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THE YOUNG VOYAGERS, A THRILLING STORY.

"Come, Anne, come Jenny—sisters. Come aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly nice sail this afternoon. I'll be a sea captain like my father, and show how he sails that great packet ship across the ocean. Come, girls, get in—Anne, you shall be my mate, and little Jenny shall be our cook and steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair haired, rosy cheeked boy, with bright, laughing blue eyes, about ten years old, who during his address, was busily engaged in rigging the mast and sail to a ship's launch which was made fast to the beach in one of those secluded, picturesque little coves or inlets, with which the south shore of Long Island, between Fire Island and Rockaway, is so plentifully indented.

The boy's companions were two little girls of eight and six years, beautiful as angels, and so exactly like their brother in every feature, that they seemed as perfect copies—all but the long, sunny ringlets—of his exquisite face.

Anne, the elder girl, bounded lightly into the boat at her brother's first invitation, and began assisting him about the sail. But little Jenny—who was tugging along a great basket filled with pies, sweet cakes and fruits, which they had brought from a beautiful cottage not far off, for a little picnic dinner—hesitated in silence till her brother urged her again to get in the boat, when she began to argue with him thus:

"O, Willie, don't let us go in the boat today! there is so much wind, and we might be—"

"You are a little coward, Jenny, to be afraid," interrupted the young captain impatiently. "It's the pleasantest day we have had for a month; and it's so late in the fall, that if we don't go today, I am sure we shall not get another chance this year. Come, Jenny, don't be frightened—jump in."

"Oh, I'm not afraid, brother," and child as she was, little Jenny's cheeks glowed for a few moments with a deeper vermilion tint, at the implied question of courage by her brother. "I'm not in the least afraid, Willie; but you know mother has often told us we must not go in the boat when it blows hard."

"All I'm afraid of is disobeying her."

"Then you may come into the boat without fear, sister, for mother told me I might sail this afternoon, not five minutes before we left the house."

"Yes, I know that, Willie, but that was two hours ago when it was calm. It blows a great deal harder now, and I'm sure mother would not like us to go away from the shore in the boat when there is such a high wind."

"O nonsense, Jenny; I have been all over the cove when it blew a great deal harder than this. Mother, you know, says I am the best sailor along the coast, and just as well able to judge when the weather is fit to go on a cruise as she is. Come, sister, we can't get drowned, for the water is so shallow at ebb tide, and with this west wind, that we could wade anywhere about the cove."

Thus persuaded, Jenny passed the basket to her brother, and then clambering into the boat herself, she took a seat beside Anne in the stern sheets, and soon the launch was under weigh.

She was a great, heavy clumsy boat—as all of her class usually are, with a single lug sail of heavy canvass, altogether ill calculated for a pleasure craft.

But little Willie Walton managed with consummate skill for so young a commander, and they had made several stretches across the cove, when, as they were passing the inlet that opened out sea-wards, Anne's eyes rested upon the bright, blue waves of the Atlantic, far out beyond the discolored water along the coast, and clapping her hands with a sudden ecstacy of infantile joy, exclaimed:

"O Willie, Willie! Let us go out there and sail on that beautiful blue ocean!—Wo'nt it be grand? So much prettier than this dirty little cove with the bare sand banks all about us."

Willie sprang to his feet, and gazing to the offing, his bright eyes lit up with the enthusiasm caught from his sister's words and he replied:

"We'll go out there and have a glorious sail—just like the great ships and steamboats that we see go by."

"O don't go out there, brother!" interposed little Jenny, her cheek growing pale as the delicate lily. "Don't go, Willie, mother will be angry with us."

"Mother will do no such a thing, Jenny. She will be proud of us to think that we have been out on the ocean all alone. I can easily come back with the flood tide that will soon be setting in." And without further argument, the reckless boy put up his helm, eased off the sheet, and away out through the inlet, towards the line of blue water outside, went the launch, hurried along before the strong breeze which added to the strength of the last quarter ebb, bore her away at a speed that soon sunk the yellow ridge to a mere line along the margin of the wide ocean, and the white cottages with Venetian blinds, into toy houses dotted with bright green specks. The colored water—which appeared from the cove only a narrow strip dividing the white strip from the deep azure of the ocean beyond—expanded into a broad belt of several miles in width. But with the fine breeze and strong onset of the tide, the boat sped on; while the novelty of their position, and the natural excitement induced by it, caused the time and space to fly unheeded by the young voyagers, and a sudden dread came upon them, as having gained the blue water, they looked back towards the shore and saw hills, fields, houses and orchards, blending and growing indistinct, and fading away in the distance. There was a sense of lonely, utter helplessness, suddenly

showing their bright vision; and there was a word of paths in little Jenny's sweet, low voice, as she laid her hand gently on her brother's arm, and looking up in his eyes whispered:

"O Willie, let us go home. Mother would feel very bad if she knew we had come away out here."

