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For information relative to the Patenting of lands, call on or address  
S. H. GALBRAITH,  
Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor,  
Bloomfield, March 8, 1870.—

**Poetical Selections.**

**A WIFE WANTED.**  
I want a wife  
To cheer my life,  
I care not what she lacks of beauty,  
So I but find  
That she is kind,  
And knows and practices her duty.  
I want a wife  
Averse to strife—  
A gentle, unaffected creature;  
One who can pass  
A looking glass,  
Nor stop to glance at every feature.  
I want a wife  
With a vigor life,  
Whose nerves are never in a flutter;  
Who will not roam  
But stay at home,  
And brew and bake, and make the butter.  
I want a wife  
Who through her life  
Was never known to be a flirt;  
Who'll bring to me  
A recipe  
To keep the buttons on a shirt.  
If such a one  
Dwells 'neath the sun,  
And don't mind leaving friends behind her,  
With the author of 'This'  
She'll find true bliss  
By informing him where he may find her.

**Tom Roger's Lottery Ticket.**

**POOR** Tom! no wonder his after-dinner nap was one of restless turnings and tossings; no wonder the old damask sofa creaked and trembled beneath him, for a heavier load of troubles than his, very few shoulders had to bear, at least so thought Tom Rogers in his waking moments. The room in which our fitful dreamer reclined showed traces of much better days. Though the carpets were worn, the furniture battered, the curtains torn, and discolored, yet their former elegance peeped out through all. The smoking jacket much the worse for wear, and the half-smoked cigar clutched between his nervous fingers, indicated the appreciation in which the comforts and good things of life were held by poor Tom Rogers. The frescoed walls were dingy now, but even yet were indicative of the refined taste of the occupant of these apartments. Beautiful engravings, paintings, and statues were on the walls and placed about on brackets, and Tom declared that however ill his fortune, these, his idols, should stay by him last of all; and though his Jules Jurgensen was ticking in the unsympathetic ears of his uncle Marks, yet he would sit and gaze with almost parental feelings on his cherished paintings.  
He had been wild, very wild; from the time of his leaving college until his fortune had nearly all been squandered, there had been nothing too expensive or luxurious for him. His grand tour had been one mad scene, of wine, woman, and reckless gaming. When he had returned was it wonderful that he found so many things that once had pleased and occupied his attention flat and unprofitable? He had seen so much of life, so varied, so full of excitement, that the routine he met on all sides of him, now that he had returned to his old home, palled upon his senses. The drunkard never craved the dram, as Tom did the unnatural excitement in which he and his madcap companions had lived during his European tour. He had done New York and the principal Atlantic cities and was pondering on some plan to satisfy his gnawing appetite for change, when it was suggested that he visit the famous city of the Golden Gate. Almost as soon as proposed Tom was ready for the start.  
Nuggets, diamonds, gamblers, six-shooters, and all the necessary adjuncts of a dream of California fitted before his imagination. So he packed and came, bringing a letter of introduction to the elite of the city, beside a still plethoric purse. That he discovered what he came to seek, we can hardly doubt. Excitement he must surely have found, for at the end of twelve months after his arrival, we find him in his apartments asleep, looking somewhat the worse for wear, in fact just a little bit seedy.—While his money lasted he spent it like a lord. Friends he had in abundance, for was he not the prince of jolly good fellows! After a while it began to be whispered about that Tom Rogers couldn't keep up his lick as formerly, and when it became known through the lady of rich R——, the banker, that Tom had asked the loan of a hundred of her husband, it was surely no longer to be borne. How shamefully he had abused their confidence! They had really been most wo-

