

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 40.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 8, 1862.

Original Poetry.

REVISED EDITION OF DIXIE.

BY P. H. HARDING.

Ho! soldiers, ho! the bugle blow,
To Dixie go, to Dixie go,
Our cause is just, in God we trust,
While fight we must—in Dixie,
Away! away! we're off to-day, for Dixie.

The traitor hand dark deeds have planned,
And cursed the land of Dixie;
A paltry rag, raised for a flag,
Which we must drag from Dixie,
Away! away! without delay, to Dixie.

Old BRADFORD is trying hard,
The forts to guard in Dixie;
While Jerry's don't fear their noise,
But rifles point—"Ain't" cannon hears,
So very near to Dixie,
Away! away! to join the fray in Dixie.

Though "Rebs" can tell 'bout fighting well,
And cut a swell in Dixie—
The Yankee boys don't fear their noise,
But rifles point—"Ain't" cannon hears,
So very near to Dixie,
Away! away! we're off to-day, for Dixie.

Each traitor quail, where'er "Backtails,"
Are on the trails to Dixie;
And minus gun, the rascal run,
Crying "we're undone"—in Dixie,
Away! away! without delay, to Dixie.

Secession feet though very fleet
On a retreat to Dixie—
All dread the Poore with stogy boot,
The rebels shoot in Dixie,
Away! away! one flag shall play in Dixie.

Floxy-out and run from Donelson,
Singing "here goes one to Dixie!"
And once again we'll "Foore" their men
From No. 10 to Dixie,
Away! away! hip, hip, hurrah, for Dixie.

At Roanoke our "bull-dogs" spoke,
By way of joke—to Dixie—
Which caused old Dixie—"sick" surprise,
Quick to arise—from Dixie,
Away! away! we're work to do in Dixie.

The Merrimack got up her back
Our boats to whack from Dixie;
But Uncle Sam sent out a "ram"
They could not jam, from Dixie,
Away! away! we'll spend a day in Dixie.

Then soldiers ho! the bugle blow,
To Dixie go, to Dixie go,
The order's out, we'll raise a shout,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Dixie!
Away! away! we're off to-day, for Dixie.

Miscellaneous.

A Fugitive's Vengeance.

BY LIEUT. WALDEMARRE.

"Look at me!"
The speaker threw up his brawny arms in the broad sunlight of the day, and a grim smile passed over his features. He stood amid a few scores of the United States soldiers, on the north bank of the Potomac, where he had just landed, after swimming a river at the close of a running fight with a dozen or more Virginia dragoons. One of his eyes had been closed by a heavy blow across his forehead with the butt of a pistol, and his massive chest was bleeding where a bullet had ploughed along the skin, glancing from his ribs.

"Yes," he repeated to the brave men who had been watching his escape, "look at me! Do I appear to you a traitor, a coward, or a villain? All these names have been bestowed upon me because I would not enlist among traitors. Look there!"

He pointed to the shores of a little creek extending from the Potomac a mile or two in the "sacred soil," to a range of low buildings, from which a dull smoke was issuing.

"There was my home," he continued, beating his breast, in a wild burst of grief—"There my wife was stretched dead on the threshold by a bullet intended for me; there my only boy has been shot by the minions of Letcher. For more than a hundred years my ancestors and family have dwelt in peace upon that spot, and there does not live the man, and never has been seen the man, who can say that the Boyds have wronged or defrauded him in any way or manner. And now see what these devils have done?"

The strong man's head sank forward upon his breast, and he sobbed aloud with a grief terrible to witness.

"Do not mourn so, Mr. Boyd," said Captain Hart, in a kindly tone, while many an eye moistened among the observers and listeners. "You have escaped with your life—you are familiar with the country in your vicinity—know your oppressors are, and can command a sufficient number of brave men here to take ample vengeance.

The fugitive grasped the Captain's hand, clanking down his sob.

"Yes, vengeance is the word!" he exclaimed, huskily—"I will live for revenge."

