

Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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KEEP AT WORK.

Does a mountain on you frown?
Keep at work!
You may undermine it yet;
If you stand and thump its base,
Sorry bruises you may get—
Keep at work.
Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at work!
She may smile again some day;
If you pull your handkerchief and fret,
Rest assured she'll have her way—
Keep at work.
Are you censured by your friends?
Keep at work!
Whether they are wrong or right,
May be you must bide your time,
If for victory you fight—
Keep at work.
If the devil grows at you,
Keep at work!
That's the best way to resist;
If you hold an argument,
You may feel his iron fist—
Keep at work.
Are your talents withered?
Keep at work!
Greater men than you are hated;
If you're right then go ahead—
Grit will be appreciated;
Keep at work.
Everything is done by labor;
Keep at work!
If you would improve your station;
They have help from Providence
Who work out their own salvation—
Keep at work.

HOW JANE GOT JEALOUS.

BY MARY KILL DALLAS.

One morning some time since, I was in the kitchen mixing a custard, I heard a low tap at the basement door, and before I could open it, sister-in-law, of all persons in the world, entered hastily, and sitting herself on the nearest chair, drew out her handkerchief and burst into a flood of tears. I was very much alarmed.

"What is the matter, Jane?" I inquired.

"Do tell me at once what has happened?"

"Oh, Emma! I'm the most wretched woman on this earth!" sobbed sister-in-law—the most wretched, miserable, forsaken creature that breathes!" and she wept afresh.

"I have come to you," she continued, "because you are my sister. I must speak to some one or my heart will break—and mine's gone out; and though it's all over between us forever—still I wouldn't tell a stranger of his wickedness for the world!"

"Why, Jane," I exclaimed, "have you had a quarrel with Tom?"

"No, Emma," said sister—"No, that would be easily remedied. No, it's not that, but—oh, dear me, give me a glass of water! Tom is—un-faithful—to me! I'm sure he is!"

"I don't believe it, Jane!" I answered indignantly. "Tom? why, he is a model husband!"

"Ah, Emma, an Angel couldn't have convinced me of it," groaned Jane, "but I can't doubt the evidence of my own senses, you know I have seen him—I wish I hadn't, almost—I only found out to-day by the nearest chance. Oh, Emma! I mean to buy three cents' worth of laudanum at the apothecary's and take it down—there now!"

"But what are your proofs, Jane?" I inquired.

"Probably it is all a mistake."

"A mistake! I never make mistakes, Emma," replied sister-in-law. "I'll listen, and I'll tell you all about it. Tom has been out lately very often, and I never could discover where he went to. Of course, he gave me some kind of an answer when I asked him, but I knew it was merely an excuse to elude me, just as well as I know I'm sitting here. Well this morning I was down-town shopping and as usual I stopped at Tom's office, on my way home. Tom had gone out for a few moments; but the door was open and I went in. The moment I crossed the threshold I felt a shudder run all through me—a sort of premonition, I believe; and there, on the table, lay a note, addressed in a delicate feminine hand, to 'Thomas Grey, Esq., present.' Oh, dear me! how I trembled as I opened it, and read as follows—

"Dear Tom:—I have waited some time in hopes of seeing you, but being in haste can delay no longer. Meet me according to appointment, at No. 559—street, Brooklyn, at nine o'clock. Inquire for Mrs. Jenkins. Don't fail, there's a good boy."

"Well, Emma, as soon as I had finished, I slipped the note into my pocket and ran out. Say there I couldn't. Ma, as I told you, has gone to spend the day with some old friends, and I must have some one with me; for I intend to follow them, and confront the brazen creature and that guilty man this very night!"

"Why not ask Tom to explain it?" I asked.

"Do you suppose such a man would tell the truth?" screamed sister-in-law. "Oh, Emma, do come with me, or I won't answer for the consequences—and I should remember the children, poor little things! in spite of his depravity."

"Well, Jane," I answered after some consideration, "I will go with you; but how do you intend to arrange matters?"

