

THE CAMPAIGN.

"THE TICKET, THE WHOLE TICKET, AND NOTHING BUT THE TICKET."

BLOOMSBURG, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1866.

NUMBER 4.

VOLUME I.

The Beauty of Old Age.

Forces think each tottering form,
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of life, as full of joy.
And each has had its moments,
Its own unequalled, pure romance,
Its own unsharpened, pure romance,
When the twinkling eye
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance,
And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its own of love vines
Were passion, more sweetly truth,
Than any tale before or since.

And they could tell of tender days,
At midnight gemmed in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And made more fair than modern maid.
Of whippers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek,
Of lips, each whisp'ring far to heart,
Our own lips to give or speak,
Of passion to untimely crossed—
Of passion's slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And hands that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and freezing rays,
And form and face and brow,
And forms that all have passed on,
And left them that we see from now,
And is it then—oh human love,
So very light and frail a thing?
And most youth's brightest vision move
Forever on Tim's restless wing?
Most all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so late to sight,
Hereafter only come to this—
Then what are all earth's treasures worth,
If we at length must lose them thus—
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"Isn't it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the garden of our little inn.
"Isn't it a beauty?" answered I.
"This pistol, Elliot brought it in Bay-oune yesterday for my birthday present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"
"My dear Mrs. Harding," I replied, amazed, "what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"
"I don't know, maybe no one, nor nothing, and I daresay it's very silly; but when I'm out sketching or walking by myself miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with anything dreadful, of course, or I shouldn't go alone."
"Well," said I, after a minute examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Take care you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expedition of the day.
"What blind moles we are! How little did either of us imagine that before another day dawned her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver; that in a few hours her fate would be to meet that "something dreadful," so lightly spoken of just now, to conquer it, or die one of the most horrible deaths possible to be conceived!"

We were a very happy party; Mrs. Harding and her wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Harding, a perfect slave to her color-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.
"Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I started all together; but we left the lady at the entrance of a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intend shooting over, in passing which one day she had fancied some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other good-by, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver and plenty of ammunition; "for who knows," quoth she laughing, "but that I may have to kill a quail or two before I return."
"At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Harding, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to us long afterward, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.
"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that, instead of sitting down at once to my work, I wandered on, always believing I could get the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill; this one led to another, and this one to still another; and I had only just begun to find out that I had strayed much further than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the high mountains to the west, and that I should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the

valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond there was a group of cork-trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the bushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when once reached, the walking would be easy. So, though the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already sufficiently tired, I calculated that I should reach them in about an hour and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the inn; and, after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

"Off I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. To press on, not minding the stambles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground—which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark—and could see the cork-trees booming large in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking there might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.
"For only one moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching things, clank, um-brella, everything which might impede my flight flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now solemn seen Pyrenean dogs, their terribly acute scent and horrible ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound that I had heard was the cry of one of them; as it had stumbled on my trail, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork-trees.

"As first, as I fled along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never occurred to me, so paralyzed was I with fear; but as I went on and heard the occasional cry, and hungry yapping always nearer and nearer, the horror of the threatened death roused in me a courage I had never known before, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life, at all events, as dear as I could.
"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork-trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.
"I pulled out my revolver, hardly noting its speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for the crack "yapping" sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of savage beasts were at my heels; if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute. Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire, which you gave me, you know, Elliot, I shot off each barrel as quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs, now-a-days, were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, also, that when hungry they did not scruple to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being that by firing among the pack I might gain the time they took while they stopped to devour those which were killed.
"How it was, I don't know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but as I ran I felt reckless courage, and, so to speak, determination not to be killed, took possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a snarl "yap" so close behind, that an agony of terror put for a moment my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralyzed, as, turning my head, I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I reloaded again, fired, and waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, struggled on once more, and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to take for, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defence for my back, and I knew all must be lost if they once got to close quarters; so I turned again, let off all the barrels pretty nearly at random, and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.
"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a while I don't know; I fancy I lost consciousness altogether; but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Yet it was evident that they could not reach me,

leap and jump as they might; all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing trees down in which their prey was seated, I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so all that I had to do by safe, appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.
"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upward of fifty at least, and whether they only attacked at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain long, which was not probable when once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I had not returned; and I was comforting myself with this assurance when it flashed through me that you would, as likely as not, come without your guns, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I set thinking of it the old devils of hellish dread gathered on my face, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest it should give you too true a clue to my places of refuge.
"How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork-tree, turning these hopes and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least, for the moon had travelled over the valley, and was setting behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and waited without answering, for you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than anything which had yet happened; but very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried my whistle now, but the sound that I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then—you know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself.

