By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.

ON GUARD.

It is the eventide of life: Death's turbid waves before me roll; And in this narrow pass of life I stand to guard my deathless soul.

Through storm and calm, through dark and light, Weary, but resolute, Icling To my good sword, my breastplate bright, The armor of my heavenly King.

On guard, on guard ! the trumpet voice Ring in my ear : with watchful eye I gaze, and feel my heart're joice: My deadliest foes are dr. wing nigh.

Ye pass not here, hate, envy, pride, With all the embattled hosts of hell: My Captain standeth at my side; I fear you not; I know you well.

Fast comes the night; my watch is done: This hour I've longed for many years I shall not see another sun; Ended is sorrow, toil and tears.

Death's waves are rising; sweet release! Nearer I view the heavenly shore; I lay my armor down, and cease To be "on guard" for evermore.

THE SLANDERER.

"I hate the slanderer! I hate him for his poisonous breath, More deadly than the dews of deaths I hate him for his hooded lies, His peace-destroying calumnies; His words I hate - so arch, so sly, So void of generosity, So deep, so empty, yet so full Of what will social joy annul. His heart is gall, his tongue is fire, His soul too base for manly ire, His steel too keen for noble use, His sword and buckler are abuse: I hate the slantuerer !"

MISCELLANY. DAVID MATSON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden," so sweet- and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matly told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and little daughter. "I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife." hind a sweet young wife and little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where covered and taken off by a passing vessel.— son, and she is the mother of my children." Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate—a good her with a baby in her arms. If you are Daman rich and honored, with whom she was vid Matson, your right to her is outlawed; living happily. The poor man, unwilling to at any rate she is mine, and I am not the cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not man to give her up. to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers that in its main particulars it is a true tale.

One bright summer morning, more than three-score years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy, barefooted boys stood on the bank of the river near their dwelling. They were awaiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the Point with his whery, and take the husband and tather to the port, a few miles below .--The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage in Spain, and David-was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the lovely morning sunshine, talking cheerfully; but, had you been near enough you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailer leved his snug home on ! the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis. "There's no time for kissing, and such fool-

eries when the tide serves. And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed, autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back. And another year passed, and then the old sailors' and fishermen abook their heads solemply, and said the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And Poor Anna had her bombazine gown dyed black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in morning ribbons, and thenceforth she was

known only as the Widow Matson. And how was it all this time with David

himself? Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Magauore and Same on the Barbary coast, had dreaming how much there safety had cost ing formerly occupied as a slave pen, he saw for a long time been in the habit of fitting that father. The trembling man rushed for large numbers of rebel prisoners over whom out galleys and armed house to seize upon out galleys and armed boats to seize upon ward, fearing to find only a mangled corpse, colored soldiers were standing guard. They merchant vessels of Christian nations, and but no words can express his joy at seeing make slaves of their crews and passengers, his child alive and unharmed. The next black man; to-day the black man is master of just as men calling themselves Christians in day, the king having heard of the vircum- the position. Says a correspondent:-"Campcatch black slaves for their plantations. The the Medal of Honor for his heroism. Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market place thought.

as slaves. Poor David Matson among the

When a boy he had learned the trade of GEN. SHERMAN AND THE BRITISH CONSUL AT SAYANNAH. ship carpenter with his father on the Merrimack, and now he was set to work in the dock-yards. His master who was natural- says: ly a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which was the Mohammadan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Ramadan, he was left at leisure for a whole week. So time went on—days, weeks, months and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimack, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered if they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome, middle aged gentleman in the dress of one of his own Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that Government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked God for the great de-

"This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my 'Columbian;" and, drawing out his tablet, he pro-ceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe to Freedom, which afterwards found a place in his great epic.

David Matson had saved a little money daring his captivity, by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to General. the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon without telling his name. Who of my young friends have read the he began to put questions about his old home.

"Your wife!" cried the other. "She is he remained several years, when he was dis- mine before God and Man. I am David Mat-"And mine, too !" said Pelatiah. "I left

"God is great!" said poor David Matson unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission. "His will be done, may tell your Government that, sir. I would Give these, with my blessings, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the I loved her, but I shall never see her again. gifts for his wife and children.

He shook hands with his rival. "Pelatiah,' he said, looking back as he left the ship,

be kind to Anna and my boys." "Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor, in a careless tone. He watched the poor man for his father. passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh end of tobacco; "but I'm glad I've seen the last of

him." When Pelatiah Curtis reached home, he told Anna the story of her husband, and laid his gifts in her hap. She did not shrick nor faint, for she was a healthy woman, with strong nerves; but she stole away and wept brook all day, and if you don't believe it, bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to wear the preter." ty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gilt. There is, however, a tradition, that in accordance with her the profanity of her child. After telling her, dying wish it was wrapped about her in the coffin and buried with her.