"You know," said sister-in-law, "there is a large dressmaking establishment within sight of Tom's office. Just before dark we will go there, and I will have my dress fitted, or order a mantle or something; and we can easily manage to detain ourselves until Tom starts, when we can follow about a block behind. We must wear heavy veils and long cloaks, and no one will recognize us. I must go home to my poor, miserable, unhappy, wretched, ill-used babies!" and sister-in-law kissed me hysterically, and departed.

My heart almost misgave me. I haven't one particle of a French woman's character in my whole composition, and abominable intrigues, plots, and every thing of the sort—coquetry and flirtation included—and my Yankee spirit revolted at the idea of this adventure. Still I reflected that if sister-in-law was to commit suicide it would be terrible; and Tom ought to be found out if he really is guilty, or cleared if he was innocent.

Jane came for me at five o'clock, and in less than half an hour we started. We arrived at the dressmaker's and Jane so contrived it that our orders, explanations, and so on, occupied the time until seven o'clock, when I, standing at the window, saw Tom emerge from his office and walk rapidly down street. I gave the preconcerted signal to sister-in-law and we followed at once. It was fast growing dark, Tom turned his steps towards the Brooklyn ferry, walking so rapidly that we could scarcely keep him in sight. Nevertheless we reached the boat just after he did, and with our veils down, slipped into the ladies cabin.

Tom stood outside; and when we had crossed it had grown so dark that we could just distinguish his form as he stepped on the dock. He turned to the right, and after walking several blocks, crossed over and entered a broad and handsome street.

"Do you know where we are?" I whispered.

"Not I," answered Jane, in the same tone, "in one of the worst streets of the city of course. Such a woman could not live anywhere else."

I trembled and took her arm.

"You can go back if you choose, Emma," said sister-in-law, disdainfully. "But I will never turn until I have convicted the base man of his perfidy."

As turning back was utterly impossible, unless Tom did so, as neither of us had the slightest idea of our whereabouts, I did not avail myself of this permission. By and by our unconscious guide began to grow bewildered. He crossed and recrossed, ascended steps, came down again, and at last turned into a dim unlighted street. As we followed, looking anxiously in the direction where Tom's hat was dimly visible, we forgot to pick our way with that care which the state of the side walks rendered necessary, and just in the darkest part, down we came plump into a bed of mortar, left by some workmen in front of an unfinished house. We scrambled out as quickly as we could, and followed in the direction Tom had taken.

Tom apparently began to feel sure of his locality. We were now in a well lighted street, and in a few moments stood in the full blaze of light which fell from a brilliantly lighted apothecary's store. What sights we were met with! An injured woman came and sat, and mind and mortal to our very knees. The few people we passed stared at us as though we were Turks; and if poor Tom, walking unconsciously before us, could have seen us I believe he would have fainted. I made a solemn league and covenant with myself that night that if I ever got out of this scrape, no power on earth should inveigle me into such another.

At length Tom paused before a very pretty cottage like house, with green shrubbery in the garden, and a pleasant light falling softly through the curtained windows; and after a few moments' investigation, he ascended the steps. The sound of music and merry voices floated out upon the air as the door was opened. A woman's hand bowed a graceful welcome at the vine-wreathed threshold, and Tom vanished from our eyes.

"Oh, Emma!" sobbed poor sister-in-law. "How awful! That bold creature! Did you see the roses in her hair, and those jeweled bracelets? No doubt Tom gave them to her. My Tom! Oh dear! who would have believed it? No matter, it's all over, and I'll show him what an injured woman can do and say."

We stood during this soliloquy in the shadow of a dark stone church nearly opposite the house which Tom had entered. The shutters were open, and the gay scene within was only hidden from our sight by the glossy folds of lace which had been lowering all day long were gathered in black and white masses above our heads, and presently a crash of thunder was heard, and down poured the rain in absolute torrents, drenching us to the skin.

Oh, how miserable we were, standing there in the rain that dark dreary night! The storm passed over before long; and just as the last drop had fallen, the door of the house opposite opened, and Tom, with a lady in his arms, emerged from the door. As soon as the door had closed, and the couple were sufficiently in advance, we followed. Tom's voice began the conversation.

"I had forgotten the number," she said, "and had some difficulty in finding the house."

"Why," answered the woman, "didn't you get the note I left for you?"

"No," replied Tom, "I have received no note to-day."

