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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 18, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

A LOST LOVE.

Bo fair, and yet so desolate ; So wan, and yet so young; Oh! there is grief too deep for tears, Too seal'd for tell-tale tongue! With a faded flower in her hand, Poor little hand so white!

And dim blue eye, from her casement high She looks upon the night.

Only a little rosebud-Only a simple flower— But it bloomed no more as it seemed to bloom Through many a lone, lone hour ; As they flow'd from her fever'd touch away,

The petals withered and brown, All the hopes she deem'd too bright to be dream'd Sink trembling and fluttering down. It needs no hush of the Present

To call back the sweet calm Past; The lightest summer murmuring May he heard through the wintery blast; And the wind is rough with sob and with cough, To-night upon gable and tree,

Till the bare elms wail like spectres pale, And the pines like a passionate sea. But she thinks of a dreary twilight

On the garden walk below, Of the laurels whispering in their sleep, And the white rose in full blow. The early moon had sunk away, Like some pale queen, to die; n the costly shroud of an opal cloud, To the June air's tremulous sigh.

All all too freshly real, Hand in hand, and heart in heart, And the thrill of the wedded lips Those tender memories, how they flush Pale cheek and brow again ; Though heart be changed, and lip estranged, That swore such loving then !

'Tis but the old story, Sung so often in vain ; For man all the freedom of passion, For woman the calm and the pain Tell it the soul whose grief is read,

In the poor, pale suffering face; It will still cling on to a love that is gone With the warmth of its first embrace. Oh, 'tis well for the careless spirit,

To weave the web of ryme; And prison the idle memories That float on the breach of time. But better for my aching heart,

To forget to forget the light that has set, And the dream of long ago.

Miscellaneons.

The Way of the World.

unds nicely in an Irish story, you know.)lelah, and marries the girl before he can er associates tears or thoughts of spicide the wedding engagement, but sings from

"My heart is as light as a feather I hope it may never be sad : I'm going to be married to-morrow, And won't you have me, pretty lad?

or readers will perceive that Irish courtstion" reporter, save when some Eng.

lor every pound she possessed. To all she satisfy him. They are not like those of the west."

samiable and expensive; but there was among them whose superior qualifications

It is in a time of declension that you hear them. ness of his joy, and forthwith drove his the chords of his mournful lyre.

procured, and everything made ready for that interesting ceremony by which woman's power of deluding mankind is made to appear positively sublime. Friday was to be the day. On Thursday evening the bride elect left her paternal home for the ostensible purpose of purchasing a trousseau in town.

> " She went like the light at eventide, When the day's white beard is shorn; And when the day was a child again, She came back " in a horn."

In fact, "it may be as well to observe, in stead of buying a trousseau, she "sold" her accepted suitor, and heartlessly eloped with the important premises. To assist him in his a "bould soger boy," to whom her heart had pions investigations, he called at a still-house been given for weeks previous. By appointment, this irrepressible lover met her at a certain point on the road to Nenagh, handed her into a chaise, cracked the whip, and

".' Now gallop my palfrey gray,' he said, 'Now gallop and gallop away; For we must be twenty leagues from this Before the break o' day. '

When Friday morning arrived without bringing home the bride, there went a cry through all Nenngh and its suburts-the cry of a des olate young man in white gloves and fancy vest pattern, who would not be comforted .-The rage of the bereaved paternal and maternal, and of all the relations and friends who had been invited to "shake a foot at the mar rying," was in all respects "tremen ju-ous and fierce to behold;" but the birds had flown, and the fowler skillful enough to entrap them was not to be found. We will carry our story no further. Let the reader imagine the last tableau of the comedy to be : a badly mussed-up young man, with the barrel of a horse pistol in each ear, and nothing in the barrels; two afflicted parents telling each other that they knew all along it would be so-och hone! group of afflicted relatives and friends estab lishing the fact that "the sly creature will never come to any good ; " wheels heard in it out the distance. Curtain falls to the pathetic air of " Pop goes the Question."

Deacon Grum.