Willie bent down and kissed his sister's pale cheek, as he replied:

"We will go back home, Jenny; I was naughty to come off so far from land. But don't cry, sister. I am sorry. Don't blame me, I couldn't help it; I loved the sea too much."

"No, we won't blame you, Willie, only let us hurry back; for see, yonder is a black cloud coming up in the west, and I am afraid if we do not—"

The child's speech was arrested by a groan of anguish from her brother, whose eye for the first time had been directed towards a bank of dark murky clouds heaving up in the west, by his sister's remark; and at the very instant the vision first rested upon the black pall, a chain of brilliant zig zag lightning rose, quivering along its upper edge, and a few moments later, there came to their ears a low muttering roar of far off thunder.

The young captain had hauled his little vessel by the wind, but the clumsy thing lay broad off under ill-fitted sail. Besides the wind, which she had scarcely felt while running off before it, had now increased so much that she heeled over till there was great danger of her capsizing, to prevent which, Willie, with the assistance of his two sisters, set about reefing the sail.

This was soon accomplished, and again the boat was steered as close as she would go; which at the best was little better than eight points, so that with her great leeway, Willie soon found that in spite of his utmost skill, his craft was drifting rapidly out to sea.

Nearer and nearer rolled on the embattled legions of black storm clouds; louder came the fearful thunder crashes, more vivid gleamed the red lightning's flash, wilder the shrieking gale swept by, howling and screaming drearier notes of terror to the young voyagers. The water—which in with the land was quite smooth—began to heave up the foam-crested waves here and there all around them, curling over and breaking all feather-white in long lines of hissing sprays. Great round drops of rain came pattering down in the water and pelting on the thwarts and gunwales of the boat with a sharp, click noise that smote startlingly dismal on the ears of the three little ocean wanderers.

Young as he was, Willie retained in his mind much of what he had heard his father relate at various times, in regard to the management of a ship in a gale; and the knowledge he had thus gained in theory, now stood in good stead. He had heard of keeping a ship before in a squall, and of scudding in a gale. The dull-sailing, clumsy boat was his ship. The theory which he had learned he proceeded to put in practice; and when the first mad gust of yelling tornado fell upon the launch, she was going dead before the wind—otherwise her sail would have been blown away, or she would have been swamped in an instant. As it was, she went flashing on through the storm, right out into the mighty wilderness of waters.

Ten, fifteen minutes went by, and still the war of the elements went on in their terrible fury; and still the brave little fellow stood at the helm, bare headed, his cap blown away, his clothes dripping with water, and steady to his purpose, steered his tiny bark on and away before the fierce, howling blast.

Once, only, he faltered; and that was when the launch quivered for a moment, on the crest of a mighty surge, and then went reeling and plunging, standing almost on end down into the hissing vortex of the liquid ravine. Then, a single, quick cry of horror escaped the boy's lips; but the next moment Jenny crept up to his side and laid her hand upon his shoulder and spoke in a low soothing tone, that almost instantly called back his confidence, and elicited from his lips a cry of admiration for his sister's heroism.

"Don't be frightened, dear Willie," spoke the little angel. "Mother says that God watches over people that live on the seas—And don't you remember, brother, how often our dear mother has told us that Jesus loves little children? If God watches us and Jesus loves us, we shall be safe. So don't be afraid."

Night—dark, wild and gloomy night, came down upon the world of waters, and still the tempest raged; and there, in their frail, open boat, we will leave the young voyagers speeding on and away, right out into the very heart of the Atlantic ocean. We will bid them adieu and glance back to their home—to their fond mother, rendered desolate in the heart by the dread calamity that had fallen upon her in the loss of her children.

At the moment when the children first embarked, Mrs. Walton had glanced out towards the cove, and for a few moments watched them with all a mother's fond pride as she saw them sailing to and fro on the quiet waters of the bay; and then some visitor called and she forgot her children until just as the storm came down, when a neighbor rushed in with the heart-rending intelligence that the launch had been seen only a few minutes previously, several miles out to sea.

The first terrible shock almost killed her, but soon rallying her woman's energy and mother's love, she rushed from her home, regardless of the furious storm, aroused her neighbors, and besought them with all the eloquence called up by the deep anguish of her riven heart, to help recover her lost darlings.

There was no vessel at Rockaway or Falkner's Island, and to venture out to sea in such

a storm with such small crafts as were kept along the shore, were worse than madness, and immediate dispatches were sent to New York, not only to the owners of the ship commanded by Captain Walton, but the Pilots; and within an hour after the news had reached the city, two of the staunchest pilot boats, manned by extra picked crews of gallant souls, were under way, and speeding their swift-winded course in search of the ocean lost children.

Mrs. Watson herself hastened to the city to urge with her presence and influence, more prompt action; but the vessels had been gone an hour when she arrived, and so she repaired to the house of Mr. Alvin, the owner of the ship her husband commanded, to await the return of those who had so nobly gone forth in that mad storm in search of her three darlings.

Leaving her there in a state of fevered anxiety, hoping in the very teeth of despair, we too will go forth into the wild, yelling gale to look upon a most sublime ocean picture.

It was an hour past midnight—dark as the deepest cells of an inquisitorial dungeon, save when the vivid lightning's flash lit up the Cimmerian blackness with a glare rivaling that of the brightest noonday sun.

Some ninety miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, lay a noble ship, inward bound, in one of the most terrific gales that ever swept along the coast. The gale had just set in an hour before sundown, and ever since dark the ship had been hove too under the shortest possible canvass, heading up west south west, with the gale coming in violent squalls out at due north-west.

"Do you think there is any danger to us or the ship, captain?" inquired one of three passengers who stood near the commander of the ship, partly sheltered from the storm by the protecting roof of the round house.

"Not the least, Mr. Kingsley. You are as safe here as you would be at your own house in New York. She is a bran new ship, and I have had no opportunity of trying her hove to before; but I am perfectly satisfied with her behaviour. In fact I never saw any craft conduct herself quite as well in a hurricane like this."

"Tis a terrible night, however, and God help those who may chance to be out on a smaller craft than ours! For the last hour I have been thinking of my wife and children. My wife will not sleep a wink to-night. She never can in a storm like this when I am not at home. I was cast away once on the Long Island shore, and not half a mile from home, in just such a gale, only it was south-west. I would give a hundred dollars this moment to be at home only for my wife's sake. But we must—my God what is that?"

A continuous flash of lightning lit up the surrounding space, and as darkness shut in again, a faint but clear and distinct—"Ship Ahoy!" uttered by a female or a child, came down on the blast from directly to wind-ward.

A moment after the hail was repeated, and another flash of lightning revealed a boat driving square down before the gale, and almost under the ship's quarter. Ere one could count five, the shrill, quivering cry came up from the boat as it shot past the ship not three fathoms clear of the rudder.

"Merciful heaven! There are three children in that boat!" yelled Mr. Kingsley, who with the captain was peering down over the taffrail as the boat flew past.

"Hard up your helm," my man, said the Captain, in a voice as calm as man's voice could be, and then calling to the chief and third mates, who were both on deck, he informed them of the fact that a small open boat with three children in it, had just gone past, and then gave his orders:

Mr. Casey, please get out on the flying jib boom and keep a look out for the boy, and mind Mr. Casey, if we come up with it you can lay the ship so as to bring the boat close aboard on the larboard side—larboard, remember Mr. Casey. Don't for your life make a mistake. Go forward now sir, and if we save those children, five hundred dollars shall be your reward.

Then turning to the chief mate, continued: "Mr. Windsor, you will brace the yards all square, which will send the ship through the water something faster than what the boat is going. Having done this rig single whips, two of each on the lower yards—on larboard side. Place the blocks far enough out for the falls to drop about a fathom clear of the ship, and then receive on good saug sail gear, bring both ends in one deck, and the other led along for a foil, stationing three good fellows at each. In the meantime I will get the ship steady before the wind, and—Frank my man, you keep her so. Don't let her yaw an inch! Steer her as if your very soul depended upon it, and within half an hour after the ship reaches New York, you shall have a hundred dollars."

