The cloud lowers darkly, and we calmly wait As those who hide the coming of the shock, Nor threats of dissolution, nor wild hate Shall turn us from the way. Old Thymouth Rock, Goinst which the waves dash freely as they flow, Stands as it stood two hundred years ago.

G. W. Starz.

### Humorous Sketch.

#### An Unexpected Race.

in one of the large towns in Worcester county, Massachusetts, used to live a clergymao, whom we will call Ridewell. He was one of the Baptist persuasion, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro named Pompey; and if this latter individual was not so strict in his morais as his master, he was at least a very cunning dog, and passed in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety .-Pompey was a useful servant, and the old clergyman never hesitated to trust him with the most important business.

Now it so happened that there were dwelling in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of the dreadful penaities which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes, for it was the wont of these people to congrgate on Sabbath evenings upon a level piece of land in the outskirts of town, and there race horses. The spot was hidden from view by a dense piece of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening races were carried on without detection by the officers, or others who might have stop-

It also happened that the good old clergy. man owned one of the best horses in the This horse was one of the old country Morgan stock, with a mixture of Arabian blood in his veins, and it was generally known that few beasts could pass him on the road. Mr. Ridewell, with a dignity becoming his calling, stoutly declared that the fleetness of his beast never afforded him any gratification, and that, for his part he would as he have any other. Yet money could not buy his Morgan, nor could any amount o. argument persuade him to swop.

The church was so near the good clergy. man's dwelling that be always walked to meeting, and his norse was consequently allowed to remain in the pasture.

rompey heard that these races were on the tapis, and he resolved to enter his mas ters norse on his own account, for he felt assured that Morgan could beat anything in the snape of horse-flesh that could be procured in the quarter. So on the very next Sunday evening he hid the bridte under his jacket, and went out into the pasture and caught the horse and rode off towards the spot where the wicked ones congregated .-Here he found some dozen assembled, and the race was about to commence. Pompey mounted his beast, at the signal he started .-Old Morgan entered into the spirit of the thing, and came out two rods ahead of everything So Pompey won quite a pile, and before dark he was well initiated in horse

rompey succeeded in getting home withou, exciting any suspicions and he now longed to: the Sabbath alternoon to come, for he was determined to try it again. He did go again, and again he won; and this course making his appearance upon the race ground every Sunday atternoon as soon as he could atter " meeting was out.' And during that time Pompey was not the only one that loved racing. No, for old Morgan himself had come to love the excitement of the thing, 106, and his every motion when upon the track, showed how zealously he entered into the spirit of the gam.

But these things were not always to remain secre. One Sunday a pious deacon beneld this racing from a distance, and he straightway went to the parson with the marming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked, his moral feelings outrages, and he resolved to put a stop to this wickedness. During the week he made severa inquiries, and he learned that this ining had been practiced all summer on every Sabbath afternoon. He made his parisnioners keep quiet, and on the next Sunday he would make his appearance on the very spot and catch them in their deeds of

Un the following Sabbath, after dinner, h: Ridewell ordered Pompey to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without misgivings on the part of the faithful negro.-As soor as the afternoon service were closec, the two deacons and some others of the members of the church accompanied the minister home, together with their horses.

"It is the most flagrant piece of abomination that ever came to my knowledge, saic the indignant clergyman, as they rode

" It is most, assuredly," answered one of

the deacons.

" Horse racing on the Sabbath !" uttered

the minister.

"Dreadful!" echoed the second deacon. And so the conversation went on until they reached the top of a gentle eminence which overlooked the plain, where the racing was carried on, and where some dozen horsemen, with a score of lookers on had assembled. The sight was one that chilled the good parson to his soul. He remained motioniess until he made out, the whole alarming truth, then turning to his compan-

ions, saic. "Now, my brothers, let us ride down and confron the wicked wretches, and if they will down on their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O, that my own land should be desecrated thus?"

for it was indeed a portion of his farm. As the good clergyman thus spoke he started on towards the scene. The horses self directly upon the track. of the wicked men were drawing up for a

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# Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Pealthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

THE ACITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2.