The little old bull's eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson-the lost man .- Our Young

THE HEROIC SWITCH TENDER .- The following incident is related in a European paper as having lately occurred in Prussia. A switch tender had just taken his place to change the track, in order to turn a train which was in sight, so as to prevent a collis- you." ion with another train from an opposite direction. At this critical moment, on turning his head, he discovered his little boy playing on the track of the advancing engine. He might spring to his rescue and remove him safely, but then he would have no would have had a little dam on this breek, time to turn the switch, and hundreds of only I'spect it's too small, it ain't worth a bout a quarter of an hour and by that time lives might be lost by his neglect. In an instant his resolution was taken. "Lie down!" he shouted to his boy, and the child happily acustomed to obedience, promptly threw himself on the ground, and the whole train A gentleman recently from the valley of the thundered over him, the passengers little

SPICY INTERVIEW

A correspondent of the New York Herald

The extraordinary success with which Gen Sherman has conducted his campaign during the last nine months has secured for him the affections of the American people beyond that of any other military officer. He has become as popular as a military officer as Vice Admiral Farragut has as a naval commander. Anything relating to him is therefore interesting. It is through an officer in his command, recently arrived, I have obtained the circumstances of an amusing scene said to have taken place between Gen. Sherman and the British Consul at Savannah. which to say the least, is characteristic of that officer, as well as the self-sufficient style of her Majesty's officials in the South.

On the arrival of General Sherman at Savannah he saw a large number of British flags displayed from buildings, and had a curiosity to know how many British Consuls were there. He soon ascertained that these flags were on buildings where cotton was stocountrymen, attended by a great officer of red away, and at once ordered it to be seizthe Dey, entered the shipyard, and called ed. Soon after that, while the General was up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, pous gentleman walked in, apparently in great haste, and inquired if he was General Sherman. Having received an affirmative reply, the pompous gentleman remarked, "that when he left his residence U. States troops were engaged in removing, his cotton from it, when it was protected by the British flag."

"Stop, sir," said General Sherman, "not your cotton, sir, but my cotton; my cotton in the name of the United States Government, sir. I have noticed," continued the General, "a great many British flags here, all protecting cotton; I have seized it all in the name of my Government.

"But sir," said the Consul, indignantly, there is scarcely any cotton in Savannal that does not belong to me."

"There is not a pound of cotton here, sir, that does not belong to me, for the United States, responded Sherman.

"Well, sir," said the Consul, swelling himself up with the aignity of his office, and reddening in his face, "my Government shall hear of this. I shall report your conduct to my Government, sir."

"Ah! pray, who are you, sir?" said the

"Consul to her British Majesty, sir." "Oh, indeed!" responded the General, "I hope you will report me to your Government. You will please say to your Government, for me, that I have been fighting the English Government all the way from the Ohio river to Vicksburg, and thence to this peint At I intend to call upon my Government to order me to Nassau at once."

"What do you propose to do there?" ask-

ed the Consul, somewhat taken aback." "I would," replied the General, "take with me a quantity of picks and shovels, and throw that cursed sand hill into the sea, sir. You shovel it into the sea, sir; and then I would resentative of her Majesty's Government.

"Little Dam Brook." A clergyman, seeing a little boy playing

in a small stream by the roadside, inquired "He's over to the little dam brook," exclaimed the lad.

"What!" said the reverend gentleman,

shocked at the boy's profanity. "Can't you speak without swearing ?" "Well, he is over to the little dam brook, anyhow," persisted the boy, as he went spat-

tering through the water and mud after a you can go up to that house and ask moth-The clergyman sought an interview with the mother immediately, and complained of river."

however, what the lad had said, she laughingly informed him the "little dam brook," was a title by which the stream was called to distinguish it from a "big dam brook," situated a few miles further to the eastward.

He now felt that he had wronged the boy, rying back to the spot, he exclaimed:

swearing; but you should have told me that Wall, all at once it occured to me that there to the lawyer's nose. I just want to see "little dam brook" was only the name of a were some big cracks in the floor over the him blow that thing onee—and I'll be satisstream, and I then would not have scolded

"Well, 'tain't no matter, said the happy youngster, as he held aloft a struggling frog that he had speared with his mother's clothes stick. "There's a big dam on big dam brook, and a little dam on little dam brook, and we

THE MARCH OF EVENTS .- Time is pretty certain to bring its compensations at last .--Mississippi, says that at St. Louis, in a buildwent to war to rivet closer the chains of the in our yerself, said a colored woman, as she one look and then covered up her face with fane historians give us of the oil business. saw the rebel prisoners filling into the old her apron.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1865.