Deacon Grum is a truly pious man. It cannot be doubted. He loves God and loves good things, and is on his way to heaven. But temperament is a great thing. A shrewd observer once said, " It is temperament that makes a great man." It certainly makes some little ones, and withal, some very queer ones .-Deacon Grum is constitutionally gloomy and desponding. He was dipped in nature's bluest dye. And the tinge, as is apt to be the case, passed to his religion. He has no bump of hope. Where it ought to be, there may certainly be found, if phrenology has a shred of truth in it, a deep depression. It is hard for him to hope, even as a Christian.

While the present is very dark for him, the future is still darker. All things, he fancies, are going to ruin. There was something of piety in the days gone by. There was some perial Emeraid. Travelers know that Cu-disforever "playin' his tricks" with the sy colleens and broths of boys appertaining the Gam of the Sea; but it's seldom his ings there involve enough complications or

Should her, "ould man" see lit to interfere, Paddy just tips him over the head with his dillalah, and marries the cirl before he calculates nicely all the possibilities of evil.—
He sees all the wrong principles that may be the incumbent clerk as to the probable time, by which dishonest servants evade or cheat on his feet again. As for the maiden, she involved. He is fearful about motives. He &c., of his decease as such. An instance of ed. They are too narrow, or they are too Patent Office. A long, slabsided, rickety, carand then, again, of having too little. Propose but with a sense of humor. as you will, he shakes his head doubtfully .the renders will perceive that Irish court-the soft present many attractions for the does not succeed "I told you so."

Deacon Gram never sees any token of good adventurer tries to carry off some pretty in the church to which he belongs. What when there is apt to be a row and a others regard as a star of promise is to him cases of heavy French and German tomes bors in every nook, corner, and passage, of the od dramatic jig. At last, however, Old only a meteoric flish-a phosphoric gleamand has produced quite a nice little hymeore perhaps a pure fancy. If few attend meetromance, in which all the figurants are ings, that, of course, is bad-most unpromisof the turf, and we hasten to lay it be ing. If many go, he does not think much of the Bleue Book." It may be a mere matter of form. He town of Nenagh, dwelt a fair and frolicing property for the young apotheosis of eighteen summers, manifest feeling in the church, he takes no enthe very becoming mellow light reflect- feeling. It is not that deep feeling, he is sure is tempting assortment of lucre for her of conversions, he says, with a despairing look let me know as to the dooties?" age dower; and so distinctly did its au- and peculiar inflection, that he hopes they are s jingle find an echo in public sentiment sound ones-he hopes they will hold out.

he way of good family and a bank-account most from Deacon Grum. He talks in meete him a decided advantage in the grand ing then. He is eloquent then. He has a brace for her hand This lucky individ- theme, then, suited to his peculiar mood. He ost no time in gaining the consent of the expatiates upon it making his darkness shine, ones" to his suit; and such strong influ-, so that men listening to him begin to think all s were brought to bear upon the pretty good persons hypocrites, and religion a phanhat she finally consented to become Mrs. tom. But, in time of revival, he is compara-- We need not inform our readers that tively silent; that sunny, glad occasion, seems triumphant swain nearly swooned in the not to suit his idiosyncracy. It touches not

or to the very verge of distraction, by or Be patient with Deacon Grum. Do not g some of the "loudest" vests and inex- wait for him. Go onward in the way of all the office, from these books, most of which I sibles that ever electrified the eye-corpor- duty. But deal gently with him. When have to commit to memory; and from the varof peaceful Nenagh. He indulged in neck weary with his lamentations, objurgations, and lous ancient and modern languages, including hat were positively deafening, and put so vaticinations, think of the "humor which his Sausorit, Hebrew, Hindoo, Swedish, French, th scented oil on his ambrosial locks that mother gave him." As I said, he is on his German, Chocktaw, Kickapoo" everal days he resembled a person who way to heaven. True, it has been conjectured tumbled head-foremost into the stomach that he will find something out of joint even inventory, his office-seeking interlocutor had there; something in the foundation gates, key his hat on, and precipitated himself into the The happy day was appointed, "invites" note, etc., etc. But, no! grace will have purstributed, bridal robes purchased, the ring rified him.—Beauty of Holines.

That'll do, stranger. Good day."

A Call to the Ministry.

Somebody is always telling stories about the "Hard shell Baptists." Wags have the on board of one of his ships, on a windy day, pondent concerning the advertising rooms of run on them, and they may as well be content found himself, at the end of an hour and a the great London "Thunderer:" shells are quite numerous, and where they bethe important matter of a call to the ministry a dream or a voice is almost indispensable.

Now, it came to pass that a man by the In fact, "it may be as well to observe, in this connection," as the papers say, that the name of Walker felt himself considerably moverably horses did not come back at all. In- ed to "hold forth," and keep "spreading the fleece," Gideon like, to ascertain his duty in one evening to get some of the "good critter." After refreshment, the story runs, he left for home, and on the way he felt "moved" to go into the grove a few hundred yards from the road, "thar to wrastle on the subject." While he was "wrastlin" most earnestly, scarcely ontdone by the patriarch, some one passed the road with a long-eared animal, politely called a John Donkey, and John let off, as his race thrilling manner.

> Walker's imagination, by his earnest "wrastlin," was wrought up to great intensity, and he converted Major John's discordant music, which, to most men, resembles the filing of a saw-mill saw, into a call from Heaven, urging him to preach the Gospel. No time was to be lost. He rose from his knees duly commissioned, went to his church, and demanded a license when the pastor interrogated him thus :

> Pastor. Do you believe, Brother Walker, that you are called of God to preach, "as was

Walker. Most sartialy I does. Pastor. Give the Church, that is, the brethren, the proof. Walker. I was mightily diffikilted, and

I was determined to go into the woods wrastle Pastor. That's it, Brother Walker. Walker. And while there wrastlin', Jacob like, I hearn one ov the curiousest voices I

uver hearn in all my borned days. Pastor. You are on the right track, Brother Walker. Go on with your noration.

Walker. I couldn't tell, for the life ov me, whether the voice was up in the air or down in the sky, it sounded so curious. Pastor. Poor creetur! how he was dfiikil-

ted. Go on to norate, Brother Walker. How

un, go preach ah ee-uh-ah-ce. Pastor. Bruthering and sister, that's the right sort of a call. Enough said, Brother Walker. That's not one ov yer college calls, nor money calls. No doctor ov divinity over got s'ch a call as that. Brother Walker must have license fur sartin and for sure.

Walker is now doubtless making the mountains ring with his stentorian lungs.

A Hunter after Office Treed.

proached, the crowds who thronged Wash- two days .- Editor Principia. etemps to make good newspaper romances. emiade does he pour forth over the worldlington increased. Those who make them are ness or inefficiency of the modern Church .- not altogether disintersted. Some are on office with a bit of a girl, he axes her will she He knows not what things will come to. He bent. Curious ways some of them have of he says she will, the affair is decidee, (French They are too timid or they are too roty-topped individual from "Neiew England," are too fast. He is afraid of running before the library of the Patent Office, presided over responsibility; to delay settlement; to prevarhe is sent; of going before the Spirit, instead by Professor Jillson, late of Columbian College of following; of having too much human agency an urbane gentleman, fine scholar, no politician " Wa'al, stranger, kin I look't books here?

'spose there public proptery? "Certainly," said the Professor, "What

book would you desire." which he has to sift for the benefit of our in-

" Wa'al, I'd like to see the book they cali "Ah, sir, I'm sorry we hav'nt it here. You

" Fact is. I want to find out the best bearth e natural beauty was materially enchance couragement from it. It may be only anizal I can; expectin' Mr. Linkin to put me in when he comes into power. I rayther like this malignant shame. When a debtor is beaten om some hundreds of golden accessories, that opens the windows of heaven—such as bearth, stranger; 'spose you don't 'spect to at every point, and the law will put her screws would go to pieces—sometimes tightening parsimonious but plous parents had saved they had in the good old times. If he hears stay, hey? What's the salary! Couldn't you upon him, there is no depth in the gulf of dis-

> "I am sorry, friend, to say the salary hardly pays for the duties. It is only what you

> "Never mind that: what's the dooties?-Think I kin doo 'em ?" "I am not well enough acquainted with

> your acquirements to answer. First, I have to keep an eye to all the books here." Wa'al, that's not so hard; guess could do

"Next, have to make indexes and read proof of patent reports. "That would come, I guess, by a little prac-

"Then," said the Professor, with a merry twinkle, "I have to translate, for the use of

Before the suave Professor had finished his

Checking Perspiration.