"Why, where can it have gone to?" exclaimed the lady. "I put it on your office table with my own hands."

"Emma, I know that woman's voice!" whispered sister-in-law. "I am sure I have heard it before. I can't think who it is, but I know her."

Just as she spoke, a party of young men, very much the worse for liquor came stumbling around the corner, singing "Bonny Annie Laurie," in that peculiar style in vogue by those who "make night hideous" after oyster suppers or genial assemblages, where the rosy woman had been freely circulated—the first gentleman howling the first verse, while the second gentleman shrieked the chorus, and the third contented himself by repeating "Annie Laurie" in melancholy tones.

"There she is!" hiccupped one of the trio.

"There's Bonny Annie Laurie! That's her, I'm going to kiss her."

"Oh! oh!" shrieked sister-in-law. "Tom! Help!—murder—come quick! Tom! I say it is your ill-used, ill-treated, deceived wife!"

Tom turned in great astonishment, and came towards us. The two gentlemen went very hastily around the corner, and the third fell down an open area, where his companions left him.

"Jane—Emma! Why, how on earth did you come here?" cried Tom.

"Don't speak to me!" said sister-in-law; "Wretch! villain! don't dare to speak to me! As for you, woman, know that your abominable letter is in possession of an injured wife! You are in my power, base, vile scorpion that you are! But this wretch! I will know how long has this infamous proceeding been carried on? How long is it since you won my husband's affections from my trusting heart? I have followed you all night to find out this, and also, who you are, for I am sure I have heard your voice before. Speak, I command you!"

"Laws a massy!" replied the lady dimly discernable in the darkness—"Laws a massy, I can't speak for astonishment. I don't like to think such a thing of my own daughter, but really you must have been taking something that's got into your head, Jane, or else you are going crazy!"

"Good gracious!" screamed sister-in-law, "if it isn't mother."

"Why, who else should it be?" said the old lady.

"Didn't you hear me tell Tom to come after me to-night, as I wasn't sure I could find my way home myself? And just as I was starting, I was afraid he'd forget the number so I wrote him a little note telling him where to come."

"Yes," I put in—I couldn't help it—Yes and that very note has caused this ridiculous, shameful escapade. On the strength of that little slip of paper we have been following Tom around this evening and exposing our selves, no doubt, to all manner of notice and

revelation. Jane magnified the note into a love letter—her own mother into a young and beautiful rival—the nice little residence of your friend into a most terrible sort of place, and poor Tom dutifully conveying his mother-in-law home into a deceitful gallant, about to wrong his wife beyond reparation by committing an elopement."

"There don't say any more, Emma," pleaded Jane. "I'm sufficiently ashamed of myself, I assure you."

"I should think you would be," said her mother.

We went home. Tom is very good natured and I verily believe, never mentioned the subject again. But brother John thought the whole affair such a joke, that to this day, he will burst out into the most amazing fits of laughter at an unsuitable moment, and always apologizes by saying, "I was thinking of the time, Jane, when you followed poor Tom to Brooklyn."

And Psalter says—"Tom ought to give Jane some real cause for jealousy after that causeless paroxysm."

I think that would be wrong, though for jealousy, absurd as it sometimes is, is a proof of love.

For the "Rafferty's Journal."

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

The following touching incident was related to the writer by a Reverend gentleman, who was personally acquainted with the parties, and who vouches for the authenticity of the story—

Some years ago, Col. Patterson, of Steubenville, N. Y., buried a lovely little daughter of some eight years old. She had been very delicate, and died of the scarlet fever. The parents naturally yearned toward her with increasing affection, in proportion as she became more pale and feeble, and when at length the poor, frail earthy tenement could no longer imprison the immortal spirit, the parents' grief was such as only parents can feel under similar circumstances. Lilly was dead, and ready to be laid in the cold ground. The last kiss was snatched from the pale lips, and the lovely face (lovely even in death) was adorned with fresh spring flowers. The coffin was closed, and the sad procession wended its way to the church-yard, where, as ashes to ashes, dust to dust, the little flower was consigned to its kindred earth.

It was after the funeral that the bereaved parents felt their loneliness, but they sorrowed not without hope, for they knew that their child was "not lost but only gone before."

