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THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

BY R. P. SHILLABER.

There was a strange school at Rocky Valley—a perfect democracy—for the scholars always had their own way, and settled the matter with the utmost promptness regarding their teachers. If they liked him, good; if not, down with him. The consequence was that the teachers in the Rocky Valley school had not succeeded very well in advancing the minds of the youthful republicans entrusted to their charge. The boys acted their own pleasure about study, and never troubled themselves much whether they earned any thing or not—at any rate, the schoolmaster did not care to lick'em in case of failure. At least the parents, as they saw the small proficiency their boys were making, looked into it a little, and being shrewd and sensible people, guessed at the difficulty. They at once advertised for a new teacher, strictly specified that he must possess nerve and spirit, understood by the very expressive term—backbone.

Several presented themselves for trial. Young students came with excellent recommendations, but they stayed only a day or two. They could not withstand the ridicule and opposition they had to encounter. There were a large boys in the school, and the teacher feared the muscular development of the scholars in his estimate of his chances of success in the event of a struggle. It was queer state of things in Rocky Valley. The boys were not really malicious boys, and were naturally bright and capable, but their leader a lad about sixteen years of age, was a hard case—the master of them all by argument and held sway over them as the wisest monarch in the world holds over his subjects. They knew his power, and believed him invincible. It was his word that had decided the fate of all the teachers. After a year's bootless trying to secure a teacher one made his appearance passed examination creditably, and was accepted by the school committee.

A notice was placed on the door of the school house, and on the door of the church, that the school would begin on the Monday following, under the charge of Mr. Judson, the minister read the notice from the pulpit. Speculation was rife as to the new teacher, and as few had seen him, many guesses were made in regard to him. The boys held a special caucus, at which, of course, Bill Brown was moderator, and it was voted that the new master must be put down, as it was the best fishing season, and the books would interfere with the sports of the brooks.

On Monday morning the boys were seen moving in little knots towards the school house, busy with their plans of operation. "I wonder how big he is?" said Seth Goodwin; "I hope he isn't one of them savage fellows."

"I don't care how big he is, nor how savage he is," said Bill Brown, "if he don't talk Spanish in less than a week, then I shall say my guess."

"I don't know how we are going to learn anything if we don't have a teacher," said little voice of the number.

"You shut up," said the leader, "I don't want to hear anything like that again."

The boy was silent, and they walked on, all talking of the new teacher, unaware of the proximity of a delicate looking stranger, parently about twenty years of age. They approached the school house, and when they were there, they became conscious of the presence of the pale young man in their midst.

"Good morning, my lads," he said smilingly, "we are to begin a new career to-day, and I sincerely hope we shall like each other. I shall try every thing in my power to please you that is consistent with my duty, and I all expect the same from you. I wish you regard me as your friend at the commencement, and I shall certainly act from kindly feeling. I like your appearance, and believe we shall find but little trouble in agreeing."

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. IV.

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NO. XIII.

"I don't care what you expect," said the young ruffian; "I should like to see you help yourself."

The teacher bit his lip, while his face whitened, especially as he heard a snickering laugh spread among the scholars, but he showed no other signs of temper, unless it might have appeared in his eye.

"You will return to your seat and behave yourself," he said, "and thus remove the necessity of my helping myself."

"No, I won't," was the reply.

"Then," said the young teacher, "you shall be made to obey me."

He reached to his desk, as he spoke, and took his ruler therefrom, when turning to the rebel, he told him to hold out his hand. The boy, with a surly and impudent brow, kept his hands persistently in his pockets, looking at the same time round for encouragement. He evidently regarded the master as an easy conquest, and felt sufficient strength within himself to cope with the schoolmaster.

"Hold out your hand, sir," the teacher repeated in a more commanding tone.

Refusing to obey, he received a smart rap over the knuckles from the ruler when drawing his right hand suddenly from his pocket, gave the teacher a severe flip on the side of the head and then "pitched in." In a moment the school was in confusion. The bolder boys mounted upon the benches to see the progress of the row, and the timid sat still and trembling, waiting the result very anxiously.

The master, when thus assailed, did not hesitate for a moment. His delicate frame seemed to dilate with the spirit evoked by the young ruffian, and a sinewy strength to pervade him. He was smaller than his antagonist, but had, by judicious training, developed his muscles in a powerful degree. He threw his ruler away and grappled with his antagonist, and the struggle for mastery commenced in earnest—science against strength. The boys evidently thought their associate needed no assistance, for they did not move to aid him, and thus the field was left to the two combatants. They swayed this way and that way, back and forth, hither and thither, straining and striving, pulling and jerking, till, with a master stroke of science, the teacher brought his pupil forward on his knees and then by an adroit twist turned him over on his back, like a turtle at Hall's waiting for the immolating knife.

Immediately improving his opportunity, he threw himself upon his prostrate foe, and commenced manning him in the most improved chancery mode—hammering away at him, perhaps, in a manner not exactly sanctioned by the rules of the ring, but fully justified by the exigency of the case. The boys seem paralyzed with astonishment at the unexpected result, and the bully, after an unsuccessful struggle to release himself, cried out lustily for quarter, which was granted, on the condition of good behavior while in school. He was then allowed to get up, and in the vocabulary of the ring was found to be severely "punished." His nose had suffered, and his eyes were essentially bunged up. He looked before his mates a conquered game chicken. His influence was from that moment gone, and when the master stood up before his school, as calm and collected as if he had merely been setting a copy instead of an example, they sank into their seats with an implied concession that they had found their master. Not a sound was heard from one of them.

"Well, boys," said he, "if there is any other one here disposed to disobey me, I should like to have the matter settled now. Those disposed to be obedient, and will pledge themselves to obedience, will please to rise in their seats."

They all rose.

"Now, I will tell you," said he, "that I am disposed to yield equal and exact justice to all—kindly if you will, but as you will, (looking significantly at Brown), be good boys and I am your friend. I am going to take a botanical stroll in the woods on Wednesday, and those who behave well in the mean time may accompany me. Do you wish to go?"

"Yes sir," was the unanimous voice.

He felt that he had triumphed, and bade them be seated.

"Now, Brown," said he, "I must finish up this matter with you. You seem sore in body and spirit, and you may either go or stay.—If you imagine you have been wronged, appeal to those who may right you."

Brown went to his seat and gathered up his books; and with a sneaking, hang-dog sort of a look, he departed. The boys settled down to their studies, and the school became cheerful and industrious.

The next day Bill Brown's mother called to abuse the teacher for his violence towards the boy. He referred her to the school committee and bade her good morning. The school committee investigated the case, and said he had served him right, and the Justice of the village, when aware of the decision of the committee, would have nothing to do with the matter.

havior, the condition of their so doing.—These excursions on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons have quite killed several circes that came into the village, as not one of the scholars chose to deprive himself of the walk for the sake of any other attraction.

I was at Rocky Valley last winter on a Wednesday, and went down on the pleasant pond near the school house to indulge in the old sport of skating, which I had not done for years. The day was fair and the ice was clear as crystal. Hearing a tremendous shouting, I looked toward the end of the pond, and saw a crowd of boys on skates pursuing a man who kept well ahead, and when they came up to where I was, like an army with banners, I saw it was their teacher. He recognized me and stopped.

"Ah," says I, "Mr. Judson, I see you are a day as this, and such skating as this."

"Yes," he replied, "we are all boys such a day as this, and such skating as this."

"Don't the parents think strange of you for your frivolous conduct?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "some like those described by Holmes—

"Distrust the azure flower that blossoms on the shoot, As though wisdom's old potato may not flourish at the root," but the boys are my inspiration, and as they are pleased, so am I."

He swept away with his train of boys, and a happier band never woked glad echoes out doors than those who were in chase to beat the school master. He had never occasion, as I afterwards learned, to flog a boy in his school after the first day, and he had the reputation of having the best school in the county.—Saturday Evening Gazette.

The Crusades.

The crusades brought a temporary peace to Europe. For the first time it united all Christendom into a single people.

It brought into communication all brotherly races, that climate, or ignorance, or rivalry kept asunder. It was a family meeting, in which ancient feuds were abjured, adjourned, and all animosities turned against a common enemy.

Pope Urban opened a wide field for ambition. The restless spirit of adventure, the thirst for combat, for worldly renown, for earthly dominion, avarice, emulation, curiosity—all the best and worst passions innate in the human bosom, conspired to the advancement of an expedition upon which the clergy invoked all the blessings of Heaven. Europe was gradually rid of some millions of her turbulent sons, who carried their aspiring hopes into a field where their wildest dreams seemed to fall short of reality.