and bear it. Here follows a tale told of them half, pretty well exhausted and perspiring freenot long since. My informant locates it in the ly. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from beyond, and many clerks, writing, always mountains of North Carolina, where the Hardshells are quite numerous, and where they beversation, time passed faster than he was aware we know not how to deem it—sit on thrones lieve pretty strongly in dreams and voices. In of. In attempting to rise, he found he was behind the counter, to take the tribate of the unable to do so, without assistance. He was advertising suppliants; from these four we taken home and put to bed, where he remain- may choose our oracle and judge, but it mated two years, and for a long time afterwards ters little which we take. How very silent is could only hobble about with the aid of a the room! scarce any sound, but the clink of crutch. Less exposures than this have, in money and the low uttered fiats of these attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, we mean, of course, in the busier portion of exercise, or work, or play, or of remaining ex- "use doth breed a habit in a man;" the per-

> there, in coming into the house, to keep on all and he then beholds his composition impaled the clothing, except India rubbers or damp with others which have preceeded, upon a shoes for several minutes afterwards. Very wire. few rooms are heated higher than sixty five As we look at the business of this office, we degrees when the thermometer is within twenty | wonder where it is to end. Already, in the degrees of zero, while the temperature of the London season, when the town is full, the body is always at ninety-eight in health; so Times issues, not unfrequently, ten pages of that if a man comes into a room which is thirty closely printed advertisements, of six columns degrees coider than his body, he will rapidly each, and each column a long one. Yet there cool off, too much so, often, if the external is always enough on hand for several days to and asked her if she read it often. clothing is not removed.

visible; any exercise which excites the circu- from the period that he gives it in. We ask lation beyond what is natural, causes a proportional increase of perspiration, the sudden long; why pathoer still this overgrown favorchecking of which induces daugerous diseases, ite of fortune, paying duties to the Govern and certain death, every day .- Hall's Journal

add that the danger of cooling off too rapidly many families? is as great in hot weather and in tropical cli mates, as it is in winter, and in cool latitudes.
The fatal fevers of hot climates, are chiefly did it appear to sound unto you?

Walker. Why, this a-way; "Waw-waw-ker-waw-waw ker! Go preach, go preach, go preach, go preach, go preach-ah, average temperature at Batavia, or Java, we found to be upwards of ninety degrees. And then, for the first time, we learned the necessity of wearing flannel next to the skin, to prevent checking perspiration too suddenly. No pense with them. No one walks in the sunhine. All ride in carriages, and raise an um- "Who's there?" The license was granted, the story goes, and brella on alighting, before entering their hotels. And then the first thing is to put on a thick room moderately for some minutes, to prevent too sudden a check to the perspiration .--Strangers neglecting this precaution commonly As the time for the new Administration ap- fall into a fever, and often die in less than

Demoralizing Influence of Debt.

Debt is an inexhaustible fountain of Dishonesty. The Royal Preacher tells us; The sures for the advancement of religion. He sees difficulties that others do not see. He gone so far as to look into the different De-rigorous servitude. The debtor learns the their master. He is tempted to make ambihas his difficulties with all the plans suggest this kind happened the other day at the guous statements; pledges, with secret paslent constructions; lying excuses, and more Office, he was known as A. B. C., Esq.,; but Boys, i don't see but one reason why the mare bold. They are too slow, or, more likely, they with the richest Yankee patois, walked into mendacious promises. He is tempted to elide icate upon the terms; to resist equity, and devise specious fraud. When the eager creditor would restrain such vagrancy by law, the debtor then thinks himself released from moral obligation, and brought to a legal game, in which it is lawful for the best player to win. He disputes true accounts; he studies subter-And the Professor marched toward the fuges; extorts provocations delays; and harlaw's labyrinth. At length the measure is filled up, and the malignant power of debt is known. It has opened in the heart every fountain of iniquity; it has besoiled the conscience; it has tarnished the honor; it has made much more fertile in capacities of suffering Near the ancient and scrupulously respecta- fears it is. It is the heart God wants. It is are at liberty to read any of the books which the man a deliberate student of knavery; a systematic practitioner of fraud; it has dragged him through all the sewers of petty passions, -anger, hate, revenge, malicious folly, or honesty into which he will not boldly plunge. Some men put their property to the flames, assassinate the detested creditor, and end the e heiress had at least one sighing suit. he talks with converts, they are not apt to would earn by close labor on a cornfield out frantic tragedy by suicide, or the gallows .-Others, in view of the catastrophe, have converted all property to cash, and concealed it. The law's utmost skill, and the creditor's fury are alike powerless now - the tree is green and tures, that she is always entitled to pity, when low who wrote "Life on the Ocean Wave!" thrifty; its roots drawing a copious supply from she is placed in conditions which develop her some hidden fountain.

