PEN NUMBER

You're a reidsh man ! " The words leaped out with a quick, angry impulse. There was a frewn on the bountiful face, and a flame that it was

not of love in the bright eyes. If the soir hand haid to trustingly in his scarcely three months before, had struck him a stunning blow, Afred Williston could not have been more surprissed or Eurt. + Selfish ! * It was the first time that an was laid at his door. He's a generous tallow,' the most muselfish man alive, there's not a mean trait in his character. Such things had been said of him over and over again, and repeated in his ears by partial or interested friends, until he almost believed himself the personlication of unselfishness. And now to be called a selfish man ' by the sweet little resebud mouth that looked as if only made for kissesto be called 'a selfish man by her whom he had given all he had in the

" Good morning," dropped coldly from his lips, and he wentaway without offering the usual parting kiss. It was showthe greater part of the forenoon.

What's the matter, my friend? You look as solier as a judge on sontence

' Look about as I feel,' was moodily answered.

' Heigh ho! moon in the rainy quarter already ? rejoined the visitor familiarly, with a sly, proveking laugh.
Williston turned his face partly ande,

that its expression might be conscaled.

Sunshing and shower—summer and ice the rost of manhind, and learn to maything." bear them with philosophy."

. Do you think me a very salfish man. Edward? * neked Williston, turning upon his friend a serious face.

'fielfish I' Oh dear ! No, not very relifish. I've heard you called the most generous fellow alive. But we're all more er less relfish, you know; born so, and can't help it, unless we try harder than is agreeable to most people. There was a time when I had a very good epinion of myself as touching this thing, in meeting her wishes.' was but I grow has satisfied every day, and | nuswered. am settling down into the conclusion

that I'm no bester than my neighbors.

• Well, I despise a selfish man. He's the meanest creature alive?' Williston spake with a glow of indignation.

He's mean just in the degree that he's selfish,' replied the friend. And, as we are all more or less selfish, we are all more or less mean. I don't see how we are to get away from that conclu-

Williston knit his brows like one annoved or perplexed.
Has anybody called you selfish?

asked the friend.

Ha! I see ! That's the trouble! "

The young husband's deepening color betrayed the fact.

for Margy! Not relead to give things that you were unselfish ? "

speech, had the effect intended. A of invitation from the Watson's, slight glimpse of himself, as seen by another's eyes, gave Williston a new impression, and let in a doubt as to his being altogether parteet.

together parteet.
* And you think me soldsh? The said in a tone of surprise. Well ! I guest there's been a new dictionary published

yours, said Williston. 'I don't had the definition there.

* Maybe I can help you to a cleaver vision. Why did you marry Margy? ' Beenusn I loved her.'

'Are you quite sure?' said the friend with provoking extenses. ' Take care, Fred ! I shall get angry.' | floor. Oh, no. You're too sensible; and

too well poised for that. Answer my question. Are you quite sure ? · Assure as death.

' It's my opinion that you married be. cause you leved yourself more than you

did Marey." Now this goes beyond all endurance! * exclaimed Williston, * Is there

a conspliney against me? ? Gently, gently, my friend. mind is never clear when disturbed. You loved Margy! There is no doubt

dalove her very dearly. But is your love ancelfish? That is the great ques-







JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

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His flat, queer shaped head, is positive-

should not be allowed to shock the sen-

very well; but the vicious reptile was

deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm

he ever so wisely; and when the man

least suspected it, and while he had the snake in his hands, looking steadily at it,

erawling reptile.

a Mexican by birth.

Au Infant Killed by Rattlemakes.

drouth, has been in condition to be

burned over, and in it fire has been do.

throughout the neighboring country.

frantic as darkness came on, and when

the swamp, they collected neighbors

from every direction and entered again

with lanterns and torches. All night

morning's dawn was the lost infant found

constantly pictured during the search.

