

# THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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## THE REGISTER.

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From the Home Journal.

### LOVE TOO LATE.

She never loved him—he had been deceived  
By his imagination—had believed  
His dream reality. Was she less good  
And kind, that she had been misunderstood?  
Could she have wronged him? thoughtfully she  
said.

They told her, No! the young heart had bled:  
'Twas his own error, and his wound would heal  
When he had ceased to love, and ceased to feel.  
So thought she, when she moved among the gay,  
The light and thoughtless, and she loved in vain.  
That, though his heart was here, her eye was dim  
To his affection—she ne'er loved him.

And yet, at times she thought of him—when sleep  
Had kissed her eyelids—when she awoke  
And her heart sad memory seemed to sweep  
The strings she had not touched for years, a tone  
So sweet, so holy, that, perchance, a tear  
Came with the notes she always loved to hear.  
She never loved him, yet his name, as breathed  
By such remembrance—his kind eye—his word—  
The buds his lips had kissed, his hands had wreath-  
ed.

His coming affection, like a new fledged bird,  
Hid in a child's embrace; these seemed a part  
Of all the brightest memories of her heart.  
They linked her with her childhood, those bright  
days  
Ere she had loved the world, of thought its praise,  
When first her childish heart had simply known  
The boyish tenderness that filled his own.

How doubly beautiful each memory seemed!  
Once she had known them all, but now she  
dreamed.

Yet in that sweet remembrance there was naught  
Bright, happy, beautiful, but held the thought  
Of his young, was devoted. All was dim  
To her fond gaze, until she thought of him!  
And then, how sorrowful, did her heart suffer  
How dear, how bright, how beautiful, so bright,  
Hours, each in thought, so beautiful, so bright,  
Came up, like withered roses, for her brow—  
Some she had loved and had forgotten quite—  
So long, and yet so well remembered now.  
Bright days in spring, when she loved to wear  
The sweet, warm, dewy blossoms in her curling hair,  
The summer hours that sped in bliss so fast—  
Those e'er could come again—they were the past—  
She had grown older, changed in heart and will,  
Whilst he, in sorrow, had grown older still.

Now she remembered, one mild summer even,  
Sad fading days, over the sweet face of heaven  
Had lost the blush it had so fairly won—  
From the kind kiss of a departing sun—  
They had been wandering where the hours so soon  
Had sped away the summer afternoon.  
Watching the bird that spread its little wings  
And chattered about many pleasing things:  
They paused to rest themselves a little while  
Beside a stream, close to a meadow stile.  
How fresh upon her mind that rustic view  
Was given to her, and she remembered, too,  
How close to his side she clung, and he  
To hers, when first their glad eyes chanced to see  
The look reflected in the waters dim—  
From him to her, and then from her to him!

Yet whilst they stood there, the reflection grew  
More sad and dim, fast fading from their view.  
First came a little cloud to hide her own,  
And she was left to look at his alone.  
Till slowly as the shades passed over the sky,  
The sad, mild look of kindness seemed to die.  
But then she turned, and in her childish pride  
Felt confidence in standing by his side.

Slowly they wandered home, and many a word  
Of kind expression on the way she heard.  
Full of bright plans in view for every day,  
All tending first to make her spirit gay.  
She dreamt not then that they should ever part  
Without the common kindness of the heart—  
That she should leave him with an altered tone,  
To look in life's fast clouding stream alone,  
And see his life fast fading from her view.  
Without the friend he once so fondly knew:  
Well, well, it mattered not—'twas over now!  
She could not let his memory cloud her brow.  
Nay, she had loved him not, she could not dare  
Trust her young heart to name him in her prayer.

She slept, a dream passed thro' her pillow'd head;  
She dreamt that he, her early friend, was dead.  
This withered branch from Nature's tree was torn,  
This single star of other days was gone,  
And then she awoke, and in the feeling dim,  
That she should never see his face again,  
But she awoke, part moments she forgot,  
And then again, she said, she loved him not.

