## [COMMUNICATED.] LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF HARRY BAIRD. Dear, bright-eyed boy, I've witness'd oft, Thy gambols in the even-tide, I've heard thy silver tones so soft. Whilst playful by thy mother's side.

But, ah ! how chang'd-how sad thy fate ! Those sparkling eyes are lifeless now; That lisping tongue has ceased to prate-The hand of death is on thy brow.

Ah! dearest boy ! I'll ne'er forget Thy smiling face-thy childish glee; I think of thee with keen regret, And bitter tears I've shed for thee.

But may I not indulge the thought, That we will meet again, dear boy, Midst brighter scenes, where death can not O'erthrow our hope, and blight our joy.

Mysterious Power! may we invoke! O, grant us Faith more firm and fast; Teach us to profit by this stroke, And bring us all to thee at last. Clearfield, Jan. 14, 1858. Personan

HOOPS VS. LOW-NECKED DRESSES. Brisbin dines at Mrs. Sprinklebelly's—What he sees there, and what happens, or rather what didn't happen—Brisbin goes to the Fair; what he sees there, and what actually does happen.

The following private letter was handed us a

few days ago for publication. It is too good to keep private, and so we lay it before the readers of the Journal. We hope Mr. Brisbin wont blame the Major for giving it to us to publish. PITTSBURG, Sept. -, 1857.
To Maj. J. F.—Dear John: Your letter of the 16th inst., came duly to hand on Monday, timidly to inquire, "Is she an actress?" "An Tell me ye winged winds is there not some lone spot and I hasten to answer. I scarcely know what I shall write you in reply, unless it is, indeed, to give you some account of my trials and troubles caused by the ridiculous fashions of the day, with which our American ladies appear to have run mad. Indeed, sir, the mania theater last night dressed very much like her, for the present allow me to close and believe of fashion is becoming perfectly alarming, and and I thought maybe she had her stage-dress me, Major, as ever. Yours truly, John, you know when I am in my "sanctum" and have a quire of foolscap before me, I am as bold as a Numidian lion, and can say almost it is not so when taken out of my "forte." I ries of introduction had been gone thro' with. I stared about for several moments in perfect amazement; could it be possible-was I realizing the truth of that pert little poem, "Nothing to wear ?" yet my eyes were not at fault, hand, I beheld a phalanx of bear arms and beautiful b-b-excuse me, Maj .- and as the escaped from the ring of hoops that surroundknowledge of civil and military engineering. and from my retreat commenced to reconnoitre the field of the enemy and note his movements. Not long, however, was I permitted to pursue my quiet observations, for Miss with long carls and black eyes, soon spied out as she proceeded to deposit herself in the divan by my side, "Monsieur Brisbin is very re-"Has Monsieur Brisbin seen the last issue of Burns' poems?" Now, I had seen several late fashion for the season." "Well, General," "Oh, Lord! we thank thee for rattlesnakes. editions of Burns, but I ventured at a risk to reply in the negative. Upon that, away she sailed and in a moment returned with an elaborately gilt volume in her hand. I reached out niv arm to take the book, not of course expecting her, with a bell as big as that of St. Peter's dome swinging about her I-le-gs, to sit close enough for us both to examine the awful-perfectly ridiculous," and the old man work, but disdaining such a 'modus operandi,' she with a heroism really remarkable, smashed in her ample dimensions and succeeded in depositing herself in alarming proximity to my corporal. I need not tell you that Miss S.'s

