

# Bedford Gazette.



VOLUME 75.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER 2813.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1858.

VOL. 2, NO. 5.

**THE BEDFORD GAZETTE**  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
BY MEYERS & BENJORD.  
At the following terms, to wit:  
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.  
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### GREEN CORN FODDER.

Farmers should not neglect their own fodder for Winter. It will retain its saccharine and nutritive qualities until it gets into the ear, and is cut for Winter feeding until it is spoiled. The chief troubles to cure it, as it requires several rainy days to dry, and then, found in small bundles, to stow away in the barn. Indeed, it is difficult, under almost any circumstances, to cure it sufficiently to store away by itself, without fear of moulding. We would, therefore, recommend that it be packed away in layers of straw, or hay, which will receive its departing dampness and dry it, and make such hay or straw partake of the odor of the corn itself. For calving cows, and lambing ewes in late Winter, or early Spring, this corn fodder, if tender and well cured, is a favorite food, promoting both flesh and milk.

If stoutry grown, it should be made fine in the cutting-box, and lightly sprinkled with mill feed, or corn meal finely ground, thus affording a more easily digested food than if whole in the stock or stall. Calves and colts and lambs, the first Winter after weaning, will live well upon it, and their improved state in the Spring will testify to its value as a forage. By all means, let the corn fodder, of all kinds, be saved—and that, too, before it gets too ripe.

### INCREASE OF A POTATO.

Some years ago, a gentleman visiting a farmer in Tolland, Connecticut, took from his pocket a small potato, which somehow had got there at home. It was thrown out with a snarl, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy of twelve, standing at his elbow, asked him what it was. "Oh," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy; take it and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at the time. The boy, however, not desisting from his potato, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and planted in the spring, and so on till the fourth year, when the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels! The farmer, seeing the prospect that the potato field would, by another year, cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise.

### ANTS AND FRUIT TREES.

Many really suppose that ants are injurious to fruit trees. This is not so. Those acquainted with their habits know that they visit fruit trees laden with fruit, both roots and branches. They are attended by ants, which seem to use them as their milk line. They are sought by the ant because of a sweet fluid furnished by these trees which supplies the ant with nutrition. This accounts for their being about fruit trees. Take warning, then, when you see the ants busily ascending and descending in regular succession, young fruit trees, or others, and immediately apply ashes or lime to them when the dew is on; also applying one or both of them about the roots of the trees infested by them.

### DEATH FOR WANT OF SLEEP.

How long can one live without sleep? The question can never be answered. But an authentic communication has been made to a British society whose field of operations are in Asia, descriptive of a punishment which is peculiar to the original code of China. It appears from this communication, that a Chinese merchant had been convicted of murdering his wife, and was sentenced to die by being totally deprived of the privilege of going to sleep. This singular mode of quitting an earthly existence was carried out at Amoy, under the following circumstances. The condemned was placed in prison, under the care of three of the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from falling asleep for a single moment, night or day. He thus lived for nineteen days without enjoying any sleep. At the commencement of the trial he imploried the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangled, garrotted, quartered, shot, blown up with gunpowder, or put to death in any conceivable way which their humanity or ferocity could invent. This will give us some idea of the horror of dying because you cannot go to sleep.

A PROBLEM.—Whoever originated the following, deserves to have his name handed down to posterity: It is a despatch from England to America gains on the sun so as to reach here 44 hours by the clock before it left England, at what time would it arrive at the point of departure, were a cable carried entirely around the world? Would it not arrive the day before it left, less only the time exhausted in making the circuit? If so, then, with a continuous telegraph line around the world, until it reached back to Adam, and let him know what his children are about the "glitter days."

### POETRY.

#### THE UNION.

AIR—"ANNIE LAURIE."

The Union! oh, the Union!  
So glorious and so pure,  
We'll shoulder stand to shoulder  
To keep our Union sure,  
To keep our Union sure,  
Her flag shall still float high,  
And for Liberty and Union,  
We'll lay us down and die.

The people's will shall triumph—  
Be that what it may;  
And so to him who threatens  
Our Union in that day—  
Our Union in that day—  
Let blustering traitors try  
To trail our glorious banner,  
We'll hold it up or die!