He remained motionless, watching the movements of the Virginia troops across the river as they retreated in the direction of the fugitive patriot's burning homestead. With the aid of a field telescope, handed him by Capt. Hart, he watched them till they had disappeared behind some trees shading the road which wound along the shores of the creek.

"Do you wish to return instantly," asked Capt. Hart, "at the head of some of our brave fellows?"

"Not now, thank you. I would not care for a plan of vengeance which should sacrifice any of your men. I must have time to think.

"And to have your wound attended to," rejoined the Captain. "You narrowly escaped the wretches. I was never more agonized in my life than in watching your running fight, and your swim, amid their bullets, and would have given ten years of my life for a good field piece. Unhappily all of our troops on

the Potomac have been short of batteries, and that is why I could not cover your flight any better."

Thus saying, Capt. Hart conducted the fugitive to his tent, and called in the surgeon to attend to his injuries, and provide refreshments. Mr. Boyd was now able to master his emotion, but no one but the Judge of all hearts knew what bitter sorrow raged in his breast. To lose his beloved wife and only son at one blow, was indeed a terrible bereavement.

During all the remainder of the day the fugitive remained in the Captain's tent, waiting for the night to come to lend her mantle to aid the plan of vengeance he had formed. When all was still in the Union camp, save the watchful sentinels, a platoon of picket men, with Capt. Hart and Mr. Boyd at their head, silently descended to the bank, and crossed the river in a boat which was in waiting, not a sound louder than the rippling of the current being heard until a landing was effected on the Virginia shore. Here a brief halt was ordered.

"It's lucky that the moon is obscured at this moment," whispered Mr. Boyd. "I do not believe our movements have been seen, although a sentry or two are probably on the watch hereabout. There is a little dell up here, a hundred rods or so distant, where you can remain concealed in safety, while I reconnoitre a little, seeking where they are encamped or quartered."

He led the way to the spot mentioned, the entire body moved as noiselessly as possible—and then Mr. Boyd arranged a signal with Captain Hart, and set out on his scout. He was gone longer than he expected—nearly two hours, which seemed an age to the impatient soldiers; but he finally returned, with suppressed gratification in his tones, and an eager step.

"I have found them," he exclaimed aloud. "They are quartered at the Widow Crosby's farm, not a quarter of a mile from my late home."

The particulars of the assault was arranged, the main point being that the soldiers should leave Mr. Boyd to deal with the enemy until he should demand assistance, he having expressed the opinion that he could cut them off one by one, in their sleep.

"I do not want them to waken this side of hell," he said, with sternness, as the form of his murdered wife seemed to appear before his excited vision. "Death to every one of them! She shall be terribly avenged."

He led the way down to the bank of the creek, and along the road which led to the little village, of which he had so long been one of the principal citizens. Not a word was spoken, except an occasional whispered communication between Captain Hart and the avenger, or a brief intimation from the commander to his men respecting the route. The darkness of the night was favorable to the expedition. Thus moving with the profoundest secrecy, the party was soon in the immediate vicinity of the farm house where the murderer's troops had quartered themselves for the night.

"Are we most there?" finally asked Capt. Hart, in a whisper.

"Within twenty rods; remain where you are for a moment, until I give the signal."

And at the same instant the rattle of a musket was heard, and a sharp voice shouted:—"Who goes there?"

"The sentry," muttered Capt. Hart.

The fugitive patriot bounded away like an arrow in the direction of the challenger, drawing a heavy knife from his bosom. A moment of anxious suspense followed; next a single groan was heard, and then all was still.

Mr. Boyd soon came back.

"A soldier coming to relieve the other sentry. I've fixed him."

"And the other one?"

"I fixed him when I was reconnoitering an hour ago. Wait still another moment, until you hear my signals." And again he was gone.

Captain Hart and his men remained perfectly motionless a few moments, listening for any sound which might indicate the movement of the avenger. A light was soon seen flickering in the direction where the house occupied by the troops was supposed to be situated, and the next instant a huge flame shot suddenly into the sky, while the signal of Mr. Boyd was heard.