neck and shoulders were white and that both

and spare my pen the blush. wen, the room

was too dark for me to see anything particu-

lar, or for us to examine the beauties of the

immortal bard of Ayr. Nelly, however, (a be-

lieve that was her name) directed her sister,

Miss Sprinklebelly, Senior, to call John, and

the gentleman from Africa having come, the

Alas, unhappy me! here I was in a worse di- what was the matter, or if there were hornets limma than ever. The dresses were so low in the room. Suddenly however, she appearand then-when they stooped over their plates, ed aware of her equivocal position-her soul if one happened to look they could not help rushed to her face, and springing to her feet seeing-well-well-John, such things are with a cheek like scarlet, she fled in confusion dreadful, aint they? I crouched down as lew from the room. as possible in my chair, and wished "I were a Thus am I the victim of woman's caprice boy again," so that I could look up and not down upon them. Supper at last was over, and we started for the parlor. In the hall Miss S. dropped her handkerchief, (vulgarly called wipe.) I sprang forward to raise the fallen where I was writing a letter and asked me if I article, but she anticipated me and stooped— had seen anything of her bones? "Your yes, actually stooped! I tho't things had now what," said I in astonishment. "My bones," reached a crisis and something dreadful must happen, but the craft righted and got off in bones are not bones proper, but "bones a part than I had anticipated. There was a ring at | meaning. I ran over the English, the Greek, sixteen or eighteen years of age. "Miss Fitz- subject. I afterwards learned however that in noodle, I do declare," cried my fair compan- this case too, as in the other, skeleton was not ing his foot out of a bog, she turned to me and said, "Miss Fitznoodle, this is Mr."—"Mr. — the imperfections of his vocabulary of our this is Miss Fitznoodle." I bowed till my language. I hope our next Congress will take belly's condition to that of Miss Fitznoodle. Her dress was even yet lower than Miss S's. all things, and I felt confident something must little umbrella without any handle. I shouldn't "What a charming creature Miss Fitznoodle is," said my fair companion to me a few moments afterwards, when that lady had withdrawn to another part of the room .-"Ye-yes," I faintly replied and then ventured actress!" cried Miss S. in astonishment; "oh, that is so funny; why no, she is Fitznoodle, If you have an plan of reformation to sugthe rich banker's daughter-but what on earth made you think she was an actress?" "Oh, nothing!" I replied, "only I saw a lady at the that too upon the shores of America and un- on to-night." Miss S. saw the joke and was der the shadow of the cross of Christ. Now, silent. Presently she inquired, "do you not approve of the fashions of these latter days?"? "I can't say that I do, madam," and my voice sank almost to a whisper. "Well, well," conanything upon paper; but, alas, unhappy me, tinued she, "one must keep up with the fashions: you know we have nothing to do with am then like some poor creature out of its na- the making of them; they are manufactured tive element, and no sooner do I see a hooped at Paris and sent over to us ready-made-just and silver wherewith to pay his soldiers, who skirt and a pair of bold black eyes bearing as politics are manufactured at Washington, began to murmur, as they had not the means down upon me, than my courage fails, and and sent on to you politicians. So, I suppose, of purchasing the necessaries of life from the "Richard" becomes the child of circumstance. if the Empress would cut her dresses off at the people of the town. "In this dilemma, (says But, to begin at the beginning-last evening I | knee, Mons. Godart must needs cut ours off the historian) what does this most sagacious dined with the aristocratic Mrs .