THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STABLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

41ST YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, FEB. 28, 1859. NO. 22.

[illegible] ON THIS PAPER.

THE COMPILER is published every Monday morning, [illegible] TWO DOLLARS, at $1.75 per annum if paid strictly IN ADVANCE—$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment—"COMPILER" on the sign.

Receipts and Expenditures

OF ADAMS COUNTY FOR 1858.

Commissioners' Office, Adams co., Pa.

Agreeably to an Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to raise County Rate and Levies," requiring the Commissioners of the respective Counties to publish a statement of the Receipts and Expenditures yearly, We, the Commissioners of said county, do report as follows, to wit: from the Sixth day of January, A. D., 1858, to the Fifth day of January, A.D., 1859—both days inclusive:

JOEL B. DANNER, Esq., Treasurer, and the Commissioners in account with the County of Adams, as follows:

DR.

Outstanding County Taxes in hands of Collectors,		$6442 10
" Quit Rents,		357 00
County Rates and Levies assessed for 1858:		
Bor. of Gettysburg,	$1132 51	
Do. Quit Rents,	178 50	
Cumberland township,	1238 61	
Germany "	776 42	
Oxford "	1207 62	
Huntington "	1293 96	
Latimore "	881 32	
Hamiltonban "	1431 29	
Liberty "	708 66	
Hamilton "	912 72	
Menallen "	874 32	
Straban "	1299 99	
Franklin "	1306 33	
Conowago "	935 50	
Tyrone "	683 01	
Mountjoy "	887 05	
Mountpleasant "	1268 51	
Reading "	1324 38	
Freedom "	408 94	
Union "	1221 04	
Butler "	848 07	
Berwick "	393 22	
Berwick Borough,	187 65	
		21299 73
Loan from Bank and sundry persons,		17204 54
Abatement on State Quota for 1858,		632 58
Cash from Isaac Lightner, Sheriff, for jury fees and fines for 1858,		107 00
Cash from Wm. Wank, costs refunded,		147 67
Do. Jacob Craig, "		15 00
Do. George Stuckey, fine,		5 00
Do. Matthew Thompson, "		1 00
Do. H. D. Wattles, for stable,		49 01
Do. H. G. Wolf, jury fees,		12 00
Exonerated tax from sundry persons,		20 05
Additional tax for 1858,		29 24
		$46330 92

The Outstanding County Tax and Quit Rents appear to be in the hands of the following Collectors, to wit:

Years.	*Collectors.*	*Bor. & Twps.*	
1854.	John E. Heikes, Huntington,	$8	58
1855.	Samuel Sadler, Tyrone,	91	28
1856.	Samuel Weaver, Gettysburg,	166	84
"	" Quit Rents,	136	26
1857.	Henry G. Carr,† Gettysburg,	373	77
"	" Quit Rents,	178	50
"	William Ross,† Cumberland,	200	54
"	John McCreary, Straban,	257	66
"	Jacob C. Pittenturf, Tyrone,	98	56
1858.	Henry Culp,† Gettysburg,	145	21
"	" Quit Rents,	178	50
"	Leonard Bricker, Cumberland,	39	92
"	Henry Bittle,† Germany,	305	74
"	Christian Zinn,† Oxford,	187	62
"	William Lease,† Huntington,	366	96
"	P. A. Myers,† Latimore,	265	32
"	Wm. T. Reed, Hamiltonban,	283	29
"	Reuben Shover,† Liberty,	73	66
"	Samuel Allwine,† Hamilton,	212	72
"	Barnhart Myers,† Menallen,	346	32
"	Wm. L. Thomas,† Straban,	360	79
"	E. W. Stahle, Franklin,	506	33
"	Simon Harnish,† Conowago,	395	50
"	Martin Raffensperger,† Tyrone,	103	51
"	Samuel B. Miller, Mountjoy,	199	85
"	Jacob Cashman,† Mountpleasant,	383	51
"	Samuel March,† Reading,	364	38
"	John Zider, Berwick twp.,	23	22
"	John Harrigan, Freedom,	72	63
"	William Sterner,† Union,	321	04
"	John Hines,† Butler,	223	07
"	Henry Mayer, Berwick bor.,	49	65
		$7090	73

☞ Cumberland, Hamiltonban, Mountjoy, Freedom, and Huntington, have paid in full since settlement. Those marked thus † have paid in part.

CR.

