

The Elk County Advertiser.

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1872.

NO. 35.

POETRY.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Whist, sir! The wind plans to speak
And sit you down there by the door?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the floor.
What will she do? God knows! She's been wild
For months, and the heat drives her wild;
The summer has wasted and worn her
Till she's the only ghost of a child.

All I have 'I am' 'thou' and 'God help me!
I'd three little darlings beside.
As pretty as ivory and red,
But wan by wan dropped like, and died.
What was it that took them, you're asking?
Why poverty, care, and no doubt!
They perished for food and fresh air,
Like flowers chilled up in a drought.

It was dreadful to lose them? Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heart strings would break,
But there's days when I want and wild sorrow
I'm thankful they're gone from their sake!
Their father? Who knows? I don't know!
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own!
But what she did and the horror,
I'd rather be strangled than!

Do I want to keep this? The darling,
The last and sweetest of the lot,
Shore you're never a father yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be asking for it?
What is that? Milk and food for the baby?
A mother and nurse to the child,
You're luntin' out all the sick children,
An' poor tollin' mothers, like me!

God bless you! 'I am' 'thou' and 'God help me!
A new life you've given me, so,
Shure, sir, you'll look in the cradle
At the collops you've saved, 'fore you go?
O mother o' me! I have pity!
O darlin' who couldn't you wait!
Dread! 'dread!' 'an' the help in the doorway!
You're 'I am' 'thou' and 'God help me!

THE STORY-TELLER.

BEAN-PORRIDGE, HOT.

"Zekiel Pritchard, indeed!" exclaimed Margaret, drawing herself up to her full height, and letting a wrinkle of vexation form on her pretty forehead. "The idea of that old widower with grown children coming after me!"

"You may turn up your nose at him, now," returned Aunt Sukey, with a deliberative air of wisdom particularly trying to Margaret, rather quick temper, and at the same time looking at her with a long thread through a triangular hole in one of her brother Hiram's stockings, "but when you have passed the first corner, and got on to the old maid's list, you may be mighty glad to marry as likely a man as Zekiel Pritchard. You are going on two days, Margaret, already; and when I was young, a girl past that age was considered scarce. You can't pick and choose much longer; and the time may come when you'll thank your stars for a husband that stands well with the community, is a good provider, pious, and steady."

"I don't want a steady old man," retorted Margaret, giving an energetic snap to a table-cloth she was folding down.

"Why Margaret?" exclaimed her aunt, with an accent of mild horror; "any body to hear you talk would think you preferred an intemperance man or a profane swearer."

"Drinking and swearing were not mentioned," replied Margaret, with a laugh at her aunt's remarkable agility in skipping to conclusions. "All I meant to say was that I don't intend to take a man old enough to be my father just because he is steady. There are steady young men in the world, if you prefer. And then it looks out of place for Zekiel Pritchard, who was a family man as long ago as I can remember, to be casting sheep's eyes at me. If he had come from a distance it would seem different; but only a year ago, I was watching with his poor sick wife, and I shall never forget how he used to get up and go about in his stocking feet."

Mrs. Sukey stepped's sense of the ludicrous was not acute. Her mouth did not contract even into an intimation of a smile. She sat with eyes still bent upon the triangular hole in the toe of her brother Hiram's stocking, and said, quite seriously:

"It don't look well, Margaret, for you to be making fun of a good man like Zekiel Pritchard, and one who was so devoted to his wife in her last sickness. Of course a man can't mourn forever. Human nature won't bear no such strain. It's consistent with reason that he should get over his grief and feel homesome, and want to take another partner. I'd have him wait the proper time, and not be in too big a hurry; for it ain't hardly decent to marry again in three months, as Jim Bradley did. A man ought to show respect to the memory of a deceased companion; but I always think the more of him if he begins to look around pretty sharp within a year or two after his affliction."

"I don't," returned Margaret, spiritedly. "I'm like the girl I read about in the newspaper the other day, who said she didn't want affections warmed over."