- let us call too. But did you know there is a probability commander ? He takes a number of little her Sprinklebelly. As directed by my card, of a change in the fashions; I see looped In company with my distinguished friend Gen- dresses have lately made their appearance at eral -, at precisely 6 o'clock I rang the door the court of Napoleon." My head was run- his own hand and name. These did he give to bell of Mrs. S., and a gentleman from Africa ning round like a mill-wheel-I could hear his soldiery, in earnest of their pay. "How," forthwith ushered us into the parlor. We were | beautiful women singing in the distance, and warmly greeted by the Misses Sprinklebelly, a dreamy sort of languor stole over me, while three in number, who introduced us to several | a faint idea of dresses pinned up to the waist | other ladies. As soon as the usual prelimina- floated through my confused mind. "What | Count issued a proclamation, ordering the inobjections have you to the present style of dress ?" inquired Miss S. The question startled and aroused me. "I don't know-I think there-there-there-" as I spoke Miss Fitzgoodle passed between me and the gas-burner, for on every side-before, behind, on either and I thought I could see light shining thro' under her arms, between her shoulder and the neck of her dress. A few moments afterwards poet says, "still where'er my eyes I turned, the General happening to come near where I de Tendilla redeemed his promises, like a flesh only met my view." Making a drive, I was sitting, I watched my opportunity when all loyal knight;" and this miracle as it appeared eyes were turned in another direction and in the eyes of the worthy Agapida, is the ed us, and dived into a dark corner, leaving whispered in his ear, "For God's sake, first instance on record of paper money, which the brave old General to stand the brunt of General, let us go home." The old statesbattle. I next proceeded to call up all my man's fine eyes brightened with mirth as he world. This happened in 1484 ;-and thus we nodded a silent approval to my proposition. see that paper money was the adjunct of the Ten minutes afterwards I found myself on the street outside Mrs. Sprinklebelly's and on my way home. I nervously grasped the and the increased impulse given to civilization, old General's arm and drew a deep breath industry and learning. Sprinklebelly, Junior, a pretty little brunette, of relief. A short walk brought us to our Hotel, and we immediately retired for the night, my hiding place and bore down rapidly upon wishing to get as much rest as possible to me. She was the pride of the enemy, and I strengthen as for the morrow when we expect- the name of Beaver, and his four sons, all of soon found I must surrender, retreat, or go to | cd to address our fellow citizens of Westmore- | whom were "pets" who had often laughed to the bottom. Sailing up in front of where I land county, at Latrobe and Derry. After we scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious, sat, she dropped a low curtesy, and with one had lain in bed several minutes I turned to the through very ccentric minister, who resided of the sweetest smiles in the world remarked, | General and inquired : "Look here General, I | in the same town. It happened that one of want you to tell me what looped dresses are ?" the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake and was "Well," replied he after another pause, "some expected to die, when the minister was sent tired." I muttered something, I scarcely fool, the Countess de-the devil knows who- for in great haste. On his arrival he found know what, in reply; but without in the least appeared, not long since, at a ball given by the young man very penitent and anxious to noticing my confusion, she immediately asked, the Empress Eugenie with her dress looped up | be prayed with. The minister, calling on the said I, wif looped dresses are introduced and We thank thee because a rattlsnake bit Jim. Wilmot is elected Governor, I hope for the We pray thee, send a rattlesnake to bite John : honor of ourState, he will introduce another fa- and one to bite Bill; send one to bite Sam mous proviso which shall read, 'provided that | and O Lord, send the biggest kind of a rattle-