By Orders paid out as follows, to wit:

By auditing and settling public accounts,	$42 00
Wm. McClean, Esq., Auditor appointed by the Court to audit public offices,	15 00
Printing, blanks, &c.,	326 24
Sheriff's bills of Court costs,	598 28
Clerk's pay,	200 00
Abatement to Collectors of 5 per cent.,	1005 45
Fox and wild cat scalps,	71 35
General jury and tip staves' pay,	986 94
Assessors' pay,	583 75
Jailor's fees for keeping prisoners and turnkey,	344 97
Wood, stone coal, hauling, &c., for public buildings,	162 29
Repairs at public buildings,	118 00
Grand jury and tip staves' pay,	373 77
Register, Prothonotary, and Clerk of Sessions' fees,	159 40
Tax refunded to sundry persons,	22 51
Court Cryer's pay,	85 00
Certificates of Constables' return,	85 10
Treasurer of Alms House,	6100 00
Counsel fees and extra suits,	50 00
Postage and stationery,	90 19
Notes and interest paid Bank and sundry persons,	6799 83
Quit Rents paid Geo. Himes's heirs,	2 00
Henry A. Picking, Esq., Commis'r's pay,	210 00
Josiah Benner, Esq., "	210 00
Jacob Raffensperger, Esq., "	210 00
District Attorney's fees,	110 00
Keeping prisoners at East. Penitentiary,	3 46
Isaac Lightner, Sheriff, conveying prisoner to Eastern Penitentiary,	57 00
Surveyor and axemen in full on twp. line,	4 25
Justice's fees for inquest on the body of Daniel Martz,	18 50
Jacob King, Esq., contract in full for Muddy Run bridge,	142 00
J. K. Taylor & Bro., contract in full for Mimey creek bridge,	1233 20
Justices' and Constables' fees for committing vagrants,	6 82
John R. Turner, Esq., contract in part for new Court-house,	8800 00
S. D. Button, Architect, for plans and specifications of new Court-house,	100 00
S. D. Button, travelling expenses for inspecting new Court-house,	25 00
Cartage and filling lot at new Court-house,	98 81
A. W. Flemming, for crying sale,	2 00
Bedding for prison,	6 60
Charles Horner, M. D., medical attendance on prisoners,	9 00
Fahnestock Brothers, hobbles for prison,	20 00
Samuel Fahnestock, Esq., pay for house and lot for new Court-house site,	2750 00
Robert Sheeds, Esq., house and lot,	900 00
Officers' pay at spring election,	364 16
Do. fall election,	812 78
Directors of the Poor pay,	64 00
Road damages and damage views,	1114 50
Repairs at bridges,	232 47
Isaac Lightner, Sheriff, for summoning jurors,	63 00
Exonerations on State tax not allowed. Treasurer by State at last settlement,	237 89
Balance due Treasurer at last settlement,	519 87
Exonerations to Collectors,	261 60
Collectors' fees,	309 54
Outstanding Tax and Quit Rents in hands of Collectors,	7090 73
Treasurer's salary,	529 26
Balance in hands of Treasurer,	2406 77
	$46330 92

In testimony that the foregoing Statement of the Receipts and Expenditures exhibited, shall be the true one, we have hereunto set our hands and affixed the seal of our office, at Gettysburg, the Fifth day of January, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-nine.

JOSIAH BENNER,
JACOB RAFFENSPERGER,
DANIEL GUSELMAN,
Commissioners.

Attest—J. M. WALTER, *Clerk.*

Auditors' Report.

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county:

We, the undersigned, duly elected Auditors to settle and adjust the Public Accounts of the Treasurer and Commissioners of said County, having been sworn or affirmed agreeably to law, do report the following to be a general statement of said accounts, from the Fifth day of January, A. D., 1858, to the Fifth day of January, A. D., 1859—both days inclusive:

J. B. DANNER, Esq., Treasurer, tyd Commissioners, in account with the County of Adams:

DR.

To outstanding County Tax and Quit Rents in hands of Collectors,	$6799 16
Amount of County Tax and Quit Rents assessed for 1858,	21299 73
Loan from Bank and sundry persons,	17204 54
Abatement on State Quota for 1858,	632 58
Cash from Wm. Wank, costs refunded,	147 67
Do. H. H. Wattles, for stable,	49 01
Do. Jacob Craig, costs refunded,	15 00
Do. Henry G. Wolf, Esq., jury fees,	12 00
Do. Isaac Lightner, Esq., Sheriff, jury fees and fines, 1858,	107 00
Do. George Stuckey, fine,	5 00
Do. M. Thompson, "	1 00
Additional Tax from sundry persons,	29 24
Exonerated Tax " " "	20 05
	$4320 926

CR.