They sat up somewhat late that night, talking of their beloved Lilly and the joy of meeting her where parting is no more. When at length they retired to their chamber, and before the Col. had got into bed, their attention was attracted by the opening of their door, and upon looking in that direction, what were their feelings to see their little girl advancing into the room, dressed in her long white grave clothes! The terrified mother buried herself in the bed clothes, shuddering from head to foot, while the Colonel, whose first impulse was to fly, became so completely paralyzed that he sank into a chair. It was some moments before he recovered the use of his reasoning faculties, and when he did so, he believed that his dear child could never return to do him harm, and he instinctively extended his arms toward her, when she stepped forward and placed herself between his knees. He lifted her upon his knees and gazed upon her pale face and the strange and vacant gaze of those large blue eyes, till gradually a light seemed to break in upon his mind, and the weight of confused ideas, which had pressed him from speaking up to this time, rolling away, he recognized not his beloved child returned from the grave, but the child of a near neighbor. Here he saw the whole mystery solved. The child had been the playmate of his own daughter, and being of the same age and bearing a striking resemblance to her, and having in a somnambulic state, left her own bed, had crept from the house and made her way to Col. Patterson's house, where she found an entrance by a back door, and proceeded to the chamber in search of her little playmate. The Col., after awaking her out of her sleep, and convincing his terrified wife of the facts of the case, took the little thing in his arms and carried her to her own home. He found that she had left the door ajar, and had passed over the deep ditch, on a single plank, in going from her father's house to the Col.'s, thus presenting another instance of a sleep-walker passing through danger which they could not face in a waking state.

WOODWARD.

BUCHANAN ON WHISKY.

Some time ago, a firm of distillers in Pittsburgh sent the President of the United States a small cask of their best "rye," and in the gratefulness of his heart, the President returned thanks, saying, among other things, "Your rye whiskey excels in mildness and fine flavor any spirits I ever drank." This solid compliment was precisely what the distillers were fishing for, and they forthwith headed their liquor advertisement in the public journals with the certificate of the President of the United States! The result is, that the "J. B. Brand," as it is called, has become wonderfully popular, and the cunning distillers are rapidly filling their pockets! The President seems to be a good judge of the article—for, mark, he says it excels any he ever drank—and if he don't put a stop to the distiller publishing his certificate, temperance people will begin to suspect that his platform is a whiskey plank in all. By the way, we wonder how this whiskey will compare with Enoch South's, which Bill Montgomery sent him, or had intended to send to him!

TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF.

In Cincinnati, a few evenings since, a six-foot Hoosier was observed by a policeman walking on the outer edge of the sidewalk, swinging a brick, and when halted, replied, "Don't come near me." The officer, however, "surrounded" him, like Paddy did the Hessians, when the Hoosier said he had the proceeds of a drove of hogs in his pocket, and he feared he would be robbed if he went to his hotel, and lest anybody should garrote him in the street, he carried the brick, and walked on the outside of the pavement.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

A Buffalo lady who claims to know "what's what," proposes that young men and women be set up in housekeeping before they are allowed to be engaged. "What's the use of a young man and a young woman living in a rooming house, and a new-born infant be procured from the Hospital, and that she have the charge of him in addition to her other duties. She is of the opinion that this process would 'disenchant' the young people.

THE TARIFF RESOLUTIONS.

Senators Cameron and Bigler.

We extract the following debate between Senators Cameron and Bigler, in the U. S. Senate, on the presentation of the Tariff resolutions recently adopted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, from the Congressional Globe. It will be observed that, while Mr. Bigler is willing that the Tariff shall be raised "as a business affair affecting the Treasury"—ready cash being a matter of great concern with the present Administration—Gen. Cameron meets the question fair and square, and says that he goes "first for Pennsylvania, and always for Pennsylvania." Here is the debate:

Mr. BIGLER. I present resolutions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania in favor of a protective tariff, an increase of the duties on coal and iron, and approving the views of the President of the United States, in his late annual message, in reference to specific duties. I ask that they may be read and referred to the Committee on Finance, and that they be printed.

The Secretary read them.

