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KIND WORDS.

Kind words! O, what a potent spell
Dwells in those children of the soul to soothe the heart by sorrow pierced,
And rule it by their sweet control.
Like accents from an angel's tongue,
Bearing a message from the sky,
They come and turn our tears to joy,
And smiles repress the rising sigh.

Kind words! how blessed are the lips
Whence fall the words of praise and love!
They speak e'en while on earth below,
The language they shall speak above.
'Twas thus the Saviour spoke,
When wearily oft with toil and grief
And kindly he is calling still,
From earth and sin to heaven and God.

Kind words! O, earth like heaven would be,
And sweet would be our fellowship,
If kind thoughts dwelt in every heart,
And kind words hallowed every lip.
For oh! through eternity,
In heaven there never will be heard,
To break its glorious harmony,
A bitter, or an unkind word.

Kind words! they fall from lips we love,
Like evening dew on drooping flowers,
And to the desert of the heart
They come like sweet, refreshing showers.
Speak kindly then, and every word
Of thine, within some heart shall be
A chord in Love's mysterious chain,
To bind it ever unto thee.

A Address to Lake Erie.

BY A. P. L. PARIS.

Mity stream. How you've been swell and pants,
And how you rip things. How will you look, eh,
What sire you put on when you go to blow
Ing! Yes—in September, how proud you are.
Cause you can raise the wind, and kick up rows,
And fight the shore, and tear away lumber
Yards! (that you used to once.) But youre stopt.
How do you like that breakwater, you old fluid?
Doesn't that keep you respectable, and put
Straps on your pants? Don't that stick in your
Crop? Didn't they give you "pites" when they put
That there? Why don't you try to fill up the canal?
I should think you would catch cold bein' made of
Such damp stuff. Who are you, any how?
What's going to come of you? Your'e found out,
Your'e going to leak out over the Falls.
That's it! You needn't be uppish, 'cause your'e
Nothing but rain-water, in spite of your bars
You have to borrow from from other Lakes to keep
Yourself from getting dry. Hey you old bankrupt,
Mity stream, adou!

FOR THE FARMER.

From the New England Farmer.

THE ONE ACRE FARM;
OR, A CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

BY ICHABOD HOE.

"How much land have you got here in your lot, Mr. Briggs?"

"I have one acre."

"One acre! and here you are taking the *New England Farmer*, the *Cultivator*, *Hovey's Magazine* and the *Horticulturist*, and all because you have one acre of ground! How many such papers would you have if you had a hundred acres?

"I shouldn't probably need any more than I take now; you know, Mr. Chapman, one can go through with all the motions on one acre, as well as on a hundred."

"A man can throw away money without any, if he has a mind to. For all the good you get from such periodicals, you might as well, probably throw away the money they cost into the fire; they are nothing but humbugs."

"I pay two dollars for the *New England Farmer*, one dollar for the *Cultivator*, three dollars for the *Horticulturist*, and two dollars for *Hovey's Magazine*—in all, eight dollars."

"Eight dollars! enough to buy a tip-top barrel of flour and a leg of bacon; and then if you read these periodicals, there is twice the amount of the money spent in time reading them."

"I do actually read or hear read almost every word there is in them. My boys and I take turns in reading, and one reads aloud while the rest work."

"Complete nonsense! No wonder your shop dont turn out any more boots in a day than it does!"

"Perhaps we dont do as great days' works, some days, as some of our neighbors, but I guess that in the course of the year we turn out as many, according to the hands at work, as most do."

"I suppose it is out of these publications you get your foolish notions about so many kinds of fruit trees. One of my boys came home a while ago, and said Mr. Briggs had got lots and lots of fruit trees and such things, that cost I don't know how much, and wanted me to buy some grape vines, pear trees, and so on. I told him it was all foolishness, and not to let me hear him say anything about spending money so foolishly. You have, I dare say, laid out ten or fifteen dollars this spring."

"Yes nearly as much again; I have laid out twenty-five dollars for trees and garden fruits."

"Twenty-five dollars! I wonder you are not on the town, or in jail, at least, before now."

"I'm not afraid of either; I'll bet you the twenty-five dollars I'll sell you that amount of fruit from those things for which I paid the twenty-five dollars, in five years."

"Done! Ill stand you; so your trees will cost you fifty dollars, sure, in money, besides the time thrown away in setting them out and taking care of them."

