

The Reporter is published every Thursday Morning by E. O. GOODRICH, at \$2 per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS exceeding fifteen lines are charged at five cents per line for first insertion, and three cents per line for subsequent insertions.

Table with 3 columns: Rate, 1 Year, 6 mo., 3 mo. Includes rates for one column, two columns, and square advertisements.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Selected Poetry.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Oh! not alone in the tented field / Are armies pitched and battles fought; / The use of sword and well-worn shield / Is not to every hero taught;

In all of life are soldiers found; / In warfare deep, and of individual interest, / The din of battle, pibroch's sound, / As blinding on, they vigorous charge.

The fight for daily bread may be / As noble in the sight of God / As any march of victory / By Christian or by Pagan trod.

Soldier of all ages, great or small, / Is not the one of erring test; / The motive is the rule of all; / Honor to God the grand best.

The battle-field is everywhere, / The foe at all times in our way; / Temptation, pleasure, want, or care / And he who in the gallant fray.

Maintains his purpose firm and strong, / Who keeps his armor pure and bright, / Shall win the laurel-wreath ere long.

Corage, faint heart, whose narrow life / Fettered and dwarfed by things of sense, / Whose soul would spurn the daily strife, / And pine for wings to bear him hence;

Full well I know thy weary way, / The earth-slain garments, spirit spent, / The piteous prayer that day by day / Goes up to the Omnipotent.

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

Who have suffered and have fought, / Who have dragged the cup of life; / I know how dear the victory bought, / How fierce and deadly is the strife;

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXVI.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 25, 1866.

NUMBER 35.

from a direct course; for though close upon me, as I supposed, when I began to climb, I had succeeded in reaching the first limb, at least some thirty feet from the earth, when he made his appearance at the foot of the tree, snorting and bellowing in the most terrific manner.

Seeing me beyond his reach, he lashed himself in a perfect fury, his comparatively small pig-like eyes shooting gleams of fire as he cast them upward in his disappointed rage.

Then laying hold of the tree with his trunk, he tried his strength in shaking it; but as it was too heavy for him to endanger my position by that means, he soon relinquished it for another.

Quietly stepping back a few paces, he measured his ground; and then, with a sudden bound forward, he struck the tree a tremendous blow with his head and tusks.

I was watching him closely, but only barely comprehended his design in time to throw my arms and legs around a limb and brace myself for a shock.

Nor was I at all too well prepared; for the concussion bruised me not a little, and it seemed as if a few pounds more of force must have sent me clean from my perch.

But my enemy was not done yet. Stepping back and looking up to me, with an expression that seemed to inquire what I thought of it, at the same time he would assure me of its being only the beginning of his battering operations.

He returned to the charge with increased vigor. But this time I was better prepared for him, and came not so near being unseated as on the first trial.

Nothing discouraged, he retreated still further and then came down like an avalanche. It was terrible. I had twined and embraced myself in every possible manner; but when he struck, it seemed as if the concussion, after first braining me, and almost knocking the breath from my body, relaxed every nerve.

Doubtless, I should have fallen to the earth below, not being able to bring me to the ground. But I soon had cause for rejoicing rather than fear.

As last charge had been made with so much force as to imbue his long ivory tusks in the tree, and he was now a prisoner to his own brute strength.

In vain he pulled and wrenched, moaned, bellowed and lashed himself into a perfect fury. There he was a fast prisoner—caught, as one might say, in his own trap—and if ever a poor mortal was justified in rejoicing over the misfortunes of a living creature, I think that individual was myself.

But I was still a prisoner also. How was I to get down? True, the elephant might not be able to liberate himself in time to do me any injury; but I already knew enough of the terrible jungle to feel little inclination to set off through it alone.

There were many intricate paths branching off from the main one over which I had been borne, and the mistake of taking any one of these would most certainly be fatal—resulting in death from starvation through being lost, or death from some one of the other surrounding perils.

What would I do? It was reasonable to hope that some of my attendants would, sooner or later, return to learn the fate of their master; and before venturing on anything rash, I resolved to wait a proper time for them.

Dear! I passed the next three hours that I remained upon my giddy perch, above the imprisoned beast, looking off upon an undulating sea of matted foliage, with the hot sun of that tropical climate pouring down on me its scorching rays and almost stifling me with its feverish heat.