Behold her now, with restless flashing eyes. Crouching, a thing forlorn, beside the way! Behold her ruined alters heaped to-day With ashes of her costly sacrifice!

How changed the once proud State that led the

And flung the war-cry first throughout the land See helpless now the paricidal hand Which aimed the first blow at the nation's life !

The grass is growing in the city's street, Where stand the shattered spires, the broken And through the solemn noonday silence falls

The sentry's footstop as he treads his beat. Behold once more the old flag proudly, wave Above the ruined fortress by the sea! No longer shall that glorious banner be

The ensign of a land where dwells the slave. Hark! on the air what swelling anthems rise-A ransomed people, by the sword set free, Are chanting now a song of liberty;

Mear how their voices echo to the skies! O righteous retribution, great and just! Behold the palm-tree fallen to the earth, Where Freedom, rising from a second birth, No more shall trail her garments in the dust!

Steve Conant's Courtship.

fairs which I give in his own words: I was courting Nancy here. That is something I never tell any body. But you shall

hear it. "No, don't Steve," broke in the old woman, "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, telling love scrapes to everybo-

"If you can't bear to hear it you may go out doors-so here goes.

"When I was nigh about twenty-one I came here all alone and built me a cabin. I hadn't neber nearer than five miles so ye see I aidn't quarrel much but as it grew to be this earth, from which he cannot take the winter I got kinder lonesome and began to smallest portion. O! if we would be rich think that I ought to have a woman to keep me company, so one morning I started down to Lenway to take a look at the girls to see if I could find one to suit me. When I got down the settlement I asked a young chap if he knew of a girl that wanted to get married and he told me he guessed that Nancy Knox did, and if I wanted a wife I had better try and hitch on with her and he said if every step I have encountered British arms,
British munitions of war, and British goods
of every description at every step, sir. 1

Every step I have encountered British arms,
it was agreeable he would go to Deacon which he has formed many attachments.—
Knox's and make me acquainted with NanRemoving from place to place is with many have met them, sir, in all shapes, and now, an hour before Nancy and I was on the best sannot be expelled from a true and loving charge the dreamer peered over the rock and of terms. Afore night I hared out with the heart, save by his own fault, nor yet always Deacon for ten dollors a months half of the pay to be taken in produce and the rest in its chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in its chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in its chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in produce and the rest in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in the chiest in spite of ill-derect but to be taken in the chiest in pay to be taken in produce and the rest in its object in spite of ill-desert; but go where

"Wall for about two months I felt as a mouse have learned to love him; the roots of affecin new cheese. I courted Nancy every Sun- tion are not torn out and destroyed by such day night and I was determined before an- removals, but they remain fixed deep in other week to pop the question and I hadn't the heart, clinging still to the image, the a bit of doubt but what Nancy would be o- object which they are more eager again to yerjoyed at becoming my bosom companion. clasp. When one revisits the home of his Wall about this time there come a fellow childhood, or the place of his happy abode from one of the lower towns to keep school in his life's spring-time, pleasast as it is to and he hadn't been there more than a week survey each familiar spot, the house, the garafore I found he had a natural hankering af- den, the trees planted by himself, or by kindter Nancy; and worst of all the old Deacon red now sleeping in the dust, there is in the who seemed pleased at the thoughts of me warm grasp of the hand, in the melting of courting his gal begun to kinder cool off as the eye, in the kind salutation, in the tender if he would like the schoolmaster better for solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of his a son a son-in-law, and it made me feel kin- visit, a delight that no mere local object of der down in tip, I can tell you.

in just at dusk and when the clock struck is one's solace amid earthly changes-this nine he didn't seem to go. Old Mrs Knox is a joy above all the pleasures of scene and and the young uns all went to bed and there place. We love this spiritual home feeling, were none left but the old Deacon, Bill Nan- the union of hearts which death cannot deno such a thing, but just as the clock struck imperishable abode in hearts now dear. ten he ris up and says he:

"Steve, let's go to bed for we must be up

cy but she turned away her head and at this Gazette thus makes fun of it: I up the ladder to bad. I was boiling over mad with all creation-

felt so and I couldn't go to sleep. Like as and 'terrible to behold.' Matt. Strong, who and therefore owed him an apology. Hur- not the schoolmaster was hugging and kiss- has a keen eye to fun, was seen following the kitchen and I could watch and see all that fied! was going on below so out of bed I got and crawled along on all fours and finding a big crack I looked down through. Bill and Nancy were sitting about two feet apart though every now and then Bill would hitch his choked that man. I watched them for a-I was near about froze as it was an awful cold night and I hadn't a rag on except my two shirts. By and by Bill hitched his chair a little closer and L could see that he had made up his mind and was just going to kiss

How it riled! But I was bound to see it through so I moved a little nearer to get a better view and at that moment the plank tipped up, and down I went kerchunk and landing between Bill and Nancy. Bill thought for once that old Nick had come and streak-America were sending vessels to Africa to stance, sent for the man and presented him bell's slave pen is now a robel prison. "Get ed it out of doors; and as for Nancy she gave,

the ladder I heard old Mrs. Knox hollow: . "Nancy scoot the cat down or she'll break every dish on the dresser.

Idle Treasure.

lordly residence, with but few domestics to neighbor's farms, and I robbed the wildwood wait upon him, died at last, and the house bowers, and tore my trousers and scratched passed into other hands. When its contents my hands, in search of choicest flowers. In were examined, drawers and presses full of linen were found, all mouldering to dust; hun- Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish dreds of valuable garments filled the wardrobes, all slike mouldering and moth-eaten. then came along, all dressed up in store Here and there, in the dusky recesses, little bags of silver and gold were found, evident- a moustache under his nose. He talked to ly hidden there, and then forgotten. The hoard of coin was also discovered where it a farm)—and she lest me, the country love, person in the world.

have done among the poor and suffering!-How much better they should wear out in clothing the needy, than moulder out in uselessness. So, too, of the idle treasure which itual good, if only judiciously expended. Of such possession it might well be written, "Your silver and your goldare cankered, and the rust thereof shall be a swift witness athus suffer any of God's gif's to be wasted I once called on my friend Steve Conant in idleness. God will bring all such stewand while there the conversation turned on ards into judgement in that day when he courtship and at my request the old gentle-shall say, "Thou shall be no longer my stewman told me an incident in his own love af- ard." "Do all the good you can, with all the means you have," is the only limit of our "Wall, seeing it's you, I don't mind tell- obligation. A little experimenting will show ing about a scrape that happened to me when us how much we can do, and we shall doubtless be surprised to find how much it exceeds what you had supposed. No one has a right to lay aside garments to be moth-eaten, when so many suffering ones are around us every day, whom we could relieve. "It is not what we get, but what we give that makes us rich.' You would think a man much richer who had his money in a safe and richly paying investment, than he who had it buried in the earth. So he that invests his money in the Bank of Heaven will have a good possession to enter into when he is called away from indeed, let us lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, by good works and alms-deeds, which neither moth nor rust can destroy .-Presbyterian.

Living in Hearts.

It is better to live in hearts than houses. A change of circumstances, or a disobliging landlord, may turn one out of a house to and he was good as his word and twasn't an unavoidable incident of life. But one discharged at the Indian. With the disclear cash and I was to work all winter. he will his home remains in hearts which nature or art, no beautiful cottage, or shady "Wall on one Sundady night Bill Smith rill, or quiet grove can bestow. To be re-

MAKING FUN OF HIS NOSE .- Col. Crockbright and airly to have them ere logs to the ett, late Copperhead candidate for Congress in the First (California) District, has an im-"Wasn't that a hint ch, I looked at Nan- mense nasal appendage, and the Mariposa

"We are told that at the District Court at Snelling this week, a lawyer from San Fran- of death. The lady was clad in green silk, Bill Nancy and the old Deazon in particular. cisco was present, whose nasal organ is the I got into bed and kivered myself up but I most prominent of his features. It is huge ing Nancy down in the kitchen, and I lawyer around, keeping constantly near him. "Boy, I wronged you in accusing you of couldn't shut my eyes for the life of me .- On being asked his object, he said, pointing

KISSING EXTRAORDINARY.—A bounty jumper recently escaped from Gollop's Island, Boston harbor, after having, unaccountably unfastened his irons. It was subsechair little nearer to her. How I could have quently discovered that a lady who had been permitted to come and see him, had a key in and every hamlet, to every mansion and evher mouth fitting the lock of his fetters .-On parting she kissed him, and during the operation transferred the key to his mouth, thus faciliating his escape. The girl and the man who made the key were arrested.