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Harding, was as follows:
"As we neared the grove of cork-trees so often alluded to in the above recital, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gnawing at the foot which was unattainable, and came on us to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling, that after coming to us once again, they looked themselves to the shelter of the brushwood on each side of the valley. I said we were prepared for them; for, returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who told us that he and some others had seen the first pack of wild dogs mentioned for upward of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees toward these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party, and well armed; for they were always desperately savage; they had doubtless been driven from their lair, he said, by the long continuance of cold and snow.
"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.
"Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Harding had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately adjoining it as the place where he had seen them.
"He had could finish his sentence we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when, to our quick question, "Where's Mrs. Harding?" my wife replied, "I don't know, she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was aroused; every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance of the valley, silent and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely ere this had overtaken her.
"After the rout of the dogs, we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Harding, lifted her head. She was quite insensible, though, fortunately, had bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home, and did all we could to restore consciousness; but alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered from their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterward that she was able to give us the preceding account.
"She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour under Providence, of her life, but we who heard the tales so unadvisedly told, thought the pistol would have been but of little use, had it not been for the wonderful pluck and most incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less to that of a lady.
"It is hardly necessary to add that this was the last time I ever laughed at a

lady for asking for a pistol as a birthday present.

"Marbol."

Say, shall I tell you what my darling's like
If I am able?
Her name is Anabel—I call her May,
And sometimes Mabel.
She's like a princess in a fairy tale
Or poem olden,
With soft, attractive eyes, and wavy hair
That's nearly golden.
Her hands are delicate, and small, and white,
And very skilful;
She's sometimes reasonable—sometimes kind,
But not ever wilful.
She plays like me, Cecilia when she likes,
But she's capricious;
To hear her sing the "Jewel Song from Faust"
Is most delicious!
Longfellow's "Trust her not, she's fading there!"
Reminds me of her;
They say she grieves in that fatal power
Which makes all love here.
What matters all they say? I am bewitched,
And camp it low here;
I would she were more real; but who begs
Must not be choosier."
So she is still my darling. All my hopes
Are centred in her.
And I am waiting—waiting for the time
When I may—win her!

CONCERNING STORIES.

THE bewildering number of new magazines and the amount of material, such as it is, which goes to fill them, is not the least wonder of our time. Besides the leading tale, the piece of poetry, the column of jokes, or the solid article, which nearly all contain, there is usually a short sketch or story, and it is with this branch of periodical caty that we have to deal. If examined closely, these stories indicate a great deal more than would appear on their own showing. First on the score of antiquity, they can claim priority over the big novel itself, which precedes them in order of place, and is being slowly conducted upon an illustrated career under the direction of a popular author. Before the novel came the novella, the *roman-cesant* before the *roman*. Stories are probably as old as speech, but your novel (we use the word in its ordinary acceptance) always from its length, required to be looked. The Greeks told stories, and very good ones. Antinous Diogenes went in for a regular romance—the loves of Dithys and Dorys; but it possesses nothing in common with our works of fiction, except, of course, the element of tender passion, without which nothing of the kind could move. But the Greek tales were excellent. Even in the Greek Christian times, when Pan was dead, capital adventures were struck out, which, if they dealt rather freely with sacred subjects, one is inclined to condone for their offences on the ground of no harm done.
In the middle ages these tales were re-told along with others, and enriched, too, with marvels brought from the East, monsters from the North, and plenty of devils from the monastic legends. Then there were the jongleurs, minstrelsiners, and troubadours, who traveled on the strength of a popular taste for these stories; but if report speaks true concerning the jongleurs, they added to their *repertoire* an attraction similar to that which brings nightly crowds to the ballet music halls of London. Italy is regarded as the direct source of our novels and novellas. Boccaccio's tales were known under the latter title, and to some Italian stories we are said to be indebted for "The Merchant of Venice." The middle age narratives were all pretty nearly of one color, and of rather a high flavor for our generation, but many of them were both clever and caustic. Longfellow gives an excellent imitation or adaptation of one in his "Martin Friar; or, the Monk of St. Anthony." Our English tales of the Elizabethan age are singularly dull and pointless. After the Restoration they were livelier, when, to paraphrase a lackeyed quotation,
"The taste became in us gall and less nice;"