How eagerly I turned my eyes in every direction in the hope of getting a glimpse of one of my attendants, to whom I could make known my situation. No human being was in sight, and my wildest shouts brought no reply.

Should I remain where I was, or descend? We were, as I know, almost half a day's journey from any settlement, and it would therefore be impossible for me to reach a habitation before nightfall, even should I be fortunate enough to follow the nearest path, while a single mistake would leave me to perish in that awful solitude.

I decided therefore to remain where I was, either till the sun of another day, or until I could see at least one human being capable of acting as a guide.

The sun was rapidly nearing the western horizon, and I was despairing of any success that day, when my attention was attracted to a commotion in the jungle, some quarters distant.

Birds of various kinds flew up screaming and either hovering over the spot in anger or darted quickly in fear, and I could catch glimpses of the deer, the elk and the buffalo bounding off in every direction.

What could be the cause of all this disturbance? Was it some one or more of my attendants returning to ascertain my fate? Man, I knew was almost universally feared by the wild feathered tribe of the wilderness and the animals of the brute creation, and in man was now my hope. Wildly did my heart beat, and eagerly did I strain my eyes to catch a view of my deliverer.

The line of commotion advanced slowly, but still I could not see a certain of the cause. Nearer and nearer it gradually came, till at last I felt a cold thrill of terror pass through my frame, as I suddenly caught a glimpse of the sleek, spotted hide of the royal tiger, slowly and softly making his way through the jungle directly towards the tree upon which I was perched.

I looked down at the elephant, and perceived that by some peculiar faculty of instinct he was already aware of his danger. He, standing perfectly still, no longer made an effort to release himself, but I could see the skin of his broad back quiver, as if every nerve of his body was affected.

The tiger gradually drew nearer, and at last stopped within a few paces, as if to calculate his chances. Then, with bristling hair, he stole softly round his intended victim in a broad circle, his sharp teeth visible, and his terrible eyes glaring with fierce anger and desire.

Then crouching for the spring, he gave one fearful roar and bound and fairly landed upon the back of his helpless victim, who uttered one agonized cry—a

sort of shriek and groan combined—that made me pity him, an enemy though he was. But his sufferings were of short duration; he could make no resistance, the tiger had matters all his own way, and almost in the time it takes me to tell you the fact, he had torn open the throat of the giant beast and was drinking his full of the warm gushing blood.

The sight sickened me, and I clung to the tree with closed eye and dizzy brain. When I looked again the terror of the jungle was making his retreat, licking his chops with gluttonous satisfaction. I looked down at the elephant, and beheld a gory carcass still held to the tree by his tusks.

He was dead, and in his death was perhaps my own salvation, though I was still afraid to descend, less I should be assailed by some carnivorous beast, attracted hither by the smell of blood.

I expected nothing but that I should be compelled to remain there through the night; but I bethought me to try the virtue of my voice again, and shouted for help. To my surprise and almost frantic joy, an answer was returned. I repeated my call for help, and one of my attendants made his appearance.

I explained what had occurred, and by a signal of his side, I then descended, but found myself very faint, and was by two of them assisted by thinking of all the things I had done.

It is enough to add that I passed through the jungle in safety; though if any gentleman thinks I flattered myself on being a hero before I left, I beg to undeceive him. I have since experienced some remarkable adventures, but none that have left upon my mind so vivid an impression of the terrible as the one I have just related.

How DIFFERENT NATIONS EAT.—The Maldivian Islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses and then draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unmolested. On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable.

Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal he runs till he meets with one; and, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest. The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked.

They do not make use of plates, knives, and forks; every article has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly. Kam-ho, a scotchman, once told me that he had seen an enormous slice from a sea-calf, and crams it entire into the mouth of the friend, furiously crying out, "Tapa!" ("There!") and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and devours it with avidity.

MEN AND WOMEN.—Women may talk of their inherent rights as much as they please, but they can't overcome nature; they may preach about the equality of the sexes, but they can not overcome facts and organizations.

Men and oaks were made to be twined, and women and ivy were made to twine about them. Though an equality were to be established between calico and cassimere to-morrow, it would not be a week before all the officers would be men, and all the soldiers women.