-The race which came off at Chicago be

iween Dexter to wagon, and Bashaw. Silna Rich, Butler, and Luckey to harness, was won by Dexter. The best time was 2 281.

Silna Rich came in second. A large crow-

-Wanted by poor little orphan boy,

It had been struck by the deadly fangs

cries.

was in attendance.

a low stamps.

pursued the quest for fruit.

sibilities of more nervous natures.

her? Or, did you think chiefly of your own joy? Don't from se! Put away that injured look. Go down, like a up from memory and reviewed, and he draw nearer and nearer together, and the a great excitement was created by the man, into your consciousness, and see saw in them, as in a mirror, an image pulses of our lives, that sometimes beat appearance of a snake charmer, with a sible to purchase with morning how it really is. If you find all right, of himself, so different from any before then stand firm in screne self-approval; presented, that he was filled with pain if all is not right, then you will know and surprise. Such a thing as self-what to do. Love seeks to bless its ob- denial had hardly come within the

whom he had given all he had in the world, and himself into the bergain! No wender that Alfred Williston stood dumb before his profty wife.

The accusation was made, and for good or evil, it must stand. No taking back of the words could take back that because the promote had been to grant be a substitution of himself; and they were not satisfactory. How had he leved Margy? What had been the quality of his love? What had been the quality of his love? November had such questions intraded themselves; never before had he found of Williston; a deeper and their meaning. To meet the chart tones, deep in his memory, and their the sentence would remain. He did not attempt to meet the chartes. To have done so, would have been foit as a degredation.

'I don't know whether to be augry or grateful,' he said knitting his brows.

'I don't know whether to be augry or grateful,' he said knitting his brows.

'I sit a true or a false micror you are

in this self-investigation.

I don't know whether to be angry or grateful,' he said knitting his brows.

I is it a true or a false micror you are 'Dear Margy!' he said, spenking to growing more and more distinct, an of my headless foot must have been very ery at home, and cloudy at the office for image of myself? I am in doubt and crushing to have exhorted that cry of confusion.

day! 'remarked an acquaintance who to bless. If you have so loved Margy, upon, many times wounded the love had called upon Williston.

The has she wronged you. But, if you given me so layishly; but never before have thought mainly of yourself, or your own delight, then I frow the little | guish." woman was not far wrong, when she called you selfish."

One thing is certain, said Williston, turned so coldly from her and left the speaking soborly, 'I take pleasure in house, rained on for more than an hour; giving her pleasure. Any went that for the greater part of this time, she inshe might express, I would gratify, if dulged in necessing thoughts. She went sinter-you will have these alternations in my power. I could not deny her over instance after instance of his sel-

marked the friend.

you, said Williston.

' H Margy wanted a set of Amoor sables, costing a thousand dollars, and you had the money with which to buy them,

"Undoubtedly. I would find pleasure in meeting her wishes,' was promptly

"If she had a fancy for diamonds, or India shawla—for elegant furniture and pectures—and you had the means to gratify her tastes, you would find delight in giving her the possession of these things. You would let her have her are treated in the dearth of her mind.

'I have thought more of my gratification than of his,' she began to say with the care of own sweet will in everything."

' You have said it, my friend. Nothing pleases me so much as to see her gratified."

ever. In the cases supposed, you are decree of separation take three? Can be entirely able to give what Margy asks love me as much as before—will I love for, and no special love of money comes | him as much as before- H I exact what in to chill your arder. It is the easiest | he cannot give willingly? And if our hing in the world to meet her wishes, love grows less, what is therein all the * Who? the little durling at home? But, let us take some other case. There | world to compensate for its decline! is to be a sensical party at your friend Losing that, we loose all. Take away Watson's. You are but little for masic, that light, and all else will lie in shadetrayed the fact.

'She called you selfish? Ha! Good is different with Margy. With music chard of live is out of time.'

or Margy! Not resid to give things and musical people she is in her element.

So she thought, gaining a clearer their right name. I always knew she You come home with a new book from was a girl of spirit. Selfish I That's a favorite author, promising yourself ap interesting. And did she really fancy evening of enjoyment in reading aloud to your wife. She ments you with a This half in sport, half in carnest face all aglow, and in her hand a note

" It will be such a delightful time," comes the test of your love-now its ing, I am very sure she would have sent ments, it was yet impossible to know *As far as this world is concerned, the a note of excuss to the Watson's, and heart is the most reliable distinctory. If cheerfully denied herself, for your sake, hand. A few minutes beyond the hour, you wish to get the true definition, look | the delights of a musical evening. But, | and a vacue fear began to creep into the down into your Leart,' replied the not haveing of this, she lets fancy revel soul of Marcy. Shadowy forms of evil * My syss are not perhaps as abarp as think, perhaps, of your defective must- weight of her bosom grew more and end tents. Thus the case stands, my more oppressive; her heart lapored so friend, and how will you meet it? In heavily that its motions were painful. the other case, it was the generous hand | Suspense was not very long. She

about, resumed the friend, 'is a very hurband's neck ere he had time to put subtle thing and apt to hide from us his thoughts in order, and was crying its true quality. It is much oftener love on his bosom. The fervent kisses of self than love of the object sought. laid as peace-offerings on her tips were Hence, we have so much unhappiness in sweeter to ber taste than honey, or the the state of marriage, which on the honey-comb. diency of mutual love, ought to be full 'Can you forgive me,' she asked, in morning. If Margy has done you a strong. wrong, help her to see it, and she will

in the world of that. Loved her, and but cover your ligs with penilent kisses. The case supposed touched the difficulty at its very core. Since Williston's the low at issue. A boy loves a rich marriage he had shown himself gifted b, and climbs after it, that he may with but a leable spirit of self-denial. vits flavor. In what did your love He enjoyed his home and his wife, but wgy differ from this boy's love of not in a generous spirit. She enjoyed ch?' Was it to bless the sweet music and art intensely. Her soul reto give you herself—that you sponded lovingly to all things beautither with a lover's arder? Or, ful. After his friend left him, Willisthere with a lover's arder? Or, ful. After his friend left him, Willisthere with a lover's arder? Or, ful. After his friend left him, Willisthere will be a disposition to the soul rethere were silent. After a few much seener than a regular Northeast. bless yourself? Did you think | ton, is the new light which had poneh she would enjoy your love- trated his mind, began to see the relahow h happiness you would give tion existing between himself and his work and solfish by mature. Let love

ject—it is all the while endeavoring to minister delight—is a perpetual giver, had exacted eften. It had been no un-The hot flushes began to die out of usual taing for Margy to defer her tastes Williston's face. He was looking down and wishes to his, and he could think

holding before me? Is the spectrum himself is this new state. The tramp pain-for charge of selfishness was but 'Love is a giver,' answered his friend the voice of suffering that could not be 'Does not think of limit—desires only repressed. Many times had I trampled did the bruised heart reveal its an-

The tears that gushed from the eyes of Margy Williston, as her husband fish disregard of her pleasure and re. Except the decial of yourself,' res counted the many times she had given up her desires to gratify his demands. Their eyes met, and they looked intentity at each other for some moments.

'I am not sure that I understand ed, in which her better nature had an opportunity to speak. The hand of pain had folded away many coverings that had been laid over her heart, and she could see into many of the hidden places nover before revealed. She did not find everything in the order and beauty she imagined to exist. She was not so loving and unselfish as she had

within herself. 'His tastes differ in many things from mine. What I enjoy may be irksome to him, If I insist ratified.'