Yes, that were worth the dying  
Of true men and of brave  
Our country and our honor  
To fight for and to save,  
When treason gathers high:  
Yes, for Liberty and Union,  
We'll conquer, or we'll die!

#### DOESTICKS ON LAGER BEER.

Doesticks has been trying to ascertain by experience whether or not Lager is intoxicating, and below is given, in his own language, the result:

"The first glass seemed like sour strong beer with a good deal of water in it; the next was not quite so sour, and the next one tasted as though the original beer had been stronger and they did not dilute it so much. Then we rested, and as I had drank three pints already, I was willing to quit, but Dampfool assured me 'Lager isn't intoxicating,' so after a little sitting down I thought I could hold another glass and ordered it; it was brought by a young lady who seemed to have four or five eyes, and I perceived an unusual freedom, which I thought was undoubtedly caused by smoke.

Then I thought I'd have a glass of Lager (a liquid known to most of the inhabitants of Manhattan.) It was brought by a girl so pretty that I immediately ordered two more, and kept her waiting for the change each time so I could look at her—then we had some cheese full of holes; then we took a sausage; Dampfool suggested that the sausage was made of dogs, so we had some lager to drown the dogs; then we had some sardines; Dampfool said it would be good to keep fishes without a supply of the liquid element, so we had some lager for the fishes to swim in; then we had some bretzels; Dampfool said the bretzels were so crooked that they would not pack close, so we had some lager to fill up the cracks; then I made a speech to the company, shot out to the point, and received with applause; it was addressed to the whole crowd, and was to this effect: 'Gentlemen let's have some lager!'

By this time my friend had by some mysterious process become mysteriously multiplied, and there were fifty Dampfools, and they all accepted the invitation, and we had the lager; there were forty glasses, and I am trying to make the circuit of the room and touch my glass to every one of theirs I fell over a table which very impudently stepped before me, and as I went down I knocked a small Dutchman into the corner, then I fell over him, then I pulled a rascally crowd myself and set on his head, then I got up and stepped on his stomach, then I demanded an instant apology, then I called for six glasses of lager, and the girl brought them all in one hand, but broke three, then I tried to drink out of the remaining three all at once, and in so doing I took an involuntary shower-bath, then I tried to pay for the whole fifty glasses and the draught with a dime and a Spanish quarter, and demanded that he should give my change in gold dollars; there seemed to be some difficulty about this, and I didn't know that lager isn't intoxicating, I should have thought the man was drunk."

#### LOVE DESCRIBED.

A very old Magazine, the name of which does not appear, once published the following: "Love is like the devil because it torments us; like Heaven, because it rejoices; like pepper, because it often sets us on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a lion, because it is often the death of a man; like a friar, because it makes unhappy; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides onto the wished for port; like a willow-weep, because it often leads one into the bog; like a courser, because it often runs away with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like nothing, often talked about, and never seen, touched, or understood."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a stony night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be!"

### THE CHARMER.

Some six years ago, a tall gaunt, knock-kneed "lumina" of a Hoosier, who was a hunter of the classical Wabash, conceived the idea of a visit to the home of his progenitor in Kaintuck.

He did so—ranted round among the girls some, and was of course, from his native impudence and unearthly ugliness, the observed of all observers." One morning the whole neighborhood was astonished at the ugly Hoosier having eloped with a Mrs. B., a very good looking woman, wife of Mr. B. For two long years the disconsolate husband mourned over his untoward bereavement; at the end of that period, however, to his utter astonishment, one day, in popped Mrs. B., looking as bright and rosy as ever. After the first joyful greeting was over, the injured Mr. B. thus addressed his traitor spouse:

"Nancy, how could you take up with that thar ornately ugly Hoosier, and leave me and the children all forlorn, as you did?"  
"Well, Josh," said Nancy, that thar tarna' ugly critter from Indainny was a kettie the best whistler I ever hern tell on. You know I was always fond of good whistlin'; I used to think you could whistle some, but I never heard whistlin' as is whistlin' till I met that 'r Wabash feller. He just whistled my senses clean away, and I followed him off on that account. But a short time ago, however, he caught the measles, and they spild his whistlin' forever; the charm was broke, and so I concluded to come back to you, but O, Josh, that Hoosier was the awfulest whistler that ever I saw pucker!"  
—*Placerville Index.*