Females are perfectly willing to go a-head, provided the men go first. Set fire to a comb and not a yard of dimity will budge till cotton comes to the example. So long as the men cling to the vessel, the women will cling to the men.

But if the men plunge overboard chemistries plunge too. As we said before, reformers may prate as they may about equal rights, but they can't alter the regulations of God. It is impossible for women to cut themselves loose from men, as it is for steel to cut free itself from its attachment to a magnet.

ONE WAY TO TELL.—A traveler called lately at night-fall at a farmer's house in Albany; the owner being from home and the mother and daughter being alone, they refused to lodge the wayfarer.

"How far then," said he, "is it to a house where a preacher can get lodging?" "Oh! if you are a preacher," said the lady, "you can stop here!"

Accordingly he dismounted, deposited his saddle bags in the house, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was.

"He cannot be a Presbyterian," said one, "for he is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist."

"If I could find his hymn book," said the daughter, "I could soon tell what sort of a preacher he is." And with that she thrust her hand into the saddle-bags, and pulling out a flask of liquor she exclaimed, "La! mother, he's a hard shell baptist."

GOING TO KING'S GILEAD.—A sailor, who had served the royal navy so long that he had almost forgot the usages of civilized society on shore, went one day into the church at his native town at Kirkcaldy, in Fife, where it happened that the minister chose for his text the well-known passage, "Who will go up with us to Ramoth Gilead?"

"Who will go up with us to Ramoth Gilead?" This emphatic appeal being read a second time, and in a still more impressive tone of voice, the thoughtless tar crammed a quid of tobacco into his cheek, rose up, put on his hat, then, looking around him, and seeing nobody moving, he exclaimed, "You cowardly lubbers! Will none of you go with the old gentleman? I'll go for one." So he went, giving three cheers at the door, to the amazement of all present.

A CELEBRATED pork contractor for the Federal army presented himself a short time back at a sculptor's atelier at Rome, and stated his intention of sending a durable memento of himself to adorn his native place in America. With an amiable candor he explained to the artist that he had begun life as a poor boy selling matches, and by lucky speculations had a tained his present gigantic greatness.

"Now," he continued, "I've seen a monument in this city as suits my views to a nicety. A kind of column with little fingers running up all round it, and a chap at the top." "Trajan's Column," suggests the artist. "Traps it may be; as I wish you to sculpt me just such another, a workin' out the whole of my biograph, beginning at the bottom with a boy a sellin' matches, and then keep on winding it up till it ends with me in an easy attitude at the top."

OUR BOY. They covered his bed with the damp, green sod. Neath the deepening summer skies— We had lain him down in his early bloom. Life's hope in his dark-blue eyes; There his pale hands fold o'er his bosom cold, And his waxen eyelids close, And our voices, that tremble with tears, cannot break The spell of that long repose.

With the gold-brown tresses so richly woven From the blue-veined polished brow; With the heavenly smile on his death sealed lips, He comes to our memory now. Oh! damp and cold is the daisied mound O'er the pale, light form we love; But warm and bright is our darling's home In his Father's house above!

SCENES IN THE OLD WORLD. TO THE CHILDREN OF ST. STEPHEN'S S. S., WILKES-BARRE, PA. LONDON, Nov. 25th, 1865.

It is Saturday evening, and I attempt to review a week of great interest. I wrote after my arrival in this great city and told you something of my last week's journey. London contains about three million inhabitants; but you would hardly guess how large it is from these figures.

It is eight miles long, and six in width. You can get an idea of its size by thinking of all the space between Wilkes-Barre and Pittston and between the two mountains being filled up with streets and houses and churches and public buildings. It would take many weeks to see all the objects of interest in the city and its neighborhood; and I have only looked at a few of the most important, which soonest strikes the traveller. I had read so much about London, and had seen so many pictures of it, that I felt in a measure at home. I determined to take it as leisurely as possible and what I do not see now I can see another time if I live to come back in the Spring.

As it is I get pretty well tired out before night, and am glad to retire early. It is well perhaps that the days are short and the objects of interest which I wish to visit are only open in the day time.