Years after this, she stood beside the sod  
That covered him, and she felt his words—  
And something whispered, as her eye grew dim,  
That she had lost a faithful friend in him—  
The fond companion of her childhood years,  
The source of her early griefs and fears,  
The spirit's brother ever wont to wear  
A smile of love for her, was buried there!  
The lapse of time a moment she forgot—  
She only knew she lived, and he was not.  
Tears followed fast her sad eyes to begin!  
The world to her seemed lonely without him!  
O! had she felt when, first he kissed her brow,  
The love, the holy love, she gave him now!  
Had she not wounded him with bitter pride,  
And heartlessness, perhaps he had not died.  
She felt his grave—and she was lonely then—  
But oft, at eve, she came to it again—  
When Nature sweet seemed sinking to her rest,  
And those bright little stars he oft had blest  
For her came out to twinkle in her gloom,  
Like little sentinels, above his tomb.

She loved his memory, and through sadler years,  
She felt there was a world unknown to tears.  
Where light and joy should never grow, and dim,  
And dim.

Where she should be at rest and be within;  
That world seemed opening in her daily prayer,  
It was her home of hope—her heart was there.  
Till gently from this world she passed away,  
And they consigned her to her kindred clay;  
Yet, as they laid her in earth's narrow cell,  
They knew that she, withal, had loved him well!  
And she had gone to him, as 'twas on high,  
Shout inward, and are hidden in the sky.

Nobody is satisfied in this world. If a legacy is  
left a man he regrets it is not larger. If he finds a  
sum of money, he searches the spot for more. If he  
is selected to some high office, he wishes a better  
one. If he is to be married, he desires a more  
worthy wife. If he is to be a father, he is looking  
for a wife, and if married, for children. Man is never  
satisfied.

### Luck and no Luck; Or, the Merchant and Farmer.

"Good morning, friend Hoehandle."  
"Ah! Yardstick, I am glad to see you. Come  
out to smell the fresh air and hear the birds  
sing, I suppose! Well, I am glad to see  
you; walk into the house, Mrs. Hoehandle  
will be most happy to see a city friend; that  
is if you do not quiz our style of living. We  
plain country folks are not quite up to fash-  
ion; and it is well we are not, for we could  
not afford it if we were. Ah! Yardstick,  
you are a lucky dog—here we are, about fifty  
years old, each of us, and—"

"Good gracious! Hoehandle. Why, what  
can you mean? Why, I am but forty, or  
say a trifle over, and quite young looking—  
so they say—at that."  
"Ha! ha! ha! Yardstick, it won't do. Still  
playing the beaux, I see, but no matter. As  
I was saying, here we are. You a rich mer-  
chant, never did any work in your life, and  
I, a poor farmer, worked hard all my days—  
boys together—started on nothing—every-  
thing in luck, everything in luck."

"Well, well, Hoehandle, you are a modest  
man, I won't yet go into an argument with  
you on our comparative positions in the  
world; that is, I will get through another  
matter first. I want a thousand dollars for  
thirty days, if you have it over."

"Have it over?—over that, Yardstick?"  
"I mean, friend Hoehandle, that if you  
do not, I should like to—the fact is, I am  
out on a shining expedition, and must raise  
some money."

"Ah! I see, have it over—short—shinning  
—means that you want to borrow, and that  
I must lend you—all right, sir. I have it, I  
have it, and Yardstick, I am proud to be able  
to lend you. Want a thousand—well, hold  
let us go through this matter now, before my  
good wife comes in; these women always  
want to know all that's going on, and she will  
inquire if I am indebted to you. Indebted,  
ha! ha! she would be astonished if John  
Hoehandle should owe a man a thousand  
dollars—hillo! Don't sigh so, man! what's  
the matter? Pay, Tape, Yardstick and Co.  
There you are, sir, here is the check."

"Thank you, Hoehandle, here is our note;  
had it ready before I left home, knew you  
would oblige me."

"As I was observing, Yardstick, you city  
merchants do have an easy time of it. Go  
to New York, buy your stock, sell at a profit,  
buy again, sell again, roll up your hundred  
thousands in a few years; and poor John  
Hoehandle works like a slave six months out  
of twelve, up in the morning at daylight, and  
works at least four hours before dinner, and  
sometimes two after dinner, and in harvest  
time from sunrise to sunset. Yes, sir, it is a  
fact, and what have we to show for it? Why,  
after thirty years' toil, sir, I have only this  
farm of three hundred acres, worth, perhaps,  
thirty dollars an acre, and perhaps a little  
bank stock, purchased with my yearly profits."