That blind necessity of bleeding which the human families obey nearly every quarter of a century, was, in this occurrence at least, effected with the least consciousness of fratricide. The crusades were a folly indeed, but the Christians only recovered from it to plunge into the equally fatal but less pious follies of the wars of the Roses, of the Armagnacs and Burgundians, of the Huguenots and the League, of Cromwell and Napoleon. They ceased from their design of rescuing from profane hands the cradle of our Saviour and his tomb, but only to hunt down in his name the helpless tribes of America, or to forge chains for the innocent hordes of Africa. However severe the losses that Europe had to endure in her long struggles in Asia, we could not easily point out another epoch to which she may look back with less regret and remorse.

The crusades were the forerunners of the liberties of Europe. Rights and privileges were sold, charters granted at auction, to raise money for those venturesome pilgrimages; slaves were manumitted; duties of vassalage, old debts and tributes legally abolished, or willfully forgotten or settled by death. The magna charta of England and the parliaments of France date from that epoch of general convulsion.

GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE.—The day after the Paoli massacre, Gen. Wayne's house was surrounded by the blood-stained perpetrators of that wholesale murder. None of the family were at home but Mrs. Wayne, who, upon being summoned to admit them, absolutely refused, replying that the General was not in the house. They were finally obliged to force the doors. The premises were hunted from cellar to garret, but their prey was not to be found. The valiant officer in command, entered a room where a large feather bed was lying on the floor, and aroused the indignation of Mrs. W. by slashing it with his sword, supposing that it might contain the desired prize. "Do you think," said she, "that General Anthony Wayne is such a coward as to hide himself in a feather bed?" The spirit of Mrs. Wayne seemed to have excited the respectful forbearance of the English captain, for every article in the house was religiously respected. Wayne avenged the Paoli massacre in the succeeding year by the capture of Stony Point, when that fortification was taken by a midnight assault under his command. He was one of the first to scale the ramparts, and he inspired the soldiers to the charge by the watchword—"Remember Paoli!"—thundered above the din of the rushing mass by his stentorian voice.

A SOLEMN JOKE.—"Bill, I've been in real estate a little, lately."

"Well, John, how much have you dipped in?"

"Bought a lot in the cemetery and a half acre for a residence just north of it."

"Just north! What in the deuce did you go so far north for? Going to live there?"

"Yes, Bill, I wanted a home beyond the grave."

"Bill looked solemn and vanished whistling a melancholy air."

Lesson to a Scolding Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexities of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said:

"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the Good Man when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."

"Well, I am glad he don't, for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me that is in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she had turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers, and Lizzie, seeing the effect of her words, hastened to inquire—

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I had been to scold so much when my girl could hear and be troubled by it."

"Oh, no, mamma, you are not bad, you are a good mamma; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near you, as I can when you smile and are kind; and O, I fear sometimes I shall be put off so far, I can never get back again."

"O, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable to repress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"O, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and do you know mother, I want to love you so much."

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture—"Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

HOME FEELINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS.—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of man as lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps a farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents lay down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—Edward Everett.

THE HANG OF IT.—Old Judge S— a considerable farmer of F— county, Vermont, bought a new scythe for his son Jim, and set him to work in the meadow, with the rest of the hay-makers. "It don't work right," said Jim to the honored "parent," after cutting a clip or two. "What is the matter with it?" inquired the Judge. "It don't hang right on the snath," said Jim, stopping to adjust the scythe anew. Scythes often plague the mowers in this way, at first; and Jim's scythe was particularly obstinate. So the old gentleman tinkered it over and over again. "It don't hang any better," said Jim plaintively. "Then hang it to suit yourself," said the judge. "So I will," said Jim, and hanging the scythe on a tree, he lazily retired from the field. The "parent" was astonished, but he "let him went."—Boston Post.

Scott says that "every man that lives has his light and shades." We are not so certain about the shades, but presume there is no liver without lights.

Which are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Scriptures? The widow's "mite" and the wicked "vice."

A Bit of Romance.