"Take them, boys, on the wing as they come out of the house," commanded Captain Hart, as the building was brought in bold relief to their view by the flames from the huge pile of brushwood gathered in the neighboring swamp for summer fuel, and which the avenger had set on fire. "There, now is your time! Fire!"

A half a dozen troopers fell dead at the discharge following the command, as they rushed out from the piazza in the full glare of the flames. Mr. Boyd re-appeared from the house, falling upon the two survivors, and stretching them both dead on the ground with a few rapid blows.

"The work is accomplished," he exclaimed, as the soldiers advanced towards him. "The last of them is here—the very fellow," he added, glancing at the dead man, who shot my wife. We are terribly avenged."

A window in the cottage was raised at this juncture, and an elderly lady, the Widow Crosby, looked forth upon the scene.

"You have shocked me sufficiently, you wicked men," she said in a mild tone of satisfaction, "and I trust no disagreeable sight will meet my eyes in the morning."

Captain Hart and Mr. Boyd understood her, and at once proceeded to remove the bodies of the troopers to the shore of the creek, where they were immediately buried. All traces of bloodshed were removed from the premises, as far as possible, and the widow was left to repose.

"I have now squared accounts with them," observed Mr. Boyd, "and will commence a regular service for the war, Captain, in your ranks to-morrow. The remainder of the night I will pass at the ruins of my late home, looking after my dead."

He shook the hand of the Captain, and re-

tired, amid the murmurs of admiration from the men, soon being lost to their view as they retreated to the spot where they had crossed the river. He was not long in reaching the still smoldering ruins of his house and out-buildings, where he instituted a search for the remains of his wife and son, but in vain. He was quite in despair, and was mourning them as only a father can mourn his loved ones, when a form was seen approaching cautiously through the gloom. "Who is there?" the unknown soon demanded.

"William Boyd."

The man uttered a cry of surprise and delight, and drew near, making himself known. He was an old friend and neighbor, and had taken care of Mr. Boyd's dead, bearing their bodies to his own house, where they now were. The avenger listened to these announcements, and soon became calm.

"I can never be a man again," he said, "but it is some satisfaction to know that they are avenged." And he recounted the tragedy of the night to his listener's great joy.

"Come," said the neighbor, at last, "we had better bury our dead to-night, for you must be away from here before daylight."

Mr. Boyd accompanied the kind-hearted and sympathizing neighbor to his house. We need not dwell upon the lonely burial that followed. The mother and son, each the pride of the other, and of their bereaved relative, were buried in one grave, rudely made by those two stern-faced men, beneath the dim light of the waning moon. At last the sad offices were finished, and the two men turned away.

"I have now nothing to do but to devote my life to the service of my country," said Boyd. "Henceforth I shall do what I can to prevent the descendants of more fortunate families than mine from suffering these miseries."

"And I will join you," said his companion, quickly. "There is no safety here. I will remove my family to Pennsylvania, forthwith, and we will fight together!"

The next day these resolves were carried out, the Virginia patriot joining Mr. Boyd at Captain Hart's camp; and the two brave men are now rendering important service in the column of General McClellan.

A SHARPSHOOTER'S STORY.—We find in the Albany Evening Journal a long and very interesting letter from William L. Sankey, a member of Company B of Berdan's First Regiment of Sharpshooters, now on duty before Yorktown. The reports of the efficiency of our riflemen are fully confirmed by this modest narrative. We copy a few passages:

SHARP PRACTICE ON THE MARCH.

When we arrived a Big Bethel our regiment was sent ahead to reconnoitre, and we had to march through a horrible Virginia swamp for about five miles, when we discovered eight rebel batteries commanding the road. We waited till the whole force came up, and reported progress. We were all pretty tired as we had marched about fifteen miles with our heavy knapsacks, and the day being very warm the perspiration rolled off us in streams. Gen. Porter ordered a company of sharpshooters to go and take the principal of the batteries. Col. Jordan called for Company B, made a short speech, saying that he had more confidence in us than any other company, and gave us the honor of the first brush. Well, we started, tired as we were, and proceeded to within about a quarter of a mile of the battery. The rebels perceiving us, sent a few shells, which passed harmless over our heads and exploded a short distance from us. The shells made a very loud noise, and when we heard them whizzing toward us, we all dropped flat on the ground and thus escaped. We immediately deployed as skirmishers and closed in towards the fort. There were only two pieces of artillery there, and as fast as a lead would pick him off. As we all took cover behind stumps and other friendly projections, the rebels could not see anything to shoot at, and seemed to think it high time to be off.—They latched up the horses to the cannon and left, we could not tell how.