#### FATHER AND SON RIVALS IN LOVE.

A late English paper thus details a singular affair of this kind: "In an action for breach of promise of marriage, tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, on Wednesday, the 7th, Aug. 1858, the plaintiff, and Samuel A. Wells the defendant, who was a corn factor, had a counting-house within the premises occupied by the father of the plaintiff. Paying frequent visits to his father's office, the young man was naturally invited up stairs, and as naturally made love to and was accepted by Miss Read. He declared his purpose of making her his wife, and they were treated by the friends of both families as 'sparties engaged.' Unfortunately, however, the counting-house afforded opportunity to Mrs. Read, a sister of the plaintiff, to see Mr. Read, and she, by informing the claims of Miss Read, and of her becoming a suitor. He pointed out that his son was 'too young,' and was not yet established in business," and used other arguments, but to no purpose. The plaintiff liked the young man best, and told him of the unnatural rival that he possessed. The defendant was very angry of course with his father, but seemed to increase in attachment for the lady, and wrote to her a number of letters declaring his unalterable affection and his determination to make her his wife at all hazards, observing, 'Won't the old man stare, when I put the ring on your finger?' The aged Cupid in the meantime was not idle, but pushed his suit with great energy, now attempting by a ruse to get her to sign a 'solemn' other engagement with his son, and now playing her through the influence of her friends. Whether or not by these efforts it does not clearly appear, but the young woman began to show signs of drawing back, and at last assumed such an attitude as induced the wrangled-for one to seek legal redress. The jury awarded her £2500 damages.

#### JOE MARSH.

Joe Marsh is the justly celebrated proprietor of a hotel in the pleasant village of Bennington, in the State of Vermont. But while Joe possesses a good table and acts the host to universal satisfaction, he like most others, has peculiarities, which peculiarities, by the by, are not always to his profit. Joe is not celebrated for a superabundance of either native or acquired talent, while his sayings are characterized by a peculiar and accent, entirely his own. He was once kked by a horse on the head—he says it helped his eyesight, but hurt his business faculties.

One cold day Joe sat by his warm bar-room stove, indulging at once his notorious indolence and literary taste, the former in the moral way, and the latter in reading the history of Napoleon.

Joe read a page or two, when he yielded to the desire to sleep. One of those queer bys, of which Bennington has not a few, who was making Joe one of his regular customers, conceived the idea of turning back the leaves to where he first commenced. Joe wakes upon the progress of time, and renews his reading—reads as far as it continues interesting, who he again falls asleep and the boy turns backe leaves as before. This is repeated four times, when a bright idea eventually wakes Joe up.

"Gosh, boys, that Napoleon's tin smartest fellow ever lived; he crossed the Alps four times in one day, and dragged a hot cannon after 'im."

To his bar he adds a store of candian which the boys invest all the cents and es, etc. they can hook for the purpose of tie. Joe winks at their wickedness, and puts the pitterings into his till. One evening a bipy bro' in a hen, and sold it to Joe for a pound candy. Joe gave him the candy, and to him to put the hen in the barn, which he d. Soon another boy, encouraged by the success, sought in a hen and got the same price, and set the thing going—the boys always coming to him to the barn, at Joe's direction in the morning, he found that he days been d'badly, having bought the hen six times, a one of his own at that!—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Can you return my love, dearest?"  
"Certainly sir. I don't want it, I'm su'!"

### AFFECTING INCIDENT.

We are indebted to Mr. C., recently returned from a whaling voyage, for the following touching narrative:

On the home voyage of one of our Liverpool packets, she being crowded with emigrants, that awful scourge, the ship fever, broke out. The carpenter of the vessel, one of nature's noblemen, having on board his little son, a lad of some twelve summers, was one of the first victims. His shipmates sadly enclosed his body in his hammock, and having read over him the burial service, and attached to his feet a grindstone for the purpose of sinking him, committed it to the embrace of old ocean. The poor boy, overcome with grief at the loss of his natural protector, sprang overboard, and before he could be rescued, was beyond the reach of human aid.