ly's, and I hope I may never be called upon to pass through such a trying ordeal again. I must now give you some account of my were bare, (of course the, were,) may I might | visit to the Fair at - in the County of go further and say that her-but I will forbear, Thinks I to myself, I'll go down to that fair, so I will, and down I went sure enough. We had a nice little company; the ride on the "rail" was a pleasant one, and I began to flatter myself we (I) was going to have a real pleasure trip for once in my life; but alas, in pleasure we are in the midst of sorrow. The Hotels were crowded (of course they were) gas-burner dweetly over our heads was quickly but we fortunately obtained a private room at lighted. I now had a fair opportunity of ex- the - house. I need not tell you how I fell amining the beautiful creature by my side. over the curb-stone into the street in trying to The Boods of figor rou the surper swept down in soft waves over by neck and—of clearest whiteness, revealing were the smallest mole upon the fair skin. As one as the light was the first skin. As one as the light was the stream of the same of the stir skin. As one as the light was the stream of the same of The floods of light rom the burner swept down let a hoop pass unobstructed down the pave-

rolled over, as much as to say don't let us talk

any more about such dirty things. So ended

my visit to the fashionable Mrs. Sprinklebel-

fine style. Once more in the parlor and Miss of a dress." One day last week a lady asked Sprinklebelly in alarming proximity to my cor- another in my presence "if she had seen anyporal, we laughed and chatted away, and I be- thing of her skeleton?" I was astonished and gan to feel my situation a more pleasant one perplexed and in vain tried to divine her the hall door, and the gentleman from Africa and the Latin vocabularies, but could not find ushered into the room a beautiful girl of some a word that would throw any light upon the ion, springing into the arms of the young lady. skeleton proper but "skeleton a part of a After a salute that sounded like a horse draw- dress." How poor old Noah Webster would blush with shame if he was alive now to see the imperfections of his vocabulary of our nose almost touched the carpet and sank back | measures to have him resurrected to revise ofrail and quivering upon my seat. My whole ver again his dictionary. Last evening a-week attention was now drawn from Miss Sprinkle- I was sitting in company with a very amiable young lady, she rose to cross the room when something dropped upon the floor. It was a Vague alarms filled my breast for the safety of | queer looking concern. It looked like a very happen before the evening was gone through wonder if that was a skeleton, for the poor thing looked so hungry. I don't know what I shall do; things are getting worse in this country than they used to be. Perhaps it would be as well to migrate somewhere else; but where the d-l is a fellow to go too to better it any. gest, John, lay it before me at length in your next letter, and I shall be pleased to give your theory my long and earnest consideration. me, Major, as ever. Yours truly,
J. S. Brisbin, of Centre co.

P. S. There is some consolation, John, in the thought that our mothers didn't used to do

so when they were girls. ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY .- The Count del Tendilla, while beseiged by the Moors in the fortress of Alhambra, was destitute of gold people of the town. "In this dilemma, (says morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, and signs them with you will say "are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper?" Even so, and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest, for the good habitants to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with gold and silver. Thus, by subtle and most miraculous alchemy, did this cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold and silver, and make his late impoverished army abound in money." The historian adds: "The Count has since spread throughout the civilized invention of printing, the discovery of the western world, the Protestant Reformation,

A Good ONE .- In the state of Ohio, there resided a family consisting of an old man by they shall not be worn higher than the knee,' snake to bite the old man-for nothing but but ain't such things awful General, if not, to rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family say the least of it, indecent." "Awful, sir, to repentance !"

> "GREAT ORIGINAL STORY."-A dark frown overspread the handsome and courtly features of Fernando, the Rover. "Why, why," he a little higher up the hill, where he could seeked, brandishing his silver-handled sword plainly see the Indians pass between him and furiously around, "will you not believe me, the fire. At another time he came very near my beauteous Maria de Argyle! By this good an encampment, when an Indian gave a yell. sword I do swear I love thee-truly, wildly, He supposed he was discovered, but squatted passionately love thee! Then why stand so down immediately and remained quiet in the ing for thee?" The beautiful girl essayed to commenced chopping wood, when he knew speak but could not. "Ha!" exclaimed Fer- they had not seen him, and carefully passed nando the Rover, and a sardonic smile lit up around them. his face, "thou lov'st another?" "No," she He struck the tremblingly yet with dignity replied. "Then why not come to this bosom ?" wildly repeatdrawing herself up to her full height, "I'm afraid yer a blowin'!"

The new Central Park, of New York, now

We copy the following incidents, whis remained till the close of the war.

The Indians took Mary to their towns, and transpired in the early settlement of Union tet her to hoeing corn. An old negro, who county, from a History of the West Branch s also a prisoner, told her to dig up the Valley, recently published:

ried into captivity. Several incorrect publications of his sufferings have been made, but the following is believed to be correct, as it was taken down from his own lips, in 1882, by James F. Linn, Esq., of Lewisburg, and entered in his journal.

Some time previous to his capture he had removed his wife and children to Penns Creek, for greater security against the Indians. In March, 1781, he was going from Lewisburg (then Derrstown) to his farm, preparatory to moving down the country. On the road between the farms of John Linn and Col. John Kelly, he was suddenly surprised by four Indians, and compelled to go along with them. When they came to a hollow, half a mile from Kelly's house, they discovered a fresh track in the soft clay. One of the Indians exclaimed, "Squaw." Two of them immediately set off on a run, and two remained to guard him, one behind and one before. They soon heard a female scream, when the one behind struck him on the back with his gun and cried, "Waugh," (run.) They started off on a run, and on coming to the top of a hill, saw the other two with a woman, when they pushed off immediately for an Indian town on Towanda creek. They crossed the White Deer and other mountains, north of Buffaloe Valley, and came to the river near the mouth of Lycoming creek, which they crossed in canoes. During the night they tied his arms behind him and fastened the cord to grubs in the ground.