I hardly know how to describe what I have seen this week. I had seen pictures, and read descriptions, but the reality—the seeing them with our own eyes far surpasses the imagination. I thought of the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon. When she had but a little while to go, she fainted with her grief, and she exclaimed, "The half had not been told her. I do not know how it is with others. Perhaps I am more sensitive to these impressions than some; but when I have looked upon the grand scenes of my native land—such as the Falls of Niagara or the White Mountains—they have far exceeded my expectations. I have rarely been disappointed. So it has been with the sights of this past week, and with other things which I have seen since I have been in England. I am in a state of constant wonder and admiration. I hardly dare therefore to attempt descriptions of the things I see. I do not know how to describe them. I do not know how to describe them. I do not know how to describe them.

I have devoted the week to a few special objects. These are described in many pages of history and everywhere you go there are persons asking you to buy little guide-books, which in some cases I have found a great help as I could take one in my hand as I went around, or read it over when I returned home and review the scenes of the day. I intended to devote a day to each of the principal objects; but found that I could see more than one—or at least by returning again and making a second visit.

The first day I was in London I went around the outside of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. This was enough for the first view. I then rested quietly till the next day. Tuesday morning by a few minutes walk from my hotel through St. James Park, I reached Westminster Abbey in time for morning service where I heard again as in other Cathedrals before mentioned—beautiful singing from a choir of boys. After service I went through the Abbey with a guide who pointed out the various tombs and monuments. This old building is rich in history. Indeed it is a good place to review your studies in history. Here almost all the Sovereigns of England have been crowned and here many of them are buried in great state and their dust is inclosed in richly sculptured tombs. Here I saw the old chair in which many a King and Queen sat at the time of their coronation. A part of the building called Henry the Seventh chapel is one of the finest things in architecture to be found in Europe. The ceiling is very rich—all of sculptured stone. Here Henry VIII and his Queen were buried. Other parts of the Abbey are full of monuments to the illustrious dead. Lord Palmerston's fresh grave is pointed out by a little sign. He was one of England's great men of the present age, and died while I was on my voyage.

From the Abbey I walked to Lambeth Palace—the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and gained admittance to see the chapel where Bishop White the first Bishop of Pennsylvania and two other American Bishops were consecrated. It was an interesting spot to me. I also saw the library and the dining room hung around with portraits, and the Lollards Tower, once used as a prison. From Lambeth I took a little steamer and for a penny went down the Thames till opposite St. Pauls, where I attended afternoon service.

Wednesday I devoted to the British Museum. I cannot begin to describe that magnificent collection—the richest I suppose in the world—in all departments of science. There are many large rooms to go through, and eyes and feet become very tired. It cannot be seen to an advantage in one day—but I wanted to go through all the rooms and then review particular portions at my leisure. The library contains 700,000 volumes. Here I saw copies of the first printed Bible and Prayer Book, with many curious early productions. I saw autograph letters of Kings and distinguished men, among them I noticed letters of our own Washington and Franklin. I was interested in the cabinet of minerals—the richest I have ever seen—and as I looked upon the gems and crystals of every hue and shape, I thought what a beautiful world this was which God had made

AMSTERDAM AND THE DUTCH. A SKETCH OF LIFE IN HOLLAND.

A correspondent of an English journal pleasantly describes Amsterdam and its people: The city which lies nearly at the mouth of the Zuyder-Zee, has direct communication with almost all the provinces, and thus she had become the mart for their produce long before railroads had introduced a new means of communication, which has not even yet superseded the vast intercommunication by water, which existed in this very extraordinary country, almost every field of which may be reached by water, and the manure from the cities is thus, at very slight cost, spread over the most distant fields. The large barges which are used for the sea voyage as well as internal trade, carry about one hundred tons. They are rigged with two masts, placed considerably apart; at sea, and sometimes inland or on the rivers, they use their sails. At other times they are propelled with long straight poles, used by the athletic boatmen who, placing the end of the poles against their chests, and walking backwards, urge the boats forward at considerable speed. Inland, when the sails cannot be used, they are drawn by men, or sometimes women. The tow rope has a flat board, which is placed over the chest, and thus the boat or barge is drawn along—Horses are seldom used. Indeed if one man can pull one of these boats along, it would be false economy to use a horse; which consumes as much food as seven men, to do the work. These boats, in order to turn in a small space, and to afford considerable storage, are built very square at the bows, and have a very old fashioned look, but they do a very large amount of work. Amsterdam may be said to be built in the sea; all her buildings are raised on piles. The Palace alone required 13,695. In passing along through the city I noticed the foundation which was being prepared for a house. Two sets of men were engaged driving piles, while a third set, with a centrifugal pump, were pumping out the water, a very copious stream of which was flowing from the pump, the pile driving was done with the rude machinery such as would in England be superseded by the winch or steam engine. Here the object seems to be to employ men, not to supersede their labor with machinery.