"And pray, my good friend, what have you  
averaged per year, clear profits, over all ex-  
penditures, for all this terrible labor for thirty  
years?"

"Not over two thousand dollars a year,  
Yardstick, while you make ten."

"Let me see, farm worth nine thousand—  
thirty years' profit—sixty-nine thousand, and  
a large yearly income besides; poor fellow—  
why you are to be pitied."  
"I know it, I know it—all in luck, all in  
luck. Ah, if I had only been a merchant!"

"Let me ask, Hoehandle, your products  
are all sold for cash down, I think. Never  
credit but do you?"

"Credit! What credit grain, wheat? Ex-  
cite my wool? Credit my live stock? Excuse  
me, ha! ha! You do not know what farming  
is, I see. O, no, sir, our produce is cash.  
All we raise is cash at the door. Why, I am  
plagued to death by produce buyers, and  
purchasers of live stock, wool buyers, and all  
the rest of them, who will gladly advance  
me eighty per cent, on my produce here,  
and pay me the other twenty in thirty days.  
Credit! I do not know the word, sir. I don't  
use it. But Yardstick, they tell me you are  
getting rich."

"Hoehandle, how will you exchange prop-  
erty with me, unsight, unseen, as the boys  
say; you know how—how I stand—do you  
Hoehandle?"

"Stand, yes sir; why the firm of Tape,  
Yardstick & Co. are good for two hundred  
thousand at any moment. They say that  
you sold that amount last year alone."

"True, so we did, on paper, and we are  
worth something handsome, too, on paper;  
but sir, we cannot feed ourselves on paper,  
nor build houses with paper."

"Well, well, I see—all gammon, you dog  
you. You are rich, you know you are. I  
am sorry that thirty-five years ago, I did not  
make myself a dry goods clerk; but here I  
am, toiling, year after year, and show but  
little for it, while you, sit at your desk and  
count up your weekly receipts as they rain  
down—yes, fairly rain down upon you. Ah,  
no, nothing but a farmer, and not worth  
much at that. Yardstick, I'll give my farm  
and the balance of my property, for your share  
in your firm. For all your property, at a  
venture, there."

"My good friend, you are really envious  
of my luck as you call it; be frank now, are  
you?"  
"Yes, I am, Yardstick. I can't help it.  
Here, it is only dig—dig—dig. I want, be-  
fore I die, to be a merchant."  
"And before I die, I want to be a farmer,  
so if we do not exchange property, mind you,

my good friend, it will be your own fault.  
Nay don't stare so."

"What! what! Yardstick, you astonish  
me. You want to be a farmer—ha! ha! a  
man good for a hundred thousand before he  
dies, in a splendid business, rolling up his pile,  
to throw away his prospects and take hold  
of the dirty plow-handle—good joke, ha! ha!  
You take my offer then, do you?"

"Hoehandle, my friend, a sober word or  
two with you. I have done business thirty  
years. Have sold millions of dollars worth  
of goods. Have made and lost much money.  
Have credited large stocks of goods out,  
which I myself bought on credit, and have  
stood year after year, over the brink of a peat-  
up volcano, expecting that those who owed  
me would explode and blow me into atoms.  
Sleepless nights—wary days. Headaches  
and heartaches. Constant fear that I could  
not keep my chin above water. Obligated to  
raise money at high, exorbitant rates of inter-  
est, to take up my paper with, because my  
debtors were so long-winded in their pay-  
ments to me. Stocks depreciating in value.  
Fashions changing. Dishonest clerks specu-  
lating from my money drawer. Ah, my  
friend, I do not wonder you stare with as-  
tonishment. Let me hear you laugh, it is a  
charm for me. Sunshine sir! a merchant's  
heart, if he cares for his reputation and his  
credit, which embarked in such a hazardous  
business as a wholesaler, has no sunshine.  
He don't care the feeling, sir. Care, cor-  
recting care eats up his heart; weighs him  
down; turns day into night; he can't shake  
it off, it is a horrible nightmare. He goes  
to New York, sir; he buys fifty thousand  
dollars worth of goods on time, and gives  
notes. O! these bank notes—fearful words  
to a man who has a credit at stake, and re-  
lies upon his customers to pay their notes by  
which he may be able to meet his own. See  
him! sir, fairly embarked like a ship at sea,  
and this ship is surrounded on all sides by  
huge icebergs, perfect mountains—no chance  
of escape; by and bye he sees they are  
coming down upon him; he is hemmed in;  
slowly and quietly those huge piles advance,  
steadily they come; the ship will surely be  
crushed. Aye, not a chip left of her—down  
they come. Hold! a little blue sky is seen,  
she escapes, she gets into the sea once more.  
The ship is like the merchant, the moun-  
tains of ice, the bank notes, the bills payable;  
the blue sky, the bills receivable. But some-  
times the bills receivable are not met, and the  
ship is crushed to atoms."