Mr. CAMERON. I also have received, and have the honor to present to the Senate, counterparts of the resolutions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, instructing their Senators, and requesting their Representatives in Congress, to endeavor to procure such a modification of the revenue laws as will change the mode of collection upon their great staples from all valorem to specific duties, and thereby, as they believe, prevent frauds, increase the revenue, and give protection to American labor. The resolutions were adopted with great unanimity, showing some sudden changes in the opinions of men, and proving the wonderful power of the people in this country over their representatives through the ballot-boxes. The vote in the Senate was unanimous—thirty-three voting in the affirmative. In the House of Representatives, of the one hundred members, only two voted against them; and they, as I understand from their speeches, did not object to the principle of protection, but to the propriety of legislative instructions to members of Congress.

I cordially approve these resolutions, and will cheerfully obey them; and I will add, that we will have, as I believe, the hearty aid and support of every Republican in both Houses of Congress. But all these are not enough to pass a law. It is true, the President of the United States, in his annual message, recommended all that is here asked. He, in his present high position, is potent for good or evil. The Legislature thinks that he, knowing the wants and interests of his fellow-citizens, is favorably disposed to help them. I trust he is; for if he will only exhibit, in their behalf, a small portion of that energy which he used so vigorously during the last session, to settle the Kansas question in favor of the Lecompton constitution, he will very soon have the tariff question out of Congress, and see busy hands and cheerful faces all over that great Commonwealth to which he owes his elevation. He has but to say the word, and his friends here, and in the other end of the Capitol, will, as they have done hitherto, come to his support. It will not do for him to tell the industrious, but now idle, men of Pennsylvania, that he cannot control his Cabinet upon a question of policy affecting so vitally their interests, and so necessary to his impoverished Treasury. The working men of Pennsylvania read, and think, and act upon their own conclusions. They have seen his power here on other occasions, and they will not be content now with his mere recommendation in a passing paragraph of his annual message. Let him act for them as they have acted for him, and he will be rewarded by their prayers and the blessings of their families. He goes home to find a resting place among them.

All that the Opposition party can do here on this question will avail nothing against the majority. All the committees are in the hands of the confidential friends of the President. These committees prepare and arrange the whole business of Congress; and no question of such importance as a change of the revenue laws can be effected without their sanction. I am particular in stating these facts, for the reason that I have seen, in a paper at Harrisburg, edited and controlled by a confidential friend of the President, an article charging the Republicans here with a wish to prevent the passage of a new tariff bill this session, so as to operate upon the future elections of our State, to desire to say, in reply to it, that the friends of protection will support any bill that the Administration may propose, that will give to us specific duties, wherever they are practicable, and that will produce revenue enough to support the Government. If nothing be done this session, the responsibility will rest with the Democratic party, as now organized, under the leadership of Mr. Buchanan.

The Republicans and others, with whom I act, desire to see the debt of the Government paid off. Proud of the national honor, they are unwilling to see this great country using such shifts as temporary loans, unredeemable Treasury notes, and other expedients, such as only a small country shopkeeper might be expected to adopt, in the hope that Providence will work a miracle for the special benefit of this Administration, by a sudden revival of trade to fill their empty coffers. Trade will not revive till capitalists see that the policy of the Government is such as to insure a return from investments to be made in manufactures, and their handmaid, commerce. We wish to see the Government conducted in the most economical manner. We wish to return to a cash system, for we believe that a public debt is a great evil, leading to extravagance, waste, and corruption; and for this purpose we desire a change in the tariff that will, with specific duties, bring into the Treasury, during the next fiscal year, a sum sufficient for its ordinary demands, and such a surplus as will, in a reasonable time, pay off the debt incurred upon the future elections of our State, to desire to say, in reply to it, that the friends of protection will support any bill that the Administration may propose, that will give to us specific duties, wherever they are practicable, and that will produce revenue enough to support the Government. If nothing be done this session, the responsibility will rest with the Democratic party, as now organized, under the leadership of Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. CAMERON. I do not intend at this time to reply to my colleague, at any length. I merely desire to say, that I believe the resolutions embody the sentiments of a majority of my constituents, and that it is my intention to carry out their spirit so far as I may have the power to do so. At 20 minutes past 10, and

Two centuries ago, not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago, not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age.