Dick at Maiden Co. NO. 41. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1856.

the riders at once recognized old Morgan, I many were the wicked wags who delighted

heard, "children of sin and shame-"

"Come on, old hoss," cried one of the ockies, turning towards the minister, " [f] you are in for the first race you must stir in that town. your stumps. Now we go."

"Alas! O, my wicked-" "All ready!" shouted he who led the affair, cutting the minister short, " and off

And the word for starting was given .-Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did it fall upon his ears than he stuck out his nose, and with one wild snort he started, and the rest of the racers, twelve in number, kept him company.

"Who-ho-ho-o!" yelled the clergyman. ugging at the reins with all his might.

But it was of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors, and he came up to the judge's stand three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing with eyes and mouth wide open.

"Don't stop," shouted one of the wicked adges, who now recognized parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, who also saw into the secret of old Morgan's joining the race. "Don't stop," he shouted again tit's a two mile heat this time. Keep right on, parson. You are good for another mile. Now you go-and off it is,"

Those last words were of course known to he horse, and no sooner did Morgan hear them than he stuck out his nose again, and again started off. The poor parson did his stmost to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the animal went, and ere many moments he was again at the starting point, where Morgan now stopped of his own accord There was a hurried whispering among the wicked ones, and a succession of very curious winks and knowing nods seemed to indicate that they understood the

"Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister still sat in his saddle, he having not yet sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, "you ride well. We had not looked for this honor."

"Honor, sir!" gasped Ridewell, looking blankly into the speaker's face.

"Aye-for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman that has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainments." "I-I, sir! I joined you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! you did it well! Your good deacons really think you were trying very hard to hold in your horse; but I saw through it; I saw how slyly you put your horse up. But I don't blame you for feeling proud of Morgan, for I should feel so myself it I owned him. But you need not lear; I will tell all who may ask me about it, that you did your best to stop; the beast; for I would rather stretch the truth a little

than have such a jockey as you suffer."

This had been spoken so loudly that the deacons had heard every word, and the poor parson was bewildered; but he came to himself, and with a flashing eye, he cried:

"Villains! what mean you? Why do-"Hold on," interrupted one of the party, as the rest of the racing men had all mounted their horses; "hold on a moment, parson; we are all willing to allow you to carry off the palm, but we won't stand your abuse. When we heard that you had determined to try if your horse would not beat us all, we agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let you in. We have done so, and you have won the race in a two mile heat. Now let that satisfy you. By hokey, you did it well. When you want to try again, just send word, and we'll be ready

for you.' As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before a word could be uttered by the astonished preacher, the whole party had ridden away out of hearing. It was some time before one of the churchmen could speak. They knew not what to say Why should their minister's horse have joined in the race without some permission from his master? They knew how he set by the animal, and at length they shook their heads

in doubt. " It's very strange," said one.

" Very," answered the second.

"Remarkable," suggested a third. "On my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell,

I can't make it out." The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very solemn manner.

So the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all. Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that parson Ridewell raced his horse on the Sabbath, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Thursday.

Poor Ridewell was almost crazy with vexation; but before Thursday came, Pompey found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that he could clear the matter up; and after a day's search he discovered the astounding fact that some of those wicked men had been in the habit of stealing old Morgan from the pasture and racing him on Sabbath asternoons! Pompey found out all this-but he could not find out who did it.

As soon as this became known to the church, the members conferred together, and they soon concluded that under such circumstances a big mettled horse would be apt to run away with his rider when he found him-

So parson Ridewell was cleared, but it was

but did not recognize the reverend individual to hector him by offering to ride a race with who rode him.

"Wicked men!" commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be older, his heart grew warmer, and finally he had been repeatedly and severely that Soul shall harvest twenty-fold for all it planted here.

"All honor to the Toller who dares and does for Man, the world's contamely smiles and tramples on its ban age. He had been repeatedly and severely that Soul shall harvest twenty-fold for all it planted here. spoke of his unexpected race.