"And now Mr. Kingsley, you will please call up the second mate and all the gentlemen passengers. I want them to stand by the whippers in order to assist the sailors if necessary. We must save those children, and do it too, without the boat coming in contact with the ship, as that would be instant destruction to it and them in such a sea."

"All ready the whips, sir!" came from the mate, and at the moment the third mate's voice rang out from the jib boom end: "Boat right ahead, steady as you go!"

"Now then my lads, who'll go into these running bowlines with me, and stand by to pick up the children?" anxiously inquired the captain.

"I sir; I, I!" came from a dozen ready sailors, in a moment.

"Thank you, my lads; but I only want five. I will go in one of the bow lines myself."

The selections were soon made, and there

they stood in the fore-main mizzen chains—the commander and five noble fellows—with the bowlines under their arms ready to risk their lives and save the three children.

"Steady! Stand by now! Here they come! Look on!" screamed the officer from the jib boom, and a moment later the dim outlines of a boat loomed up by the lee cat-head. Another of breathless suspense, and the boat was abreast of the fore chains.

"Stand by the forward whips! Look out there in the main chains. Veer away men. Now, Harry; now! and down went the captain and his companions into the boat.

A breath later and a shout came ringing up, "Look out main and mizzen chains.—Sway away on deck," and up by the run came the two men, each grasping a child in his arms.

"Ay, ay, sir. All right, answered a brave fellow, scrambling in on the deck, with little Jenny grasped tight by her clothes.

"Father," exclaimed the little girl, clasping the captain about the neck, "Father! Father! I echoed back two treble voices.

"Almighty God, I thank thee! Saved—saved—saved!" and Capt. Lester Walton sunk fainting on the deck. He knew the children were his own from the moment they passed the ship's stern, and his indomitable self control had borne him up until they were rescued; when the reaction came he sank down insensible.

At an hour before sunset the following day the ship was at her berth in New York, and the meeting between the distracted mother and her children there, in the cabin of her husband's ship, is too sacred a picture to be profaned by pen and ink.

Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

A bachelor editor, who had received from the hands of the bride a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience.

We put it under our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, and blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married. Never was a living editor so happy. It was "my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment. Oh! that the dream had been broken off here. But no, some evil genius put it into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord. In a hungry dream we set down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we fondly, "did you make this?"

"Yes, love—ain't it nice?"

"Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life!"

"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested our wife.

"Oh, no, dearest, bread pudding, I always was fond of it."

"Call this bread pudding?" exclaimed my wife, while her pretty lips curled slightly with contempt.

"Certainly, love—I reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means."

"Husband is really too bad—plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive and is a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir," and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry; I'm sure it's very good if it is bread pudding."

"But sir, I say this is not bread pudding."

"But, my love, I'm sure it must be bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch," fiercely replied my wife, "you know it is plum pudding."

"Then, ma'am, it is so meanly put together and so badly burned, the d— himself wouldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and most emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that."

"It is plum pudding," shrieked my wife as she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself tapping the claret from our nose.

"Bread pudding," gasped we, pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.

"Plum pudding," rose above the din, as I had a distinct perception of two plates smashed across my head.

"Bread pudding," we groaned in rage, as the chickens left our hand, and flying with swift wings across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gray dish took us where we had been depositing the first of the dinner, and a plate of beets landed upon a white vest.

Communications.

For The Agitator.

Early want and after Greatness.

Man is truly a peculiar animal and none others are alike unto him. While he has been aptly styled the noblest specimen of the Creator's works, he is the most singular in his aspirations; most complex in his construction, and at the same time endowed with faculties that will run parallel with Deity himself. He loves eating, drinking and sleeping, and in these respects he closely resembles any other animal. But his reasoning faculties and moral sentiments do not stop where the instinct of the brute ends. It is here that man first begins to develop himself. 'Tis here that his herculean powers begin to stand out in bold relief, happily contrasting themselves with the stand-still principles that so eminently characterize the inferior animals. These faculties are his highest and best gifts and the sources of his purest and intensest pleasures. But his peculiarity attends them; that while the animal faculties act powerfully of themselves, his rational faculties require to be cultivated, exercised, and instructed before they will yield their full harvest of enjoyment.