There was about a hundred cavalry just behind the embankment, and they took to the road at an alarming speed. Most of them threw one leg over the saddle and laid the other side of their horses, but when we commenced to fire upon them, we left many an empty saddle. I fired five shots, and am well satisfied that I finished the career of two rebels. It got so smoky that we could not tell whether our shots took effect or not. The enemy must have thought there was a large body of us, as we each had a fire shouter. The rifles did good execution that day.

SUNNY SKIES.—There are but few of God's human creatures who know how to live. When the skies are bright, and prosperity smiles around them, they get along very well with the world, and who couldn't? but once let the clouds darken their pathway, and the waves of adversity dash over their souls, and they then lose their mental poise, become misanthropes, and prove themselves entirely incompetent to buffet with the vicissitudes of time. We admire a man who can stand up in the face of all obstacles, and with a courageous step can tread the way of life unflatteringly. He never grumbles at the weather—never finds fault with what he cannot amend—wears a cheerful brow, though the heavens fall.—Are the times hard, and business dull, he meets either like a man. Does he fail in business, he suffers no "green and sickly melancholy" to overshadow his soul, but laughs at fate, and defies care to do its worst. Do friends prove false he rejects it as no worse. Does bodily affliction weigh him down, with spirit light and buoyant he still looks upwards, and dashes the clouds aside that obscure Hope's beacon star. Does the world with all its endearments recede from his view, the ripples of light from Eternity's sun break in upon his soul, and flash out through all of his earthly nature. He catches a glimpse of deatful country beyond and exclaims in his heart, "it is well." Such is the sunny side of life. Would that the world would act wisely and live more in the sunshine.

Letter from Beaufort.

BEAUFORT, S. C., April 8, 1862.

FRIEND GOODRICH—Sir:—Knowing that you and some of your readers to be deeply interested, and delight in the researches of the misty labyrinth of natural science, I take the liberty of thrusting upon your attention a few of the results of my explorations in the wild and unsettled regions of traitorland. I do not profess to have the descriptive powers of a Livingstone or a Russell, as I have never had the experience of the former, and am not naturally endowed with the extraordinary powers of observation professed by the latter—who can take in at one full sweep the whole of a Bull Run battle-field, although fifteen or twenty miles distant. But I can tell what I see and occasionally fill up the words with what I have heard. I will try to enlighten you a little in regard to the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this country.

According to all written and printed accounts of South Carolina, the inhabitants were formerly divided into castes, similar to the Hindoos. The first, or higher caste were composed of landholders, who possessed large tracts of land called plantations. These landholders are described as a haughty, overbearing race, possessed with lofty ideas of their own powers and bravery. They were in the daily habit of imbibing large quantities of a beverage called, for short, old rye whiskey, which was formerly supposed to be extracted from a grain called rye, but is now known to be a concoction of strychnine and other powerful poisonous substances. I cannot inform you whether this beverage was common in this country, or was imported from other climes—I am confident I have at some time seen the article, and if my memory is not too treacherous, I have seen those who have tasted it; at least I am of the opinion that it can be obtained at the various hosteries, drug and variety stores in Pennsylvania, and if you have never drunk any of it, five cents will buy you a sufficient quantity to test its qualities. While under the influence of this beverage these landholders, who style themselves *chivalry*, become very *colorful*, and would frequently (after the manner of the American aborigines) land themselves to the skies—boast of their deeds of valor if they should ever get into the field, and after cursing everybody that did not belong to their caste—would frequently rush out and bravely beat one of the lower class (called slaves) in a most scientific and chivalrous manner. Their religion was a mixture of Christianity and idolatry. They worshipped several Gods, the principal being a both visible and tangible object, called *colton*, which they placed at the head of their deities, and christened "the king." Among the invisible objects of worship, two received the greatest share of their homage. They were styled respectively, "Sixes Rights" and "Peculiar Institutions," but as there are several of their devotees in Bradford county, I will not try to give any account of them. That they had some faint or obscure ideas of a future state of existence, and perhaps some knowledge of the true religion, is evident from the fact that they would very frequently call on God to do—the d—nd abolitionists, and very often cursed and swore aloud to any of the inhabitants of any Christian country. It is unfortunate that they all removed from this locality shortly before our exploring expedition landed, as I should have liked to procure a few specimens for exhibition at the North.

