



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY JOHN G. SAGE. "Good luck is all!" the ancient proverb teaches; But though it looks so very grave and wise, Trust not the lazy lesson that it teaches.

PREMONITION.

From the Home Journal. In the year 1820, when the present State of Alabama was a comparative wilderness, a gentleman by the name of Saunders came from a neighboring State into one of its eastern counties in quest of a place of settlement.

An Indian War had ended. The Indian War in Washington Territory has been brought to an end, and a peace has been made with the late hostile Coeur d'Alene, Spokane, Pend Oreille and Pelouse tribes.

After eating a hearty meal, feeling both fatigued and drowsy, he requested to be conducted to his room. The landlord, taking a lamp to one hand and the saddle-bags of the traveler in the other, went out of the bar-room into the yard, requesting Mr. Saunders to follow him.

At the extreme end of the tavern buildings, they ascended a flight of rude steps to an upper story. Entering a narrow dark passage, Mr. Saunders was shown into a small, uncomfortable room, furnished with a bed, one chair, and a small table.

As the door of the room was without a lock or fastening of any sort, Mr. Saunders placed the table and chair against it, blew out the light, and lay down.

After revolving the dream in his mind for a few moments, his nerves became quiet, and he again fell to sleep, dreamed the identical dream over, and awoke, as before, trembling and affrighted.

He got out of bed, removed the chair and table from his door, and opening it, saw, what he had failed to observe before, that there was another door, close shut, opposite to his room.

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a slow and silent tread. In appearance, movement, and weapon, he was the exact counterpart of the image seen by Mr. Saunders in his dream.

What was the traveller to do, unarmed as he was, to escape the menacing peril? He felt grieved to the spot upon which he stood by the very imminence of the danger which apparently confronted him.

Summoning all the resolution he could command, he cried out, "Who comes there?" Startled by the voice, the man threw up his face, and Mr. Sanders at once recognised him as the landlord of the inn.

Early the next morning, he sent a messenger for his horse, with money to pay his bill. He made no mention of the occurrences of the previous night, but, as soon as his horse was brought mounted and resumed his journey.

Some years afterwards he met his former host, face to face, upon one of the streets of Columbus, Georgia. They mutually recognised each other, but, in a moment, the landlord threw down his eyes, seemed much abashed, and hurried quickly by, without saying a word.

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BEN JOHNSON AT A WALTZ.

When we got into the place, we found a great large room, as big as a meelin' house—lighted up with smashin' big lamps, covered all over with glass hangings.

After the gals and youngsters had walked round and round for a considerable spell, the music struck up—and such music! It was a big horn and a little horn, a big fiddle and a little fiddle, and such squeakin', squallin', bellowin', groovin', fiddlin' and fiddlein'!

So soon as the music struck up—such a sign! The fellers caught the gals right round the waiste with one hand, and pulled their right smack up in kissin' order, with the gals' bosoms agin their bosoms, and the gals' chins restin' on the fellers' shoulders.

I won upon a stack of bibles, you never seed such a sight! There were some two dozen gals held tight in the arms of them fellers—they a-rarin' and jumpin' and pushin' 'em backwards over the room, (as I thought tryin' to get away from them), and the fellers holdin' 'em tighter, and they squeezed the gals, till at last I begun to think the thing was gettin' a little tight for me.

I bounced smack into the middle of the room. "Thunder and lightning, everybody come here with shot gun, six-shooters, and butcher knives!" bawled I at the top of my voice.

"I'll be cussed," says I, "if I will see the wimpled folks imposed on! Look what them fellers are doin', and how hard the gals are rarin' and pitchin' to get away from 'em! Do you 'spose I can stand still as a mile post and see the gals suffer so? Look!" says I, "there is a gal almost broken down, ready to give up to that raggin' of a feller! Yonder is another so faint her head has fallen on the bosom of the monster!" I tell you I was ash; I felt like I could jump into them like a catamount.

When I looked into my merchant's face, I thought he would have busted. He left, and squatted down and laid.

"Why," says he, "Ben, that is nothing but the red war waltz they are dancin', and them gals ain't tryin' to get away from them fellers; they are only caperin' to make the fellers hold 'em tighter, kase they like it. The more the gals fight, the tighter they wish to be squeezed. As to layin' their heads on the fellers' bosoms, that's very common in this city. They expect to be married some of these days, and they want to be accustomed to it, so they won't be a blushin' and turnin' pale, when the parson tells the groom to salute the bride. There is nothin' like being used to such things."

"You may take my hat," says I to my merchant. I was tuck in that time, I tell you, though it was the first time I ever seed the like before. I have seen the Indian hug, and the Congo dance, but I tell you this red war waltz knocks the hat crown out of everything I ever seed.

After I had got out of the way and everything commenced goin' on again, the music got faster and faster—oh, it was so fast, and such a northwester! The gals rarin' agin', the fellers hugger tighter, and the music makers pulled out a blowin'! Then the gals and fellers spun round like so many tops run mad. The fellers leaned back, and the gals leaned to 'em; the gals' fine frocks sailed out and popped into the air like on a windy day, the fellers' coat tails stood out, so straight that an egg would not have rolled off; their faces were as fixed and as serious as a sacrament.

"Oh, Lordy," says I—for I was considerably frustrated at the sight—stop that music, blow out the lights, or let 'em hand shut their eyes—until the women folks get unmix'd." At this, such a laugh you never heard.

"Why, Col. Johnson," says my merchant, "that is nothing. It frequently happens, and is one of the advantages of the red war waltz. If the gals ain't learnt how to mix with the world, how can they ever get along."

"I would rather have 'em all a little mixed," says I; "but that is too much of a good thing. However, let us leave, we've seed enough of the Sorry in that pill, just now to satisfy me for a week!" and at that we bid 'em good night, and left; promising to go to the next one and take a few lessons in the common Polka and Shottish dance.

IN SUPREME COURT.

Thompson, p/ff in error vs. Chase, def't in error. Common Pleas of Clearfield County. Opinion of the Court by Thompson, J.

Whether we look to the inspired record in Genesis, or the disclosures of geology, we are taught that the work of creation was a progressive one.

When man comes to the surface, he is a feeble creature, but he is a creature of intelligence. He is a creature of intelligence, and he is a creature of intelligence.

And when man walks forth to complete all these objects, it is evident that there is a higher principle in him, which is not in the mineral, or in the plant, or in the brute; but it is just as clear that he has affinities with the lower creation tending upwards to him.

All this does not prove, as some would argue, that man is merely an upper brute—possibly sprung from the monkey, or removed from it only as one species is from another.

According to a correspondent of the National Intelligencer, the potato disease was known in Ireland nearly one hundred and twenty years ago.

BURNING SOBS FOR THEIR ASHES.—At a meeting of the Skeneteles Farmers' club, Mr. W. P. Giles gave the result of an experiment on his farm, some years ago, in burning the turf upon a piece of swampy ground which had been reclaimed by draining.

Such a mixing up of things as then occurred, had occurred before or since old father Noah unloaded his great ark. There were legs and arms, white kids and penellans, patent leather and satin garters, shoe strings and garters, neck ribbons and guard chains, false curls and whiskers, women's bustles and pocket handkerchiefs—all in a pile—the gals kickin' and the fellers gruntin' and apolojin'!

Brigham Young—Among the curious developments of the stoppage of a banking house at Washington, is the fact that Brigham Young is minister about ten thousand dollars, having been a confiding depositor to that extent, though the agency of the territorial delegate, who transacted his financial business in that quarter.

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