#### Another Queer Sermon.

The Knickerbocker for April, just issued,

has the following capital story: The sermon in our February number has recalled to an Alton (Illinois) correspondent one which was preached in Tennessee by a close, he said:

horse: Whoa, old fellow! Just slip away his a tankard of punch made in the morning and love-feasts and his class-meetings, and he kicks until he falls; Whon, you old shouter! and mitre! Whoa, sir, whoa!"

And so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly thro' an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered his services to conclude, six beautiful bay horses, attended in livery. which was readily accepted. He said:

"Friends, I have learned this morning sleeves which soon become the prevailing how to dress down horses, and, as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work: Here is an animal that is neither one thing or the other; he is treacherous and uncertain; you cannot trust him; he'll kick his best friend for a controversy: Whoa, mule, whoa! See brethren how he kicks. Whoa you old Campbellite / whoa. Here friends is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me in his stall to eat from his trough; he is so stubborn that he would not go where the prophet wished him; he is so hard mouthed that Samson used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Phillistines. Whoa, you Close-Communion Baptist; whoa!

"Do you call me an ass!" exclaimed the minister jumping up.

"Whoa!" continued his tormentor; see hin kick, whoa! hold him fast, my friends! ---whoa l'

And thus the old gentleman went on, the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church. The congregation agreed that stone is lying, which was taken not long since they had never seen an ass so completely from the Tiber, a portion of which has been 'curried'' before.

# Wadsworth's Rifle vs. Tell's Bow.

The following instance of daring sport is

related in the Albany Transcript :-The feat performed by Tell, in shooting an bead of hi told over and over again, and is as familiar at the time of Leo X. once gave a splendid as household words, was a wonderful piece of entertainment to the Pope and his Cardinals, execution, close ealculation, and great daring. Something similar was attempted and performed successfully, in the village of Pittstown, Renselaer county, some time since. The circumstances were related to us as follows:

There had been a turkey shoot at which several "crack shots" had assisted; after the shoot was over, the crowd adjourned to the tavern; numerous drinks were called for and put out of sight, and the whole party somewhat elated, commenced talking of William Tell, when one of the party, by the name of Horace H. Wadsworth, remarked that he was as good a shot as ever Tell was, "and," said he, "find a man and I'll prove it," whereupon Alonzo Grogan stepged forward and said,--

"I'm the man for you to practice upon." "Very well," said Wadsworth: "get an apple and I'll try."

Search was made for an apple, but not finding one readily, a potatoe was substituted, and the crowd adjourned from the bar-room

to the yard adjoining the barn. "Measure off twenty paces," said Wads-

worth. The distance was measured, Grogan took his place, with cap off and potatoe on his head, when Wadsworth deliberately raised his rifle, drew a fine site on the potatoe, and

discharged his piece at arm's length! No one expected that he would do it, and for a moment consternation was depicted on the countenances of all the bystanders, until Grogan put his hand on his head, and said in an agonizing tone—

"Am I dead? Is there any blood?" It was found that Grogan was not dead, but that the potatoe had been cut in twain,

and that no blood had been drawn, though a ridge had been raised on the top of his head about the size of a persons finger by the force of the ball,

Grogan, who did not think that Wadsworth would fire, was seriously alarmed for a few minutes afterwards, as he believed his skull was split. He says that if any smart shots want to practice shooting potatoes off a person's head, they must find some one besides him to be their target.

TITLES .- A lieutenant in the service by the name of Broom, was advanced to a captaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Captain Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain following, which we clip from an exchange. Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day, having done so for the fortieth time, Broom, said: "You will please remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name."