One night, while encamped on Lycoming

creek, not being tied very securely, he succeeded in releasing his arms. Two of the Indians lay on one side of the fire with the girl (Mary Young, the daughter of Matthew Young, who lived on a farm adjoining Captain Thompson's)-and two on the other side with him. He first endeavored to get one of their tomahawks, but discovered that they were all lying on their arms. He then got a stone, which they had used for crushing corn, raised on his knees, preparatory to giving one of them a mortal stroke on the temple, and securing a tomahawk. But on account of his head being wrapped in a blanket, he struck too high to effect his object. The Indian gave a yell, which awoke the other. He now attempted to run, but the cord, with which he was tied, and stretched between the two grubs, intercepted him, and as he stepped back to get around it, one of the savages caught him by the collar of the coat, and in the struggle tore it to the bottom. He drew his tomahawk to strike him on the head, but desisted, and spoke to the one he had wounded in his own language, and then drew it again, desisted, and spoke to the wounded Indian, and then drew it the third time. He expected to receive it this time, and was resolved to try and eatch it and wrest it from his hand. But they finally concluded not to kill him, reserving him for a more formal execution. They then tied a hollow gourd, containing shot, to his waist, tell-

ing him that was his death warrant. After this they tied him so tight that he lost all feeling in his hands and arms. They continued on towards their place of destination. One day they shot a wild turkey, and taking out the entrails, rolled them round a stick without any cleaning, roasted them in the fire, and gave them to the prisoners to eat. Before this they had only a few grains of corn per day, and this change of diet, said Mr. Thompson, was quite a delicacy!

When they got to Towarda the Indians became less careful, thinking he would not attempt to run away again. In the evening they made him gather wood: he managed to go further away for each load, till he got as far as he thought it was prudent to try, and watching an opportunity when they were not observing him, darted off into the woods as fast as he could run, with twenty-two grains of corn in his pocket, for provision, to travel a journey of many miles through the wilderness.

He said he could have made his escape on several occasions before, but he could not think of leaving Mary Young a prisoner with them. She frequently told him to escape, and not try to rescue her, as it would defeat both. She was resigned to her fate.

He took a different route at first from that toward home, to deceive the Indians in pursuit. In running he stepped on a rotten stick, which broke and made a noise; at the same time he heard two trees rubbing together which he took to be the Indians in pursuit. Being terribly frightened he ran into a pond, and hid himself in the brush, with nothing out but his head, where he lay till he was satisfied they were not coming that way. He then pro-ceeded on his journey, keeping along the monntains, lest he might meet Indians in the valleys. One night he ran almost into an Indian encampment before seeing it. He went coldly aloof from this bosom which is burst- bushes; in a short time one of the Indians

He struck the West Branch a few rods above where they had crossed it going out, and found one of the canoes on the bank, the river haved the Rover. "Because, sir," she replied, ing fallen. Being so weak, he was unable to push it in, but getting two round sticks under it for rollers, with the aid of a handspike, succeeded in launching it. On getting in, he

The same of the sa

HISTORY OF THE WEST BRANC, and removed to Chester county, where they

thus that were planted with the corn, and get into his rye, and his cows never invade his the in Buffaloe Valley, and, during a predatory incursion of savages, was taken and car-English advice, and was eventually sold to an eral year when she were liberted several year, when she was liberated and returned home. Yaving been so much exposed during her Cativity, her constitution was so shattered that he survived her return but a short time. Other way out, she was obliged to wade through deep creeks, and, as the weather was very old, her clothes were often frozen into a solid mas of ice.