'No great self-denial in all this, howhow they may affect him, must not a

sight and firmer will to -not in the line of self-rejection whenever self interposed to hinder love. As the hours went by, and the time drew near when her husband would return, a dead weight began to settle down upon Margy's she exclaims in her enthusiasm. Now the first time, the lightning of a summer storm had flashed in their sky. quality must stand revealed. If she There had been a quick descent of the had known about the new book, and the tempest, busting and blinding them. pleasure you had promised yourself in How much of wreek and ruin had been

that gave of its abundance. Now it is heard the door open, and the music of a Williston drawn heavy sigh, moved became impossible—her temperament hierself restlessly, and looked upon the was too ardent in moments of deep feel. 'This love that we talk so much stairs, Margy had her arms around her

of bliss. But I am using time that can calmness of spirit that ensued. . I am not well be spared to-day, so, good very weak sometimes; and feeling is so

HI there had been no provocation to not only apologize for calling you selfish, feeling.' Williston answered trankly, it would neaver had broken the band of restraint. The fault is mine, not yours. It was selfish in me, and you told the truth but the truth is sometimes the most unpleasant thing we can hear. It sounded very harshly in my cars ; I felt angry, and rejected at it. Not so, now; I

moments, she said, gently-'We are human ; and of consequence,

unevenly, will take the same measure." And it was so. But not at once, not

until after many seasons of mutual selfrepression.

Artemus Ward's Pirst Letter.

A writer in the Boston Sunday Times in a notice of the late Charles F. Browne, that made the sight of him none the less gives the first letter of "Artemus Ward." When it appeared in the colunns of the Cleveland Plaindealer, it was generally taken in earnest by readers, and "A. Ward" was looked upon for some time as a veritable showman : To the Editor of the Plaindealer :

Sta: I'm moving along-clowly along -down 'twords your place. I want you to write me a letter, sayin how's the show bigness in your place. My show at present consists of three moral bears, a kengaroo, amooz'ng little raseal— twould make you larf to death to see the little curs jump up and squeal—wacks figgers of G. Washington, General Tay-ler, John Bunyan, Dr. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killing Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellaneous mor. al works, statoots of celebrated piruts and murderers, etc., challed by few and excluded by none. Now, Mr. Editor, scratch off a few lines sayin how is the show bixness down to your place. I shall have my handbills done at your place. Depend upon it. I want you should get my handbills up in flaming

Also get up a tremenjus exciphment in yur paper bout my unparalled show. We must work ou their feelins—come the moral on 'em strong. If it's a tem-perance community, tell 'em I signed he pledge fifteen minutes arter ise born. But on the contrary, if your people takes their tods, say that Mister Ward is as genial a feller as we ever met-full of conviviality and the life and sole of the soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anything 'bout my show, say my snaix is as harmless as a new-born babe. What a interesting study it is to see a zoological animel like a snaix, under perfect subjection. Mr. Kangaroo is the most larleable little cuss I ever sawall for fifteen cents. I am anxyus to skewer your inflocens. I repeet in regard to them handbills that I shall get them struck off up to your printin offis. My perlitical sentiments agree with yourn exactly. I know they do, because I never saw a man whose didn't.

Respectfully yours, A. WARD. P. S .- You soratch my back and Ile scratch your back.

Josh Billings' Sayings. Ther is but phew men who hev character

Two low is spelt the same in Choctaw as in Those who entire from the world on nocount its sins and peakiness, must not forget hey have got to keep company with a peron who wants as much watching as any-

When a man loses his health, then he fust begins to take good care of it. This is good inducement, this is!

Most people decline to learn only by their

own experience. And I guess they are more than half right, for I do not spess a man can get a perfect idea of molasses canheart. They had parted in anger. For dy letting another feiler taste of it for him. Success is very upt to make us forget the time when we warn't much. It is just so with frogs on the jump; he can't remember when he was a tampole, but other folks can.

Too True.

The world is crary for show. There is not one percent in a thousand who dayes fall back on his real, simple self for power to get though the world and exact enjoyment as e goes along. There is too much living b the eyes of other people. There is no end to not he seing of this, she lets fancy revel send of Margy. Shadowy forms of evil the aping, the mining, the false are, and in anticipated enjoyment, and does not seconed hovering, around her; the the superficial erts. It requires rare constitute, perhaps, of your defeative must weight of her beson grew more and use, we admit to live to one's enlightened convictions in there days. Unless you con sent to join in general cloud, you are jos mong the great man of pretenders. If a man dares to live within his means, and is recolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh in such an example.