Margaret had finished folding down the clothes, and had packed them tightly in a big willow basket. She stood leaning against the table, with a rich damask-rose bloom on her cheek. A pair of dark eyes shone out under curling lashes, and a delicious little pout around the corners of her mouth made her face altogether bewitching.

"Well, you're so mighty pertickerer, you shouldn't be a bit wonder if you had single yet. A settled-down man like Zekiel Pritchard is worth a dozen of your skittish young fellows. He's been through the mill, and knows how to treat a woman. He's considerate and thoughtful about making work, and handy in case of sickness. Then Mrs. Pritchard left such a sight of nice things—crochery and bedding and silverware. I don't believe she ever used them much, for she wasn't no grout hand for company, and her things were always kept as choice as gold. I guess anybody that steps in there will find every thing to her hand."

"I don't want to marry Mrs. Pritchard's things," broke out Margaret, impatiently. "If ever I do marry, I shall look out for a man, and not for old spoons and feather-beds. Zekiel Pritchard would look better to come courting in his every-day clothes, as I have seen him a hundred times on top of a load of hay, or

behind the plow, dressed in a tow frock and trousers, and a palm-leaf-hat. But this summer he has rented his farm to make a business of getting a wife, and must go and dye his hair and whiskers, and dress himself up in a new suit of broadcloth, with a tall hat, and a gold watch-chain. To my eyes he looks as much out of character as a crow would in the feathers of a yellow-bird."

"It's the nature of a widower to spruce up," said Mrs. Stepford, speaking from the depths of profound knowledge. "He puts the best foot forward, and makes as good an impression as he can, just as naturally as a rooster crows; and for my part I don't see a mite of harm in it."

"You seem so much in favor of Mr. Pritchard," returned Margaret, rather saucily, "I think you had better take him yourself. Who knows, after all, Aunt Sukey, but he comes shining round you?"

"Margaret, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," and Mrs. Stepford put on her dignity, with an angry flush suffusing her sallow cheek. "You have no right to ridicule a person of my age, and your own father's sister; and you know well that when I laid Chester away in the burying-ground I made up my mind to remain a relict the rest of my life. I haven't ever thought of taking another partner."

"But why shouldn't you?" persisted Margaret. "If it's such a proper thing for a widower to marry again, why shouldn't it be the same for a widow? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, auntie. As now I think of it, you would be just the wife for Mr. Pritchard—suitable in age, and with a pretty penny of your own, and then you are a careful housekeeper. I do believe he's been after you all along. The next time he calls I shall act as if he was your visitor, and keep out of the way. Go and put on your dress-cap, Aunt Sukey, with the purple bows. If I were you I wouldn't wear that daguerrotype pin with Uncle Chester's likeness, but a pink neck-ribbon, which is becoming to your complexion. You are a real good-looking woman when you are dressed up, and I don't wonder Zekiel Pritchard has taken a fancy."

"Margaret, you can be the provokingest creature I ever saw; and if you choose to insult me, it don't signify. I'm nothing and nobody; but it is a shame for you to make light of serious things."

"Oh, I won't," responded Margaret, with a smile of penitence. "I didn't know it was serious. I wasn't aware things had gone so far. If he should call this afternoon, auntie, I shan't stand in your light. I am going to stay here in the kitchen until nearly dark to cook bean-porridge for the men's supper. Then there is a batch of bread to bake, and I may stir up a cake between whiles. I don't even intend to take time to change my dress. This old calico is pretty well soiled, and she drew it around her and looked at the back bravely, "and my hair is tousled; and but never mind—I don't expect to see any body, no, auntie, can go and fix your hair up nice. Coming over to see me, I don't do with dry-goods; but for my part, if I found a man to my liking, I shouldn't care what kind of a coat covered his back, or whether he was rich or poor."

