and carried to the cabin.

I was all winter recovering from my injuries. The awakening from that dream of death was a terrible awakening, and I suffered more than pen can describe.

Blair was buried on the edge of the prairie, and when I left in the spring the early flowers were already springing upon his grave. The old man rests sweetly under the wide shadow of the old oak.

I carried the locket to its destination. The sister clutched it eagerly, and thanked me, though heart almost broke under the stroke. I remained in New York through the summer, and in the autumn the sister returned with me to—Prairie, and we built our cabin with in sight of the brother's grave. The oak is now dead and splintered, and the spot where he died vines covered with an undergrowth, whose vines shut out the light of day, and guard it even from the footfall of man or beast. Last week our dog brought out a skull, with the wide gash of an axe bit through the top. Quietly, and without the knowledge of my wife, I went and tossed the memento into the thickest growth of the place.—*Daily Wisconsin.*

EGYPTIAN SACRED ANIMALS.—Diodorus mentions that when the Egyptians went abroad in the wars, they brought home with great lamentation, dead cats and hawks to be buried in Egypt. There was mourning in whatever house a cat or dog happened to die; for the former the inmates shaved their eyebrows, and for the latter the whole body. Whenever a fire happened, the great anxiety of the Egyptians was lest any cat should perish in the flames, and they took more care to prevent such a calamity than to save their houses. The punishment was death to kill a sacred animal, designedly, but if undesignedly the punishment was referred to the discretion of the priests. But if a person killed a cat or an ibis, no distinction of intention was made; the enraged multitude hurried away the unfortunate person to his death. Diodorus also relates that some Romans being in that country, for the purpose of concluding a treaty with the king, the people, who were much interested in the result, and held the Roman power in great fear, treated the strangers with the utmost attention and civility. But one of them happening undesignedly to kill a cat, the enraged mob hastened to his lodging, and neither the interference of the king nor the dread of the Romans could deter them from putting him to death.

Herodotus states that the Egyptians worshipped cows with more profound reverence than they did any other cattle. The ox was sacrificed, but not the cow, which was sacred to Isis. On this account he says, no Egyptian, male or female, would kiss a Greek on the mouth, or use his cleaver, his spit, or his dish; and they have carried their scruples so far as to abstain from lawful meat that had been cut with a Grecian knife. This is almost precisely the state of things in India at the present day.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life, the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible any use of slang phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuses, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he hears, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time, that pedantic precision and bombast, which shows rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

A book about England has just been published in Germany, in which the author mentions, among other equally interesting facts, that thieves are so scarce in that country, that a reward is often offered for the discovery of one.

WILL YOU REMEMBER THIS?—Life is shortened by indulgence in anger, ill-will, anxiety, envy, grief, sorrow, and excessive care. The vital powers are wasted by excessive bodily exercise in some cases, and want of a due portion in others.

Oh, the precious time that is buried in the grave of murmuring! When the murderer should be praying, he is murmuring against the Lord; when he should be hearing, he is murmuring against divine providence; when he should be reading, he is murmuring against instruments; and in these and a thousand other ways do murmurers expend that precious time which some would redeem with a world.

Our Meerschaum and How it's paid.

We have got a meerschaum; not a sham, but a genuine "sea foam," not an imitative clay bowl, stuffed with tallow, from Israelish shops, but the genuine magnesian hydrate, soft and creamy from Natolian beds smooth and polished from its waxen bakery. It is of snowy whiteness in color dashed with streaks of pale yellow; its orifice is tipped with silver, its stem of cherry, terminating in ebony and pearl, with a mouth piece of pure, golden transparent amber.

With that meerschaum we purchased a purpose. We were no longer without an aim.—Time no longer would hang heavily upon our hand. That purpose, that aim, was to color our meerschaum.

To further that great aim, we had our meerschaum tenderly bound in buckskin, that no unlucky scratch might mar its fair exterior. We commenced boldly, fully impressed with the largeness of our undertaking, and cognizant that eternal vigilance was the price of coloring meerschaum.