By outstanding Taxes for	1854	$8 58
" " "	1855	91 28
" " "	1856	308 10
" " "	1857	1409 03
" " "	1858	5578 74
" Fees,	1855	65 16
" "	1856	42 58
" "	1857	700 80
" Exonerations,	1855	12 14
" "	1856	24 70
" "	1857	194 76
" Disbursements on County orders,		35284 02
" Treasurer's Commission,		529 26
" Balance in hands of Treasurer,		2406 77
		$46320 92

We, the undersigned, Auditors of the County of Adams, Pennsylvania, elected and sworn in pursuance of law, do Report that we met, did audit, settle and adjust according to law, the account of the Treasurer and Commissioners of said county, commencing on the Fifth day of January, 1858, and ending on the Fifth day of January, 1859—both days inclusive: that said account as settled above and entered of record in settlement book, in the Commissioners' Office of Adams county, is correct, and that we find a balance due to the County of Adams, by J. B. Danner, Esq., Treasurer of said county, of Two Thousand Four Hundred and Six Dollars and Seventy-seven Cents, ($2,406 77,) and in outstanding taxes Seven Thousand and Ninety Dollars and Seventy-three Cents, ($7,090 73.)

CHRISTIAN CASHMAN,
ISAAC HERRTER,
JOHN BRINKERHOFF,
Auditors.

Feb. 7, 1859. 4t

Collateral

INHERITANCE TAX.—Published by the Commissioners of Adams county, agreeably to act of assembly.

ZACHARIAH MYERS, Esq., Register of Adams county, in account with the Commonwealth, for Collateral Inheritance Tax, received from Dec. 1, 1857, to Nov. 30, 1858:

DR.

To cash received from heirs and Guardian of minor heir of Jno. Little, dec,	$53 49½
Administrator of Elizabeth Clapsaddle, dec'd, $15 81½ less 79 cents discount,	15 02
Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of Edmund C. Bishop, deceased,	11 19
Executor of Sam'l B. Patterson, dec'd,	16 00
Administrator of Mary M'Allister, dec,	25 00
Administrator of Joseph Clapsaddle, dec,	22 25
Administrator of Jane Galbraith, dec'd, in part of tax $135 less $0,25 disc't,	118 75
Administrator of Abraham Kitchen, dec,	8 19
Administrator of Mary Summerville, dec,	13 65
Executor of Margaret H. Dosh, dec'd,	20 00
Executor of dec'd Administrator of Catharine Pecher, deceased,	4 50
One of the Legatees of Wm. Wierman, deceased,	150 00
Executor of John H. Claybaugh, dec'd, in part of tax $165 less $8,25 disc't,	156 75
Executor of John Deardorff, dec, (bal.)	55 06
Executor of John K. R. Harrigan, dec,	60 00
Legatees & Guardian of Maria Rhodes, one of the minor Legatees of Marcus Burns, tax and interest,	24 40
One of the Legatees of Baltzer Gminter, dec'd, including discount,	157 50
One of the Executors of Baltzer Gminter, dec'd, in part of tax $130 less $6 50 discount,	123 50
	$1035 25½

CR.

By commissions, 5 per cent. $51 76¼	
Discount, 5 per cent., included in item above, 7 87¼	
Balance paid into State Treasury, 975 61½	
	$1035 25½

The undersigned, appointed by the court to audit the accounts of certain of the public officers, reports that the above account is correct.

WM. McCLEAN, *Auditor.*

February 7, 1859. 4t

Earnest and Final Notice.

THE undersigned having sold his Store in Arendtsville to Mr. Jacob Shank, and being now under the necessity of closing up his old business, earnestly requests his old friends and customers to come forward and settle up and adjust their respective accounts. It must be apparent to every one that this business will not admit of delay, and unwilling to be too strenuous in enforcing his claims, he would urgently request all those indebted not to make any delay, as his time and attendance in the Store is now very limited, and those who neglect this notice will, after the 15th day of March next, find the Notes and Accounts given into other hands. JACOB F. LOWER.

Arendtsville, Jan. 10, 1859.