I trust on a proper occasion, I shall take the opportunity of expressing my views at length on this whole subject. I do not doubt the sincerity of my colleague on the subject of the tariff. I have no doubt he is exceedingly anxious for a readjustment of it such as he indicates; but I have a clear opinion that the worst friends of a proper and prompt readjustment of the tariff are those who are constantly attempting to give the question the aspect of a partisan issue; who are drawing it up into parties and struggles, and confounding it up with the ordinary politics of the day, or asking what they know cannot be granted.

I listened to the remarks of my colleague with some surprise. I can see no necessity for coupling this subject with the course which the Executive saw proper to pursue with reference to the admission of Kansas as a State into this Union. The President is doubtless sincere in all he has said on the subject of the tariff, and will stand by the views which he has expressed, so far as it is proper that he should interfere; but, sir, no man can misunderstand the imputation fairly implied in the remarks of my colleague. It was worse than to say in plain language that the message of the President, so far as it relates to this question of readjusting our revenue system, is not candid. Nor, sir, could I understand the necessity for his allusions to the sudden and peculiar change in the sentiments of public men. Why, sir, this is by no means singular; and I could give instances, were it necessary. But I do not intend to dwell upon that point at present. I shall have accomplished my object when I say to my colleague, so far as relates to myself, that I am ready to unite with him, in good faith, in accomplishing what I believe to be the will of a majority of the people whom we represent; and to do that all the better, I am willing to treat the question of raising the tariff as a business affair, and not as a party question. I believe in the industrial interests of the country, without attempting to invest it with the character of a struggle between the two great parties of the country.

Mr. CAMERON. It would seem to me, Mr. President, that my colleague supposed I doubted his sincerity, and that I have insinuated that he has changed. I intimated no doubt, and did not refer to any change on his part. He says also that he is surprised at what I have uttered. There we differ entirely, for I am never surprised at anything my colleague says or does. On this question of protection there have been sudden changes, and I will take his record to prove that he has changed most miraculously. Now all I ask is, that he and other gentlemen who represent the President here shall act in good faith. Let me repeat, that on this subject, the Opposition has no power. This revenue question is in the hands of the Administration, through its confidential agents in the House. They will let us pass a bill or not, as they think proper. I am a Pennsylvanian; not like my colleague, who said, when this question was up in 1857, that he was a national man. He went to make a tariff to suit the country. I go first for Pennsylvania, and always for Pennsylvania. There is that feature in southern gentlemen here which I always like to see. They stand up for their own section; and if we, as Pennsylvanians, would battle as bravely and as boldly and as gallantly for Pennsylvania as they do for the South, we should have very little trouble in getting what we ask.

Mr. President, the people of Pennsylvania, the working people, who are no politicians, who only go into this question when forced into it by political leaders, desire to get it out of politics and out of Congress; and I will go with anybody here to pass such a law—let the modification be as moderate as it may—to take this question out of Congress, and give rest to the vexed people of Pennsylvania. I too, at the proper time, will make my remarks in full upon this subject; and I will be ready to hear and rebut, if necessary, all that my distinguished colleague may say respecting it.

The motion to refer to the Committee on Finance, and to print, was agreed to.

THE THIRTY MILLIONS.

The open avowal in the late democratic canons of a determination to steal Cuba, and the news from Spain that the Cortes is unanimously against any proposition to sell that island, demonstrate that this government has no intention to buy, and the Spanish government no intention to sell, Cuba. What, then, can the thirty millions be for, which Senator Sidel proposes to put into the hands of the President? The Washington States, a democratic paper, says:—"Opportunity for an intelligent judgment on the \$30,000,000 proposition, we have authentic information that the Spanish government will repel our advances for the purchase of Cuba with scorn and indignation. The ministry have declared an inexorable resolution to this effect, and they are sustained by the unanimous vote of the popular representatives. After this demonstration, will any man persist in the attempt to acquire Cuba by the means proposed in the Senatorial caucus? If in the face of an indignant remonstrance from the Spanish nation, Congress shall determine to deposit the \$30,000,000 with the Executive, Republican journals may well assert that the money is intended for some other object than the purchase of Cuba."