Man, too, is a laboring animal. He flourishes best when properly exercised. "By the sweat of thy brow, thou shalt eat bread" was a mandate intelligently pronounced upon him, and in this instance the wisdom of Providence is plainly manifest; that is, early poverty bespeaks after greatness and the youth that wallows in luxury very often ends an unuseful life in dissipation and want, and those that are meaner born to a princely estate, go down to mother earth, "unwept, unhonored and unsung" as often as the friendless sons of obscure parents. It is not always those that are born richest, that end life noblest, but rather vice versa, early want is no bar to future usefulness.

Poverty, in the morning of life, if properly cared for, is a sure stepping stone to future worth. A good moral character, and a mind that is not ashamed of labor, is worth more to the young man of to-day than all the riches of Croesus. It is a significant fact in the history of our race, that the greatest benefactors, the noblest reformers, and most self sacrificing philanthropists have sprung from a class that our self styled nobility call low. And the logic is as plain and self evident as the fact.

Take for instance the son of one of our millionaires. He grows up surrounded by all that his pampered appetite can desire. He has no cravings but what are readily gratified if dollars and cents can procure the gratification. He never learns the value of the wealth he is so profusely spending. He knows little of the many sleepless nights his father has spent in storing up the treasure he is so unwittingly throwing to the dogs. If he is sent to school, it is to appear in fashionable society. His lessons are often in his books than in his head. By and by, his father dies and his only protection is gone. Under his unskillful hands, his princely estate rapidly vanishes, and middle age often finds him homeless, penniless; and with no disposition to earn an honest living by honest labor. In short he knows nothing of work, and too frequently resorts to the gambling shop to supply his empty coffers. Dissipation follows fast upon the heel of moral depravity, and he soon fills a premature grave, conclusively showing that early riches are not always productive of future happiness!

But with the poor boy the case is different. No parent has hoarded wealth for him. He fully realizes that he must ever depend upon his own resources. His hands are already hard with early labor. His constitution is strong and healthy. He leaves home; goes out upon the world and begins to intelligently look around him. He sees many of his age riding by him in gilt coaches; but he begins life on foot. They have friends to aid them; and he is alone, without advisers, without acquaintances, and without means! But does he despair? Does he become disheartened because his future does not promise all sunshine and his path does not bid fair to be ever strewn with flowers? Certainly not! He lays off his coat, and rolls his sleeves up and goes to work in earnest. Early and late, he toils on. He has his mark in the future permanently fixed and the follies of fashion are powerless to move him from his purpose. Ofttimes he meets rocks that seem inaccessible; to scale them seems impossible, but he does not stop. While the world is asleep he digs on; while his fellows are giddy with earthly vanities he continues to struggle and by and by, before his early companions are aware, he stands high above them, so far, that the brain whirls at viewing him from his giddy height. The world calls him a genius and wonders how Providence gave him such wondrous powers, but they utterly mistake the secret of his success. It was not his native genius that put him so far above his associates but it was energy, industry and frugality. He was not afraid of a little sunshine, or storm, and finally victory crowned his efforts. Such has ever been the case with the best men the world ever knew. The reformers of our race have never been cradled in luxury. Martin Luther, was a poor shepherd boy and begged his bread in the streets, and Zwingle the Swiss reformer was the son of a poor cottager.

But this is the age in which those that were once poor, friendless boys are distinguishing themselves as humanitarians and benefactors of our race. Elihu Burritt, the greatest linguist of his time, worked long and hard at blacksmithing. Horace Greley obtained his education, by reading by pine knots in his father's cabin. Henry Wilson is a shoemaker. N. P. Banks is a machinist,

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 10 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:—

Table with 4 columns: Rate, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Rows include Square (14 lines), 2 squares, 1 column, 1/2 column.

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, 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.

and John C. Fremont is the son of poor parents. But I must stop, for I already outrun the limits intended for the article. But of this, there can be no doubt that much of a man's future course depends upon himself. He may do much or do little. He may recklessly trifle with his own faculties—one of God's noblest gifts—or he may develop his moral sentiments and go on progressing almost ad infinitum. To the young man, of to-day, this question most directly appeals; will you sit idly with your arms folded or will you arouse yourself and do something worthy of a man? Mankind is corrupt, and society needs reforming, and will you not heed the admonitions of your conscience, and besir yourself to action; thus you will labor for yourself—your country and your God. FRANK.