fully deceived in him. Perhaps a good enough fellow, but so fearfully worthless! No fit escort for a lady to the opera or theater any longer. He must be given the cut courteous. As to the dashing Mrs. Foil, she concluded she'd copper the fellow, and stop her Foil from being seen on the streets with him again. And in fact from that time forward, Foil never recognized poor Tom except on one occasion, when he offered to loan him twenty-five dollars on an elegant cameo seal ring that cost seventy-five in Europe. Was it not enough to make poor Rogers grumble at the world and uneasy in his sleep.  
Here were people on whom he had spent his money, dined and wine, now that he had become a poor man, actually turning up their noses at him, and refusing to recognize him on the streets.—But he was full of hope, and on the very day when we find him asleep had invested almost his last five dollars in a Mercantile Library Lottery Ticket.  
Tom's dinner was not substantial now-a-days as formerly. The wine list was far from being as extensive as once on a time; and perhaps it is all owing to the absence in his bill of fare of his favorite Boucheffis, that Tom dreamed at all; for he did dream, and this is the gist of it: He and many thousands more had gathered together in a mammoth box, which some wag had dubbed the Pavilion. All seemed filled with expectation, or something else. Some very poor fiddling and blowing of horns, to which no one paid any attention, was going on, hardly audible above the fearful tumult. Suddenly a pompous personage, whom somebody said was Colonel W. P. Q. Concombe, hopped up, and with a martial wave of the hand bade the tumultuous assemblage be still. As the speaker was a military man, being a Colonel in the Militia, and the assemblage greatly interested in the proceedings about to take place, his command was immediately complied with.—In a long and verbose address he informed the audience what they had come together for—a fact of which they were supposed to be entirely ignorant; also the order to be observed in the drawing of the tickets from the wheel, for Tom had at last learned that the drawing of the Great Mercantile Library Lottery was about to take place. The impatience of the people was by this time becoming quite visible to all except the gallant Colonel, who still continued his harangue, though gently admonished of his error by a few small, though remarkably intelligent youngurchins, with mild hints thrown out to him to "dry up" "walk off" and the like.  
Tom's dream is at this point rather hazy. He recollects hearing the number of his ticket called out, and the tag No. 1 corresponding immediately after. Here, too, in his folly, he jumped on the back of a seat and shook his lucky ticket above his head exultingly. Quick as thought the vast assemblage surged toward him, took him in its mighty embrace, elevated him above its sea of heads and bore him out into the streets, giving cheer on cheer. His name, which he had thought almost unknown, at least to this bustling, bad-smelling rabble, came up to him with almost every conceivable odor. From street to street he was borne in triumph, and though the thing became irksome, finally painful, 'twas not till way in the night that he could get rid of his many friends, and rest in his own apartments. Tom, true to his old habits, would have ordered such a supper as a prince might envy, but his last five had gone that morning for the ticket. Hardly had he thought this, however, when the landlord, his face wreathed with smiles came bowing in to propose the very same thing that Tom had in his mind. It almost seemed like some fairy tale. Had this thought indeed gone flying through the key hole to tickle the ear of his gracious host? It seemed so. "But Tom had no money!" What of that, was he not a gentleman? Was it not the happiest moment of his gracious host's life, when he was waiting upon such a gentleman as Mr. Rogers? Tom knew him to be a liar, for only that morning he had rung again and again for his mullins, and at last had gone without them; though, this obsequious individual had heard him all the time. But things had changed now, and Tom's credit was good for any amount. Busy hands soon spread such a feast as his palmist days had rarely seen. But just as he was sitting down to enjoy it, who should pop in but Foil and Badger, and a few more of the set. They had hardly seen anything of the old boy lately! "Why had he been keeping himself so quiet?" "Eat supper with him? Why, of course, they would!" "Tom always would smoke the choicest brands, and drink the choic-