Ten years ago a young Englishman ran away from London, where he was highly connected, came down to Liverpool, took a ship that was up for New Orleans, and in due course of time landed in this city with a light heart in his breast, and between one and two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes in his pocket. He had been a *marquis* at home, and, what between wine and women, had managed to squander a large fortune, besides involving himself seriously in debt. He had taken the precaution to provide himself with letters of introduction to respectable parties in this city, and by this means he soon formed the acquaintance of a young lady, who, by the death of her father, had just been left sole heiress to a large estate. A warm attachment soon sprang up between the two, and our young Englishman, one fine day, made the lady a formal tender of his hand and heart. The answer he received was the following: "I love you, and will marry you, but only on these conditions, and these only: 1st, You must stop drinking; 2d, You must pay your debts; 3d, You have squandered one fortune; you must set to work and make another." The lover, entreated, but the lady was inexorable. Just then the gold fever broke out, and our hero determined, without loss of time, to try his fortune on the shores of the Pacific ocean. He sat down, wrote a letter to the lady, in which he announced his determination, assured her of his unalterable affection, and begged her to be faithful to him, and without farther adieu, started for New York, and took ship for San Francisco via the cape. In California he led for some time a wandering, dissolute life, and finally joined the unfortunate expedition which Rausset de Boulbon fitted out for the conquest of Sonora. It was known that he was one of the few who escaped to tell the fate of their heroic leader, but nothing further was heard of him or his whereabouts until last Saturday, when a friend of his in this city received a telegraphic despatch from him, stating that he was among the fifty persons saved from the "Central America," and brought into port by the barque "Ellen." The despatch further stated that the writer had lost \$150,000 in gold, which was in the hands of the purser, but that it was luckily insured for its full value in a London office. We learn the lady to whom he was engaged is still unmarried, and it would not be strange if, in the course of human events, we should be called upon to indite a paragraph with that fashionable heading, "Marriage in High Life."—N. O. Bee.

COURTING IN RIGHT STYLE.—"Gi' you your maw!" cried out Sally to her lover, Jake, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jamb.

"I arn't tuchin' on you Sal," responded Jake.

"Well perhaps you don't mean to nuther, do you?"

"No I don't."

"Cause you're too darned long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, gangle-kneed owl, you—you 'aint got a jarnal bit o' sense; get along home with you!"

"Now Sal, I love you, and you can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy will sue you'n for that cow he sold him 't'her day. By jingo, he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, Jake—if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off there, as if you thought I was pisen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"

"Why, side right up here, and hug and kiss me, as if you had really some of the bone and sinner of man about you. Do you s'pose a woman's only made to look at, you stupid fool, you?—No, they're made for practical results, as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss, and such like."

"Well," said Jake, taking a long breath, "if I must, I must, for I love you Sal;" and so Jake commenced sliding up to her, like a mangle poker going to battle. Laying his arm gently on Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss; that's acting like a white man or ter."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes," exclaimed Jake, "if this arn't a better than any apple sass ever marm made, a darned sight! Crack-e-e-buckwheel cakes, slap-jacks and lasses 'aint nowhere 'longside to you, Sal!" Oh! how I love you!" Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like drawing a horse's hoof out of the mire.

An eastern pettifogger while conducting a suit before a Justice of the Peace; seeing that his case was going against him, broke forth in the following indignant strain:

"Go on with your abuse, yer infernal bull-heads, I s'pose likely you think you are going to get the case. Well, mebby yer will get it; my client can't get no justice done here afore this Court. But, sir, we're enough for ye, the hull of ye. Me and my client can't never be intimidated nor tyrannized over, mark that! And, sir, just so sure as this court decides against us, we'll file a writ of progander, sir, and we—"

Here he was interrupted by the opposite counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of progander.

"Mean! why, sir, a writ of progander is a a-a-it's a-wal, I don't just remember the exact word, but it's a what'll knock thunder out of your blasted one horse courts."

"Say, Pomp, you nigger, where you get that new hat?" "Why, at the shop of course."

"What is the price of such an article as dat?"

"I don't know; de shop keeper wasn't dar."

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$4 per square of fourteen lines for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly Advertising:— 3 months. 6 months. 12 mo's. 1 Square, (14 lines), - \$2 50 \$4 30 \$6 00 2 Squares, - - - - 4 00 6 00 8 00 3 columns, - - - - 10 00 15 00 20 00 4 columns, - - - - 18 00 30 00 40 00 All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Eastern, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

Not Exactly a Love-Chase.

