#### Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub-THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per unnum; invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber, when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"Time Ont," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the Country with a large and steadily increasing circulation

ty, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post office within the county limits, and tothose living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may the minus, but whose most contented postonice may be in an adjoining County. Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper in-

#### A River Adventure.

In the summer of 18-1 was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health, and partly to accommodate one who had evor been a noble friend to me, and who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Davenport he was taken sick, and after watching with him for a week, in hopes that; he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever, and as the physician said he. would not probably be able to move on under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend had everything necessary to his comfort which money could procure, I

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out, with three pack horses to carry our luggage, and I soon found I had lost nothing by waiting, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going on to St. Joseph's where they had land already located, and where they had mills upon the river, intending to get out lumber during the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Loganport we reached Walton's settlement on the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log-built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter-for ere we had fairly got under cover, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly too. And more still had I to be thankful for. My horse began to show a lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from the saddle I found that his foot pained him much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the ostler to bathe it with cold water, and then went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper, and comfortable quarters for the night -that is comfortable quarters for that section,

About ten o'clock just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful drowse, I was startled by the shouts of men and the barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued; I arose and threw on my clothes and went down.
"What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry way.

"Ah-don't you know, stranger?" said the host, returning. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps!"

Who in the West at that time had not heard of him?-the most reckless, daring, and murderous robber that ever cursed a country. I told the host I had heard of him

"Well," he resumed, "the villain was here only this asternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him, but he's gin us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the bank, fired at us and killed one of our horses, and then dove stranger told me his name was Adams, and they lost him."

"And you've come back bootless?" I said. "Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of his head, these huntin's, or be dropped." "What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He is small-not a bit over five feet six; with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But, love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oh! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whisky and water which the host had provided was all drank, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed, and this time slept on uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the new at once to the name, and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible." "The doctor says he must die," said the

messenger, "and the poor fellow now only asks for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young-so hopeful-with so many friends and relatives in his far-off homeand taken down to die in a strange land!" I told the man I would set out on my return as soon as possible. He ate some breakfast, and then resumed his journey, being bound as far up as the Pottawatomie border.

I settled my bill, and then sent for my horse, but a bitter disappointment awaited badly, and it pained him so that he could I should have been tempted to try him, but I past. I had enough to look out for what was knew in some places the mud would be deep. evidently to come. I went to the nost and asked him if he could stable, led my horse out, but he could not some game. even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look'e" said mine host, I began to des-

pond, "can't you manage a canoe?" "Yes-very well," I told him.

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE,

VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 15, 1857.

NO. XII.

"Then that's your best way. The current make no attempt upon me till after night-fall. when the morning broke the form had not is strong this morning, and without a stroke He said that it would be convenient that we moved. Then I stepped forward and found the paddle 'twould take you along as fast were together, for we could run all night, as the Gustus Karl was dead! He had fallen the paddle 'twould take you along as fast were together, for we could run all night, as of the paddle 'twould take you along as fast as a horse would wade through the mud. You shall have one of my cances for just what it is worth, and ye can sell it at Lo-

ganport for as much." I caught the proposition instantly, for I'

saw it was a good one. ' "If ye daren't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "you can easily shoulder the canoe, and back it round. 'Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned dugout," large enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the owner his price
—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour-but not at at all turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game in plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols to some of the boldest 'varmints;" but I had no time to waste, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion; but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had just eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to an abrupt basin where the currents formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it till my cance got into it, and found myself going round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the current; but in doing so kran myself upon the low, sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly moored I resolved to

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a foot-fall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at that side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two-andthirty, and seemed to be a hunter. He wore a wolf-skin shirt, leggins of red leather, and a cap of bear skin.
"Which way are you bound, stranger?"

he asked in a pleasing tone.
"Down to Loganport," I replied.