Still at Work!

COACHMAKING AND BLACKSMITHING.—The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the Coachmaking and Blacksmithing business in every branch at his establishment in Chambersburg street. He has on hand and will manufacture to order all kinds of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, Spring Wagons, &c., of the best material, and made by superior workmen. ☞ REPAIRING and BLACKSMITHING of all kinds done at reasonable rates, promptly and to the satisfaction of customers.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for work at market prices.

☞ Persons desiring articles or work in the Coachmaking or Blacksmithing line, are respectfully invited to call on

JOHN L. HOLTZWORTH.

Gettysburg, Jan. 24, '59.

Spooning.

GEORGE A. MELL, HAMPLER, will make Moon Spooning and put up the same low, for cash or country produce. Farmers and all others wishing their spoons, [illegible] mended, would do well to give them a call.

April 16, '58. 4t G. & H. WAMPLER.

Sheriff's Sale.

IN pursuance of sundry writs of *Vendizioni Exponas*, issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court-house, in Gettysburg, *on Saturday, the 5th day of March next*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

A TRACT OF LAND, containing 15 acres, more or less, situate part in the borough of Gettysburg and part in Cumberland township, Adams county, adjoining lands of John H. Culp, David [illegible], and others, improved with a one and a half story Brick HOUSE, one and a half story Brick Back-building attached, Frame Stable, Orchard of fruit trees, well of water, and other improvements.

Also, A TRACT OF LAND, containing 3 acres, more or less, adjoining the above described property on the west and land of Robert Smith on the east. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Jacob H. Wisner.

Also, A TRACT OF LAND, containing 75 acres, more or less, situate in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Henry Caslin, heirs of Solomon Bingaman, and others, on which are erected a double one story Log HOUSE, Log Barn, Dry House, Spring House, and a one-story Tenant House, with Orchard of fruit trees and a spring of water near the door. Seized and taken in execution as the property of HENRY BINGAMAN.

Also, A LOT OF GROUND, situate in the town of Petersburg, Huntington township, Adams county, fronting on Carlisle street, adjoining property of John Gardner, and others, improved with a two story Roughcast HOUSE, one story Frame Shop, and a well of water. Seized and taken in execution as the property of PETER D. LITTLE.

ISAAC LIGHTNER, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, Feb. 14, '59.

☞ Ten per cent. of the purchase money upon all sales by the Sheriff must be paid over immediately after the property is struck down, and on failure to comply therewith, the property will again be put up for sale.

Public Sale

OF VALUABLE PERSONAL PROPERTY.—The subscriber, Administrator of the estate of HENRY REILY, Esq., deceased, will sell at public sale, at the late residence of said deceased, in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, on *Monday, the 7th day of March next*, the following valuable personal property, viz:

5 *WORK HORSES*, 8 Cows, 3 Bulls, a lot of young cattle, 1 broad-tread Wagon, 2 Plantation Wagons, 1 one-horse Wagon, 3 cart and gears, 1 *Carriage and Harness*, horse gears, ploughs and harrows, double and single shovel ploughs, a Threshing Machine and Horse Power, patent hay rake, winnowing mill, cutting box, hay ladders, cultivators, forks, shovels, mattocks and other farming utensils. Also a new Cooking Cook Stove and fixtures, tables, chairs, bureaus, beds and bedsteads, and a variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by WILLIAM LILLY, *Adm'r.*

J. F. Koehler, Auctioneer. Feb. 7. ts

Public Sale

OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.—The subscribers will sell at public sale, at their residence, in Hampton, Reading township, *on Saturday, the 5th day of March next*, the following personal property, viz:

2 HORSES and 1 mare, 3 cows, threshing machine, (good as new,) a narrow-tread four-horse wagon, a light two-horse wagon, horse gears, ploughs and harrows, and other farming utensils. Also, household and kitchen furniture: Bureaus, tables, chairs, bedsteads, cooking stove, ten-plate do., bacon, hogsheads, barrels, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention. One new Rockaway; hay by the ton; about 30 bags, grindstone, wheelbarrow, &c., &c.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JAMES DICKS,
ROBERT M. DICKS.

Jan. 31, '59. ts

Public Sale.