On the day following the burial, a large shark was noticed in the wake of the ship, and was almost calm, the sailors asked permission to catch it, which was readily granted by the captain. Having procured a hook and attached a chain and line, and baited it with pork, they cast it overboard, and soon had the exciting pleasure of hooking the monster, and with the aid of the windlass, hauled the writhing mass on board. As it lay on the deck in its death struggles, the sailors heard a singular rumbling noise, that seemed to proceed from within the writhing captive. Taking a ship axe, they soon cut their way into the now dead fish, and to their great surprise, found that he had swallowed the carpenter, grindstone, and boy, and that the former, (who had only swooned) had rigged up the grindstones, and with the assistance of the boy to turn it, was just grinding his jack-knife to cut his way out.

#### SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.

A most animal dispute occurred on Cross street, yesterday afternoon, between Cato Brown and Jim Taiton, two factory hands, employed in one of the tobacco factories, and well known for their extensive information on all scientific subjects. The question under discussion was that of the shape of the earth. Cato contended that it was flat and stood on a big rock, a theory which, when advanced, drew forth the following dialogue:

Jim—"You argues dat de world is flat and stands on a big rock, now I want you to tol'm what dat rock stands on?"  
Cato—"Nigger, de world stands on your ignorance, why it stands on another big rock."

Jim—"But what does dat other big rock stand on?"  
Cato—"After a moment's hesitation." "Why dat is rocks all de way down."

Jim—"With a pompous air." "My colored friend I'm sorry to see sich 'splay of renerigated obscurity in a gentleman of your exalted pretensions; allow me, who has experienced superior opportunities to correct de very dererous repression you has, and inform you dat dis ear is round and devolves on axles."

Cato—"I knows how to depreciate de feelin dat prompts you to distend to dis nigger de information dat you furnish on de question dat we is at present debatin, and wid all reference to de superior opportunities to which you take occasion to prelude, I must disagree wid you in de theory dat you advances. Kase if de world was round and turned on axles, would't de axle trees brake down and spill all de people in de street? Answer me dat."

It is unnecessary to add that Jim was utterly confounded by the overwhelming argument, and was forced to "knock under" to the superior intellectual attainments of his opponent.

DESTROYING EIGHTY ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO SUITE HIS SON.—A correspondent of the London Times relates the following story—it story is—locating the parties in Vienna. Strange things happen frequently in the old country:

A few days ago a Baron Sillenstein died here, and after his death no money was found in his house, though he had always passed for a wealthy man. Inquiries were made by his heir, and on its being discovered that a banker had paid into his hands the sum of 170,000 florins but a few days before his death, his vallet was arrested by a policeman on suspicion of having made way with the money. As the man said that his master left him a couple of days before he died, in order to burn some paper in the stove, the bedroom was searched. Nothing but the remains of documents were found, and the servant was kept in custody until it occurred to some one that it might be as well to examine the other stoves. The examination was made, and the numerous remains of bank notes of 1,000 florins, each, proved the innocence of the vallet and destructiveness of his master. The Baron, who was divorced from his wife, often expressed his doubts about the legitimacy of his only son; and in order that he should profit as little as possible by his death, he burned bank notes to the value of 170,000 florins (£16,200.) When the door of the stove was opened, the word "thousand," was distinctly visible on many of the consumed notes, which of course fell to pieces when touched.

COLD WATER TO CURE SCALDS.—I placed a large tub full of cold water, with plenty of ice in it, by the side of a large kettle full of water, which was boiling pretty fast. I then rolled up my sleeve above the elbow, and thrust it into the kettle of boiling water up to the elbow, then immediately back into the tub of ice water, letting it remain a few seconds, then into boiling water again, repeating the process ten times a minute, without injury or inconvenience, not even making my arm look red. From this experiment I suggest the propriety of using cold water baths instantly after being scalded. I have practised the above remedy with entire success during the last ten years.—Cold water is always handy where there is hot water. The sooner cold water is applied after scalding, the surer the cure.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

### WOMAN'S RULING IDEA.

The Washington States, with a view to show that the possession of 'style' is innate in woman, describes the following scene:

On the last sunny day, passing in the vicinity of a newly erected building, we saw a little beggar girl sitting on a pile of sand. An old scrap of sunbonnet partly shaded her handsome features, and her round shoulders revealed themselves through a rag of a frock, the material of which had been a bright gingham; but its glow had long passed away. She wore no stockings, and the bottom of her dress, which, through the combined influence of time and picking up chips, had become fringed, hardly reached to her knees. Her basket of chips lay on the dirt, by her side, while, with a flushed face and excited effort, she was endeavoring to insert part of an old barrel hoop in the hem of her little petticoat. She worked and toiled; the hem was very ragged, and the hoop very wide, and all full of splinters. At last succeeding in getting so much of it in as to produce the "necessary bulge," and, taking her basket, she walked off, swaying her newly-expanded dress from side to side, with at least three feet of the hoop trailing behind. As she swung away there was such an expression of sincere gratification on her face, that, in spite of her ridiculous appearance, we could not help sympathizing with her, and we knew that she was quite as well satisfied as most women are in wearing a mouse-colored moire antique, with point-lace flounces, over a patent adjustable bustle expansion skirt—the latest, and of course the most inflexible, of fashionable guises.—We thought the little beggar girl was not the only one that felt her design approved, and made vanity a virtue and a sentiment.

#### IRISH PEASANTRY.

A gentleman who has traveled much in Ireland, says the native urbanity of the Irish peasants to each other is very pleasing. I have frequently seen them take off their hats, and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these poor fellows, upon meeting one another, are full of cordiality. One of them in Dublin, met a boy after his own heart, who, in the sincerity of his soul, exclaimed: "Patrick! my self glad to see you, for in truth I wish you well." "By my soul, I know it," said the other, "but you have but the half of it"—that is the pleasure of meeting was divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin, which is the way to such a place, he will take off his hat, and, if he does not know he will take off his hat, to tell you so, (if nothing is more than that) he will direct you by his own imagination, which is ever ready to do his will, "I shall find it out for your honor immediately!" and away he flies into some shop for information, which he is happy to be the bearer of without any hope of reward.

Among the mortuary peculiarities of the Irish, their love for posthumous honors is worthy of remark. An elderly man, whom a much esteemed clergyman attended in the last stage of existence, met his death with fortitude, but expressed his grief that his dissolution should take place at a time when the employments of spring would prevent his funeral from being numerously attended. This is a general national trait; and a grievous imprecation in the Irish language is, "May your burial be forsaken!" They have another very figurative malediction—"May the grass grow green before your door!"

#### TAKING A SHOWER BATH.

Doctor—Well, how did your wife manage her shower bath?

Deacon—She had real good luck. Madame Moody told her how she managed. She said she had a large oiled silk cap, with a cap to it, like a fireman's that come all over her shoulders, and—  
Doctor—She's a fool for her pains, that's not the way—  
Deacon—Your wife did nothing of the sort, I hope?  
Deacon—O no doctor, she used an umbrella.

Doctor—What used an umbrella! Zounds! what good did the shower bath do her?

Deacon—She said she felt better. Her clothes wasn't wet a mite. She sat under the umbrella for half an hour, till the water had trickled off, and said it was cold and delightful, and just like a little shower in summer.

NATIONAL "AMERICANS" JOINING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—The Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati Times in noticing the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention says: "I notice but one important change in the main characteristics of this Convention. Among the delegates are several gentlemen who have acted throughout with the American party—who have stood by it in all its successes and defeats—but whose intense hatred of Republicanism, now that there is no hope of a successful independent American movement, has driven them, neck and heels, into the Democratic party. They hail from Southern Ohio—particularly from the great 'snake' regions.—Their feelings seem to be intensified at present."