Margaret's last speech cut Mrs. Stepford's sensibilities to the quick. She rose in high indignation, and gathering up her apron, went loftily into her own bedroom and shut the door. But the words had fallen on other ears besides those they were intended to reach; and just as Margaret was swinging the crane around from the black throat of the chimney, preparatory to hanging the porridge-pot over the fire, she caught sight of a young man framed by a careless wreath of hop-vine which embowered the window where he stood.

There really seemed no reason why Margaret should blush vividly because Mark Thorpe had overheard her foolish words. Mark was only a poor student, working his way through college and the law, and she had hired him out to her father for the summer months, in order to harden his muscles with farm labor and put a few much-needed dollars into his pocket. Margaret knew he was up by four every morning to study and write before the day's work began. He had the manners of a true-hearted gentleman, always easy and pleasant ready to pitch quips with the men, or whittle out wonderful boats for the boys, or walk after a hard day's work to prescribe for an old woman's "rhumatics." He was so strong and healthy, every thing he did seemed a pastime. If Margaret remembered that Mark Thorpe was only her first-rate common-sense."

"I am not obstinate, Margaret," Zekiel's dry tones had acquired a ludicrously sentimental twang.

"Oh yes, I am," cried Margaret, feeling that something must be done to avert the crisis. "I am dreadfully self-willed. Father says I take after grandmother Baker; and from all accounts, she made people stand round."

"I'll run the risk, Margaret, and take all the chances, if I can take you. And with that Zekiel made such a slow, startling manœuvre in the navigation of his rocking-chair that Margaret, to avoid closer proximity, sprang a little to one side, and the ladle slipping from her grasp, sent a wave of the boiling porridge over her right hand, at the same time liberally besprinkling the person of the widower. Margaret moaned with pain, and went stooping about the room half crazed by the terrible smart. Mrs. Stepford found Zekiel standing in the middle of the floor, the very picture of despair, and conscious, as it would seem, that the spilling of the bean-porridge had irrevocably upped his own dish. He had reinstated no bodily injury, but the courting clothes were hopelessly spotted. Aunt Sukey gave him a task which brought him to his senses.

"Run out into the hay field and call Mark Thorpe. He is more than half a doctor already, and dretful handy dress-

ing cuts and burns. This is a bad scandal, and I don't feel like undertaking it myself, but I'll have all the things ready against he gets here."

Zekiel started off without his hat, forgetting entirely where he had left it, until the hot July sun falling straight on his bald crown brought a painful reminder. Mark, who was at work alone at the shady end of the field, judged from Mr. Pritchard's plight the accident was worse than it was, and dropping his rake set off toward the house on the keen run. His long legs soon out-distanced Zekiel's short ones, and when, some minutes later, the widower stealthily entered the kitchen, he was startled by a suggestive tableau. Mrs. Stepford had gone up chamber to hunt for old linen, and there sat Margaret leaning back in a large chair, with signs of suffering still visible upon her face. Mark knelt before her in his coarse working clothes, his shirt sleeves of gray flannel showing, and with a cotton handkerchief knotted about his neck. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and there was a curious sort of trouble on his comely face. He had wrapped the scalded hand in cotton, and was adjusting bandages with the skill of an artist. In his heart he wished the operation might last forever, but it did come to an end; and still, with Margaret smiling faintly, he held the hurt hand in his, and almost unconsciously, his other hand, large and brown, dimpled, warm, cozy little thing, that fluttered in his own like a scared bird. It was an ecstatic moment, when all heaven seemed distilled into a drop of ineffable sweetness; and silently, by that strange magnetism which draws two hearts together, Mark bent forward and pressed his lips to Margaret's hand, and he saw that Margaret blushed and trembled, but did not draw away her hand. Bewildered, he slipped out, and stole around to the front entrance, by means of which he regained his hat, and took himself away, a wiser and a sadder man."