est wines!" "They would acknowledge that!" And as Foil stood admiring his portly figure in the large mirror over the mantel, reminding one of the fable of the ambitious frog, Tom could hardly restrain himself from inquiring if he still wished to lend to him twenty-five on his cameo.  
Not till far into the "wee sma' hours" did the jovial party break up. Tom at last slept, though not soundly. How could a man who had just won a hundred thousand prize? When the sun was almost overhead he arose, dressed himself, and breakfasted in his bedroom. Going out into his sitting room, he was startled. All about his door were letters, notes envelopes, and slips of paper. There must have been a thousand in all. They had been slipped under the door, poked through the keyhole, and some had even broken the glass of his transom in their anxiety to get their missives before him. Tom's heart really failed him when he thought it was expected of him to peruse and answer each and every one of these epistles. Setting his teeth firmly together he went at it. He was surprised at the number of persons, old friends of his, too, who were at this particular moment in great need of small loans.—So many old friends, and all to be taken so suddenly. To have answered all these, he thought too much for a good thing. He didn't do it. The perfumed and gilt edged missives he laid carefully aside, to be perused more leisurely; the remainder he gathered in the waste basket and consigned to the flames. The first of these delicate notes was from the three Misses Jones, who requested the company of their old friend at a little dinner to be given in his honor that evening. These Misses Jones, Tom remembered, had been on the tapis, since his first recollections of California; had, in fact, made quite a set at him while his money lasted; ever so happy to have him in their box at the theater or opera. But, though they cast such languishing, almost loving glances with their pretty black eyes, Tom was not to be caught.—The next note was from a Mrs. Colonel Grasp, who would be happy to have Mr. Rogers' company at her Friday evening receptions. This Mrs. Col. Grasp was one of the elite, and Tom had not seen much of her of late. Tom opened a number of others, and at last came to one which, by its general appearance, its hieroglyphical monogram, and other indications of straining after effect, caught his attention more fixedly than any of the others. This was from Mrs. Foil, wishing him joy, and requesting his presence at a private supper in her rooms at the hotel. This was the last, and at the conclusion, Tom gave himself up to a brown study. Here, then, was a cheerful picture for a young man taking a fresh start on the journey of life. Was it not encouraging to him to know that on all sides, though the crowd were a million, he could scarcely find one friend, one true man or woman who loved him for himself, and not for his gold. The very men who passed him on the streets but yesterday, come flocking to him, their hearts one mass of stinking lies. And these were not the lowest of the land, but they who love to call themselves the elite. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, making his head and heart sick, how earnestly did he wish that he could forget all, unknow all this fearful knowledge of this kind. In his despair he cried aloud, "take all, Oh! God! but leave me some confidence in man!" The agony of his dream broke his troubled sleep, and Tom awoke in the same old room, the same poor Tom.—"Thank God," said he, "'twas only a dream!"  
As a "war anecdote," how is this?  
During the "troubles," a young Confederate miss was passing through one of the hospitals, when it was remarked that a prisoner, a lieutenant, had died that morning. "Oh, where is he? Let me see him! Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden.  
The attendant led her into an adjoining ward, when, discovering Lieut. H—, of the Fifth Kansas, lying fast asleep, and thinking to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl. She sprang forward, and bending over him said:  
"Oh, you dear lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother!"  
What was her surprise when the awakened "corpse" suddenly clasped her in his arms, returned the salute, and exclaimed:  
"Never mind the old lady, miss; go on your account. I have not the slightest objection."

**A Romantic Story.**  
AT the commencement of the present century a young man made his appearance in Stratford, Conn., and spent a few weeks at the tavern, which then existed to afford shelter to stage coach travelers. Whence he came and what his business none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter, who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the stranger. He told his love; said he was from Scotland; that he was traveling incog., but in confidence gave his real name, claiming that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married. A few weeks thereafter the stranger told his wife that he must visit New Orleans. He did so, and the gossips of the town made the young wife unhappy by disagreeable hints and jeers.  
In a few months the husband returned but before a week elapsed, he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must return to England and go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion. The wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and hope. At the end of that time a letter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to go at once to New York with her child, taking with her nothing but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for her home in England.  
On her arrival in New York she found a ship splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants ready to obey every wish that she might express. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress of a superb mansion, and as the wife of a baronet, was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Sterling. On the death of her husband, many years ago, the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and wealth of his father, and in the last edition of the *Peerage and Baronage* he is spoken of as the issue of Miss Folsom, of Stratford, North America. When the late professor Stillman visited England, some years since, he had the pleasure of meeting Lady Sterling at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her many questions about her birth place in Connecticut.  
**Keeping the Animal.**  
OUR friends of B——Mass., who know the parties concerned, will appreciate the following:  
At a district school meeting in the town after the various items of interest set down in the warrant had been satisfactorily disposed of, the subject of having a district library was brought up. Where the library should be located, so as best to accommodate the whole district, was the next question; for this was a farming district, and the inhabitants were somewhat scattered.  
Mr. Brown (so I will call him) suggested that Brother Witcher's house was very nearly the centre of the district; and he thought it best to have it there, if Brother W. would keep it.  
Brother Witcher was an honest, industrious farmer, whose early advantages for education had been somewhat limited. He had listened to the debate with open eyes and gaping mouth, evidently unable to comprehend what good was to come of the movement. He had not voted either way; but being thus called upon he arose.  
"Waal," said he, generously, but considerably, "I guess I can manage to keep the animal through the summer an' fall seein' I've got plenty of feed; but when it comes winter, I do no—"  
At this point Brother Brown interrupted the speaker:  
"Brother Witcher is laboring under a mistake. It is not an animal at all which we want him to keep."  
"Oh?—not one o' them 'ere striped critters sich as they had in the show doaw'n to the village last week?"  
"No, no, Brother Witcher. We are speaking of a library—a collection of books."  
"O—o—oh!—is that it? Goodness me! I thought 'twas a Zeb a!"—N. F. Webster.  
A charitable man was boasting to Lord Palmerston, "I spend half my income in charity, I assure you; I do, indeed; I give thousands of pounds away. Generosity covers everything." "Including modesty, sometimes?" asked his lordship.