Armed with the enduring principles of meerschaum right, we commenced our labor of love about a week ago. The first day our landlady vigorously refused to have her carpets and curtains scented with smoke from "that old pipe."

We never finished.

Our landlady raised the price of board sufficient to pay, during the year for the furniture. From our meerschaum diary we gather the week's progress as follows:

Second Day.—Landlady throwing out continual hints about the impoliteness of smoking. Interesting young lady boarder tells at the dinner table looking steadily at me, an affecting story of a young man of early promise, who once died. Doctors carved him up and found large quantities of tobacco soot in his head.—Still firm. No signs of color.

Third day.—Found Bridget, the kitchen girl in my room trying to tear off the backskin from pipe. "Faith she wanted to see the dudden." Delivered a brief lecture on pre-rogatives, with apparent effect. At four o'clock, bit the amber mouth piece in two.—Bowl grows black inside. No signs of color.

Fourth day.—Calculated the economy. Pipe, \$20, stem, \$8.50; silver rim, \$5; two pounds of tobacco per week, Turkish, \$3; buckskin and covering, \$1; breakage, 50c. Total \$32—not estimating anxiety, responsibility, time, hints, lectures, &c. Same per year, including rise on board, \$240! Five cigars per day, at five cents each, per year \$91.25. Is meerschaum smoking cheaper than cigars? No color yet.

Fifth day.—Two hours puffing per day. Interesting young lady at dinner table noticed in a sympathetic voice that I was growing thin; thought I looked pale, talked of premature decay I mentioned, with a congregation of tears in her eyes, a youth who died in his twentieth summer; marble tombstone; beautiful epitaph; handsome laying out she ever saw. Grew anxious; weighed myself; had lost two pounds; more anxious, but still firm and no color.

Sixth day.—Think I am growing dyspeptic; strange feelings in the alimentary canal, fed as if there was an elephant on the tow-path trying to pull a canal-bow too heavy for him; a doctor and an undertaker warily greeted me this morning; suspiciously sepulchral; perceptible decrease in weight; interesting young lady offered to lead me "Allen's Alarm;" landlady remarked that she had seen five funerals during the day. Not quite so firm and no color.

Seventh day.—Landlady's youngest child, of an inquisitive turn of mind, whittled off a large piece of the "sea foam," to see what it was made of; smoked a week and think I'm weaker; lost money and lost flesh; troubled with symptoms and overrun with female steels at night; examined the pipe; no color; re-dished; did it; told the interesting young lady; said I reminded her of Lazarus.

Any one wishing to color a meerschaum can have ours cheap. A liberal discount to any one wishing to procure a good family pipe.

BENEFIT OF THE SABBATH.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, and vigor, which the last six have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and, in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a saving bank. The frugal man puts away a pound to-day, and another pound next month; and who, in a quiet way, is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pound back again but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week, who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in the length of days, the hale old age gives it back with usury. "The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath."

Any paper can publish the appointments after the coming of a new administration but what paper in the world is large enough to publish the disappointments?

One day Jerrold was asking about the talent of a young painter, when his companion declared that the youth was mediocre. "The very worst *oeuvre* an artist can set to work with," was the quiet reply.

Every man is as the objects are with which he converses. A man may better know what he is by eyeing the objects with which his soul does not converse, than by observing his most glorious and pompous services.

"I would do anything, go to the end of the world, to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Go there," she said, "and stay, and I shall be pleased."

The Labor of Making Hoops.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times gives the following curious facts respecting the manufacture of steel hoops for ladies' skirts, at the mill of Henry S. Washburn, of Worcester, Massachusetts:

Mr. Henry S. Washburn makes some of the finest wire in the world. He showed us a specimen of No. 62 iron wire, finer than a hair. It weighed only seven ounces, and was 65,900 feet, or thirteen miles, fifteen rods, twelve feet and six inches in length! It was drawn cold from a piece of iron one-fourth of an inch in diameter.