For a fortnight nearly had passed, and Margaret's hand was almost well. One warm afternoon, when doors and windows were all open to catch a wandering breeze, Mrs. Sukey Stepford came into the house with her things on, and as she sat down in the rocking chair she heaved a sigh profound, but not utterly happy.

"What is the matter, auntie?" inquired Margaret. "Have you got one of your hot flashes?"

"No," returned Mrs. Stepford, untying her bonnet strings and fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief, "but I am quite overcome. What wonderful things are happening all the time! I'm buying one for my own plan, and would like to see how it operates."

Whereupon he arose, quite forgetful of his hat, which rested peacefully underneath his chair, and started for the kitchen, although the front-door afforded more convenient means of egress.

Zekiel's eyes were now fixed by the sight of Margaret, who, even in her mended calico, was the pleasantest object his eyes could rest on. He stopped just beyond the threshold, prepared to break the ice with care. Margaret's back was still toward him, but hearing Brother Pritchard's dry, chirruping cough, she faced about and said, "How are you do?" rather languidly, holding out to the same time the long iron spoon in her hand, as if she expected him to give it a shake.

"What a pleasant place this!" observed Mr. Pritchard, lifting the tails of his obnoxious broadcloth, and sitting down unasked. Although the ennobled widower showed flurries of embarrassment on the subject, he was of a slow, obstinate type. "I always feel more at home in the kitchen," he added, complacently, "than in any other part of the house."

"When I am busy, and have a good many iron in the fire," retorted Margaret, "I am not anxious to have the men-folks around."

Zekiel laughed as if he considered this tart little speech a delicious joke. "You needn't feel afraid to have your kitchen seen any time of day, Miss Margaret," said he, giving his chair an alarming hitch toward the young lady's vicinity. "It's as neat as a posy, and every body knows how you've got your name up for housekeeping."

"I don't care for the opinions of people who think women were made for nothing but to scrub and scour."

"I'm not one of that kind," Zekiel struck in, eagerly. "Tain't my wish, Margaret, that a woman should overdo and go beyond her strength. My idea of you is that you've got good judgment and first-rate common-sense."

"I am too obstinate and independent to ever try to come up to any body's idea of me," retorted Margaret, courageously, although, in truth, she was suffering from a panic of apprehension.

"You are not obstinate, Margaret," Zekiel's dry tones had acquired a ludicrously sentimental twang.

"Oh yes, I am," cried Margaret, feeling that something must be done to avert the crisis. "I am dreadfully self-willed. Father says I take after grandmother Baker; and from all accounts, she made people stand round."

"I'll run the risk, Margaret, and take all the chances, if I can take you. And with that Zekiel made such a slow, startling manœuvre in the navigation of his rocking-chair that Margaret, to avoid closer proximity, sprang a little to one side, and the ladle slipping from her grasp, sent a wave of the boiling porridge over her right hand, at the same time liberally besprinkling the person of the widower. Margaret moaned with pain, and went stooping about the room half crazed by the terrible smart. Mrs. Stepford found Zekiel standing in the middle of the floor, the very picture of despair, and conscious, as it would seem, that the spilling of the bean-porridge had irrevocably upped his own dish. He had reinstated no bodily injury, but the courting clothes were hopelessly spotted. Aunt Sukey gave him a task which brought him to his senses.

"Run out into the hay field and call Mark Thorpe. He is more than half a doctor already, and dretful handy dress-

ing cuts and burns. This is a bad scandal, and I don't feel like undertaking it myself, but I'll have all the things ready against he gets here."