on his white cotton pants, we read in large letters, "Young Baldoucs—this fine and—" etc. We never said a word, and felt in our hearts that he was most welcome to the ink. As the good lady bowed herself out, she asked us "how Mr. Ivins likes his honey?" Heavens! now, when too late, we have learned that she is Mrs. Jarroll, that the blue eyes belong to "the bud of promise," and that walking proof-sheet of a horse bill is Jonas, "the boy of genius." Now look out for a storm. When Mrs. J. sees that proof the weather will change. (*Chattanooga Gazette*.)

Almost an Elopement.

YESTERDAY morning, at quite an early hour, the family of one of our citizens was thrown in a state of feverish excitement by the *mater familias* who imagined she heard stealthy footsteps on the back stairs. The father of the family was awakened and assured that the house was full of burglars, and that the family would be murdered in less than a minute, unless something was done. The old gentleman hastily drew on his pants, lighted the coal-oil lamp, seized the poker, and sallied forth in search of the robbers. What was his surprise, instead of finding the house full of desperadoes, to meet on the landing his good-looking daughter with a bandbox on one arm and a large valise pendant from the other. Father was, of course, in justifiable rage; demanded to know of Sarah Jane what this meant, and what she was doing up and dressed at so unseasonable an hour. Just at this moment came a tap on the hall door, and a masculine voice in a suppressed tone, sung out: "Hurry, darling, I'm waiting." Light began to break in on the enraged parent, and he transferred his attentions to the street door. Daughter expostulated, begged him not to go out there or he would catch his death of cold; but he was unrelenting, and in a moment stood on the porch, confronting a six-footer with savage moustache and a full travelling rig. Pa, of course, stormed, ordered Sarah Jane back to bed, and for that time, at least, a runaway match was prevented.
The lover was last seen at one of our livery stables, sitting for a two-horse single-seated carriage, which he swore had proved too wide for one and not wide enough for two. Sarah Jane last evening was looking quite disconsolate, and spoke of plicated affections and young hearts breaking for love. We have reason to believe, however, that she will recover.—(*St. Joseph Union*, 25.)

Visitors in a Printing Office.

DURING the absence of the Boss, yesterday, we had visitors. A blooming lass, her homespun, practical mother, and that inevitable nuisance, the "big boy" (big boys are humbugs, the world over), a brother of the blue-eyed lass. The good lady informed us that they were on a tour of inspection, and wished—"Mam, mam—oh! Mam," interrupted that in—boy, plucking at the plaits of her dress, behind, "What's this 'ere? I gosh," pointing at a job press, opening and closing its vertical hinky jaws with automatic regularity. The matriarchy spectacles beamed on the machinery for a moment. "I do not know, my son—it seems like something that don't know what it's a-do-in; keeps a comin', but backs again as much as it comes. I wonder in my heart if it ain't the Tennessee Legislature!" The blue-eyed looked brightly at the mother, and then, on tip-toe, whispered "fly-trap!"
"Mam, I gosh!" I tell you what, hit 'nimals me a dose of niggers or a buzzin'—watch 'em come together—thar, d'yee see that suckin' squeeze? now watch 'em come apart—do you hear that?—I gosh! ha! ha!"
"My son," and the brute was fairly looked into silence in an instant—those spectacles have a wonderful focal power to be sure. The blue eyes were beaming on us, we knew they were, for we felt as though our cheek was being pinched with a butterfly's wing, dipped in attar of rose, while the dim echo of long lost music whispered in our ear. We felt very good, indeed. We were aroused by the good lady. "Well! well! law! law! children, look back yonder! If thar ain't a wool-cardin' mers-hew, with a fly brush to keep the specks of the roller how nice!" We explained to her that it was a power press, "Dear, my soul, me! is it? Now, mister, do show me wharabouts in the trick-a-lol-bob bleas are brod—made, I mean to say," and she placed the turkey-stall fan before her nose. We could do no better than point to the laking apparatus.
"Well, well! what is the world a-comin' to next; but mister, don't they look sorer macker, tho', list in their natural state?"
We admitted they did, and thought the term mackerel might be applied to many fish in their finished state, but we did not say so. "Mam, say mam, ax him whar then fellers are a-mofin' at over them sliop' tables?" We answered, distributing type, *etc.*, and we pronounced sir sharp enough to cut the whelp's throat. "Oh, don't rot em, I thought they were a skeerin' film on 'em them sliop' boxes." The blue eyes fell from outs to the floor like a pair of striking on humming-birds. We fear that we had been, perhaps—well, staring. The old lady now bestowed herself that it was time to go, so she led the way. As the big boy brought up the rear, we discovered that he had been seated on the floor of a horse stall, for across his rear,