"That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking your second paddle, and

keeping you company ?"
"I should like it," I told him frankly;

"I've been wanting company." "So have I," added the hunter. "And

I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn out legs through the deep forest."
"Come on," I said, and as I spoke he

leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the naddles, and told me he was ready when I was, So we pushed off, and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The that his father lived in Columbus. He was lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot out now on a hunting and prospecting expedition with some companions, who had gone to Loganport by horse and having got sep-"he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either leave great sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel

in the forest. Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank. I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business; and by a most quiet and unpresuming course of remark, he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to pur-

chase forty full lots. Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a goloser scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about amidships, and facing me. He was not a large man, nor was he tall. His hair was of a flaxen bue, and hung in long curls about his neck; his features were gone out to the front door, when a horseman regular and handsome; and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one would call fair. It was a cold bloodless color, like pale marble. And for comer did was to inquire for me. I answered the first time, too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were grey in color, and had the brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age I set

him down for not much over thirty. Suddenly a sharp cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate-I knew it-there could be no doubt-I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash Robber! For a few moments I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstancesme. I found the animal's foot swollen very how he had made me tell my affairs, and reveal the state of my finances. What a fool hardly step on it. Had the road been good I had been! But 'twas to late to think of the

I at length managed to overcome all my lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither. outward emotions, and then I began to watch His only spare horse had been shot the night my companion more sharply and closely. before by the Wabash robber. There was My pistols were both hardy, and I knew they not a horse in the place to be obtained for were both in order, for I had examined them any amount of money. I returned to the in the forencon when I thought of firing at

> They were in the breast pocket of my coat, which pockets had been made for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour passed away, and by that time I off my guard, and then shoot me. But the it not perfectly proper and natural that a attached to them, I desire they may share

one could steer while the other slept.

"Aye," I added with a smile; "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable. I would and the point was driven so far into, the solid not miss of meeting my friend for the world."

my companion. Ah-he spoke that with too much meaning, handle. I understood it well. I knew what that sly He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when first I saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icyand then his eyes had such a wicked lookcould not have failed to detect the villain at

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent on me as he spoke and that he must soon have suffocated. seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, or even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length night came on. We ate our supper, and smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting, but a few moment's reflection told me that I had better behave as though I was an honest man; so I agreed to this proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved further forward, and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom of the cance, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I lay down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and beneath the cover of a cough I cocked it. Then I moved my body so that my arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly, with my finger upon the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest trees threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his every movement. We were well into the Wabash, having entered it about three

o'clock. "You wilt call me at midnight," I said,

drowsily.
"Yes," he returned. "Good night."

"Good night-and pleasant dreams. I'll have you further on your way than you think

ere you wake up again."
"Perhaps so," thought I to myself, as I lowered my head, and pretended to lower myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the cance very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me; but at the end of that time I could perceive that he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long regularly drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts, the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Aha—there was before one the wrong man; but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, distinctly heard him mutter:

"Oho, my dear sheep-you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead you shall follow him, and I take your

traps to pay for your passage to Heaven!"

I think these were the very words. At any rate they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and then rose to his feet. I saw him reach over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand he had a huge bowie knife in it. I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and then feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue my snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch approached me. Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound-and his long gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear his breathing plainly, and I could hear the grating of his teeth, as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was by my side and he measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with. Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart stood still as death. Of course my snoring ceased and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I bro't my pistol up-the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry -I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not-upon me. I pulled the trigger and the last fear was past. I had thought the weapon might miss fire, but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and backed I heard a fierce yell and at the same moment the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came

down. Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tip of the cance brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more right, I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the cance. I saw it quiver-only a slight spasmodic movement-and then all was still

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my bark. I had my second pistol

with his knife true to its aim, for it had struck very near where my heart must have been, wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, "Oh! you will meet him, never fear," said and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that closed with dying madness about the

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun tone, and that strange gleam of the eye meant. again sank to rest I had reached Loganport. The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I told them my story, they poured a thousand thanks on my head. A purse was raised, and the offered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took the simole reward from the generous citizens, while that the most unpracticed physiognomist the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredations.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room where a well man "Water-water! give me water!" he

gasped. "Haven't you had any?" I asked. He told me no. 'I threw open the windows sent for a pail of ice water, and was on the point of administering it when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror and told me it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept. The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke again his skin was moist, and his fever was turned. In eight days he sat in his saddle by my side, and together we started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse fully recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had got there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