"How do you like the picture, my friend?  
So much for a merchant's life. We are not  
what we seem. Our extensive business is  
all on paper—mere trash; the great noise we  
make is produced from the emptiness of our  
pretensions. Now, sir, will you take your  
place at the desk, and let the cash rain down  
upon you? Nay, you are too sensible a man.  
Stick to the farm; you are a lord—aye, a  
king; independent; owing no man, while  
the poor merchant must cringe and fawn upon  
bank and money lenders. Yes, sir, you  
go down on his knees to get money to save his  
credit. Sir, producers can say, we ask nothing  
of the banks, nothing of the merchants;  
both ask everything that constitutes the  
whole of life's comforts from us. Give me  
now your property for mine, with my kind  
of life with it! Nay, when I tell you that  
one disastrous year with the kind of business  
I am doing, would sweep away all I am  
worth—will you exchange situations with me?"

"Friend Yardstick, I thank you; but what  
a picture you have set before me. Let never  
desire the old farmer again, never. Let us  
join Mrs. Hoehandle in the dining room, and  
as we take a quiet lunch, with a thankful  
heart, we will drink, in a glass of domestic  
catawba, this toast: The farmer, the luckiest  
man on earth."

Perhaps the above may be a fair specimen  
of the groundlessness of discontent, and of  
its prevalence among all classes.

This false view of others extends through  
all classes of society, very often leading the  
young, especially, into pursuits for which  
they are not, and never can be fitted. The  
farmer or mechanic's son wishes he was a  
clerk, or a student at law, or of medicine—  
the student and clerk think they are too much  
confining, and frequently wish they were  
in the place of the farmer's son—the lawyer  
thinks the editor is making money, and the  
editor thinks the lawyer is—the farmer's wife  
thinks the wife of the merchant or of the  
professional man look upon the farmer's wife  
as mistress of creation—the girl that works  
at housework wishes she was a milliner, or  
tailoress, and the milliner and tailoress wish  
they were school teachers, and the school  
teacher thinks she is a perfect slave, and  
longs for some other situation. Thus the  
world acts as if it was all out of place be-  
cause each person forms a false estimate of  
the happiness of others. And as we said in  
the start, a large share of uneasiness and fault  
finding of the world is occasioned by trusting  
in appearances.

In the above case the farmer and the mer-  
chant found fault with their own situations,  
because each had been led into error in rela-  
tion to the condition of the other. Be con-  
tent with your lot, and don't judge from ap-  
pearances.

It is difficult to conceive anything more  
beautiful than the reply given by one in  
affliction, when he was asked how he bore  
it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he,  
to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

### The Rescued Criminal.

A great number of persons who know the  
celebrated Dr. B., a Professor of the College  
of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the  
following anecdote:

One day he had procured the bodies of  
two criminals, who had been hung, for the  
purpose of anatomy; not being able to find  
the key of the dissecting-room at the moment  
the two subjects were brought, he ordered  
them to be deposited in an apartment contig-  
uous to his bed room.

During the evening Dr. B. wrote and  
read as usual previous to retiring to rest.  
The clock had just struck one, and all the  
family slept soundly, when all at once a dull  
sound proceeded from the rooms containing  
the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been  
shut up there by mistake, he went to see  
what could be the cause of the unexpected  
noise. What was his astonishment, or rather  
his horror, on discovering that the sack  
which contained the bodies was torn assu-  
der; and, on going nearer, he found that one  
of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened  
with the greatest care, and it appeared im-  
possible that the body could have been stolen.  
The good doctor appeared rather nervous on  
re-marking this, and it was not without an un-  
usual sensation that he began to look about  
him, when to his horror and amazement, he  
perceived that the missing body was sitting  
upright in the corner.