For The Agitator.

Leaves by the Wayside.

The earth is filled with sunshine. Every hill, every dale, every fairy nook, and laughing stream are made glad by it. Every flower, that breathes its fragrance on the air, every tree, that throws its arms to the embrace of the breeze, every bird that carols forth its notes of gladness—all these but reflect the sunshine of our earth.

It is true that sorrow often folds us in her arms. Then the world grows dark—its flowers fade, the song of the bird is gone—the breezes wait forth dirge-like music—its streams grow dark, and turbid, even like the river of Death, without the light of immortality to brighten its waters.

But should man, whom God has placed upon the earth, to fulfill a mission assigned him, sit idly, and weep life away! No! No! Let him arise, and stretch his arms heavenward, and call for brighter forms of beauty to take possession of his soul, and fill its temples with the song of gladness and sunshine.

Let him go forth into the streets, and seek the habitations of sorrow, suffering and sin. Let him lay the breaking heart against his own, that by the sympathetic touch it may be restored to life. Let him bathe the aching brow, and cool the fevered pulse of suffering man, that he may go forth again into the fields, and breathe the pure fresh air of heaven, and childlike revel in the sunshine, that lie like threads of silver, and sheets of gold all over our earth.

Let him go, and take the hand of sin within his own; and learn it to point towards the bright stars, where beam the mansions of the pure, and earnest, and truthful, who wander by the streams of gladness, and the sunshine of an eternal day. AGNES.

Lawrenceville, Pa.

DUCKS OF PEOPLE.—The Siamese spend three fourths of their existence in the water. Their first act on awakening is to bathe; they bathe again at eleven o'clock; they bathe again at three, and bathe again about sunset; there is scarcely an hour in the day when bathers may not be seen in all the creeks, even the shallowest and muddiest. Boys go to play in the river, just as poor English children go to play in the street. I once saw a Siamese woman sitting on the lowest step of a landing-place, while, by a girle, she held in the water her infant of a few months old, splashing and kicking about with evident enjoyment. Were not these people expert swimmers, many lives would be lost, for the tide flows so swiftly that it needs the greatest skill and care to prevent boats from running foul of one another; and, of course, they are frequently upset. On one occasion our boat (an English-built gig) ran down a small native canoe, containing a woman and two little children. In an instant they were all capsized and disappeared. We were greatly alarmed, and C. was on the point of jumping in to their rescue, when they bobbed up, and the lady with the first breath she recovered, poured forth a round volley of abuse. Thus relieved in her mind, she coolly lighted her canoe—which had been floating bottom upwards—laded out some of the water, and bundled in her two children, who had been, meanwhile, composedly swimming round her, regarding with mingled fear and curiosity the barbarians who had occasioned the mishap.—Dickens's Household Words.

JUDGE BROWN AND THE BANKER.

Anything that will do to laugh about, connected with this line of financial troubles, ought to be treasured up; for there is little enough of it, "goodness knows." In Milwaukee, the other day, we got this: Judge Brown, of the court of Hernia, whom everybody knows spares no one, and "cuts down both great and small" with his "sells," having just returned to that city from a trip to the interior, met a certain banker, whose reputation, in all times, is as firm as that canny land from whence he got his accent. "Well," said the banker, "how do you get on in the country? Any new failures? How are money matters where you have been?" "Perfectly awful," said the judge. "Up along the Fox river there is a perfect panic. Why, in Oshkosh I couldn't pass one of your three dollar bills, anywhere in town." "Couldn't pass a three dollar bill on my bank! Do you mean to say that? [Much excited.] What was the reason? [Very nervous.] "The reason was, that I hadn't one," placidly replied Judge Brown. Our friend, the banker, made no answer, except to tartly inform the judge that if he would come down to the bank, he would give him one.—Green Bay Advocate.

Deacon H. used to say his wife had a certain receipt for testing indigo. It was to sift a little indigo on the surface of some cold water; if the indigo was good, it would sink or swim—she couldn't tell which.