#### John Hancock.

could laugh with right good will when he afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common Be sure there was no more Sabbath racing practice of high circles in those days." As six feet in height and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manner was very gracious, of the old style, a dignified complaisance. His lace has been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time, Baptist minister. When drawing near the about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine lin-"Brethering, I am a hostler, and I must nen. The latter was turned up over the curry these horses before I leave. Here is lower edge of the velvet one, two or three the high blooded Episcopalian horse; see inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined what a high head he carries, and how black with silk, a white satin embroidered waisthis coat is, and soft as silk, but he'll kick if coat, black satin small clothes, white silk you touch on his Litany or Prayers: Whoa stockings and red morrocco slippers. It was sir, whoa!—Here is an old sober Methodist a general practice in genteel families to have placed in a cooler when the senson required it. At this visit, Hancock took from the coolwho! Ah, here is the horse that is ready er standing on the hearth a full tankard, and to kick at all times; don't you go near his drank himself and then offered it to those preprofessional penance: Whoa, Mr. Pope !- | sent. His equipage was splendid, and such How beautiful his trappings are, his surplice as is not customary at this day. His apparrel was sumptuously embroidered with gold, silver lace and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period; and he rode, especially en public occasions, with

### Buried Treasures.

He wore a scarlet cout, with ruffles on the

fashion; and it is related of Dr. Nathan Ja-

ques, the famous pedestrian of West New-

buryport, that he passed all the way from

that place to Boston in one day to procure

cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm, on foot.

"Eusebius" writes to the New York Observer, from Rome, as follows:

The Tiber is not only rich in historic associations, it is rich in treasure. An English company has actually offered to turn the current of the stream far above the city and around it, provided the government would give them what they might discover in its present bed. This would be attended with vast expense, but it would pay. Treasures of art from age to age have found their way into the stream, which would bring in the market a perfect remuneration. In the museum of St. John Laterna a magnificent column of polished to display its beauty, and no one can see it without wishing to have more of the secrets of this river revealed. Statuary more perfect and perhaps more beautiful than any of the ancient works of art now seen in Rome lies embedded in groups beneath the stream. Agostini Chigi, the samous banker at which the dishes were all of precious metals. The price paid for three fish was 250

crowns. It is said that the dishes were all thrown into the Tiber by order of the rich banker, in order that no less illustrious guests might ever use them. The sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem by Titus, and among them the golden candlestick, are reported to have been lost from the Milvian bridge, and if so, are still lying there. The present government of Rome will suffer nothing belonging to ancient art to pass from her territory, nor is it able to carry on such an investigation upon its own account.

THE WAY TO GET A CLAIM.—Horace Greeley writes to the Tribune :

"I have been told that a man who had an indisputable claim on the Government for four or five thousand dollars, danced attendance at the Capitel for two or three sessions to no purpose.

At length, an old member, who knew the ropes, struck by his pertinacity, called him aside and gave him the benefit of some volunteer counsel.

"My friend," said he, "I see you are green, long as you have been in Washington. Just withdraw your papers, and increase your claim to twenty or thirty thousand .---Then promise a thousand to this one two thousand to that and so on through a lis: of half a dozen who can help you, all of course on the contingency of gaining your claim. If you should be cut down a little, you can afford it."

The claimant thankfully took the advice, acted on it, and in due time carried home his honest due and a little more.

A MODEL TAVERN .- A gentleman who has just returned from Arkansas informs us that he heard the following conversation at a tavero :-

"Halloa, boy !" "Halloa yourself!" "Can I get breakfast here?" "I reck'n you can't!"

"Why not?" "Massa's away, Missus drunk, baby's got

the cholic, and I don't care a darn for nobody!" As we have never seen a better illustration

of sublimity, to that of ridicule, we give the

"As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear -as the winged lightnings leap from the Heavens when the eternal has unhounded

when a big dog is after him!

For the Agitator, "HONOR TO WHOM HONOR."

Say not that iffe is short to him who doth his duty well; All lives are long that brim with deeds, and gray To-day shell tell. The young To-Morrow in its prime, how well such martyrs

recollected at this time, Hancock was nearly How much of deathless good to MAR their marty; labor wro't

Lift up thy head, O Toiler! behold the whitening field! Behold how fow the respers, tow great the promised yield! Behold how fow thousands finnish, how tons of thousands bleed—Thy heart may aid to heal them, thy hands may help to feed Hark to the sound of scourges, the grating clank of chains, A nation grouns in bondage on Freedom's sucred plains! Then can ye fa'ter, dare ye! and sit with folded hands, While glows a brother's forchead with the manor-tyrahi brands!