The present inhabitants are, as far as I have seen, industrious, hospitable, and very religious. They have always been the only improvers of the land, and real citizens of the country, and were by all odds the most honorable and respectable members of society. The extreme heat of the summer in this country has had the effect of coloring their complexions to almost every shade of black and brown. Some are of a yellow hue, something like pumpkin and milk, while some are of a beautiful ebony. Some scientific men connected with the party, express the opinion that the governmental plan of sending young unemployed men to take charge of the plantations and to educate and instruct the inhabitants, will have the effect of changing their color, and under their care the future progeny will grow up whiter than the present generation.

I have been in several houses deserted by the retreating chivalry, and have in some cases found books left by them. As a specimen of the literature cultivated by them, I send you titles of some of those that bore the marks of most frequent use, viz: "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Dick Turpin," "Beautiful Cigar Girl," "Paul, the Prodigal," "Mysteries and Miseries of New York," "Guliver's Travels," and kindred works, are the most frequent.—They had some idea of business and the necessity of knowing how their expenditures kept pace with their income, as their account books show. I was to-day looking over one of their day books, and the following household expenditures were recorded on one page:—

May 4th.....Bought 5 gallons brandy.
" 6th.....Bought 50 pounds flour.
" 8th.....Bought 2 bottles wine.
" 10th.....Bought 2 hogs.
" 12th.....Bought ten gallons brandy.

The rum, brandy, wine and other liquids being far ahead of the solids.

You have probably read in the bible an account of certain serpents that appeared in vast quantities and bit large numbers of the people. I think there is little doubt about the locality of that catastrophe; it was probably here; snakes of every size and description abound in vast quantities, rattlesnakes, black snakes, moccasins, racers, hoop snakes, adders, vipers, and the like are to be found everywhere, and to make the matter worse, not a stone can be found to kill them with. If you chance to meet a snake in the road, and he chooses to dispute your passage, you have no chance left but to retreat. There is one other snake of which I will speak more particularly, that is the blow-snake. In appearance it resembles the rattlesnake, though larger, which, like the chivalric sons of the South, blow their venom while yet in the distance, and studiously avoid a close combat.

You have also read of a plague sent upon

certain people, on account of their wickedness—of flies. The natural conclusion drawn from actual observation is, that this is the section of country referred to, and that it has never recovered from the curse. There are innumerable myriads of insects floating through the air, by being magnified one hundred times, are perceptible, but their sharp touch is noticed instantly, particularly when you are in a reclining position, and wrapped in the arms of morpheus, when they, in swarms, come under the cover of darkness, and commit their deeds of violence. You rise, aroused from sweet slumbers, and in a rage seize the only weapon of defense, (a blanket) and hurl it with vehemence around you at your supposed vanquished enemy; the foe retreats only to return and renew the attack as soon as you are again at rest. It appears to be a detachment of General Gnat's Brigade of the Musquito Infantry. I sincerely hope soon to be at home in old Bradford, enjoying the peace of a quiet life, delivered from this rebellious land filled with snakes and gnats.

E. B. POWELL, Serg't.

Valter and Us Continue Our Walk.

WE CONVERSE ON THE WAY SOME FOLKS TAKE STYLE.