Craft has another harbor of resort for the piratical crew of dishonesty; viz: putting one's property out of the law's reach by a fraudulent conveyance. Whoever runs in debt, and consumes the equivalent of his indebtedness; whoever is fairly liable to damage for broken contracts; whoever by folly, has incurred debts the room he was met by the young waiter and lost the benefit of his outlay; whoever is legally obliged to pay for his malice or carelessness; whoever by infidelity to public trusts has made his property a just remuneration for his defaults; whoever of all these, or whoever, under any circumstances, puts out of his hands property, morally or legally due to creditors, is for you." a dishonest man. The erazy excuses which men render to their consciences, are only such as every villain makes, who is unwilling to look "wasnt it lucky that none of the gentlemen you may take zem: I shall yant zem nary upon the black face of his crimes.

The London Times.

A Boston merchant, in "lending a band" An interesting sketch is given by a corres-

Turn to the counter; there is a wide space

constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in in-flammation of the lungs, "pneumonia," ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedi-vertisement has hardly reached their hands ons rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents charge, his lines are given back and the next would begin to explain to their children at the comer served; no words-they have no time age of three or four years, the danger which for words; the first decision is the final one; and the importance of not standing still after the day-from 11 o'clock till 2. And how is wont to do sometimes, in a most moving and posed to a wind, or of sitting at an open win- emptory officers rarely or never err; seldom dow or door, or of pulling off any garment, even will the printed lines fail to bear out their the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should charge; their practiced eye fathoms the mysbe remembered by all, that a cold never comes teries of every conceivable chirography, and without a cause, and that in four times out of like seers of the mighty press, a field of the five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too type rushes back on their sight, soon as their suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or | mild orb rests upon the scrawl.

in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.

And how the piles of advertisements grow by their side! As they take them they give The colder the weather, the more need is a printed acknowledgment to the advertiser,

come ; an advertiser cannot expect to see his It is not necessary that the perspiration be lines in print for three days, sometimes a week. ment, as it does, for advertisements and stamps and paper, alone amounting to \$500,000 an-The above is true and important. We will nually, beside giving a livelihood to so many,

> It's Mr.-The following, from the local of a New York paper, has more true poetry in it than many a piece of sounding rhyme o loftier pretensions and greater length :

Passing a neat little martin box of a house last evening, we happened to see a man waiting at the door for admittance. At this instant a green blind opened a little way, and by the gas-light we caught a glimpse of a pair European or American resident there, can dis- of brilliant eyes, and a futter of something white, and a bird toned voice softly said,

"It's me," was the brief response. The eyes and the flatter disappeared from coat, worn at no other time, and walk the the window like stars in a cloud, and we almost fancied, as we passed on, that we could hear the patter of two little feet upon the floor, winged with welcome. It was a trifle, it all happened in an instant.

but it haunted us for an hour. "It's me." Amid the jar of a great city, those words fell upon the listening wife above, and met a glad response.

"It's me!" And who was "me?" The pride of a heart's life, no doubt; the tree a a keeper of a tavern, who was named to be Faithful," in the best sense in the world! "It's me!" Many there are who would

wide, wide world." On Change, in the Directory, in the Post on that threshold, and in those walls, me," and nothing more; and what more is there one would love to be!