Poor Dr. B., at this unexpected appar-  
ition, became transfixed with terror, which  
was increased by observing the dead and  
sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him—  
whichever way he moved, those dreadful eyes  
still followed him.

The worthy doctor more dead than alive,  
now began to beat a quick retreat, without  
however, losing sight of the object of his ter-  
ror; he retreated step by step, one hand  
holding the candle, the other extended in  
search of the door, which he at length gain-  
ed; but there is no escape, the spectre has  
risen and followed him, whose livid features,  
added to the lateness of the hour and the  
stillness of the night, seem to conspire to de-  
prive the poor doctor of the little courage he  
has left; his strength fails, the candle falls  
from his hand, and the terrible scene is now  
in complete darkness.

The good doctor has, however, gained his  
apartment, and thrown himself on his bed—  
but the fearful spectre has still followed him,  
it has caught him, and seizes hold of his feet  
with both hands. At this climax of terror  
the doctor loudly exclaimed, "Whoever you  
are, leave me!" At this the spectre let go  
its hold, and moaned feebly these words:  
"Pity, good haugman, have pity on me!"  
The doctor now discovered the mystery, and  
regained by little and little his composure.

He explained to the criminal who had so  
narrowly escaped death, who he was, and  
prepared to call up some of his family.

"Do you, then, wish to destroy me?" ex-  
claimed the criminal. "If I am discovered  
my adventure will become public, and I shall  
be brought to the scaffold a second time. In  
the name of humanity, save me from death."

The good doctor then rose and procured  
a light, he muffled his unexpected visitor in  
an old dressing gown, and having made him  
take some restoring cordial, testified a desire  
to know what crime brought him to the  
scaffold.

He was a deserter.

The good doctor did not well know what  
means to employ to save the poor creature.  
He could not keep him in his house, and to  
turn him out would be to expose him to cer-  
tain death. The only way then, was to get  
him to the country; so having made him  
dress himself in some old clothes which the  
doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left  
town early, accompanied by his protegee, whom  
he represented as an assistant in a difficult  
case upon which he had been called in.

When they had got into the open coun-  
try, the wretched creature threw himself at  
the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to  
whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the  
generous doctor having relieved his wants  
by a small sum of money, the grateful crea-  
ture left him with many blessings and pray-  
ers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence  
Dr. B. had occasion to visit Amsterdam.  
Having gone one day to the bank, he was  
accompanied by a well dressed man—one who  
had been pointed out to him as one of the  
most opulent merchants of that city.

The merchant asked him politely if he was  
not Dr. B., of London, and on his an-  
swering him in the affirmative, pressed him  
to dine at his house; which invitation the  
worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the  
merchant's house, he was shown to an elegant  
apartment, where a most charming woman  
and two lovely children welcomed him in the  
most friendly manner; which reception  
surprised him the more, coming from persons  
he had never before met.

After dinner the merchant, having taken  
him into his counting-house, seized his hand  
and having pressed it with friendly warmth  
said to him:

"Do you not recollect me?"  
"No," said the doctor.  
"Well, then, I remember you well, and  
your features will never be obliterated from  
my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do  
you not remember the poor deserter? On  
leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a  
fair hand, and being a good accountant, I  
soon obtained a situation as a clerk in a mer-

chant's office. My good conduct and  
soon gained for me the confidence of my em-  
ployer, and the affections of his daughter.  
When he retired from business, I succeeded  
him, and became his son-in-law; but with-  
out you, without your ever giving me your  
generous assistance, I should have never  
been able to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man!  
consider henceforth my house, my fortune  
and myself as wholly yours.

The kind doctor was affected even to tears,  
and both these happy beings participated in  
the most delightful expression of their feel-  
ings, which were soon shared by the mer-  
chant's interesting family who came to join  
them.