We met yesterday at the Miami Depot, a lady who has exhibited the most indefatigable perseverance in the pursuit of information under embarrassing difficulties. Three years ago she resided in California, which State, in fact, she claims now as her residence, and there became acquainted with a man named Munson—a pleasing, cool, affable gentleman, who so adroitly worked his way into her confidence that she introduced him to a young lady, a near and dear friend, possessed of some \$15,000 or \$20,000 in cash. The result, as might have been anticipated, was the consummation of the lady's heartfelt wishes—the marriage of her friend to the polished and affable gentleman.

A few months rolled round and everything passed off smoothly enough. The husband was affectionate and attentive, the lady all love and confidence. Finally, the husband expressing a wish to enter into business and settle down for life, the confiding wife drew from her bankers almost the entire of her fortune and placed it in his hands. A week after, the steamer sailed for the Atlantic side, and the villain husband departed with the gold, leaving his confiding victim to the tender mercies of a cold world, that is far too busy to look after individual wrongs in which they have no personal or pecuniary interest.

The lady who had brought about the match, felt and boldly faced her responsibility in the premises, and on the sailing of the next homeward-bound steamer, she took passage for New York, determined to follow the betrayer of her confidence, and the love of a wife to the bounds of civilization, and bring him to punishment. Arrived in New York, she got traces of his footsteps, followed him over various routes, until she tracked him to a village in Pennsylvania, where she found him with another wife, to whom he had been married before going to California! A warrant was issued for his arrest for bigamy, but having no proofs of his second marriage, after a short examination was discharged.

Nothing daunted by this unlooked-for termination of affairs, the lady immediately returned to California, procured the necessary affidavits substantiating Munson's marriage there, together with evidence of the fact of his having absconded with some \$15,000 of his second wife's funds, and once more returned to the Atlantic side in search of the betrayer of her friend. And that search she has prosecuted now for two or three months with the most determined and restless perseverance; but thus far without success. He had left the village where he resided when arrested for bigamy, and although the lady had obtained some subsequent traces of his movements, when we met her yesterday she had not yet succeeded in ascertaining his present residence, although she is satisfied it is somewhere in the West. She had already expended a large amount of her own funds in the pursuit, and expressed the determination not to give up the chase until her "sweet revenge" had been gratified, and the villain brought to justice. May her labors prove successful, will be the wish of every honest heart. The lady pursuer left yesterday for Cleveland, where she has friends residing. If she may not be classed among the "strong-minded women," she is certainly a very determined one.

The Power of Kindness.

The response which friendly feeling meets, even in the breast of savages, is strikingly shown by incidents which happened to Capt. Koss and his party in their Arctic explorations. They had noticed traces of the Esquimaux on different parts of the coast; and at length they discovered a party of them.—On perceiving the Englishmen, they were seized with consternation, and immediately assumed a hostile attitude. But Koss made gestures of friendship, and gave salutations of peace, upon which the natives with shouts tossed their spears and knives into the air, and extended their hands to show that they retained no hostility. The English party embraced and caressed them, and they manifested their gratification by laughter and strange gestures. Full confidence was thus established.

Captain Back had similar experience; his party met the Esquimaux, who, when they first saw the Europeans, exhibited their terror by yells and gesticulations. Apparently they thought their noise would frighten away their visitors. By approaching them unarmed and alone, at the same time calling out emphatically, "Tima—peace, and cordially shaking hands all around, the Captain effected a good understanding with them. These incidents need no comment; yet one cannot but think with regret of the aggressions of the early discoverers of our country, of the outrages perpetrated by its first settlers on the children of the soil, and the terrible consequences of such wickedness visited, not only on the aggressors, but on their children and their children's children. The spirit we manifest excites it others a like spirit. Love is the only real conqueror.

A French woman recently appeared before a tribunal to complain of ill usage she received from her husband.

"What pretext had he for beating you," inquired the president.

"Please sir," replied the woman, "he did not have any pretext—it was a thick stick."

Two persons contending very sharply on matters regarding a late election, got to rather high words, when one of them said, "You never catch a lie coming out of my mouth." The other replied, "You may well say that, for they fly out so fast that nobody can catch 'em."