She informed Captin Thompson that two of the Indians pursued him part of two days, but returned without success. They regretted

but returned without success. They regretted his escape very much, as bey intended to torture him. The wounded Indian left them soon after his escape, and sie never heard of him after, but supposed he Ged, as he was

At that time she saw a woman, a cousin to James Cornelius, who resided in Baffaloe Tp. that had been taken prisoner by the Indians during the French war. When they had taken her a great distance from home she managed to effect her escape, and made her way through the woods alone. The first day she came up with a mare and colt, and getting on her rode all day. When night came she turned her out to pasture, laid herself down by a log for the night, and never expected to see her again. When she awoke in the morning the mare and colt stood by her side! She rode her all that day, and turned her out to graze whilst she slept, but the next morning the faithful animal was there, as before, to receive her rider. She rode her each day till she arrived at the fort. By some, this particular circumstance would be termed an interposition of Divine Providence, to preserve the life of the woman. It is also stated that when she came to the fort the mare would allow no other person to approach, and when she was turned out to graze that night, made her escape, and was never heard of again.

About this time there lived near where the town of New Berlin now stands, a family named Klinesmith. A small party of Indians coming upon their dwelling, whilst the males of the family were busy in the harvest field of a neighbor, plundered the house and carried away two of Klinesmith's daughters, one he has it, good measure, and running over. sixteen, the other fourteen years old. The party retreated to a spring north of New you: "It's all nonsense. Bad luck is simply Berlin-now called the Still House Spring- a man with his hands in his breeches pockets, where they halted, and, not satisfied with the and a pipe in his month, looking on to see how trifling mischief they had done, left their it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck prisoners and booty in the care of the oldest | to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, and man of the party, whilst the main body pro- working to make it come out right. He rareceeded to the harvest field, in the hope of get- ly tails. At least I never did." ting some scalps to carry home as trophies of their success.

The old man lighted his pipe and sat down at the foot of a tree, keeping an eye upon his prisoners. After some time the rain began to fall, when Betsey, the eldest girl, intimated to the sentinel that she meant to cut down some branches from the trees, and cover a small bag of flour which the Indians had brought from her father's house. The Indian, little suspecting her real intention, assented, and permitted her to take one of the axes or tomahawks. She pretended to be very busily occupied with her task, but contrived to get behind the old man, and buried the axe in his head!

By this time the scalping party, finding the harvesters too numerous and well armed for their purposes, were on their return, and already approached near enough to hear the groan or cry of the old Indian as he fell. The girls fled-the savages pursued and fired The younger girl, just as she was in the act of springing over a fallen tree, was pierced with | now filled by Mr. Bigler." a bullet, which entered below the shoulder blade, and came out at the breast. She fell and immediately rolled herself under the log, which at that point was raised a little from the chase of her sister, without observing that any one lay under it.

Betsey being a strong and active lass, gave them a hard run, so that the harvesters, alarmsave her, and change the pursuers into fugitives. They found the little girl under the fallen tree, much terrified and weakened by loss of blood, but fortunately not dangerously wounded, the ball having passed through her body without touching any vital organ. She recovered, and afterwards married a man named Campbell. Becoming a widow she married again. Her last husband's name was Chambers. Betsy also married, and, with her husband, removed to one of the Western States.

THE AREA OF UTAH.—It may be a matter of Pierson is the greatest liar of a lawyer that ome interest to our readers to know some- you ever saw?" "I should be sorry to say some interest to our readers to know something of the comparative extent of that Territory of the United States, whose chief officer is bidding deflance to our government. According to Colton, the area of Utah is two -hundred and sixty-nine thousand one hundred and seventy square miles. To engineers and a few others, this will give a just idea of its vast extent. People will form a better estimate by being told that it is as large as the whole of the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee. Or to compare it with European countries, it is equal in extent to Great Britain and Ireland, Switzerland, Prussia and Denmark, with the Islands of Guernsey, Man and the Ionian Islands added.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN CANADA. - A most atrocious murder was committed at Poolville. Hamilton, C. W., on Sunday night, January 10th. Jared Comstock and his wife, aged over

## LUCK IN FARMING.

There are few words oftener upon the lips of a certain class of farmers than luck. Smith is a "lucky dog," because his corn never rots, his wheat never winter-kills, his sheep never Every thing he touches thrives. What a lucky