### The Last Dog Story.

The advantages of advertising are admir-  
ably illustrated in the following incident;  
which we find recorded in the last Sandusky  
Democrat:

Mr. Luke Horton, of South Eighth street,  
keeps a dog called La Vega, an ill favored;  
force-eyed brute, whose untidy habits and  
cross-grained temper cause him to be held  
in detestation by the family in general, and  
by Mrs. Horton, his mistress in particular.  
La Vega, however, is a great favorite with  
his master.

About a week ago Mrs. Horton became  
exasperated on account of some unendurable  
offences committed by La Vega, and privately  
bargained with an old collector of soap fat,  
named Abe Walker, who, for a dollar fee,  
agreed to take the dog off and "render him  
up into tallow, or otherwise relieve Mrs. Hor-  
ton from the annoyance of his presence."

Mrs. Horton, on coming home to dinner,  
inquired for La Vega, and was chagrined  
with the information that his troublesome  
pet had absconded. For some days the ab-  
sence of La Vega gave occasion for much re-  
joicing in the household, and even the grief  
of Mr. Horton for his loss was made the sub-  
ject of many a sly joke in his domestic es-  
tablishment.

Mrs. Horton congratulated herself ex-  
cessively on that lucky thought of hers, which  
cleared the house of the odious brute; and  
though a lady who thinks a good deal of a  
dollar, she did not grudge the money, since  
it gained her object so effectually. In the  
mean time La Vega was detained a close  
prisoner in the cellar of the soap factory,  
amusing himself by snapping at the rats  
which coursed about the premises.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Horton appear-  
ed at the breakfast table with a beaming  
countenance. "Well, my dear good news!"  
said he to Mrs. Horton. "What is it?" asked  
the lady with some secret misgiving. "I  
have La Vega back again! Advertised for  
him, offered a reward for his recovery, and  
this morning he was brought home by Abe  
Walker."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Horton, what  
did you have to pay for him?" "Only eleven  
dollars," replied Horton, "one for the adver-  
tisement, and ten to old Abe for bringing  
him back." Goodness replied the unsympa-  
thizing wife. "Eleven dollars (enough to  
buy a silk dress) for the recovery of such a  
rascally cur! and to think that I gave the black  
nasty a dollar for taking him off!"

This inadvertent confession, of course, pro-  
duced a matrimonial duel; the report of  
which we omit, as it might appear stale and  
uncommonplace to some of our married read-  
ers.

But by this little canine speculation all  
parties were gainers. Abe Walker, the cum-  
ing darkey, gained ten dollars, the adver-  
tising sheet gained one dollar, and Mr. and  
Mrs. Horton gained some valuable experi-  
ence, which will teach them the importance  
of mutual confidence between wedded par-  
ties.

**FEMALE SOCIETY.**—You know my opinion  
of female society. Without it, we should  
degenerate into brutes. This observation  
applies with tenfold force to young men; and  
for those who are in the prime of manhood.  
For after a certain time of life, the literary  
man may make a shift, (a poor one I grant)  
to do without the society of ladies. To a  
young man, nothing is so important as a  
spirit of devotion (next to his creator) to some  
amiable woman, whose image may occupy  
his heart, guard it from pollution, which be-  
sets it on all sides. A man ought to choose  
a wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding  
gown, for qualities that "wear well." One  
thing at least is true, that matrimony has its  
cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A New-  
ton, or a mere scholar may find employment  
in study; a man of literary taste can receive  
in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man  
must have a bosom friend, and children  
around him to cherish and support the drear-  
iness of old age.—John Randolph.

**DUTCH CANDOR.**—Some ten years since, an  
old Dutchman purchased in the vicinity of  
Brooklyn, a snug little farm for nine thou-  
sand dollars. Recently a lot of land specu-  
lators called on him to "buy him out." On  
asking his price, he said he would take  
"sixty thousand dollars, and no less."

"And how much may remain on bond and  
mortgage?"  
"Nine thousand dollars."  
"And why not more?" interrogated the  
would-be purchaser.

"Because der durned place ant worth any  
more!"

"The body is the shell of the soul, and dress  
is the husk of that shell; but the husk often  
tells what the kernel is."

### PLEASED VARIETY.

This is no without some benefit proving  
after its intenseness.  
Better by far not to start a subject, if its pursuit  
is to be abandoned at the first difficulty.