practise adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times (Acts xi: 31) the Book of Moses was read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. To this habit our Saviour conformed, and in the synagogue, one Sabbath day, read a passage from the prophet Isaiah, then closing the book, returned it to the priest and preached from the text.

The Showman.

TIPS, ladies and gentlemen, is the distinguished animal (ch is known as the Hamerican Woodchuck, first discovered by General Christopher Columbus, on his first voyage to the woods of Hameriky. Christopher saw him quietly seated upon a bank of clover, a view of the setting sun, and a wondering vot would become of it. This ere is one of the descendants of the same woodchuck, as may be heasily seen by his general appearance, vich is both beautiful and striking. He is a solitary creature, and is called woodchuck because he lives in the vood and the boys chuck stones at him. He has hair upon his back and upon his belly, and his tail is much the same. His eyes are at the opposite ends of the body, and assist him in the amusing occupation of seeing, vich he can see in the dark as well as in the light, heise he wouldn't live in oles hunder the ground. Like most handi-made things, he is fond of enjoying himself, vich he does in a very amiable and interesting way. He obbles along upon the ground, ven nobody is looking vathes the birds in the trees, and tries to sing like them, vich he has never succeeded in doing; but this is not his fault, because he hasn't got any feathers. The woodchuck lives a good vife, My huncle ad von vat lived some time, but finally died; though there is no telling how long he would ave lived if it vasn't for that ere bacident. Howing to the quiet life vich the woodchuck henjoys, I vave sometimes vished I vave a woodchuck myself. But then there is not excitement enough in it for a showman, though I can say, as Helander remarked to Diogenes, "If I vere not a showman I vould be a woodchuck!" Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the verry oss on vich the Duke of Valentine slew the Lord Napoleon Bonaparte! Stir him up, John, and make him kick a bit!

Old Things.

GIVE me old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture, of sorrow and sadness. They tell of Jaysgone by, and time has given them a voice that speaks to us of those who breathed those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end; as "I launch my boat" upon the seas of eternity, may their echoes be wafted on my ear, to cheer me on my passage from earth to fatherland!

Give me the old paths where we have wandered and culled the flowers of friendship in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Sweeter far the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose hills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows from whom we have parted and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with Heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through the old elms, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

Ald O, above all, give me old friends, hearts bound to mine in life's sunny hours, and a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder; spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have beat in unison with my own. O, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hold my dust than the tear of an old friend.

The Axe.

THE other day I was holding a man by the hand—a hand as firm in its outer texture as leather, and his sunburnt face was as inflexible as parchment; he was pouring forth a tirade of contentment on who complain that they can get nothing to do, as an excuse for becoming idle buffers. Said I, "Jeff, what do you work at? You look hearty and happy; what are you at?" "Why," said he, "I bought me an axe three years ago that cost me two dollars. That was all the money I had. I went to chopping wood by the cord, I have done nothing else, and cleared more than six hundred dollars; drank no grog, paid no doctor, and have bought me a little farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be married next week to a girl who has earned two hundred dollars since she was eighteen. My old axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new one to cut my wood with." After I left him I thought to myself, "that axe and no grog." They are the two things that make a man in this world. How small a capital that axe—how sure of success with the motto, "No grog!" And then a farm and a wife, the best of all.

on his white cotton pants, we read in large letters, "Young Baldoucs—this fine and—" etc. We never said a word, and felt in our hearts that he was most welcome to the ink. As the good lady bowed herself out, she asked us "how Mr. Ivins likes his honey?" Heavens! now, when too late, we have learned that she is Mrs. Jarroll, that the blue eyes belong to "the bud of promise," and that walking proof-sheet of a horse bill is Jonas, "the boy of genius." Now look out for a storm. When Mrs. J. sees that proof the weather will change. (*Chattanooga Gazette*.)