The Protestant churches are rarely open except on Sunday, and even then it is difficult to get a seat. At Berne I found the church locked, and I was refused admittance because I was not there within a quarter of an hour after the service had begun. In Amsterdam it was a little better. I was admitted within the porch, but the doors allowing to the seats were all locked. The minister goes through his duties like a lesson of which he wishes to get rid; and as he does not wish to be disturbed, those who come late are locked out. The churches are provided with large, heavy ponderous looking Bibles, fastened with two imposing clasps. The catechism and prayers are placed at the end instead of at the beginning.

They do not allow families to sit together in pews; all the women are placed in the centre of the church and the men sit at each side. The men wear their hats even during the service, and neither men nor women stand up during the singing of the psalms which occurs three times in the service, and collections are made during the sermon. The collectors have implements like landing nets, with long handles; the net is lined with black velvet. These bags are not used in succession under each person's nose to receive the contribution. The collections were made on Sunday morning. What their object was I did not learn, save that one set of the bags was marked with a K, and the others were plain. Most of the congregation put something into each.

The clergyman was supplied with water by a boy frequently in his discourse and he paused frequently in a very necessary precaution in using such a guttural language as the Dutch.

I found the Crystal Palace open on Sunday evening, and a band engaged in its weekly concerts. The building, which would hardly be missed out of that of Sydenham, is simply a large concert hall, with a few flower beds in it. The company which numbered eight thousand, were seated in groups at small tables, where they had tea, coffee, wine, &c., or strolling about the hall or adjacent grounds. The building was lit with gas, and thronged with people of all classes. The charge for admission was sixty cents (ten-pennies).

The fair at Amsterdam has attracted all the movable theatres and other similar amusements. The tables are decked out with provisions of various kinds. Vast masses of the people, all sober, all well conducted, are moving about. In one spot is a French kitchen; the cooks are working in public; it is well lit up. Adjoining the cooking room are alcoves shut off by curtains where visitors can taste the quickly cooked viands. One of the most amusing spectacles is the manufacturing of pancakes on a large griddle, which is three feet by four feet, is placed on a stand of three inches in diameter, and placed in rows. Two women sit on high chairs, each having a large bowl of batter on the left hand; a right handed timber spoon is used with the left hand to jerk a spoonful of batter into each of the cups, which have already been greased. Here it fries a few moments until an attendant reverses it with a long fork. They are then quickly gathered up with a fork, and taken away to be eaten. The jerking of the batter never stops; as soon as the woman has got to one end of her griddle it is time to begin again. The whole proceeding is indeed very funny. These scenes are a sort of saturnalia. They occur annually, and are the means by which a very staid people throw off some of their pent up animation. They are mostly enjoyed by middle and lower classes. All servants consider they have a prescriptive right to the enjoyment of the fair, which lasts a fortnight. If any of the better classes visit the spots where it is held, they never join in the sport. Sometimes parties of a dozen young men and young girls join in a band and march wherever they choose, singing and dancing as they go. The peculiar costumes of the Dutch women are to be seen in great variety. That of Noord Brabant, which consists of a cap fitting

tight over the forehead, but very large over the back of the head, and with a deep curtain of fringe coming down over the shoulders, is a very pretty effect. The most curious head-dresses are those of North and South Holland, in which a rich gold band is worn across the forehead, and in some cases small ornaments, like winkers, at each side. These jewels which are costly, descend from mother to daughter, are much prized. The hat or bonnet, I hardly know which to call it, is also very peculiar in its shape. As each province has its own head-dress, the fair presents features of vast variety. The Dutch women seem to cherish their former customs and traditions, and are not given to change. They are well made and well looking race. The Dutch are a sober, industrious people and very well conducted. Illegitimacy is comparatively rare, and there are it may be said, no poor. Amsterdam consumes a great deal of turf for fuel. It comes in barges up the canals.