Valter, my boy, there two mean things in this variegated flower garden on which we live. One of these mean things is chestnut bars, the other is the habit many people have of taking style. Some folks, my boy, can't stand prosperity. It hardens them, as boiling water does an egg. It spoils them. They succeed ever so little, and at once take more style than a man could rise over with a balloon. Not one in ten score, my boy, were ever intended to prosper, and it looks bad to see success, even by accident, crowning their efforts. How it looks, my boy, for a man who is poor to take style, put on airs, saw his wood down cellar for fear people will see him laboring; go without stockings for the sake of wearing gloves just to make a show of gentility, when there is not a pinch of salt or half a potatoe in his whole cellar, kitchen and pantry. Yes, my boy, it shows a very thin stock of brains, when a man is poor and ashamed of labor. When a person is above his business, he is useless, except to try a new hearse with. Every day, my boy, we see such men. They wear pinch-back jewelry to make a show in the night.—They use cotton handkerchiefs because they hold starch better. They take style all sorts of ways, by putting on airs and talking big to honest men.

And my boy, when you see a young man from the country, who has learned the fast gait of a city, going back on his mother because she wears colored stockings, and ties her shoes with calfskin strings, and is ashamed to visit her, or have her visit him; believe us, my boy, he has taken style too deep. And when he becomes ashamed of his father, who comes in town beside an ox team, with cabbage, butter, wheat, wool or other produce to sell, believe us, my boy, that he has been taking style of the most contemptible kind. And there are lots of such boys.

And there are girls who take style till they had sooner take their chances with the itch, salt rheum, canker, rash, measles, whooping-cough or lung fever than be seen in the kitchen over a washtub, or wearing a smile except in the parlor, when the feller who does their kissing comes around. Shun all such people, my boy, as you would a hot horse-shoe in a blacksmith shop. And there are men, my boy, who take style soon as elected to some petty office—appointed to some insignificant clerkship—smiled upon by some handsome woman—surprised by a legacy, or who have swindled some tailor out of a suit of store clothes, till you can't rest where they are.

And there are men who have worked their way to riches, prominence and position, who all of a sudden take style and forget their early friends—forget who stood by them through thick and thin—forget who made them, and who will deign to speak to nothing in the shape of humanity unless done up in silk or broadcloth. Such folks, my boy, are humbugs. They take style too thick, and so far as good opinion goes, they play out. Twenty pounds of prosperity to the square foot will squeeze the lactical of kindness out of too many men. Style and sense are different, my boy. Sense wears well, but too many people take style in preference. Let us not do it, my boy, as style will change every time. Brief authority is a hard testing machine, and the man who can stand its pressure and not get stiff in the back and forget to look low enough to see his friends, is worth hitching to. We are made of flesh, bones and blood, my boy. We all must die, and then, unless we have minded our own business and stuck to our stand even if we did not sell a cent's worth, people will say we were a good fellow till style made a levy.

If you are a man, be a man. If you are a butcher, roll up your sleeves, my boy, and stick to your business. If you are poor, don't be ashamed of it—even the Son of God was bankrupt, but he never went back on his friends, took style or spoke a harsh word to the poor. If you have a business, stick to it like a man. If you have no business, find one. If you succeed in it, don't get proud and go back on early friends.

This is a queer world, my boy. People get deadlily mixed up. People do not inherit office in this country. Election day comes quite often, and rotation in office is the word. Be just what you are. There are different kinds of timber—all useful. If poor, don't take style to deceive folks—if rich, don't take style to disgust them. If in authority, don't be a hog, because it is easier to grant than talk; and never get above your business. We are all of us, my boy, more alike than we are willing to acknowledge. This habit of taking style and putting on airs is like sticking pine limbs in the ground on gala days, to make country folks think they are trees—without the root, a summer sun soon dispels the illusion.

In this country, my boy, where one man is just as good as another—where the priest and murderer walk to the gallows side by side, taking style over summer clothes, small feet, curly hair, rich relatives, petty offices, or position others helped you to, is very silly. Rather, my boy, be a man, and let fools take style. There are packages marked honest, so we will not have to open them to find out the contents. And they are the kind Valter, my boy.—*As Crosse (Wis.) Democrat.*

A Sympathizing Woman.