THE subscriber will sell at Public Sale, at his residence, in Straban township, Adams county, about 4 miles from Gettysburg, on the Carlisle road, *on Thursday, the 3d of March next*, the following personal property, viz:

A brood Mare, 3 milch Cows, 2 Heifers, 4 Shoats, horse gears, ploughs and harrow (new,) shovel plough, winnowing mill, one-horse sleigh, wheel-barrow, single and double-trees, cow chains, rakes and forks, 1 grindstone, &c. Also, 1 hathaway cook stove and fixtures, bedsteads, mantle clock, set of chairs, patent churn, kitchen cupboard, and a variety of other articles, too numerous to mention.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by JESSE BUCHER.

Feb. 14, 1859. ts*

Public Sale.

THE subscriber will sell at Public Sale, on his farm, in Cumberland township, Adams county, 4½ miles from Gettysburg, near the Emmitsburg road, *on Tuesday, the 1st day of March next*, the following valuable personal property, viz:

HORSES, horse gears, ploughs and harrows, broad-tread wagon, one-horse wagon, grain drill, threshing machine, winnowing mill, wood ladders, hay carriage, two-horse carriage, buggy, cross-cut saw, jack-screw, log chains, crow bar, post spade, and a great variety of other articles.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by ROBERT McCURDY.

Feb. 14, '59. ts

Public Sale.

THE subscriber will sell at public outcry, at his residence, in Huntington township, one mile north-east of Heidlersburg, *on Wednesday, the 2d of March next*, the following valuable personal property, viz:

4 WORK HORSES, 2 colts, 6 milch cows, 6 young cattle, 2 sheep, a pair of hogs, 1 broad-tread three-horse wagon, 2 light wagons, ploughs, harrows, field roller, shovel ploughs, corn fork, single, double and three-horse trees, spreaders, horse rake, horse gears, saddles and bridles, log and cow chains, cutting box, grindstone, wheelbarrow, grain cradles, grass scythes, rakes, forks, mattocks, shovels and hoes; oak shingles, plank, posts, rails, and fencing boards; hay by the ton or stack, and potatoes by the bushel. Also, bureau, corner cupboard, chairs, cook stove, tenplate stove, and a variety of other articles too numerous to insert.

☞ Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M., when due attendance and a long credit will be given by ABRAHAM FICKES.

Feb. 7. ts*

Public Sale.

THE subscriber, intending to quit farming, will sell at public sale, at his residence, in Butler township, Adams county, at the old Russell tavern stand, on the Chambersburg road, on *Friday, the 4th day of March next*, the following valuable Personal Property, viz:

4 head of HORSES, (1 brood mare,) 8 head of cows and young cattle, 5 sheep, 1 narrow-tread four-horse wagon, horse gears, ploughs and harrows, shovel ploughs, corn forks, cutting box, hay carriage, wood ladders, single and double trees, rakes, forks, and other farming utensils.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by JOHN CAREY.

January 31, 1859. ts

TOBACCO, Segars and Snuff, a large assortment, at Norbeck & Martin's.

Poet's Corner.

AT SEA.

The night is made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep;
And when I was a child I laid
My hand upon my breast, and prayed,
And sank to slumber deep;
Chilk-like as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels,
As o'er her decks the billows tramp
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels,
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go,
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
O promise of my soul!
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I turn, with love and tender awe,
Your perfect type of faith and law

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light;
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chaunt: I cross my palms,
Happy as if to-night,
Under the cottage roof again,
I heard the soothing summer rain.

Miscellaneous.

The Broken Saw.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away, or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without, or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now a days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you; because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try; the wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands. "And Mr. Jones will *thrash* you for it," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him.—"Why, of course I didn't mean to, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a sorry air on the broken saw. "Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy; "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke the eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting, and suspecting, and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and *wouldn't*." "Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was 'fraid to, Mr. Jones' got such a temper." "I think he'd better own square up," said Sam. "I reckon you'll find it better to preach than practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him;" and he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

It was after supper, and he was not likely to see Mr. Jones that night.—The shop was shut, and his master had gone to some town meeting. The next morning he would get up early, go into the woodhouse, and see what was done, for Sam would never hide the saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out into the garden, and then went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she was not sociable, and he had rather not. "Oh, my God," said Sam, falling on his knees, "help me to do the thing that is right." Sam had always said his prayers, but he could not put his whole heart into his prayer as he had that night; that night he prayed.

I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you fore you saw it in the morning." "What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell me of your carelessness." "Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, heartily said, "There, Sam, give me your hand. Shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done the boys. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master, and a faithful friend.—[Child's Paper.