Mr. Washburn manufactures twenty thousand yards a day of steel ermine, or flat wire, which is here tempered and covered, all ready for the ladies' skirts. The manufacture of this kind of wire (or hoops) is immense. Mr. Washburn estimates that at least five thousand tons of steel and iron are used annually in this way for the ladies of the United States, South America, and Mexico. It is sold, when covered, at wholesale, at about fifty cents a pound, and about three quarters of a pound is required for each skirt. Indeed, we suppose that his estimate of five thousand tons of hoops a year is quite too low. There are, undoubtedly, ten millions of females in this country and the South American states who wear hoops. Many of them wear out a half a dozen skirts a year; suppose the average to be three a year to each, and the iron of each weighs only half a pound—we have fifteen millions of pounds of steel and iron hoops used up by the ladies of the United States and South American states every year or seven thousand five hundred and fifty-five tons, costing seven and a half millions of dollars.

Now imagine the amount of labor, of money, and of skill brought into active service by this fashion of spreading the skirts by hoops. See the dusky miners cutting their way into the bowels of the earth to bring up the thousands of tons of iron ore necessary to make these hoops; the long train of mules necessary to draw it to the furnaces where it is melted into "pigs"; the many men and boys employed to plant, hoe, mow, rake and pitch, to produce food for the mules and the miners, the puddlers and smelters, the iron-workers and the iron-drawers; and the machinery, too necessary to bring the wire into flattened shape and come form, to temper it, and to cover it. Think of the wear of brain and the test of genius, to produce these results—of the amount of coal (and here comes in the miners, and the mules, and the producers again) to keep the boilers steaming and the machinery running for making this wire! And then again, think of the force directly employed in this skirt hoop manufacture!

Mr. Washburn alone employs sixty-seven men and boys and thirty-three females in straightening, flattening, tempering, covering and packing these hoops. And then we must not lose sight of the fact that these, too, must be fed and clothed—keeping the tailors, and milliners, and shoemakers in motion to cover them, and the butchers and millers as well as farmers to produce, and the Bridgetts in the kitchen to cook for them. And this is not the half of it! Like the hoop itself, round and round does this estimate go, never ending, but always puffing and swelling up, drawing into its folds miners, ironmongers, mechanics, artisans, inventors, farmers, grocers, dry-goods-men, and the mills that supply them, doctors, hostlers, cooks, waiters and milliners—all, all in aid of this little thin iron hoop that runs round and round the skirts of our wives and daughters, putting them out of proportion, and making it inconvenient for them to ride in stage coaches and sit in church pews. And what is the product of the hoop *per se*? Its influence not upon the hearts, but upon the muscle of mankind, is great, and sets astray a large number of the industrial classes and the men of genius. But what does it produce? Why, merely the grand climacteric of the puff and blot of fashion—that's all. But how odd and dreary it would be to see the ladies now-a-days without hoops. We should, all of us, involuntarily shudder at the sight, so firmly does Fashion thrust and twist her long fingers in our hair, turning and turning the grip till our eyes start out and turn up, seeing nothing save beautiful mists and shadows, variegated, forming into shapes and imaginary substances before our admiring gaze. Indeed, now that we have become used to the hoops, it would be shocking enough to part with them. So go on Mr. Washburn—you and others in the same work—go on with your furnaces, your trip-hammers, your cog wheels, ponderous machinery, your hissing boilers and groaning engines—go on, fill up your coal bunkers, keep the mills running and the employees busy—turn out your seven and a half millions of dollars worth annually—the ladies will take them promptly, the husbands and fathers will pay, and you and your employees will prosper. Let no man say that there can never any good come out of the hooped skirts. They swell—the prosperity of the country.

A GOOD SELL.—A miserable old miser who owned a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half-starved man, hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, he invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skin-flint thought it a saving of time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched. "Suppose now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble, you know." "Just as you like it," said the eager eater, and at it they went. "Now we'll go to work," said the delighted employer. "Thank you," said the laborer, "I never work after supper."

A friend of ours placed an egg-plant under a goose the other day, and hatched out twelve Shanghai and a top-knot. Whether this will lead to any revolution in the poultry market is yet to be seen.

Jokes from an English Paper.