Zekiel started off without his hat, forgetting entirely where he had left it, until the hot July sun falling straight on his bald crown brought a painful reminder. Mark, who was at work alone at the shady end of the field, judged from Mr. Pritchard's plight the accident was worse than it was, and dropping his rake set off toward the house on the keen run. His long legs soon out-distanced Zekiel's short ones, and when, some minutes later, the widower stealthily entered the kitchen, he was startled by a suggestive tableau. Mrs. Stepford had gone up chamber to hunt for old linen, and there sat Margaret leaning back in a large chair, with signs of suffering still visible upon her face. Mark knelt before her in his coarse working clothes, his shirt sleeves of gray flannel showing, and with a cotton handkerchief knotted about his neck. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and there was a curious sort of trouble on his comely face. He had wrapped the scalded hand in cotton, and was adjusting bandages with the skill of an artist. In his heart he wished the operation might last forever, but it did come to an end; and still, with Margaret smiling faintly, he held the hurt hand in his, and almost unconsciously, his other hand, large and brown, dimpled, warm, cozy little thing, that fluttered in his own like a scared bird. It was an ecstatic moment, when all heaven seemed distilled into a drop of ineffable sweetness; and silently, by that strange magnetism which draws two hearts together, Mark bent forward and pressed his lips to Margaret's hand, and he saw that Margaret blushed and trembled, but did not draw away her hand. Bewildered, he slipped out, and stole around to the front entrance, by means of which he regained his hat, and took himself away, a wiser and a sadder man."

For a fortnight nearly had passed, and Margaret's hand was almost well. One warm afternoon, when doors and windows were all open to catch a wandering breeze, Mrs. Sukey Stepford came into the house with her things on, and as she sat down in the rocking chair she heaved a sigh profound, but not utterly happy.

"What is the matter, auntie?" inquired Margaret. "Have you got one of your hot flashes?"

"No," returned Mrs. Stepford, untying her bonnet strings and fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief, "but I am quite overcome. What wonderful things are happening all the time! I'm buying one for my own plan, and would like to see how it operates."

Whereupon he arose, quite forgetful of his hat, which rested peacefully underneath his chair, and started for the kitchen, although the front-door afforded more convenient means of egress.

Zekiel's eyes were now fixed by the sight of Margaret, who, even in her mended calico, was the pleasantest object his eyes could rest on. He stopped just beyond the threshold, prepared to break the ice with care. Margaret's back was still toward him, but hearing Brother Pritchard's dry, chirruping cough, she faced about and said, "How are you do?" rather languidly, holding out to the same time the long iron spoon in her hand, as if she expected him to give it a shake.

"What a pleasant place this!" observed Mr. Pritchard, lifting the tails of his obnoxious broadcloth, and sitting down unasked. Although the ennobled widower showed flurries of embarrassment on the subject, he was of a slow, obstinate type. "I always feel more at home in the kitchen," he added, complacently, "than in any other part of the house."

"When I am busy, and have a good many iron in the fire," retorted Margaret, "I am not anxious to have the men-folks around."

Zekiel laughed as if he considered this tart little speech a delicious joke. "You needn't feel afraid to have your kitchen seen any time of day, Miss Margaret," said he, giving his chair an alarming hitch toward the young lady's vicinity. "It's as neat as a posy, and every body knows how you've got your name up for housekeeping."

"I don't care for the opinions of people who think women were made for nothing but to scrub and scour."

"I'm not one of that kind," Zekiel struck in, eagerly. "Tain't my wish, Margaret, that a woman should overdo and go beyond her strength. My idea of you is that you've got good judgment and first-rate common-sense."

"I am too obstinate and independent to ever try to come up to any body's idea of me," retorted Margaret, courageously, although, in truth, she was suffering from a panic of apprehension.

"You are not obstinate, Margaret," Zekiel's dry tones had acquired a ludicrously sentimental twang.

"Oh yes, I am," cried Margaret, feeling that something must be done to avert the crisis. "I am dreadfully self-willed. Father says I take after grandmother Baker; and from all accounts, she made people stand round."