The blacksmiths of this country would not attempt to shoe a horse unless he was tied. In the forges here the horse is placed in a narrow stall, and fastened with a rope behind. There are projecting irons through which a round piece of iron is run, and each hind leg in succession is tied to this before the smith attempts to take off or put in the shoe. An English blacksmith would take the hind leg of a horse, put it in his lap, and put on the shoe, while the Belgian, or Dutch smith is rigging his apparatus. The horses are used with winkers, but in Switzerland they altogether dispense with them, driving as well as in carts. The horse's heads look more fair under the Swiss treatment. The rope harness used here contrasts with the laboriously prepared leather harness in England.

Amsterdam is supplied with fish, it comes to market all alive. The boat contains a tank, and the fish are taken out by a kind of landing net. These boats, which come in considerable numbers to the landing stage at the fish market, have usually a boy on board whose employment it is to keep the water in motion. This is done by means of a plank, which rests like a balance; one foot is placed on the projecting end, and as it worked up and down it makes petite waves in the boat.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ. "TOMMY, my son, what's longitude?" "A clothes line, daddy." "Prove it, my son." "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

MONTAGE gives us one reason why borrowed books are so seldom returned, that it is much easier to return a book than the passages in it. "Boy, where does this road go to?" "I don't think it goes any where. I always see one here every morning."

"What would you be dearest," said Walter, "if I were to press the seal of love upon those scolding-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

A TALE OF TERROR.—A Spaniard's continuation with four benches of fire crackers and three pie pans fastened to the wall.

An early Connecticut times, a farmer boy was arrested for kissing a pretty country lass, at her father's gate on a Sunday evening. He pleaded as an excuse to the officer that he thought at the moment she was his cousin. "Jonathan," said the man, "if you want an act of mercy, I'll let you out of it that way." "All right, my dear, I'll stand it; I'll agree to be locked up for three days, but when I come back, I expect to have Partridge." "To be sure, and I'll be ready," returned the Connecticut parson.

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make everything seem greater which is seen through it.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I can't worth listening to go to sleep; but don't before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

Why are wheat and potatoes like the idols of old?—Because the former have cars and hear not, and the latter eyes but see not.

What is the difference between a Catholic priest and a Baptist?—One uses wax candles and the other dips.

It is supposed that the object of the bridal party who lately went up in a balloon from New York was to see the honey-moon.

A PAPER in a neighboring city reports that there is a grocer up town who is so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him by the hind legs, and look in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his best sugar.

A woman said in a police-court, the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

"Have any of Toby's Continued stories been printed in bound volumes?" inquired a curious customer of a bookseller, one of our large bookstores the other day. "Toby Continued—Who's he?" "Why, the man that writes so many stories for the papers. I see his name to more newspaper stories than any man, and I want to get 'em in bound volumes." The salesman answered in the negative; and the verdant customer went elsewhere with his inquiry, which we dare say is to be modified.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pocket and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

The "utter" most parts of the earth are supposed to be the parts where there are most women.

The only Military Command that the Sutter understand—Charge!

Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide—nor your mouth either.

We hear constantly of absconding railroad contractors. It is not a matter of much surprise, when it is remembered that it is a regular business with these fellows to make tracks.

The man who was "carried away" by the elegance of a certain popular preacher, was bro't back, and replied: "Never! but once a million-dollar gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of old age at Binghamton—half-way."

When a broker loses all his money he is dead broke; but when he dies he is a dead broker.

Love's letters were formerly made of flowers, but in our day gold bolts are preferred.

In a Southern exchange we find a column containing what is termed "A brief tribute to the memory of—, selected while sitting up with the body."

"Halloo, Mr. Engineman! can't you stop your steamboat a minute or two?" "Stop the boat! What for?" "We wants to look at your boiler; she's afraid of it bustin'."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Partington to Ike the other day, as she was reading the paper, "what an extraordinary circumstance, poor dear man! I suppose it was the wind on the stomach did it. Dr. Bellows' bust." Ike at once seized the paper, and followed the paragraph, so alarmingly headed, referring to a man, "The reverend gentleman on view at a statutory repository."