Few of all the hearts that beat so wildly warmly, sadly, slowly, can realize a true soul said he, "the distance is to great for so short amid the din and darkness of the world, in a time." that simple but eloquent "It's me"-as if he

Now, I am nothing to all the world, For I am all the world to thee.

woman is always a sad sight-sadder a great ments in the lake steamers. When a few deal than an over-worked man because she is so than a man. She has so many varieties of headache-sometimes as if Jael wese driving the nail that killed Sisera into her templessometimes letting her work with half of her brains, while the other half throbs as if it round the brows as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown-and then her neuralgias, and her backaches, and her fits of depresion, in which she thinks she is nothing, and less that nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightingly of as hysterical-convulsions; that feel as though I had but two objects in life now. is all, only not commonly fatal ones-so many trials which belong to fine and mobile struc- and the other to find out and whip the fel-

VERY LUCKY .- A lawyer on a circuit, dropped a ten pound note under the card table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover the loss antil he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching who said.

" I know what you want, you have lost something?"

"Yes. I have lost a ten pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is."

"Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign devotion! "No, sir, I want no reward for being hon-

THE GREAT MYSTERY .- The following beautiful passage is taken from Timothy Titcomb's "Preachings upon Popular Proverbs," which the Springfield Republican is now giving to the world : "The body is to die : so much is certaio .-

What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realm of shadows-sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters-but wings its way wearily back with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of merging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of the countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Shut in ! Shut in! Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with wonder in her rap-ture-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and her hands folded over a triumphant heart: but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that en-

"TRUE FOR YOU."-" Father McGuire." of Pittsburg, was many years ago very popular, both in his private and ministreial life. He was a genial, warm-hearted old Irishman, fond of a joke, and the following was one of several good ones on himself, which he relished very much in telling.

He was riding out on the Butler road one hot summer's day, when he stoped at a house by the wayside to get a drink of water, and rest a while. While in conversation with the "Yes," she replied, "I have read it through

"And do you understand all you read in it, my good woman?"

Yes, I do," said she.

"Well," said he, "I have read it all my life, and I find a great deal in it which I cannot understand! "Well," said she, "if you are a fool, is that any reason that I should be?"

Shure enough, what could Father McGuire sny to that ?

FUNNY .- The best joke of secession, if so serious a mattes admits of a jest (though, for that matter, secessionists themselves have perpetrated it) is that the Mississippi Legislature has authorized the governor to borrow two million of dollars! This state has repudiated an honest debt, and her credit is a byword. Who will take her bonds? A friend suggested that propably Floyd, Russel & Co., might, if an opportunity was afforded. We doubt it. They have no use for worthless bonds. Mississppi might leave her bonds out in the street all night, and if she will place a light near them, so that they can be read, we very much doubt whether any of them would be missing in the morning. Repudiate an honest debt, and ask credit for two million! Don't she wish she wish she could borrow it .--Raleigh (N. C.) Banner.

FAST NAGS .- They tell a good story of an old fellow up the country, named Peter Bates, vine was clinging to; the "Defender of the an excellent judge of horse flesh. Once a spirited young mare was led up to the hotel. Quite a crowd soon gathered to see her .-give half their hearts, and more than half the The owner spoke of her good points, boasted hope in them, for one such recognition in this of her speed and said she could trot a mile in three minutes. Presently along came Uncle Peter, and then removing his short pipe, said: It's can't trot a mile in three minutes." is it? Wat is it, Uncle Peter ?" asked the young tyres, anxious to learn from one of such acknowledged skill in such matter, 'why'

A WELL ON A PROPELLER .- The Green Bay Advocate tells the following: "The propeller Recket, on a late trip down, was boarded, at one of the small towns in Michigan, by an OVER-WORKED WOMEN .- An over-worked old lady not posted in the modern improvehours out the old lady discovered two men pumping up water to wash the decks, and the captain being near by, she accosted him as fellows "Well, Captain Rice, you've got a well aboard, eh ?" "Yes, ma'am, always carry one," says the polite Captain. "Well, that's clever. I always did dislike the nasty lake water, specially in dog days."

> A jolly chap at sea, having been seized with sea sickness, was asked how he felt .-' Feel !" said he, and there was an unmistakable earnestness in his eye; "Feel! why I One is to put my foot once more on terra firma.

WANTED POPPING .- A lover, vainly to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamor-

'The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clear." "Suppose you popit," whispered the blush-

STANDARD WORSHIP .- The Romans worshiped their standards; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one tenth of an "eagle"-a dollar-but we make all even by adoring it with a tenfold

NARY MORE .- " Boots ?" answered a sea-