"As for the time spent in setting them out or taking care of them, it is as good exercise as playing ball, wicket or anything else. While we were setting them out, one of your boys came to get my boys to go over to Mr. Mobby's, where, he said, there was to be a great time playing ball; and I have no doubt your boys spend just as much time playing, as mine do with our trees and so forth; and then something is done, but in playing the strength is all laid out for nothing."

"Well, it don't cost anything to play ball, but trees cost money."

The foregoing conversation occurred in the shop, between two neighbors, both boot-makers, in a town not more than thirty miles from Boston.

Mr. Briggs, in whose shop the conversation occurred, was a man of more than ordinary intelligence for one of his advantages and circumstances in life. He had been a poor boy, and by industry, observation and economy, had worked his way on in life, and reared and well educated a family of children, who, like himself, were industrious and steady. For the few years past he had become interested in horticulture, and both for exercise and amusement, had turned his attention to cultivating his "one acre farm."

His attention was first called to this by seeing of a "back number" of the *New England Farmer*, which was put around some things bought at the store. Mr. Briggs found this so interesting that he purchased another number at the periodical depot, and then he became a "regular subscriber." His sons soon became interested in the same direction, and the interest of the father and sons increased to the pitch indicated in the foregoing conversation.

In time, every inch of that acre of ground was "brought under the spade," and almost every "best" variety of fruits had a place there, and the father and sons found pleasure and profit in the garden, after being cooped up in the shop until the "stent" was done, and the exercise was far more profitable than the spasmodic, violent exercise taken in games.

Mr. Chapman, the other neighbor, was a man of the "common stamp." He looked upon everything new, or uncommon, as "folly" and "nonsense" and was ready to sneer at every one who stepped aside from the common track. It looked simply silly to him to see a man stay at home from "muster," or "training," or "shows," and spend his time in cultivating a garden; or, instead of loitering away the evening at the store, smoking and hearing or telling a deal of nothing, or worse, to spend the evening at home, reading such "nonsense" as the *Farm* and *Horticulturist* afford.

Years pass, and Mr. Briggs' "one acre farm shows that he and his boys have not read the papers in vain. They had learned how to set out a tree, and how to take care of it after it was set out. Everything showed it received the right kind of food and care and straightway began to bring forth fruits meet for good cultivation. In a short time the wants of the family were more than supplied, and the surplus found a ready market with the neighbors at good prices.

Those early apples, so rich and tempting, when all other apples were so green and hard! and then such pears! they went as fast as the sun and house could ripen them, at three, four and five cents apiece. Then such clusters of rich, ripe grapes—too tempting for the coldest to pass without a watering mouth. Mr. Chapman's family were among the best customers for the tempting fruit—first having learned their excellence by the liberality of Mr. Briggs, who never failed to send a specimen of his best to his neighbor.

The fifth season came. It was a fruitful year. Apple, pear, peach, plum, and all other trees were loaded with fruit. Keeping in mind his conversation with Mr. Chapman, Mr. Briggs had directed his family to set down every cent's worth of fruit sold to Mr. Chapman or his family. This year, as it happened, was a year of extreme hard times. The boot business was at its lowest ebb; little work and very low wages—and yet the prices of every kind of provisions up to the "highest notch," and money extremely "tight."

But there was one family that did not seem to be in the least affected by the hard times, low prices of labor, high prices of provisions or the scarcity of money; Mr. Briggs and his two oldest sons, all of them had a little "spare change" to let on short time, with interest, to their needy neighbors.

One day Mr. Chapman, who was short, applied to Mr. Briggs for a "half" for a "quarter," meaning fifty dollars for three months.

"Yes," said Mr. Briggs, "I have a 'half or a 'whole,' just as you like."

"What, a hundred dollars by you these times? I don't see how it comes. You and your boys don't work any harder than I and my boys do, and we can hardly get along.—We are as saving and pinching as can be, too; times are so dreadful hard, and everything a family has to buy is so dreadful high, and wages so low. Potatoes a dollar a bushel, beef fifteen cents a pound, pork sixteen cents, eggs twenty-five cents a dozen, and flour ten or twelve dollars a barrel. How can a man live?"

"It won't be hardly fair for me to ask you for that twenty-five dollars now, will it?"

"Twenty-five dollars! What do you mean? I don't understand you!"

"Don't you recollect we have a bet between us about the price of some fruit trees I bought five years ago next spring?"

"Ah, I do remember something about it.—You were to give me twenty-five dollars if you didn't get your twenty-five dollars back from me for the products of those trees and things. It will come very handy just now."