If we were called upon to describe Mrs. Dobbs, we should, without hesitation call her a sympathizing woman. Nobody was troubled with any malady she hadn't suffered.

"She knew all about it by experience, and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart."

Bob Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mrs. Dobbs coming along the road towards his house, he knew, that in the absence of his wife, he should be called upon to entertain her; so he resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundant store of sympathy.—Hastily procuring a large blanket, he wrapped himself up in it, and threw himself on a sofa.

"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs as she saw his position.

"Oh, dreadfully," groaned the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, a great many things. In the first place I've got the congestion of the brain."

"That's dreadful," sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I came pretty near dying of it ten years ago come next Spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again groaned Bob.

"There I can sympathize with you, I was troubled with it, but finally got over it."

"Neuralgia," continued Bob.

"Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I have suffered from Neuralgia. It's an awful complaint."

"Then, again, I'm much distressed by inflammation of the bowels."

"If you've got that, I pity you," commented Mrs. Dobbs; "for three years steady I was afflicted with it, and I can't think I am fully recovered yet."

"Rheumatism," added Bob.

"Yes, that's pretty likely to go along with neuralgia. It did with me."

"Toothache," suggested Bob.

"There have been times, Mr. Turner, when I thought I should have gone distracted with the toothache," said the sympathizing woman.

"Then," said Bob, who having temporarily run out of medical terms: "I am very much afraid that I've got the *tetysaurus*."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the ever ready Mrs. Dobbs; "I had it when I was young."

"Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, but Bob continued: "I am suffering a good deal from a sprained ankle."

"Then you can sympathize with me, Mr. Turner. I sprained mine when I was coming along."

"But that isn't the worst of it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.

"I wouldn't tell it to one but you, Mrs. Dobbs, but the fact is—here Bob groaned—"I am afraid, and my doctor agrees with me, that my reason is affected—that, in short, I'm a little crazy."

Bob took breath and wondered what Mrs. Dobbs would say to that.

"Oh, Mr. Turner, is it possible?" exclaimed the lady. "It's horrible, I know it is. I frequently have spells of being out of my head myself."

Bob could stand it no longer, he burst out into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs, taking for a precursor of a violent paroxysm of insanity, she was led to take a hurried leave.

VOTED IT UPSIDE DOWN.—We have heard of a good story, told by a son of Eric's Isle, which is worth repeating:

Some two years ago there was quite a struggle between two certain prominent Democrats of Weaverville, as to which should go delegate to the State Convention. The evening prior to holding the County Convention, which was to nominate State delegates to attend said County Convention, Judge M—, and Squire S—, each had ballots printed with the names of their friends upon them. The Judge's delegates were beaten, and before retiring consoled himself by loading his hat with bricks. Next morning, in good season, acting upon the principle that "a hair of the dog is good for the bite," he went in pursuit of a "hair." Just as he was calling for the dejection, Billy McBarney stepped into the saloon and saluted the Judge, when the following dialogue ensued:—"The top of the morning to ye, Judge. And the murtherin' thaves bate us last night entirely,—the curse of the world light on 'em?"

"Good morning, Billy. Yes, the Squire was rather heavy. But I say, Billy, I understand you voted against me. How is it?"

"Billy McBarney vote against ye! The lyn' spalpeens! By me sowl, Judge, I'd rather have me whiskey stopped for a year, than do that same thing."

"What ticket did you vote, Billy?"

"And sure, I voted the ticket wid yer honor's name on the top av it."

"But Billy, my name was the last on the list,—at the bottom."

"This was rather a puzzler to Billy; he scratched his head for an instant, when suddenly looking up, he exclaimed:—"Bad luck and what a fool I am! I voted that ticket upside down!"

The Judge immediately ordered an eye-opener for Billy; he fairly beat him on the examination.—*Trinity (Cal.) Journal.*

A Store was broken open one night, but strange to say nothing was carried off.—The proprietor was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked so high they couldn't afford to take them."