A wee laddie was brought before the Glasgow bailies, who asked, "Where did you learn so much wickedness?" "Do you ken the pump in Glassford street?" "No," said the bailie. "Weel, then, do you ken the pump in the Briggate?" "Yes, sure," was the reply. "Weel, then, gang there and pump as long as ye like, for I'm hanged if ye pump me?"

WHAT A SCOT ONCE HEARD AN ENGLISHMAN SAY.—We (*Border Advertiser*) once heard an Englishman giving his ostler orders as follows: "Bury, take the arness haff the orse, slip the alter hover his end, hand give him some ay and some boots."

FOUL IS FAIR.—An unmarried miser on the Wansbeck is suspected of having written the following pithy poem on the ladies:

Lazy, if tall; If handsome, vain;
Cross-grained, if small; Shocking, if plain.

One day a beggar man, who had long been known as the do-no-good of the place where he lived, met another laden with two panniers. On asking what was in them, and being told that they contained rags and bones, he exclaimed, "Well, then, toss me in, for I'm nowt else."

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy a hat. They were delighted with one, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What's the glass for?" said one of the men. The other impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed, "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him, stupid!"

WHY IS LUTHER REPRESENTED WITH A SWAN?—John Huss is represented with a goose, and Luther with a swan; and the explanation given in Lutheran churches, where the representation occurs, is, that John Huss (whose name in Bohemian signified goose) used to say, "Though they kill this goose, a swan shall come after me."—*Notes and Queries.*

WHICH END OF TROUBLE.—Not long ago a bridegroom returning home from his wedding, was met by a friend, who thus addressed him. "Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position, thou'st seen the end of thy trouble now." "Thank thee, lad," was Jack's answer. "I hope I have." About a month afterwards the two friends again met, when Jack speaking rather warmly, exclaimed, "Bill thou told me a lie that morning I got wed! Didn't thou say I'd seen the end of my trouble?" "I did," said Bill; "but I didn't tell thee which end."—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A green spirit from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase a pair of brogans. After overhauling his stock in trade without being able to suit his customer, the shopkeeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order. "An' what'll ye ax to make a good pair of 'em?" was the query. The price named, the Irishman demurred, but after a "bating down" the thing was a trade—Paddy was about leaving, when the other called after him, asking, "But what size shall I make them, sir?" "Och," cried Paddy, promptly, "I don't mind about the size at all—make them as large as ye conveniently can for the money."

"Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" said a farmer to an old temperance man who was spending an evening at his house. "Ah!—huh—no—thank ye," said the old man. "I never drink any liquor of any kind—specialty cider; but if you call it apple juice, I think I'll take a drop."

A popular writer says that "of all the trees of our island the oak bears the palm." Doesn't he forget the palm tree?

We know an old medical practitioner, one-fourth physician and three-fourths quack, who publishes that "his great object in life is to exalt his profession." The only way in which he can serve it is to quit it.

An Irish coachman, driving past some harvest fields during the past week, addressing a smart girl engaged in shearing, exclaimed, "Arrah, my darling, I wish I was in jail for stealing ye!"

An Irishman, on enlisting, was asked by the recruiting officer, "When you get into battle, Paddy, will you fight or run?" "Ah, faith," replied Pat, with a comical twist of his countenance, "I'll be after doin', yer honor, as the majority of ye does."

An Irishman who had lain sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad to meet you recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Och, no, your reverence, it was the other chap I was afraid of," replied Pat.

A New Yorker from the country whose wife had dined and carried off a feather bed, was recently in St. Louis in search of them—not that he cared anything for his wife but the feathers—their worth sixty-eight cents a pound.

HAPPINESS.—There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we can help; and the second is never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

WHERE WICKED CAIN COULD GO.—"Yes," said a kind mother, helping her little son to learn his Sunday School lesson. "Cain was a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth; he was so bad that he thought every man would slay him. Where could wicked Cain go?" "Why, mother," replied thoughtful Johnny "Cain could have gone to New Jersey."

Jones had been out to a champagne party and returned home at a late, or rather early hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four. "One—one—one—one!" hiccupped Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order, it has struck one four times."