"Don't be too fast, neighbor. I'm afraid it won't come very handy just now. That was what I was dunning you for,—that twenty-five dollars!"

"What! you don't pretend to say that we have had twenty-five dollars worth of stuff from your garden!"

"More than that from that very twenty-five dollars worth of trees and other things. Here is an account of everything you have bought and paid for; of course it don't include what I have sent you, gratis."

"And you have certainly not been stingy. Why, this bill amounts to thirty-seven dollars! It is not possible!

"It is just so; you have had over twenty bushels of apples and three bushels of pears! and those, alone, come to twenty-five dollars."

"I own up the corn;" drew the note for seventy-five.

"No, I guess we will let that twenty-five go. I only mention it to show that there may be good sense in new things sometimes. Now I will bet the twenty-five dollars over again, that my store bill has not been, the past season, half as large as yours, though I have had one the more in my family."

"If I had not been so badly taken in before, I would stand you; but I guess it won't be safe.

"We have raised our own potatoes, corn, peas, beans and all other garden vegetables. Our eggs and always fresh and in abundance from the nest, and for more than two years we have not been without ripe fresh fruit."

"How can that be?"

"Well, by the first of June we have strawberries ripe, and soon after cherries, then raspberries, currants, gooseberries, and so forth; and long before these are gone, the early apples, pears and peaches; then grapes, later pears and apples, and these continue all winter, and apples till July, when the early fruits again connect the luscious circle."

"Well, I declare that is something I never thought of. But it takes so much time and bother, to get these things started—then it is an everlasting job to take care of them."

"It needs no more time and money then you throw away on things that amount to nothing at all, and with abundance of fruit you save the expense of a heavy meat bill, which is not healthy in hot weather. No doctor has been called to step foot into my door for over four years past! Fresh, ripe fruit are sure remedies for all ailments, and they are not hard to take."

Mr. Chapman put the "fifty" into his "weasel skin," and left with a "flea in his ear."

Opening a Grave—Extraordinary Preservation of Human Bodies.

From the Dayton (O.) Empire.

Mr. George Lane, who has charge of Woodland Cemetery, near this city, was called upon by Mr. George P. Loy, who resides about three miles southeast of Germantown, in this county, to move the remains of his first wife, a grandchild, and other bodies, from a family burying ground upon his farm, and inter them in his lot in the Germantown Cemetery. The burying ground was made many years ago upon the side of a little hill, in a field some distance from the residence of Mr. Loy, in accordance with the custom of Miami Valley at that day, when almost every property-holder had a burying-ground upon his farm.

The first grave opened was that of Mr. Loy's first wife, who was interred about twenty-four years ago. On reaching the coffin it was found to be perfect—at least to appearance—and the men proceeded to completely unearth it, and raise it to the mouth of the grave. This they soon ascertained to be a difficult task, and the small force engaged at it was compelled to procure assistance. The earth at this time was completely taken from around the coffin, and removed from under the coffin, as far as could be reached, and still it was found difficult to even move it.

The assistance of six men was at length obtained, and it required all the strength they were in possession of to raise the coffin from its bed and place it upon the ground at the side of the grave. It was supposed by those engaged in the disinterment that the coffin was filled with water, on account of its extreme heaviness, but after it was taken from the grave, it was measurably dry, and no signs of water could be discovered.

The lid was then with difficulty removed, when it was ascertained that the body was in an excelllent state of preservation. Upon a close examination it was found that the remains would not give way under the pressure of a piece of board which one of the gentlemen placed upon the corpse; and this strange circumstance led to still further investigation. The shroud, and indeed all the covering which was upon the body, at the time of interment, twenty-four years ago, had disappeared—not a vestige of them remained. The body was perfect, except the right leg, from the knee to the ankle joint, where the flesh seemed to have wasted away, and lay at the bottom of the coffin in a substance resembling ashes mixed with sand.—With this expectation of decay the body and limbs exhibited the same perfectness of exterior as they did when life and animation were in the body.

The body, indeed, had been petrified! It was, by some strange quality of the earth, and other causes of which we can form no conjecture, turned into a stone of a drab, or more properly speaking, flesh color; and the chisel of the artist might imitate, but could not make so close a resemblance to the "human form divine." The smile that lighted up her countenance at the moment when death gently divided the cord which bound the soul to clay, still seemed to linger upon the face of stone! The light of the eyes was gone, and they were sunken, but from the sightless orbs the soul seemed to look out upon those who were viewing, with astonishment, that human form of stone.