#### Select Miscellang.

## Why don't he do it.

When the farmer knows that a gate is betbetter, and as a time-and-labor-saving fixture, cheaper than a set of bars and posts, and without calling on a carpenter he can himself make one. "Why don't he do it?"

When he has no other fastening to his gate and barn doors than a stone rolled against them, and in a single evening after supper is able to make a better one, "Why don't he do it?"

Or when he sees the boards dropping from his barns and out-buildings, and like heaps of rubbish lying in piles about the premises, and need only nailing on again, " Why don't

Or when he is afraid of the expense of nails, and is always crying up the maxim of Dr. Franklin, to "save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." And he knows that that the same Dr. Franklin also said that " many men are penny wise and pound foolish," and he is not careful to think of the precent contained in the latter, "Why don't he do it?"

If it is saving of half the manure of a farmer's stock by keeping them shut up in yard, instead of running at large through most of the winter, "Why don't he do it? If he knows that many of his fields would be greatly improved by ditching, and by the removal of large stumps and stones, " Why don't he do it?"

And when he knows that his pastures would yield nearly double the feed, and of a better quality, if the bushes were all out and subdued, "Why don't he do it?"

And if he can add fifty per cent, to the product of his clover-fields, and even his pastures, by the use of gypsum (plaster,) "Why don't he do it?''

# The Wants of the Age.

It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep ;nd no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those very excellent things, than he begins whimpering, and yelling it may be, for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugarplumbs, apple pie, and confectionery. At six, his imagination runs to kites, marbles and tops, and an abundance of play time. At ten, the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but go birdnesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard and mustaches, a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandvism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twentyfive wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. About this time, also, he dabbles in politics and wants office .-At fifty he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business, with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousand, to marry his daughters, and set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life, he continually wants to be young again.

SUPPORTING THE GOSPEL.—The papers out southwest are circulating amusing stories in relation to the "Hard Shell Baptists." A correspondent writes:

This sect are in the habit of holding a yearly association in our vicinity, generally in a piece of woods near to a good spring. The brethren from abroad are quartered upon those in the neighborhood of the meeting; and these are required, of course, to lay in a good supply of the creature comforts, and among them, as the most important, plenty of whiskey. A short time ago, such a place having been selected, the brethren near by were busy putting up the benches and making the place ready, when brother Smith

eaid: "Wall, brother Gobbin, what preparations have you made at home for the big associa-

tion ?"

and a gallon of whiskey." Brother Smith expressed great contempt at this preparation. "A gallon of whiskey for a big meetin! "Why, I've laid in a whole bar'l, and you're just as well able, Brother Gobbin, as I am to support the Gospel!"

A FARMER'S LIFE .- No life is more dignifide, independent, or useful to the country

#### A Short Story.

Mrs. was a rich and pretty widow of twenty, eight, hell rich, by her husband, a sespectable, and weather, favorer, of S, in the county of Oakland, who judiciously died about the age of fifty. B, a sighing swain of twenty, fell in love with this charming widow during a School vacation, and was thereby distracted from study and nearly frantio. His father, who designed him for the ministry," had a peculiar chorror of the sweet widow, whom he regarded as little better than one of the wicked. Her black eyes, her bearing bosom, and her elastic tread. were to him only the symbols of Old Nick. He was in despair, and in his despair he visited the widow, and besought of her, if she had a particle of mercy not to ruin his son. Invain the widow protested that she had used no arts-had only seen the youth a few times, and was entirely indifferent to him a the father still insisted, and the pretty widow promised that if the boy came again to see her, it should be his last visit. Not many days passed when the enamored youth made his arrangements for a visit, of which the widow had notice. The few previous interviews had taken place under circumstances peculiarly favorable to romance and sentiment, upon moonlit vales or in parlor tete-atete. This time the timid youth was told upon his arrival that Mrs. --- was at the barn, whither he went, and found his belle ideal with skirts knee high, dressed in man's boots, and covered with a man's hat, a pipe in her mouth, a mug of cider in her hand, superintending her men-KILLING HOGS! He never came again-it was too killing.