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The lover was last seen at one of our livery stables, sitting for a two-horse single-seated carriage, which he swore had proved too wide for one and not wide enough for two. Sarah Jane last evening was looking quite disconsolate, and spoke of plicated affections and young hearts breaking for love. We have reason to believe, however, that she will recover.—(*St. Joseph Union*, 25.)

Visitors in a Printing Office.

DURING the absence of the Boss, yesterday, we had visitors. A blooming lass, her homespun, practical mother, and that inevitable nuisance, the "big boy" (big boys are humbugs, the world over), a brother of the blue-eyed lass. The good lady informed us that they were on a tour of inspection, and wished—"Mam, mam—oh! Mam," interrupted that in—boy, plucking at the plaits of her dress, behind, "What's this 'ere? I gosh," pointing at a job press, opening and closing its vertical hinky jaws with automatic regularity. The matriarchy spectacles beamed on the machinery for a moment. "I do not know, my son—it seems like something that don't know what it's a-do-in; keeps a comin', but backs again as much as it comes. I wonder in my heart if it ain't the Tennessee Legislature!" The blue-eyed looked brightly at the mother, and then, on tip-toe, whispered "fly-trap!"
"Mam, I gosh!" I tell you what, hit 'nimals me a dose of niggers or a buzzin'—watch 'em come together—thar, d'yee see that suckin' squeeze? now watch 'em come apart—do you hear that?—I gosh! ha! ha!"
"My son," and the brute was fairly looked into silence in an instant—those spectacles have a wonderful focal power to be sure. The blue eyes were beaming on us, we knew they were, for we felt as though our cheek was being pinched with a butterfly's wing, dipped in attar of rose, while the dim echo of long lost music whispered in our ear. We felt very good, indeed. We were aroused by the good lady. "Well! well! law! law! children, look back yonder! If thar ain't a wool-cardin' mers-hew, with a fly brush to keep the specks of the roller how nice!" We explained to her that it was a power press, "Dear, my soul, me! is it? Now, mister, do show me wharabouts in the trick-a-lol-bob bleas are brod—made, I mean to say," and she placed the turkey-stall fan before her nose. We could do no better than point to the laking apparatus.
"Well, well! what is the world a-comin' to next; but mister, don't they look sorer macker, tho', list in their natural state?"
We admitted they did, and thought the term mackerel might be applied to many fish in their finished state, but we did not say so. "Mam, say mam, ax him whar then fellers are a-mofin' at over them sliop' tables?" We answered, distributing type, *etc.*, and we pronounced sir sharp enough to cut the whelp's throat. "Oh, don't rot em, I thought they were a skeerin' film on 'em them sliop' boxes." The blue eyes fell from outs to the floor like a pair of striking on humming-birds. We fear that we had been, perhaps—well, staring. The old lady now bestowed herself that it was time to go, so she led the way. As the big boy brought up the rear, we discovered that he had been seated on the floor of a horse stall, for across his rear,

Hints to Husbands.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of them again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect, for it she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with intonation in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you any the better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of disregard for feeling will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. Do not, too often, invite your friends out to ride, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteem other more companionable than herself. If you have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and abrupt in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of consolation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such social and amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence on your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household accordingly. Be it remembered that pecuniary affairs cause more difficulties than any other cause. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all you possess in the world—therefore she should be made acquainted with that which is of great importance to both.

Sermons.

THE custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon is said to have originated about the time of Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the book of law, and after addressing a prayer to the deity, to which the people said "Amen," read the law of God distinctly, gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. Previous to the time of Ezra four hundred and fifty seven years before Christ, the patriarch delivered in public assemblies either prophesies or moral instructions for the edification of the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from Babylonian captivity, during which time they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them.

AN object of interest—A girl whose interest is three thousand dollars a year.

A HATER of Form—False civics.