A SUGGESTION.

Persons who suffer their newspapers to be torn up or destroyed after hastily seanning them over, as many do, should at least out and preserve valuable re. ccipts, agricultural matter, etc., for refference. Any old public document will answer for a book to pasto selections in, and in the course of a year or two a val. uable volume may be secured-such a the search went on, and not until after one as could not be obtained from any other source. Try it.

Young ladies who are accustomed to read the newspapers are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispose of a rattlescake, having roused the rep-itions, invariably tacke good wives, and all tile, probably, by its struggles and ways select good husbands. A hint to the

-Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should recollect that a little warm sun will melt an icicle

.sbrawkead baer ed ot si sihT-

A Courageou Koy. In Onedia County, New York, there lived the State of me years since. not many miles from Ut a, on the road to Whitesboro, two farm ers, who from some reason, were morta enemics. We will call these men Bent and White.

Benton was a quiet, resolute man, who feared no danger. e was open as ce of all that the day, and with a la him that won the confider came near him.

On the other hand, White had a about him . treacherous, hang dog le that placed people on the giturd, lust, when they were off it, bo sight sudden. ly spring upon them and destroy them.
White was of an exceedingly cross
disposition, and sought and kept upon

his farm the most unturnable, vicious brutes in the form of dogs it was imposa great excitement was created by the It was known White hand Benton, tame vattlesnake in his hand. He

walked deliberately into the parlor one and this hatred, it surmised, arose from day after dinner, flourished the reptile disappointed love. He had sought the around, and finally placed him on the hand of a young lady named Wilson, ground, to the great annoyance of many and had been refused, at the same people who left the room. The fangs time, the lady accepted an offer of mar-of the snake had been extracted, but ringe from his neighbor, and became Mrs. Beuton. The disappointed man shocking to many. There is no beauty looked nowhere else for a wife, but in a rattlesnake either of form or color. nature, her whom he fancied he had ly repulsive, and countrymen, no matter | leved. how much they may fancy them as pels,

But, to return. White permitted his dogs to range over his lands, flercely attacking those who dared to venture on While this man was there, a circus them. Dividing the farms, a lane ran company arrived, to the members of from the Whitesboro,' to the Deerfield which he exhibited the snake. To one road, and down this, one afternoon, in of them, whose business it was to feed search of berries, little Willie Benton, a the snakes, he offered this one for three stout boy of ten years, and a sister, Sudollars. But the man, who was said to sie, a child of six summers, wandered.

Willie, fortunately, carried in his be an Arab, and whose style of dress, hand a small, sharp-edged axe, which dark complexion and little figure gave band a small, sharp-edged axe, which some reason for the belief, refused the his father bade him take to the woods, offer, and, considering himself versed in | and amuse himself, while there, by cutthe ways of snake life, determined to tame one for himself. So he purchased one from a boy and commenced to experiment upon it. For a while he got on on.

The children sauntered on their way, stopping every now and then to gather some of the wild fruit that grew along their path, and while thus amusing themselves, a buge bull-dog, with sav. it darted out its fangs, struck him twice on the left, and jumped over the ditch on White's side The man immediately called for whiskey, and drank nearly a quart.—
But in a few hours the limbs began to of the lane, and before either were

Another moment, and Susan's throat swell in a frightful manner, and the pain to become agonizing. A doctor was seat for, but before he came the would have been torn out; but in that moment, even before the brute could man called eagerly for a snake. As it close upon his victim, the boy had raised the axe, and with all his strength hit was brought to him he seized upon it the animal in the head. The blade with mortal avidity, caught it by the glanced from the skull, and while it cut back of the neck with his teeth, shook open the ficsh, and caused the blood to it as a dog would shake a rat, then bit run freely into the eyes and over the off its head, spit it upon the floor, and the eyes and over the face of the brute, ate and swallowed some four inches of the snake's body. Whether his idea was to cure like by like-whether he was carrying out the superstitions of his it did not take from him any of his fierceness.