Now, the fact is, luck has nothing to do with Smith's success in life. If you watch the man, you will find that every result he reaches is anticipated and planned for, and comes of his own wit and work. It is the legitimate reward of his labors; it would have been bad luck, if it had turned out otherwise. His corn always comes up, because he always selects the seed himself, and hangs it up by the husks in the garret, where it is thoroughly dried. He does not plant until the sun had warmed the soil enough to give the germ an inmediate start. He drains his wheat fields with tile, and the water that used to freeze and thaw upon the surface, and throw the roots of the wheat out and kill them, now passes down into the drains, and runs off. His fields are green and beautiful in the Spring, when his neighbors' are russet, brown and desolate. His fentces are in good repair, and his animals are not made breachy by the continual temptation of dilapidated walls. His wife and children are comfortably clothed and fed, and are not kept in a continual fret and worry by a husband and father, who has no system or energy in his business. 'A time and place for every thing,' is his motto, carefully carried out. The shoemaker is always called in when his services are needed, and none of his household get wes feet, catch cold, have the lung fever, and run up a doctor's bill of twenty dollars for want of a cent's worth of leather at the right time in the right place.

Smith does not believe in luck. He knows that health in the family, and thrift upon the farm depend upon a thousand little things that many of his neighbors are too lazy or careless to look after. So while they are in the tavern, or loading in the village, or running a muck in politics, he is looking after these little things, and laying his plans for next year. He has good corn, even in the poorest year, because the soil has the extra manure it needed to bring out good, long, plump, well capped ears. He meant to have 80 bushels to the acre, and Talk with him about luck, and he will say to

Smith is right. Attend to your business, and you will have good luck.

FIGLER receives the following gentle tap from the Leavenworth Journal, (Democratic:) "When Mr. Bigler was in Kansas last summer, he was known as an open and enthusiastic advocate of what some hereabouts called Red Republicanism. We heard him speak in Paoli, atter Governor Walker had made a Red Republican speech, and he endorsed every word uttered by Walker. We can produce abundant evidence of his frequent declarations that Kansas could not get into the Union without a submission of the Constitution to the people, and now he tries to sand the eyes of the South by stepping forward as the champion of the present position of the Administration. He becomes the peculiar Telamon of the Lecompton usurpation. Men of such convenient principles may suit small offices, but will not do to trust in the important station

On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the North Carolina lay off the Battery, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at ground. The savages sprang over the log in sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was? "What's that? Why, that's sunset?" was the contemptuous reply. "Sun-set!" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes; "sunset! Holy Moses! and does the sun go ed by the firing, came to the rescue in time to down in this country with such a bang as

> GERMAN NEWSPAPERS .- It is stated that there are ten times as many newspapers printed in the German language in the United States as there are in Germany. This is certainly creditable to the German population of our country, and they are usually a thrifty, peaceful class of citizens, especially outside of our large cities. "Don't you think," said a brother lawyer

> to Judge Greenwood, of Georgia, "that Jim that of brother Pierson," replied the Judge, "but he is certainly the most economical of truth of any lawyer on the circuit."

A lunatic once informed his physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his wits by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

A MILITIA officer in Texas boasts, through the papers, that his men "would rally at the tap of the drum." Perhaps they would rally still more promptly at the tapping of a keg.

WHERE WILL THEY GET HUSBANDS ?-It appears by the last census that the excess of females over males in the State of Massachusetts is 83,050.

A cotemporary speaking of the report on gentlemen's fashions, says, "there is not much change in gentlemen's pants this month." Very likely.

The value of buildings constructed in Chicago, during the present year, is \$4,000,000; a slight increase on the previous year.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor, the other day. "Right over there?" said the boy; "tain't nowhere else."

An editor ont in Iowa, says they dont brag of the size of their babies, but they are a most uncommon sure crop.

THE following contains the alphabet :- John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size.

An English newspaper is about to be established at Constantinople, with the title of