"I'll run the risk, Margaret, and take all the chances, if I can take you. And with that Zekiel made such a slow, startling manœuvre in the navigation of his rocking-chair that Margaret, to avoid closer proximity, sprang a little to one side, and the ladle slipping from her grasp, sent a wave of the boiling porridge over her right hand, at the same time liberally besprinkling the person of the widower. Margaret moaned with pain, and went stooping about the room half crazed by the terrible smart. Mrs. Stepford found Zekiel standing in the middle of the floor, the very picture of despair, and conscious, as it would seem, that the spilling of the bean-porridge had irrevocably upped his own dish. He had reinstated no bodily injury, but the courting clothes were hopelessly spotted. Aunt Sukey gave him a task which brought him to his senses.

"Run out into the hay field and call Mark Thorpe. He is more than half a doctor already, and dretful handy dress-

An Old Story Retold.

If any one believes that all the stories of the glorious old times of Jackson and Clay campaigns have been used up, he will find how easy it is to be mistaken. Witness the following, which comes to us from Old Kentucky, by the way of Louisiana. Our entertaining friend be-

"You must know" (but we did not know) "that around and about the beautiful city of Lexington, in the State of Kentucky, for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, there lives—or did live, twenty years ago—a great number of small farmers, who find in that city a ready market for the surplus produce of their farms, and there they carry it to sell, and buy finery and nick-nacks for their families. One of these farmers, a poor but industrious and fearless man, had a porker, a few bushels of meal, potatoes, beans, etc., which he wished to dispose of; and, borrowing a horse and wagon he packed up his things, and just at dusk, set off for town. He arrived at one or two o'clock in the morning, he entered the market-house, and selecting a stall, he split the dressed pig into halves, and hung them on the stout hooks, and with a bag of meal for a pillow lay down to sleep till morning. He slept soundly and late, and he awoke the market people were crowding in; and, lo! one half of his pig had been unhooked, and hooked. It was clean gone! He made known his loss, and, raving and swearing, he drew the whole crowd about him. As he grew with his wrath, he said:

"I know the sort of man that stole that pork—I do!"

"Well, why not let it out, if you know, and we will help find him for you!" they cried out, in reply.

"Yes, I know what sort of a man he was; he was a Clay man!"

As old Harry Clay lived within a mile of the market, and every man here was ready to go to the death for him, this was a bold speech, to accuse a Clay man of stealing half a pig in Lexington, and they closed on him to give him a sound thrashing; when one demanded of him what made him think so.

"Why, nobility, for he had been a Jackson man he would have gone the whole hog!"

"This turned the tables. The humor of the robbed farmer was irresistible. The Lexingtonians carried him off to a coffee-house to a hot breakfast and a morning spree; and after drinking to the health of Henry Clay, they made up his loss, and sent him home rejoicing."

How he Proposed.

A story is told of a preacher who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or at least to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept of him, notwithstanding his reputed eccentricities.

"Do you think so?" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly lisped; "then I'll go and see her."

He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the serving-maid.

"Mith P—, within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover.

"Yes, Sir. Will you walk in?"

"No, I thank you. Be kind enough to say to Mith P—that I wish to speak to her a moment."

Miss P— appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you; I'll then explain my business. I'm the new preacher. I'm unmarried. My friend think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, really, Mr. Su—"

"There—don't answer now. Will call third day week for your reply. Good-day."

On that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P—'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can not, ma'am. Have not time. Start on my circuit round in half an hour. Ith your answer ready, ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can't, indeed, ma'am. Pleath anther matter." I should not like to get out of the way of Providence—

Died Yesterday.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe—some rills loitering in the bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litaney, a May-time crowned with the passion of flowers that never fade. Or mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous, whose path was hampered by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath; one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the gaudium in the distance. But that heart is still now; he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange-flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisle of the temple she was borne to the "garden of the slumbers." A tall, crowned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell to dust even as she did, and too early for town. He arrived at one or two o'clock in the morning, he entered the market-house, and selecting a stall, he split the dressed pig into halves, and hung them on the stout hooks, and with a bag of meal for a pillow lay down to sleep till morning. He slept soundly and late, and he awoke the market people were crowding in; and, lo! one half of his pig had been unhooked, and hooked. It was clean gone! He made known his loss, and, raving and swearing, he drew the whole crowd about him. As he grew with his wrath, he said:

"I know the sort of man that stole that pork—I do!"