#### A Fighting Turk.

During the operations of the allies in the Crimea, it was resolved to carry the water in from a beautiful spring of the finest kind to the camp. Leather pipes, or hose, were employed, which were laid on the ground. One morning while the water was being supplied, the minaret sounded to prayer, and one of the Turkish soldiers immediately went flop on his knees to praise Allah. Unfortunately he went down right upon the hose, and his weight consequently stopped the current of that "first of elements."

"Get up," cried an English soldier .--Voulez vous avez la bonte, mon cher Monsieur le Turque," cried a Frenchman with his native politeness, "to get up.

"That ain't the way to make a Turk move," cried another; "this is the dodge." So saying, he knocked his turban off.

Still the pious Mussulman went on with his devotions.

"I'll make him stir his stumps," said an Englishman, giving him a remarkably smart kick. To the wonder of all, still the unturbaned, well-kicked follower of the Prophet went on praying as though he was a forty horse parson.

"Hoot away, mon-I'll show you how we serve obstinate folk, a auld Reekie," quietly observed a Scotchman. He was however. prevented, for the Turk having finished his 'Allah-vis-en-allah." rose and began to take off his coat-then to roll up his steeves-and then to bedew his palms with saliva, and then to put himself in the most approved boxing attitude, a la Yankee Sullivan.

He then advanced in true Tom Hyer style to the Englishman who had kicked him on the lumbar region.

"A ring! a ring!" shouted the soldiers and sailors, perfectly astonished to see a Turk such an adept in the fistic art.

The Englishman, nothing loth to have a bit of fun with a Turk of such a truly John Bull state of mind, set to work, but found he had met his master-in five minutes he had received his quantum suff. As the Turk coolly replaced his coat and turban, he turned round and said to the admiring by: standers, in the pure brogue-

"Bad luck to ye, ye spalpeens; when yere afther kicking a Turk, I'd advise ye the next time to jist be sure he's not an Irishman."

The mystery was solved-our Turk was Tiperary man.

'ARSENIC WOULDN'T KILL HIM. -Jenkins s a soaker of the most inveterate type. "Blue ruin" flows as smoothly down his alimentary canal, as prayers from the lips of one "embarrassed" treasurer, and as swiftly as the steps Canada-ward of another. He had discovered there was a "Bourbon" among us, and had visited the prison many times. But the human system will rebel against oppression, some day or other, and at last little wriggling snakes began to crawl up from the soles of Jenkins' boots, growing larger as they crept higher. He tried to slaughter them with whiskey, but that was their natural drink, and the more he dosed them the larger they grew. Jenkins got tired of life, and taking a mighty dose of arsenic, laid himself down to die. It was a hard struggle, but at length the mineral succumbed, and the old soaker once more got up to fight the battle of life a little longer. An acquaintance, hearing of the unsuccessful felo de se, shook his head contemptuously, and remarked,-"Stupid fool, to have been drinking dock whiskey for twenty years and then think arsenic would kill him."—Cleve. Herald.

"PRAY, Miss C.," said a gentleman the had become assurred that the robber would night passed slowly and drearily away, and young lady should like a good offer sit?"

#### Our Correspondence.

PARKVILLE, Mo., Sept. 19, 1857.

FRIEND CORB: As I happen to be in a border town in Missouri to-day, I will write you a few lines so you can see what "specimens of humanity" we have out here. The only topic with them just now is, cursing the "d-d abolitionists" and drinking whiskey and playing cards. I have seen more drunken men here lying about the streets to-day than I have before since my arrival in the West. This is one of the strongest Border Ruffian towns of its size I ever saw. Many of its citizens participated in the struggle which has passed in Kansas, and are just as ready as ever to go over and work in their "holy cause."