"You look as if you were 'beside yourself,'" as  
the wag said to a fellow who stood 'beside' a  
key.  
"He who knows the world, will not be too bash-  
ful, and he who knows himself, will never be im-  
pudent."

The hardest thing to hold in this world is an im-  
mortal tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron, and a  
kicking horse.  
A question for the Spike Society: "Would the  
devil beat his wife if he had one?" asks the Yan-  
kee Blade.

"Guess not," replies the Boston Post, "for wo-  
men generally beat the devil."  
A mini-ter, observing a man who had just lost  
his wife, very much oppressed with grief, told him  
"he must have Patience." Whereupon the man  
replied, "I have been trying her, sir, but she will  
not consent to have me."

"She loves me still," cried Ned, "for on my knee,  
she said last night, 'thou art all the world to me!'"  
"That nothing proves," said Fred, with lip up-  
turned, "She often says she's tired of the world!"

A lady being about to marry a man who was  
small in stature, was told that he was a very bad  
fellow.  
"Well, said she, 'if he is bad, there is one com-  
fort—there is but very little of him!'"

Some old bachelor thus describes "matrimonial  
traveling: If you see a gentleman and a lady in  
the same coach, in profane silence, the coach look-  
ing out at one side, the other at the other side, you  
may imagine they mean any harm to one another—  
they are already honestly married."

An old soldier was court-martialed for drunken-  
ness; the officer was clearly proved, and the cul-  
prit was called upon for defence. "It was short,  
simple and successful. For does the court think that  
Uncle Sam hires all the cardinal virtues for seven  
dollars a month?"

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed  
Cushing to a companion; "why, it is an awful  
smelling thing."  
"Oh, no, it's not the cigar that smells," was the  
reply.

"What is it then?" inquired Cushing.  
"Why, it's your nose that smells, of course—  
that's what smells are made for."  
—Cushing didn't speak for five minutes.

A member of the Pennsylvania Legislature was  
interrogated by one of his constituents, as to the  
propriety of punishing severely persons committing  
suicide. He very gravely replied that it was an  
offense, above all others, which demanded the high-  
est degree of punishment. He would be in favor  
of fining the man (where the "guilt" was clearly  
proven) not less than five hundred dollars, and also  
compel him to marry the girl!

"Mamma," said a child, "my Sunday school  
teacher tells me that this world is only a place, in  
which God lets us live a little while, that we may  
prepare for a better world—but mother I do not  
see any one preparing. I see you preparing to go  
and see the country—and Aunt Eliza preparing to  
go to Heaven. If every body wants to go to Heav-  
en, why don't they prepare?"

The Cincinnati Times opens richly in the joke  
telling line. The following anecdote of a stickler  
is not badly done:  
A certain tight-fisted old-cogger of this city hap-  
pened in at Foster's Philosophical Instrument Man-  
ufactory, a few weeks since, where he was shown  
the Lord's Prayer engraved in a space about the  
size of a five cent piece; with which he was well  
pleased. Returning home, he related the circum-  
stances to his father, and a profane son coming into  
the sitting room, the following ensued: "The Lord's  
Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than  
the area of a half-time!"  
"Well, yes, father; if a half-time is as large as  
everybody's eyes as in yours, I think there would  
be no difficulty in putting it on about four times."

A DECEASED POLITICIAN.—The author of some of  
Mississippi, tells of an old plauter with an im-  
pression in his speech, who would vote for Old Zack  
and nothing else:  
"How—how!" exclaimed a downy elder voice.  
"Why, I shall vote for old Zack," was the  
reply.

"What! said a Cass man, "and for that abo-  
litionist, Fillmore, for Vice President?"  
"No," was the brief emphatic answer.  
"For whom, then?" asked an eager democrat.  
"Old Zack Taylor," was again shortly answered.  
"You are mad; Old Zack is only a candidate for  
President."

"Can't help it; but wish I could. You see my  
friends, I can vote for him for both; and then Old  
Zack may take whichever he wants for my pocket  
President."

A FAMILY SCENE.—The following scene is in  
Mrs. Sigemey. It should teach our young readers  
the importance of being able to render themselves