"Well, why not let it out, if you know, and we will help find him for you!" they cried out, in reply.

"Yes, I know what sort of a man he was; he was a Clay man!"

As old Harry Clay lived within a mile of the market, and every man here was ready to go to the death for him, this was a bold speech, to accuse a Clay man of stealing half a pig in Lexington, and they closed on him to give him a sound thrashing; when one demanded of him what made him think so.

"Why, nobility, for he had been a Jackson man he would have gone the whole hog!"

"This turned the tables. The humor of the robbed farmer was irresistible. The Lexingtonians carried him off to a coffee-house to a hot breakfast and a morning spree; and after drinking to the health of Henry Clay, they made up his loss, and sent him home rejoicing."

How he Proposed.

A story is told of a preacher who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or at least to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept of him, notwithstanding his reputed eccentricities.

"Do you think so?" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly lisped; "then I'll go and see her."

He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the serving-maid.

"Mith P—, within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover.

"Yes, Sir. Will you walk in?"

"No, I thank you. Be kind enough to say to Mith P—that I wish to speak to her a moment."

Miss P— appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you; I'll then explain my business. I'm the new preacher. I'm unmarried. My friend think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, really, Mr. Su—"

"There—don't answer now. Will call third day week for your reply. Good-day."

On that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P—'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can not, ma'am. Have not time. Start on my circuit round in half an hour. Ith your answer ready, ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can't, indeed, ma'am. Pleath anther matter." I should not like to get out of the way of Providence—

The Superstitious of Sailors.

On that eventful night when the five hundred men composing the ship's company of the ill-fated steamer *Central America* were struggling for life with darkness and the billows, an old-time superstition of the sea turned toward them the prow of the Norwegian bark *Ellen*, whose brave crew succeeded in rescuing the survivors of those despairing swimmers. The circumstances of the rescue are too fresh in the public mind to need recital at our hands. We will simply quote the words of the Norwegian Captain, as to the cause of his so fortunate presence upon the scene of disaster and death:

"Some time before I saw or heard you (so he spoke to one of the rescued), the wind hauled and I altered my course a little—thus standing away from the then unknown scene of wreck. Immediately after altering my course, a small bird flew across the ship twice, and then darted at my face. I took little notice of the circumstance. Again the bird flew around the ship, and again it darted in my face. This time I began to regard it as something extraordinary, and while pondering upon the matter, and hesitating whether to pay attention to the feathered monitor, it appeared for the third time and repeated its visit. I immediately put the ship's head back to the course we had been originally steering, and shortly after we heard noises in the water about us," which proved to be the shouts of the shipwrecked.

The vessel was in their midst. Had she been continued on her altered course, it is certain that the cries of the swimmers would have failed to reach the bark, and they would have been in all probability lost.

Chinese Arithmetic.

The Chinese have a most ingenious mode of reckoning by the aid of the fingers, performing all the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, with numbers from one up to a hundred thousand. Every finger of the left hand represents nine figures, as follows: The little finger represents units, the ring finger tens, the middle finger hundreds, the forefinger thousands, the thumb, tens of thousands. When the three joints of each finger are touched from the palm toward the hip, they count one, two, and three of each of the denominations as above named. Four, five, and six are counted on the back of the finger joints in the same way; seven, eight, and nine are counted on the right side of the joints, from the palm to the tip. The forefinger of the right hand is used as a pointer. Thus, one thousand two hundred and thirty-four would be indicated by first touching the joint of the forefinger; next the band on the inside, next the middle joint of the middle finger on the inside; next the end joint of the ring finger on the inside, and finally, the joint of the little finger next the hand on the outside. The reader will be able to make further examples for himself.

The Lion's Voice.—One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep mo