A Nut for the Savans.—A Mr. Twombly has been sinking a well on the eastern outskirts of our village, in the progress of which the following astounding fact appeared: At the depth of twenty-five feet the workmen came upon frozen ground! Through this layer, some fifteen feet in thickness, they worked their way by dint of persevering effort, such as is always necessary in digging compactly frozen earth. At the depth of forty feet water was obtained, which nightly froze over—the ice forming three inches in thickness. Will some one account, on any known or unknown principles of philosophy, for these astounding facts? We learn that the freezing of the water continues now that the well is stoned up.—*Northern Visitor, Brandon, Vt.*

Effects of a Revival.—The Hudson (Wis.) Star says that one of the effects of the revival in that place is, that several begin to pay their debts, who were considered hopeless cases before; also, that a preacher over the River Falls, a few Sundays since, endeavoring to impress the gospel upon his hearers, pointed to the corner in which the editor of the Journal was quietly taking a nap, and remarked: "There are some in the corner who shed the gospel just like *a goose sheds rain!*"

An Available Candidate.—If there be any who think that Mr. Fremont cannot run as well now as he did in 1856, the following item from the Mariposa Democrat may serve to enlighten them:

"On Thursday last, Fremont was seen to pass through Quartzburg, and take his way down the Stockton road, in a buggy, at a rattling speed. This, of course, excited the curiosity of the people in that place, but before any conclusion could be arrived at, as to the probable cause, the under Sheriff hove in view also at full speed. On being questioned as to the cause of hurry, the officer replied that he had no time to stop, as he was in haste to overtake Fremont. Whether he effected the arrest we have not yet learned. It is probable, however, that the Colonel had too much start of him. The Colonel is hard to catch when he gets a good start.

Manufacture of Turtle Soup.—A Key West (Fla.) correspondent of the Charleston Courier, says the manufacture of green turtle soup there during the past year has been considerable.—One firm alone manufactured 200,000 pounds. He adds:

Their business employs ten vessels and about fifty men. They have besides ten engaged in their factory.—During the summer and fall they have shipped to London, Havana, New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Montreal, and other cities, about 900 dozen cans, of two pounds each, of the value of $4,000. The business may be considered in its infancy. It will expand, and no doubt become an important article in our exportations.

☞ Mr. Brown called in at a neighbor's and was urged to take supper, which he did, the old lady all the while saying, "I am afraid, Mr. Brown, you will not make a supper; you have eaten nothing—do eat some more." After he had stepped out, he heard the old lady say to her husband, "Why, I do declare, I should think Mr. Brown had not eaten any thing for a month."

☞ "Edmund, how is that the buttons are on the inside of your shirt collar?" "I don't know; isn't that the way, mother?" "No, my son, you have disobeyed me—you have been in swimming." The boy felt that his mother had spoken the truth, and was for a moment silent. However, the satisfactory explanation, as he thought, soon occurred. With a triumphant look and bold voice, he replied: "Mother, I—I—guess I turned it gettin' over the fence!"

☞ There is a man out West so forgetful of faces that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

Skates.—A married lady out West nearly broke her neck a few days since while learning how to skate. Since that period there has been an extraordinary demand for skates by married men.

☞ A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed: "O, doctor, your'e a great butcher."

To which the doctor replied: "O, yes; I am used to sticking calves."

☞ When you have lost money in the streets, every one is ready to help you look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

☞ Every girl who intends to qualify for marriage should go through a course of cookery. Unfortunately, few wives are able to dress anything but themselves.

☞ The Denton (Md.) Journal says that during the past week, quite a number of herring have been caught at the fisheries on Tuckahoe creek.

☞ The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody. Try ours and see.

☞ A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed: "Now, I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

The Colonel's Story.

We find the following old "hoss" yarn in the last Porter's Spirit of the Times, credited to an exchange. We do not know but some of our readers may have met with it before—if they have we doubt not they will enjoy a new laugh over its perusal:

I have never been able to ascertain the cause of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They have lived within a mile of each other in Illinois for five years, and from their first acquaintance there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the families.

One day, Mr. Drake, the elder, was returning home with a pocket full of rocks, from Chicago, where he had been to dispose of a load of grain, and Sam Barton was on the wagon with him.—As they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion:

"What a beautiful shot old Crickley's roan is over yonder!"