There is no way for the national men in the opposition—who formerly belonged to the old Whig, and of late to the "American" party—but to cordially co-operate with the Democracy, if they desire to slay the sectional Republican organization, and prevent its rising to power upon the ruins of the Union. The Democracy gives a cordial welcome to all who will stand by the Constitution in this emergency, and insist upon equal and exact justice being done to all sections of the country, and to all classes of citizens.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

### THE DAY OF DAYS.

The institution of the Sabbath, [whether regarded as of human policy or divine ordinance, is one of the most beautiful and blessed inheritances of man. It has a divinity in its adaptation to the material necessities of our race—as a day of rest, in which to refresh and recreate the wearied energies of the body—but the higher divinity lies in the divorce it brings to the spirit from the pursuit and care of temporal and corrupting things, leading it to a clearer and nearer contemplation of God, its relation to the immaterial and its destiny beyond this fleeting life. Its periodical frequency grasps the soul in firm bonds, and hemming it around with associations in union with its acknowledged sacredness, has done more to discipline the mind, and purify the heart of society, than all the problems of proud and shifting philosophy.

Like the sublime lesson of Christ, the Sabbath contains the profoundest proofs of its origin in the wisdom and goodness of God, in its common acceptance by enlightened men, and the fullness of satisfaction it gives to their souls and bodily longings. Between nations and races who do not observe the Sabbath, there is drawn a line, on the opposite borders of which, alike rests the evidence of its beauty and beneficence. On the Sabbath side are civilization, intelligence, industry, art, science, peace and prosperity—man elevated truly and nobly in the image of God. On the other side are barbarism, ignorance, superstition, war and misery—man degrading the image of God.

The Sabbath is not arbitrary nor conventional. The more intelligently it is observed, the more necessary, harmonious and beautiful it appears; and its temporal economy however great, becomes secondary and insignificant contrasted with its spiritual good. Let any man, let any philosopher contemplate the obliteration of the Sabbath, and see what a picture society must soon present. Philosophy tried the experiment once, with one of the most intellectual and philosophical of nations, and the result of the trial taught the world that man cut loose from the Sabbath, is cut loose from God. Atheism itself, denying God, has eulogized the institution of the Sabbath as the fruit of supreme wisdom.—As members of a Christian community, we have all witnessed and felt the elevating influence of this Day of days, and can need no special argument to commend its reverent observance.

THE UPAS TREE.—An exchange says the story that the Upas tree of Java exhales a poisonous aroma, the breathing of which causes death, is now known to be false. The tree itself secretes a juice which is deadly poison, but its aroma or odor is harmless. Strachine is its name, and it is a species of Upas tree, made from the seeds of a species of Upas tree, which grows in a district the atmosphere of which is deadly. This effect is not occasioned by the Upas tree, but by an extinct volcano near Batar, called Guava Upas. From the old crater and the adjoining valley is exhaled carbonic gas, such as often extinguishes life in this country in old wells and foul places. This deadly atmosphere kills everything that comes within its range—birds, beasts, and even men—and the valley is covered with skeletons. By a confusion of names, the poisonous effects of this deadly valley have been ascribed to the Upas tree, the juice of which is poisonous, and hence the fable in regard to the deadly Bohun Upas tree.

Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texas Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story:

"Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres oncert," said old Joe, mournfully. "You see, two of the boys came in from an Indian land, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots."  
"For a pair of boots?" I cried out.  
"Yes, for a pair of boots for each league."  
"But why, on earth, didn't you take it?—they'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to day. Why didn't you give them the boots?"  
"Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to give," said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned the two leagues of land.

What a volume of thought there is in the following item which is going the rounds: "A YOUNG SCIENCE.—A little girl, twelve years old attempted to commit suicide at Boston, the other day. She had been severely punished several times by her teacher, and suffering further chastisement, she drank a tea-cupful of burning fluid, but an emetic saved her life. She gave her reasons for the act that the girls 'picked-upon' her; that she was called 'stupid,' and her teacher had punished her, and she was tired of life.

The world will never know how many people have been made stupid by the simple cry of "dunce," which has been hurled at them. The late Gov. Marcy was a "stupid" by until he got a teacher who had sense enough to treat him intelligently and frankly, instead of "larrupping" the future statesman for every fault.

Why is a dandy like a mushroom?—Because he's a regular sap-head, his waist is remarkably slender, his growth is exceedingly rapid, and his top is uncommonly tender.

A large fellow lying down on the grass, said, "Oh, how I do wish this was called work—and well paid."

"How would you divide drachm?" asked one printer of another.  
"Why," replied the other, "I would drink half."

"What are the chief ends of man?" asked a Sunday School teacher of one of her pupils. "Head and feet," was the prompt reply.