#### Nearly Seven Hundred Murders

Were committed in the United States, in the year 1854. Nine out of ten were the direct fruits of the liquor business. Let an honest man look at the record of blood, and then support the rum traffic without a burning cheek, if he can.

What a fearful slaughter-what darkening crime! So many have been transformed into fiends, so many have been stained with humin blood, and their souls with crime.-Stains never to be washed out, have been affixed to so many names. The people have tried and punished all these, and borne the taxation thereof, and in God's holy name, what benefits have they received by the traf-

fic, by which was wrought all this? And so for ages, blood has smoked hotly from rum's sacrificial altars. The gallows are as necessary to the rum traffic, as pest houses are to the plague. A heathen people might plead an excuse for this infernal system. But Christian people have none. Murder riots in its unbroken feast of blood. Fiendish butcheries are common occurren-

With the shadow of these scaffolds dark. ening the land, the statesmen stand up and petifog about nothing, and wail about the value of property invested in the rum business! God teaches us that man is of more value than many sparrows. Politicians teach us that rum is more sacred than the interests of two worlds. Homes, hearts and human life, must be all sacrificed to feed the consuming fires of these hells on earth?

But the better day comes steadily on .--Human fiends shall not always give daily record of revolting and bloody butcheries .-Cayuga Chief.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER .- That night I was out very late. I returned by Lee's cabin about eleven o'clock. As I approached I salv a dark looking object cowering under the low eaves. A cold rain was falling. It was late in Autumn. I drew near, and there was Millie wet to the skin .-Her father had driven her out some hours before; she had lain down to listen for the snoring of his heavy slumbers, so that she might creep back to her bed. But before she heard it, nature seemed exhausted, and she fell into a troubled sleep with the rain drops pattering upon her. I tried to take her home with me; but no, true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from my arms and returned to her own dark and silent cabin .-Things went on so for weeks and months, but at last Lee grew less violent, even in his drunken fits, to his self-denying child; and one day when he awoke from a heavy slumber after a debauch, and found her preparing breakfast for him and singing a childish song, he turned to her, and with a tone almost

tender, said: "Millie, what makes you stay with me?" "Because you are my father and I love

"You love me? Repeated the wretched man: love me? He looked at his bloated limbs, his soiled and ragged clothes; love me, still he murmured-Millie what makes you love me? I am a poor drunkard; everybody else despises me. Why don't

you !" "Dear father," said the girl with streaming eyes, "mother taught me to love you, and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my little bed and says, Millie don't leave your father. He will get away from that rum fiend one of these days, and then how happy you will be!"

CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER. - A Hoosier was called upon the stand out West to testify to the character of a brother Hoosier .-The testimony was as follows:

How long have you known Bill Whack? Ever since he was born.

What is his general character ! Letter A. No. 1, 'bove par a great ways,

judge. Would you believe him on an oath?

Yes, sir-ee! on or off, or any other way, conclude. What is your opinion, are his qualifica-

tions as to a good character? He's the best shot on our praries, or in the woods. He can shave the eye winkers off a wolf as far as shooting iron'll carry a ball. He can drink a quart of grog any day, and "Why, I've lain in a barrel of flour or so, chaws tobacker like a hose,

> ARGUMENTATIVE, - While an old farmer in Connecticut was flogging one of his sons -a graceless wight of eighteen-an idea all of a sudden entered the head of young Jonathan, and he sang out-"Stop, Dad-let's argue. "

When has a man a right to scold his wife stars as the minister approached. Some of a long while before he got over the blow, for -well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

So parson Ridewell was cleared, but it was the minister approached. Some of a long while before he got over the blow, for -well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

when a big dog is after him!