"Rang it, so it is!" muttered old Drake.

The horse was standing under some trees twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around; then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man who had resisted powerful temptation. "I could drop the old roan so handsome."

"Shoot?" suggested Sam Barton, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, 'twont do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Well, I won't shoot this time, tell or not tell. The horse is too nigh—if he was fifty rods off, instead of twelve, so there would be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give old Crickley five dollars for a shot."

At this moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Why, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered out some words in confusion.

"That you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare. But, as I said, I'll give you a V for a pud."

"Say an X, and it's a bargain."

Drake felt for his rifle and looked at the old horse.

"How much is the old roan worth?" he whispered in Sam's ear.

"About $50."

"Well, I'll do it. Here's an X."

The Colonel pocketed the money, muttering "I'll be hanged if I thought you'd do it."

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on old roan. The Colonel put the money in his pocket, and chuckled, too.

Crack went the rifle. The hunter let out a horrible oath, which I will not here repeat. Sam was astonished—the Colonel stared, old roan never stirred.

Drake stared at his rifle, with a face black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey? fust time you ever served me such a trick, I swan."

And Drake reloaded his piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People say you've lost your knack of shooting," said the Colonel, in a tone of cutting sarcasm.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered the enraged old hunter. "I can shoot——"

"A horse at ten rods. Ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that," he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel.

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another X. "Here," he growled, "I'm bound to have my shot."

"Crack away," said the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim too, but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable disgust of the old hunter, roan stared him in the face, as if he liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "You're drunk. A horse at a dozen rods! O, la!"

"Shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you," says old Drake.

"The man lies that says I can't shoot. Last week I cut a goose's head at fifty rods, and I can do it again. Crickley, you can laugh now, but I'll bet you fifty dollars that I can bring down old roan at the very next shot."

The wager was readily accepted.—The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens and making an X in the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and with a buckskin patch carefully loaded his rifle.

It was now nearly night, but the hunter was in the habit of boasting that he could shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitation he drew a bead on old roan's head.

A moment later, and Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged and desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock in the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barton was too frightened to laugh.

In the meantime, the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old roan was standing under the tree.

When old Drake reached home, his two sons, discovering his ill-humor, hastened to arouse his spirits with the news which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

"I don't want to hear any more, get away, or I'll knock you down!"

"But, father, it is such a trick played on old Crickley."

"Old Crickley," [illegible] the old man, getting [illegible] "Mind if you have played the [illegible] a trick—let's have it."

"Well, father, Jed and I went out this evening for deer—"

"Hang the deer, let's hear about your trick."

"Couldn't find the deer, but I thought we must kill something, so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old roan—shot him dead."

"*Shot* old roan!" thundered the old hunter. "Jed, did you shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"Didn't do anything else."

"Then," said Jed, confident that the joke must be agreeable to his father, "Jim and I propped him up, and tied his head back with a string, and left him standing under the tree just as if he was alive. Ha! Ha! Isn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt his empty pocket book and looked at his rifle. Then, in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys:

"It's a joke, but if ever you tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barton—I'll skin you alive. I have been shooting at that dead horse for over half an hour at $10 a shot."

At this moment Sam fell into the gutter. He had laughed himself almost to death.

Best Location for Orchards.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Seeing several inquiries in your excellent journal of late, for the best location for an orchard, I would say to all inquirers, to choose the highest location to be obtained.—The higher the elevation the higher the color of the fruit, and the more certain the crop. Several years ago I was travelling over Kentucky for days and weeks, and I could not see the first apple, pear, peach or plum, until I came to the high pine and chestnut knobs of Salt River. To my utter astonishment, all kinds of fruit trees were loaded with fine fruit. I inquired how it was that all the orchards here were groaning under their load while all the northern and eastern portions of Kentucky had no fruit. They informed me that they had abundance of fruit every year. I then inquired the whys and wherefores it was so. They certainly were not so far south that the frost would not kill the fruit. No, for hundreds of miles south the frost killed the fruit some seasons. It was the elevation a certain height, and the higher the elevation the better. This was new to me at that time. I journeyed on south, and as soon as I got into the low valleys not the first particle of fruit was to be seen as far south as I travelled that season. In conclusion I would say to any person wishing to set out an orchard for marketing fruit, to pick out a location on some Railroad that passes through the highest hills or mountains, even should the distance seem too far from market and too inconvenient. To have the finest and swe