The dog now turned upon the boy, leaving his sister terribly frightened, but race—whether he was simply delirious, or whether his own nature had become physically unharmed, and made a jump at him, which was boldly met by the lit. so thoroughly impregnated with snake nature that he was merely satisfying the fellow, who, standing firmly, swung suake vengeance, it is impossible now to his axe over his head, and as the brute say. He certainly flung himself upon sprang upon him, struck him fairly upon the nose, burying the blade into it, althe ground as soon as he had ceased de-

youring the snake flesh, and writhed most cutting it in two. and wiggled along the floor unaided by The vicious creature ran back with a arms and legs, after the manner of a cry of pain, but recovering himself, was again about to rush upon the little fel-The poor fellow could never tell his low, who, without a cry of lear, manfully experience. He was drenched with stood his ground, waiting for a renewal whisky, but too late, he died in twenty. of the attack, when a rifle ball whistled past him, and buried itself deep deep in four hours. During his last hours he the skull of the savage animal, dropping called wildly on any number of Spanish him lifeless to the earth.

saints, and it was evident that, though Fortunately for the children, their Atab by profession, the poor fellow was father happened to be sufficiently near to them to see the dog spring upon Willie, (but not when he attacked Susic,) and killed him as soon as he could fire Back of Fort Eric, canada, is an imwith the certainty that the ball would mense swamp, covering several hunnot strike oteer than the object for which dred acres, which, owing to the extreme it was intended.

Grass for Horses.

ing its work for some time, but causing Many think that horses tha are kept little harm, except to the rattlesnakes in the stable all summer, shou not be and other reptiles with which the swamp tak it will allowed to cat grass. They the is infested. Not long since, says the make the horse soft, wishy-v shy and Buffalo Express, a portion of this repthat it will throw bim out of ondition tile haunted swamp was the locality of a very melancholy occurrence, which for hard work. This is partie arly the case with some of the trainers trotting produced great feeling and excitoment and running horses. And h res that are kept for farm and other wa k are re-A party from the farther side of the fused grass because their driv think swamp, living at or near Port Colborn, that they will not eat hay so y rentured into its recesses upon a berrywas formerly the case, more han it is ing expedition. One of the company now. But these are all error ous obin. was a mother, with an infint child .ions and practices, and are gi or nway. The child fell asleep, and its mother de. and natgradually, to a more reasonab posited it on her shawl upon a comforis the ural system of Icoding. table bed of moss or grass, while she cooling natural food of the horse. It bowels and heathful food. It keeps Unconsciously she wandered farther Li proopen and sharpens the appetite than she meant from the sleeping infant, a fever motes the digestion and rem and started suddenly to find it out of by all from the system. Therefore her sight, became bewildered, and lost means, let the horses nip grass all reckoning of the place. The friends all summoned to the search scourod every part in vain. The hunt grew

twenty minutes daily. OF PILTE. Whether training for trottia highning, it will be attended with t est benefit. The horses will none gathering night drove the party from f treatof their speed by such a cour ment. Horses that are kept ic year round for farm work, should e rinly ba ry day. allowed a nice nibble at grace for it They work hard, and all they m hava is something to eat. Let th Is had died the horrible death which a then, what they like so well. mother's shuddering fancy must have

ing the -A country editor, describe "They bonnets now in fashion, mys: inds one have a downward slant that rem pross her of a vicious cow with a board a

ted ler -The Cuba Cable was comweek, the shore and having been Friday at Key West. The entire r. andii Havana to Florida is in perfect or direct communication with the Un

telegraphic system. -On a Bust-Our Devil's l