The grave of the grandchild of Mr. Loy was next entered, and the coffin exhumed.—It was also found to be heavy, and when opened, the corpse presented much the same appearance as that of Mrs. Loy. It was not as perfect, however, although petrified.—The body and limbs had about the same appearance as they did in life, but the exterior had lost its life-like contour. The most remarkable thing connected with the remains of the child was, that the hair upon the petrified skull was to all appearance the same as in life! Mr. Lane clipped a small ringlet from the crown and tied it into a knot.—The other bodies which were exhumed—one or two in number—were only partially petrified, and were mostly decayed.

A great many persons, attracted by so remarkable a phenomenon, gathered around the remains with wondering eyes. The like had been "read about," but never seen by them before; indeed, we very much doubt whether as great curiosities in human petrifaction were ever before seen, although we have strange accounts coming down to us through misty ages. These bodies of stone in human shape were re-interred in the cemetery at Germantown, where they will probably remain until the "Great Day," when they will be transformed into receptacles for immortal souls.

An Unfortunate Widow.

Sol. Smith, in his recently published "Theatrical Journey-work"—by the way, an exceedingly interesting and amusing volume, as exhibiting the early struggles of the drama in the west and south west—relates the following odd occurrence during his peregrinations in Georgia:

Between Calette swamp and Line Creek in the "Nation" we saw a considerable crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whiskey. The first thing I noticed on alighting was the singular position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and standing on his hinder feet, his head wedged in between the ends of two logs of the grocery, and he was stone dead, having evidently run directly against the building at full speed, causing the house partially to fall. About five paces from the horse lay the rider, quite senseless, with a gash in his throat which might have let out a thousand lives.—As I said, most of the crowd were seated and smoking.

"What is all this?" I inquired. "What is the matter here?"

"Matter!" Sir, answered one in a drawling voice, giving a good spit, and refilling his mouth with a new cud. "Matter enough; there's been a quarter race."

"But how came this man and horse killed?" I asked.

"Well," answered the chewing, spitting gentleman, "the man was considerably in liquor, I reckon, and he run his horse chuck again the house, and that's the whole on it."

"Has a doctor been sent for?" inquired one of our party.

"I reckon there ain't much use of doctors here," replied another of the crowd. "Burnt brandy couldn't save either of 'em, man or hoss."

"Has this man a wife and children inquired I.

"No children that I knows of," answered a female, who was sitting on the ground a short distance from the dead man, smoking composedly.

"He has a wife?" I remarked. "What will be her feelings when she learns the fatal termination of this unfortunate race?"

"Yes," sighed the female—"it was an unfortunate race. Poor man, he lost the whiskey."

"Do you happen to know his wife?—has she been informed of the untimely death of her husband?" were my next inquires.

"Do I know her? Has she been informed of his death?" said the woman. "Well, I reckon you aint acquainted about these parts. I am the unfortunate widder."

"You madam! You the wife of the man who has been so untimely cut off?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes and what about it?" said she. "Untimely cut off? His throat's cut, that's all, by the tarnal sharp end of a log; and as for it's being untimely, I don't know but it's as well now as any time—he warn't of much account, no how!"

She resumed her smoking and we resumed our journey.

Jones stepped up to a gentleman who was engaged in conversation with about a dozen others, and said:

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere, before, but I cannot imagine where."

"Very likely, I have been the keeper of a prison for upwards of twenty years!"

MATRIMONY.—The virgin sends prayers to God, but carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labor of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts; it hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, and supported by all the strength and love of charity, those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things, to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt."

"Why—how so? How do you know how much salt I give them?"

"I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately! You say that salt makes the cows dry, and they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

"Oh, yes—well, I should'nt wonder if that *was* the cause."

A MAN observes that he looks under the marriage head for the pains of the weak.

'SPUN YARN.

CURING A BLOOMER.

BY THE OLD SALT.

Jack Carysfort was engaged to Miss Melinda Winkle, the only daughter of a retired merchant, when she was quite a child, and then started for Paris where he was to study medicine for four years; at the expiration of which time, Miss Winkle would be nineteen, and ready to assume the duties of a matron. There was no necessity for Jack's studying medicine, as he had an ample fortune, but old Winkle insisted that he ought to have a profession. From time to time, he heard from and of Melinda, and learned that she was growing up very beautiful and so changed that he wouldn't know her.