> FIRST OIL DISCOVERY.—It is related of Jonah when he took up his quanters in the whale's belly, he wrote to his farther to come the world to sink him; but he can never down immediately, as he had disbovered a have enough to satisfy him. splendid opening for the old gentleman as tollows:

"Father, don't come. I'm badly sucked the day that is dead in. Pleaty of oil, but no market!

A thought the world of pen. Use to put us dar. Get dar yorself thought.

A thought the world of pen. Use to put us dar. Get dar yorself you could say scoot and as I was going up half as fast as his love for it.

A Clever Case of Cut Out.

It is many years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest coun-The next morning when she went out of milk I popped the question to Nancy and she said she would have me for she didn't care a cent for Bill Smith and we have been married forty years cum next June."

Level to prove the next morning when she went out and she would, and the moonlight smiled on her melting lips, and the night winds learned out talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me, for the large was young and true, and I loved with a double and twisted love; and a love An old nobleman who lived alone in his that was honest, too. I roamed all over the my joyous love I brought all these to my now, if I were a boy again. A city chap clothes, with a sniny hat and shiny vest, and, had long lain untouched, doing good to no and took the new chap's arm. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, How much good these idle garments might for I loved that girl with a fewent love that naught could drive away. Letrove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap with the hairy lip, married Jeru sha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and might have brought in large revenus of spir- sore until the thought struck me, that just as good fish remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist Church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gypsy hat, and I married gainst you." No one has a moral right to that very girl. And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that stole Je-

A Dream of Oil.

rusha Jane.

The history of the location of the famous Coquette Oil Well is a bit of romance, and borders closely on the marvelous. The present energetic manager of the well Mr. Geo. M. Kepler, prior to his visit to the oil territory, had a remarkable dream, which I will relate here just as I had it from his own lips. He thought he was prospecting for oil, when, at the close of a weary day's walking over the hills which bound the valley of Oil Creek, he espied, at a short distance before him a stalwart Indian seated on the ground with his back against a rock, pumping vigorously at a rude pump, from which Mr. Kepler beheld a steady stream of oil pouring. Almost at the same instant the red man perceived Kepler, glancing over his shoulder, and through a crevice in the rock. Drawing. an arrow from his quiver, he was preparing to draw his bow upon the intruder, when the latter was relieved from his dilemma in a manner as unlooked for as it was novel. A fair damsel, an esteemed acquaintance of the dreamer, who had earned the reputation of a coquette, approached him suddenly and stealthily, with a warning gesture, bearing in her hands the dreamer's highly prized ri-

fle. In a moment the gun was leveled and quently he jestingly related his dream to his cousin, Mr. A. C. Kepler, who in the same sportive mood requested him to mark the spot. The drill was started, and at the depth of five hundred and nineteen feet, struck the largest well now flowing on Oil Creek. Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining tanks to receive the vast amount of oil which has flowed from this wonder among large wells, not a single barrel of the oil has been lost.

A Solemn Scene.

One day last week, says the Eastern State (Mass.) Journal, the School Street Church was the scene of a sad funeral, that of Jos. S. Defrees and wife, of Ballardsville, who were found dead in their bed, in that town, two or three motnings since, in each other's for that was the pesky critter's name came membered, to be loved, to live in hearts, that arms. They had been suffocated by coal gas, having had a coal fire in the stove the previous evening, and the damper being discovered shut squarely off after the room door was forced. They were married scarcely a tering through the water and mud after a cy and I, and I kept specting evry minute butterfly. "He's been over to the little dam that he would show Bill to bed, but he did have helder and brook all day and if you don't believe it no such a thing but just as the clock struct. neck, and his hand under her shoulder, their faces slightly inclining towards each other. Her cheeks wore a slight tinge, almost like life, for she was naturally of good color, and their dark hair seemed to rest but in sleep on the silken pillow. It was a picture of conjugal affection, saddened by the presence and her husband in a dark dress suit. The silver plate bore an inscription showing that Mr. Defrees was aged 27 years and 3 months, and his wife, Mrs. Augusta Defrees, 26 years and 3 months.

> Over in Jersey, during the last Presidential canvass, a young lawyer, noted for the length of his neck, his tongue and his bill was on the stump blowing his born for General McClellan. Getting on in his eloquence, he spread himself, and said: "I would that on the 8th day of next November I mighthave the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, to every town ery hut, and proclaim to every man, woman, and child George B. M'Clellan is President of these United States!" At this point a youngster in the crowd sang out: "Dry up, you tool! You'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile!"

A man of the world may have enough of

The sunset clouds are the visible song of

The railing of a cross woman, like the miling of a garden, keeps people at a distance.

Doctors should dearly love our good muthter Earth, for she kindly hides their evil work.