The object to our mind is plain. It is to furnish a vast corruption fund with which to carry the next Presidential election. It can be no honest object; of that the public can rest well assured.

CURIOS INCIDENT.

A few days ago, Mr. John Linwood, of Ohio, was a passenger in a train on his return home from the east. He occupied a seat near the door, and after dark dropped into a snooze, from which he was aroused by a passenger in the seat behind him withdrawing his hand from his breast pocket with his pocket-book in it. He attempted to seize the hand, but missed it, and the pocket-book immediately started for the door, and he, Mr. Linwood, caught one of the skirts of his coat, just as he emerged from the door. It gave way in his hand, and he then caught the other skirt, which also tore off, and though the train was under full headway, the thief jumped off and escaped with the pocket-book, containing \$61. In the pockets of the coat skirt Mr. L. found, however, to compensate him, two gold watches worth at least \$100.

Two centuries ago, not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago, not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age.

A GOOD OLD ANECDOTE.

One day when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small cabriolet from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn, in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chase, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness, and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches than they were seized by the dog. The owner, conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches, and away he flew. The traveller posted after him, with his night-cap on, and literally *à la culotte*. Anybody who has seen a full of money Napoleon of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; he has run away with your breeches it is because you have in the pocket which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling; "without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece, with such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it to me. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you. The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

A sharp piece of swindling speculation in New Jersey waste lands has come to light in New York, through an affidavit made before one of the police courts by the leading member of a wholesale dry goods firm of that city. The land operators—they gave their names as John Carey and William Robinson—and an elegant map prepared, showing a portion of a village in the centre of their property, and unsold lots and farms awaiting disposal. The whole is said to be a gigantic fraud, and large numbers are said to have been duped into exchanging their spare cash for worthless title deeds, received at the hands of the parties named. The accused were locked up for trial.

The Michigan Legislature has "put its foot in it," by voting two hundred and forty acres of land to Mrs. Rogers, because she recently produced four little Rogerses at one birth. It has set a precedent which may cost the State thousands of acres of land. The Detroit Free Press says Mr. Job Burnap, of Sumpster, Wayne county, has applied to the Legislature to divide its favor. His paper says that Mr. Burnap "has given birth to nine children at four births, three of whom were born ten months after marriage"—that he is a poor man, and therefore prays for a donation of land, as in the case of Mrs. Rogers.

Some Fun-loving Fellows in New Castle, Pa., recently started a society where which purport to be a lodge of the Sons of Mithras. One of the initiated, however, exposed the whole concern. He states that after being initiated, he signed what was represented to be the constitution of the order, but which turned out to be nothing more or less than an order for a keg of beer upon one of the town brewers. The Club had been indulging in lager at the expense of the new members for several weeks, but since the "blow" they have fallen through.

The following toast was given at the late anniversary of the New England Society, at Minneapolis, Minnesota:

The Live Yankee—He's a drivin' his kecks to pasture; alter the content; keepin' school in Australia; pedlin' Cherry Pectoral in China; playin' 'Yankee Doodle' in Japan; openin' a land office in Arizona; kistin' queens everywhere, and makin' himself at home generally without invitation.

The Lawrence correspondent of the Leavenworth Times tells a good one of Gor. Medary, who went into a barber shop at Leavenworth to get shaved. The Governor proposed to share by the month. "Don't know about that, massa," said the barber. "Why not, Tom?" asked Gov. M. "Caze, massa, you Gubners stay mighty short time in Kansas; can't trust you for two weeks; too long a time for people ob your color." The barber had the argument with him, and so the Governor had to pay up.

A Washington correspondent of the New York News speaks of Miss Lane, the lady of the White House, and her accomplished "maids of honor." We shall next have a court circular to tell us when the President takes a walk, and the exact time his charming niece devotes to her morning airings, but all these things are melancholy departures from the republican simplicity which distinguished the receptions during the Madison era.

The Ebensburg Sentinel, one of the Democratic organs of Georgia, is very decidedly "ferment" the "Little Giant." Hear it: "We say broadly and boldly, that we would rather that the right hand which God gave us should wither, than that it should cast a vote for him (Douglas) for the highest or lowest office in the gift of the American people."