His studies completed, Jack hastened home, and no sooner arrived in Boston than he went in search of Tom Winkle, to learn how his sister was—old Winkle lived on a fancy farm about forty miles from Boston. Tom told him that his sister had grown up handsome and attractive—that she had received a first rate education, and was witty and accomplished; but that she had been infested with the Bloomer mania, and nothing could cure her of her ridiculous determination to wear pantaloons, and adopt the habits of the ruder sex. He said that his father had remonstrated in vain, and that nothing could cure her of her folly.

Now Jack abhorred an unsexed woman, and in spite of his solemn engagement to marry Melinda, he resolved, if he failed to convert the young lady to his notions of propriety by a system of tactics he had rapidly conceived, he would abandon her to some less fastidious suitor. Having imparted his project to Tom, he started by railroad for Winkle Lodge, and in a couple of hours was shaken warmly by the hand by Mr. Winkle. The old gentleman prepared him for a great change in his daughter, and hoped he would not be too much shocked at her costume. So much premised, he introduced the lover to the presence of his lady and her cousin Maria, a very pretty girl, staying with her to keep her company.

Melinda wore a jaunty black velvet riding cap beneath which her hair appeared, cropped short like a man's; a frock coat buttoned up to the throat; a pair of faultlessly-fitting pantaloons, and little high heeled boots. If she had been a vaudeville actress Jack would have been delighted; but he was very sorry to see a lady so intimately associated with his happiness, in this equipment. She, however, was evidently proud of the independence she exhibited.

Jack kissed her; but he kissed her cousin, too, not entirely to the satisfaction of the Bloomer.

"I was just going out to shoot woodcocks!" said Melinda; "there's my gun in the corner."

"Do you ride as well as shoot!" asked Jack.

"Do I ride!" exclaimed Melinda. "I don't do any thing else! I've just been putting my horse up to stone walls; he'll make a capital fencer."

"Of course you discard the side-saddle?"

"Not so bad as that," replied the Bloomer, slightly blushing.

"I'm going to see to my grapes, Jack," said old Winkle, "so you must take care of the ladies."

"Dear girl," said Jack, addressing Maria, when Winkle had retired, "tho' I humored Mr. Winkle's joke, when he introduced me, still the moment I saw you, I knew that you were none other than my Melinda; you are just what I painted you in my dreams."

"And who do you take me for, then, you blockhead?" asked Melinda.

"For just what you are, my boy!" cried Jack, slapping her on the back—"honest Tom Winkle. Handsome enough for a girl to be sure, but altogether too rough for one."

"But I assure you, Mr. Carysfort—" said Maria.

"Don't assure me that you are not your own sweet self," said Jack, tenderly, but tell me all about your life here. What a charming, retired place! How abundant is the country in resources for the gratification of true feminine tastes! With it birds and flowers for admiration and culture; its pleasant walks, scenery for the pencil; and then books, music, and household work for in-door employment on rainy days and evenings.—Such, doubtless, my dear Melinda has found it."

"But let me tell you, Mr. Carysfort—" interrupted the *real* Melinda.

"Be quiet, Tom!" cried Jack, impatiently. "Do be off with your gun—or go into the stable—you were always a troublesome boy. You must know I have a world of things to say to your sister."

"I shall stay where I am!" said Melinda, throwing herself into a chair, and rocking somewhat violently.

"Well, hold your tongue, then!" said Jack, turning his back on her. "Dear Melinda," said he, "this joke of trying to pass Tom, here, off as you, reminds me of the Bloomer mania. We had accounts of it in Paris, and it made the Frenchmen laugh consumedly at our expense. Once in a while you see a woman in the streets of Paris dressed in male attire, and such travesties are common in carnival time, but only tolerated then by the license of the season."

"It is an absurd mania, to be sure," cried Maria.

"I am so glad to hear you condemn it," returned Jack, warmly, pressing her hand; "for sooner than marry a confirmed Bloomer, I would bestow my hand and name on a street singer or a tight-rope dance."

"Don't you want to look at the ground?" said Melinda, in a subdued and agitated voice.

"I want to talk with your sister, you little rascal!" cried Jack, and taking her by the shoulders, he put her out of the room and locked the door on her.

Ten minutes afterwards she peered through the front window blinds, and saw Jack dancing Matilda. It was part of his system.

At the dinner table, Melinda appeared in the habiliments of her sex, looking very beautiful, though it must be confessed, her eyes were a little red and swollen. She blushed and held out her hand to Jack.

"Amazement!" cried Jack. "Where's Tom?"

"Tom is in Boston—as you know very well, or ought to know," said Melinda.

"Then this lady—" said Jack, now turning to Maria.

"Is my cousin Maria, as you were told this morning, only you wouldn't believe it," said said Melinda, reproachfully.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Maria," said Jack, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, "and I hope you'll excuse anything that passed between us."

"You owe the apology to me," said Melinda, pouting.

"How could I recognize you in that absurd costume?" asked Jack.

"My sentiments!" cried Winkle; "but she wouldn't listen to me. Hallo!" cried he, jumping up in alarm, "I believe the house is a fire! Don't you smell a strong smell of leather and woollen burning?"

"I do!" said Maria, alarmed in turn.

"Shall I give the alarm!" exclaimed Jack.

"There's no occasion," said Melinda, "Just now I threw a pair of boots and some clothes I wanted to get rid of, in the kitchen fire—the owner having no further use for them."

"Pair of pantaloons among them!" asked Winkle.

"Y—es," said Melinda reluctantly. "They belonged to a Bloomer, who has given up business."

"Hurrah!" shouted old Winkle. "I see through it all. Jack's cured you, when everybody else had tried and failed."

"Will you forgive me?" asked Jack.

"There's my hand," said Melinda frankly. "I forgive you and thank you too! The lesson was a sharp one, but I needed it to cure me of my folly."

BYRON AND PEEL.—There was at school a fine clever boy, who was known as "little Bob Peel." One day it happened that one of the older boys, a stout, brutal fellow, undertook to make a "fag"—that is, a sort of school slave of young Peel; but the little hero resisted with all his might. This tyrant, however, soon conquered, and then proceeded to beat him in a most cruel manner.—In the midst of this, another boy, somewhat older than Peel, but too small to hope to master the large boy, came running up, and with tears in his eyes, and his cheeks hot, with indignation, asked how many blows he meant to inflict.

"What is that to you, you young rascal?" was the reply.

"Because, if you please," said the noble lad, "*I would take half!*"

This boy was afterwards Lord Byron.—Little Bob was the great Sir Robert Peel; but the big bully who beat them, nobody knows anything of him now.

Short of a Watch.

Mr. Jacob Short, on his way home from a lecture, in which he had been much interested, fell in with a well dressed gentleman who addressed a casual inquiry to him. From this inquiry proceeded an animated conversation in which Mr. Short became as much interested that he parted with his new acquaintance with regret.

A moment afterwards being desirous of learning the time, he felt for his watch. To his consternation he found it was gone. He at once bethought himself of the common practice of adroit pickpockets to put on the guise of a gentleman, in order to facilitate their operations. Of course his suspicions instantly rested upon his late acquaintance. Luckily he was in sight.

He ran after him with a hasty step, and succeeded in overtaking him.

"Surrender that watch!" said he, in a determined tone, "or the consequences be upon your head."

The gentleman, or pickpocket, turned pale, and looked as if he were inclined to resist, but the resolute tone and bearing of Mr. Short intimidated him, and he yielded to the requisition.

Mr. Short went home congratulating himself on the courage he had displayed.

He related the adventure to his wife, who instead of praising him, as he anticipated she would, exclaimed:

"Why, Jacob, what have you done? Your own watch is lying on the table, where you left it before going to the lecture. That I should live to see my husband a pickpocket."

Jacob sat down in trepidation. It was all true. He had actually committed a highway robbery, when as he imagined he was only recovering his stolen property.

He slept but little that night. Visions of hand-cuffs and prison bars floated before his troubled mind, and he rose from a sleepless bed the next morning to read the following announcement in the morning papers:

OUTRAGE.—We learn that the Rev. Mr. C., when returning from a lecture last evening, was violently assaulted by a stranger and threatened with instant death unless he delivered up his watch. He was accordingly obliged to do so. The person who committed this outrage is represented as short and stout, with a ferocious expression of countenance."

This was not calculated to calm the excited nerves of Mr. Short. He hardly knew how to extricate himself from his embarrassing position. He at length bethought himself to send his wife with the watch to the Rev. Mr. C., with a plain statement of the mistake which had occurred, and with a request that he would cause the matter to be dropped immediately.

The negotiation proved successful, and Short was relieved from his terror. It need not be said that Mr. Short has not tried highway robbery since this memorable occasion, having come to the deliberate conclusion that "the way of the transgressor is hard."—*Rudolph Whig.*