The place contains about 600 inhabitants, and is a little larger in size than Quindaro, which is about five miles below here. It is an old place-about eighteen years since the first building was erected. The leading man-Col. Geo. S. Park, is one of its oldest settlers, and to him the place is much indebted for his enterprise. He was formerly editor of the Parkville Luminary—a conservative paper-and most too much so to suit its patrons, and they accordingly pitched his press and type in the bottom of the Missouri River where it now lies. The site of this town is very good, but sadly in deficient of a good landing which is the main-stay of a town on this River. There are two hotels here, several stores, any quantity of grogshops, a printing office, church, school, &c.

There seems to be considerable talk in regard to the Parkville & Grand River Railroad. Many think that this Road will be built to intersect with the Hannibal & St. Joseph Road at Plattsburg. When completed these will both be paying Roads, for over them will pass the entire travel from Kansas and Northern Missouri to Chicago. The trade from this section must, till these Roads are finished, all go to St. Louis. Millions of dollars are paid annually to St. Louis, which would go to Chicago if these Roads were completed. The Hannibal & St. Joseph Road is expected to be completed by the 1st of July next.

Since Quindaro has been started this place is very dull. They depended upon the Wyandotte and Delaware Indians principally for. their support, and the greater part of them now, instead of crossing the river to trade at this place go to Quindaro. A Steam Ferry Boat is on the way from Cincinnati, and will be here in about three weeks to ply between these two places.

The emigration to Kansas this fall will not be as large as was anticipated. The approaching October Election looks gloomy and will frighten many from coming before next spring. It is impossible to tell what will be the result of this Election. If the Free State men have a fair chance, and they are pledged to have by Gov. Walker-their majority will be almost triumphant. The Missourians are making preparations as usual

stay in this confounded town any longer than is necessary. Yours for Freedom.

F. A. ROOT.

## Old Habits.

A gentleman one day overtook a traveler moving very slowly along under the great in- syllable, and don't make a fool of himself convenience of a heavy stone in his pocket. "My friend," said the gentleman, as he ob-served the stone weighing his coat down on and and tell those present what the first line

"why do you travel with such a heavy burden at your side? I perceive you walk with much difficulty."

"What ! this stone in my pocket," said he, "I would not part with it for anything." "Would not! why?" said the other.

"Why!" said he, "because my father and my grandfather carried it before me. They pay-' got along very well with it, and I wish to folow their steps. "Do you derive any benefit from it?" asked

the gentleman. "None that I know of, only keeping up the

good old custom," said he. "Did they derive any?" asked the other,

"I don't know, only they always carried it," said he, "and so will I."

The gentleman walked on, saying to himself, "I love, indeed, to see the good old customs of our fathers honored, if it were only out of respect to their memory; but, really, f my father had carried a stone in his pocket, I think I should pay a greater respect to due yet. his memory in laying it aside, and saying nothing about it, than by carrying such a testimony to his frailty with me through life, As he still walked, he began to think now this man, unwise as it seems, is not sively as he can afford, and then his wife, inmore so than many others, perhaps not more so than myself."

So he began to cast about in his mind, what habits he had which were no better than

stones in his pocket. 🖡 "Here in the first place," said he, is the use of tobacco, chewing, smoking, taking and children, wondering why the luck was snuff-old habits-of what use are they to always against him, while his friends regret me !-Mere stones in my pocket-worse than his unhappy destitution of financial ability. that-they injure my health, render me disa- Had they from the first been frank and honest, greeable, are the very opposite of neatness. he need not have been so unlucky. I'll away with them all. Here is the snuff. The world is full of people who box-stay-it bears my father's name. Well, the snuff may go to the four winds.-The box, I will lay aside, but tobacco, in any of its forms I will use no more. Thanks to in their protecting Providence my father left no tippling habits to ruin me and stain my memory. Now there is one stone thrown away, and if ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch other evening, "why are the ladies so fond of I have any more bad habits kept up for cuswas dead. He might be waiting to catch me officers?" "How stupid," replied Miss; is tom's sake, how much soever I may become the same fate."

#### Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged SI per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for avery subsequent insertion. All advertise, cents for avery subsequent insertion. All advertise, monta of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

Squares, Haif-Yearly and Yearly advertising:

3 months. 6 months. 12 no's
1 Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00
2 Squares, - 4 00 6 00 8 00
4 column, - - 10 00 15 00 20 00
1 column, - - 18 00 30 00 40 00
All advertisements not having the number of in,
sertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered ont, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all
kinds of Johbing done in country wet blickweste

kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and

### printed to order. When that Note was Due.

A man in Boston (of course) was sorely persecuted by an avaricious business acquaintance, to pacify whom he was obliged to 'settle," and not wishing to pay over a few hundred dollars in cash, he draw up a note obligating himself to discharge the account after a specified date or time. The creditor, who was not noted for his "ticking principles," was not, in justice, really entitled to the money, but when "thirty days after date" were expired, he anxiously presented the note for payment: The debtor, instead of meeting it, replied:

"The note is not yet due, sir."

"But it is though, it reads, "thirty days after date, I promise to pay" so and so, and thirty-one days have elapsed since the date thereof; and so-

"I don't care if thirty-one years have elapsed since the date of the note, I shall still contest for its immaturity," answered the debtor, interrupting the not very good-humored note holder, who soon made his exit, slamming the street-door after him, muttering incoherently about law, judgment, executions. &c.

In a few days both parties were before a magistrate, who, upon concluding the investigation, proclaimed that he must certainly award "judgment" against the debtor for the full amount of the note, and the cost of prosecution besides.

"And what then ?" inquired the defendant of the judge. "I shall isue an execution, if the plaintiff

desires it," returned his honor. "To be sure-I want one immediately," bawled the plaintiff, whose countenance revealed his determinaton to allow no mercy, as he utged his way as near the judge as nossible.

"You are resolved upon judgment and execution ?" demanded the defendant. "I am," replied the judge, taking up his

pen to record the same.
"To be sure we are," coincided the plaintiff, with a chuckle.

"I presume your honor can spell cor-rectly?" said the defendant, as he picked up his hat and sent it farther upon the table

before him. "Insolent!" exclaimed the judge, choking

with rage.
"Will you oblige me by carefully spelling."
"Will you oblige me by carefully spelling." and reading the first line in that 'valuable document,' urged the defendant, disregarding the anger of the magistrate, and directing his attention to the note that lay before him. The judge looked at the note, and then at the defendant, but probably thinking it was best to take it cooly, proceeded to do as requested,

and read aloud, in a very lucid style: "Thirty day's after date I prom-"Stop" shouted the defendant, "you don't

read it right.
"I do!" was the Judge's response. "You don't !" returned the desendant, "I

thought you couldn't spell." to invade Kansas, and no one can tell what and smote the desk before him so violently The Judge was now boiling over with rage, But I must close soon, for I don't want to with his clenched hand as to cause those who quick time.

"Keep your temper, Judge, or we shall be obliged to have the case transferred to another court, where the magistrate understands the art and mystery of spelling words of one by kicking up a row and smashing up office one side, and greatly impeding his progress, of that note says," said the defendant with a coolness that surprised the audience and puzzled the judge.

Having again glanced at the document, and appearing to detect something that had until that moment escaped his perception, the Judge proceeded to read:

"Thirty days after death I promise to

"Right!" exclaimed the defendant; "you can spell, I see."

"The note is not due, gentlemen, until thirty days after death," proclaimed the magistrate; the case is accordingly dis-missed, and the court adjourned until tomorrow morning." "What!" screamed the aintiff, "am I

thus fooled? Villian!" The unexpected and ludicrous conclusion

of the suit threw the whole assembly, save the unlucky plaintiff, into an uproarious fit of merriment, which having subsided, they separated and dispersed. The note is not WHY NOT SUCCESSFUL .- The young me-

chanic or clerk marries and takes a house which he proceeds to furnish twice as expenstead of taking hold to help him to earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend her limited earnings.

Ten years afterwards, you will find him struggling on under a double load of debts

The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks or tariffs, in public policy nor hard times, but in their own extravagance and heedless osten-

A gentleman advertising for a wife says: It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."