

THE WISEMAN'S BEER.

I tell you no, Agnes! I won't have it. The fellow only wants my money. I know him—know him. I know all these dandified jimeracks. They hang around a few bags of gold, as crows do around carrion. I won't have any such thing.

The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor. RIDGWAY, PENNA., SEPTEMBER 19, 1867. VOLUME SEVEN—NUMBER 28. TERMS—150 PER ANNUM.

ter's shoulder and his arm was about her. Walter was an orphan, and had been Agnes' schoolmate, and her forerent lover through all the years of opening youth. He was an honorable, virtuous man, and loved the gentle girl because she was so good, and so gentle, and so beautiful. And she loved him, not only because he had captured her heart in the time of her youth, but because he was of all her suitors, the only one whose character and habits promised joy and peace for the future.

They gazed upon the burning building but neither spoke. And others came running to the scene but none tried to stay the flame. And the effort would have been useless had it been made for the old shell burnt like tinder. But more still—no one would have made the effort, even had success been evident, for the miserable hut had too long occupied one of the fairest spots in the village. There were no other places to be endangered, so they let the thing burn.

Selected Poetry.

ASK ME NOT TO DRINK. Fair lady, ask me not to drink A toast to thee to-night; For broken vows and blasted hopes Expose the demon's blight. Put back the wine—I dare not taste— Put back the sparkling bowl; For who hath quaffed a draught so deep, And reached a blissful goal?

DRIVERS VS FOES.—Dinner was spread in the cabin of that peerless steamer, the "New World," and a splendid company were assembled about the table. Among the passengers thus prepared for gastronomic duty was a little creature of the genus fop, decked daintily as an early butterfly, with kids of irreproachable whiteness, "miraculous" necktie, and spider-like quizzing glass on his nose. The delicate animal turned his head affectually aside with—"Waitah?"

"How Does the Printer Live?"—The following is from an old number of the Utica Intelligencer, published September 1st, 1829. By beginning at the H in the center of the table given below, the words, "How does the Printer live?" (about equal to the course he has to look for a living,) may be read two thousand ways: