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THE STRAIGHT MULE.
The mule stood on a steamboat deck.
The land he would not tread;
He pulled the latter round his neck,
And cracked him o'er the head.

Yet firm and steadfast there he stood,
As though formed for to rule;
A critter of heroic blood,
Was that there cussed mule.

They cussed and swore—he would not go,
Until he felt inclined;
And though they showered blow on blow,
He wouldn't change his mind.

The dock hand on the shore then cried,
"This here mule's bound to stay."
And still upon the critter's hide
With lash they fired away.

His master from the shore replied—
"The boat's about to sail,
And every other means you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail!"

"It's likely that will make him land,"
The dock man brave though pale,
Approached him with his outstretched hand
To twist that here mule's tail.

There came a sudden kick behind!
The man—oh! where was he?
Ask of the softly blowing wind,
The fishes in the sea!

For a moment there was not a sound,
As that mule winked his eye,
As though to ask of those around,
"Now how is that for high!"

"Cut that mule's throat right away,"
The captain did command,
But the noblest critter killed that day,
Was the fearless, brave deck hand.

"What did Mr. Isett want?" asked
Mrs. Bell of her husband.
She had been watching the two men
For some time as they stood talking in
front of their dwelling, wondering what
it could be that interested them so deep-
ly. Mr. Isett had been urging something
upon her husband, which he had steadily
refused; though once or twice he seemed
hesitant. Mr. Isett she thought un-
usually excited, if not angry, when he
left her husband and walked away.

"He wants to rent our new house and
store on the corner of Elm and River
streets, and offers to pay a thousand dol-
lars rent."

The face of Mrs. Bell flushed instantly,
and a pleased light came into her eyes.
"A thousand dollars!" she exclaimed,
"why we've never thought of over six
hundred. But," and her voice fell, "isn't
it promised to Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes; and Mr. Edwards must have it."
"But not for six hundred dollars."
"That is the rent I asked; and for
his business it is all he can afford. In-
deed six hundred is a good rent, and
will pay handsomely on the cost of this
property."

"Still, Henry, if we can get a thou-
sand, we ought to have it. A thing is
worth, you know, what it will bring."
"Isett's offer is a great temptation, I
will confess," said Mr. Bell. "But I
don't want to rent the property. I don't
like his business."

"Oh, as to that," answered Mrs. Bell,
"who had a great desire to become well
off in the world, we can't shut him up,
do we will. Our place isn't the only
one in town. His business will go on
just the same, decide as we may. And
I don't see that it can make much differ-
ence, whether it is carried on at the cor-
ner of Elm and River streets, or some-
where else."

"Maybe not," said the husband, be-
ginning to waver in his good resolution
now that Mrs. Bell spoke so decidedly
in favor of renting the property to Mr.
Isett, who wanted it for a drinking and
billiard saloon. "But," he added, with
some thing of regret in his tones, "I am
committed to Mr. Edwards."

"No lease has been signed," said the
wife.

"Still, I have passed my word to Mr.
Edwards that he should have the house."
"You must get out of it," said Mrs.
Bell, firmly. "We can't afford to throw
away \$400 a year."

Mrs. Bell was resolute, and her hus-
band yielded. It is not usual for a wo-
man to take the wrong side in this way.
But Mrs. Bell loved money and the world.
She wanted to get rich, and we are sorry
to say it, didn't care much how the riches
came.

No the house was rented to Mr. Isett,
who fitted it up for a drinking saloon in
a very attractive style. It of course be-
came known all over the town that Mr.
Bell had broken his word to Mr. Edwards,
the dry goods merchant, and for an ad-
vance of \$400, rented his new house for
a drinking and gambling den. As this
house stood in the best portion of the
town, people talked a great deal about
it, and much feeling was excited against
the Bells after the saloon was opened.

Said a plain speaking neighbor to Mrs.
Bell—"You'll rue the day it was done,
mind what I tell you."

There was something so earnest and
prophetic in the woman's voice, that Mrs.
Bell felt a strange uncomfortable feeling
creep into her heart.

"People who dig pits for others, some-
times fall into them themselves, added
the neighbor.

"Who's dug a pit?" asked Mrs. Bell,
half angrily.

"You and your husband, and it is at
the corner of Elm and River streets. A
great many unwary young men—our
sons and brothers, and husbands it may
be—will fall into this pit, and I do not
see that you can hope to escape the peril
any more than the rest of us. I saw
John Toland going in there yesterday,
and he is no older than your Henry."

A sudden crimson, and then a quick
paleness overspread the face of Mrs. Bell.
"Four hundred dollars a year will be
a poor compensation for his ruin. I'm
not thinking, Mrs. Bell; and there is no
more security for him than for any of
our children. You have put us all in
equal peril. But if your Henry is en-
ticed into this den now, or in half a dozen
years hence, as I doubt not he will be,
his mother will have our pity, but not his
body. Good morning!"

And the neighbor went away hastily
and in much excitement, leaving a trou-
bled heart behind her.

Mrs. Bell had never thought of this. A
few minutes after the neighbor left, her
son Henry came in from school. He was
a bright boy of thirteen. His face was
animated, and he said with much inter-
est in his voice:

"I've been all over Mr. Isett's saloon.
It's fitted up elegantly."
"Why mother! exclaimed the boy a
moment afterward, 'what's the matter'
are you sick?"

"I did feel sick; but it's over now,"
answered Mrs. Bell, in a choking voice.
"It's such a nice place," said the boy,
taking up his theme. "There are ever
so many pictures, and mirrors—"

"Henry, my son!" said Mrs. Bell in-
terrupting him—"I don't want you to
go to Mr. Isett's. It's no place for boys."
Henry's countenance fell. He looked
at his mother doubtfully.

"It's not a bad place, isn't it?" he asked
after a little while. "I'll go after school."
"No matter if it is," replied his moth-
er, speaking with some irritation. "It's
no place for boys and don't let me hear
of your being there again."

"Now mind, Henry, you are on ac-
count to go near Isett's saloon."
Her anger pushed him away and weak-
ened her influence over him.

The neighbor had planted a thorn in
Mrs. Bell's pillow, and kept her awake
for most of the night that followed. On
the next morning, as her son was leav-
ing for school, she went with him to the
door, and gave him this parting injunc-
tion:

"Now mind, Henry, you are on ac-
count to go near Isett's saloon!"

"No ma'am," replied the boy. But
the very injunction proved a temptation.
The serious way in which his mother
treated the matter, magnified it in his
thoughts, and kept it before him.

On his way home from school, one of
his companions said:

"I've got some money. Let's have
a glass of beer at Isett's. It's a splendid
place."

"Can't go there," replied Henry.

"Why can't you?"

"Mother won't let me."

"Pooh! She'll never know anything
about it. Come along!"

Henry still hesitated, but his compan-
ion urged, and at length he weakly yield-
ed.

The thought of her son had not been
out of Mrs. Bell's mind all the morning.
She felt that he was in danger, and her
heart trembled for his safety. She no-
ticed the hours as they passed, and af-
ter the clock struck twelve waited in ner-
vous impatience for Henry to come. Af-
ter ten or fifteen minutes had passed, she
grew restless, and feeling a vague con-
cern creep into her heart. What if he
had disobeyed her, and gone to Isett's
saloon?

It was half past twelve when Henry
came in, entering quietly by the back
door. But Mrs. Bell's ears were quick
to detect the sound of his feet.

"Henry," she called from the sitting
room. He answered, and came in where
she was. Mrs. Bell's keen eyes detected
something in his face.

"What has kept you so late?" she
asked.

"I stopped at Will Marshall's to look
at his rabbits," he answered, covering his
disobedience with a falsehood.

As he said this, Mrs. Bell caught the
odor of beer on his breath.

"You've been at Isett's?" she exclaim-
ed, sharply, and with such confidence in
her accusation, that the boy's self con-
fession him, and he turned his crim-
soning face and guilty eyes away, not
venturing to stammer a denial.

"And this, after what I said to you
when you started for school," said Mrs.
Bell, in mingled anger and distress.

"John Toland coaxed me," murmured
the boy.

"John Toland! Does he go to your
school?"

"Yes, ma'am. He sits next to me."
A dark shadow, as of some great im-
pending evil, fell over the mother. She
was frightened.

"I shall tell your father, of this," she
said, in a helpless kind of way.

"Father goes there himself; I've seen
him every day," replied the boy, gaining
some courage. "Any how he owns the
house, and let's Mr. Isett's have it; and
I don't see that it can be such a dread-
ful bad place."

Mrs. Bell was confounded and silent.
The visit of her neighbor on the day be-
fore, and the plain way in which she had
spoken, had startled and unnerved her.
Her mind was filled with a vague dread.
Evil portent was in the very air. Now
it began taking a definite shape. The
pit, of which her neighbor had spoken,
she saw the top of both son and husband
on the crumbling brink.

Well for her and well for them, if that
pit and crumbling brink had only been
things of imagination. Alas for her, and
also for them, that they were more than
figures of speech! A few years, and the
neighbors' prophecy that she would rue
the day the house on Elm and River
streets, was sadly fulfilled. Husband and son
were in the pit; how many more had
stumbled over the uncertain brink we
can not tell; but many, ah, too many,
had gone to ruin over the threshold of
that new and attractive saloon.

Four hundred dollars a year in six
years amounted to the sum of \$2,400.
So much gained! And what was lost?
Let us see!

We look in upon Mrs. Bell, and find
sitting alone. Her face is greatly chang-
ed. Six years make, usually, but light
impressions on a woman at her time of
life; but here the change is striking, and
sad to behold. There are lines of trouble
all over her faded countenance. Her
eyes are heavy, and have a dreary ex-
pression. The room in which she was
sitting has a neglected air; and the furni-
ture looks worn and faded. There is
something in the atmosphere of the place
that suggests ill fortune.

She rises and goes to the window,
where she stands looking out, her face

expectant, but anxious. She starts, then
leans her ear to listen. A voice breaks
on the air, in a few words of a familiar
song. Her face grows pale, and she
sinks into a chair.

"Then merrily, merrily sing!"
The voice is thick and muffled. She
hears the door open, and stumbling feet
in the room below. It is her boy Henry.
Six years ago of \$400 a year, and this
loss. And if this were all? But it is not.
Her son has followed in the father's foot-
steps. The new saloon thrown in his
daily path to business, had proved too
strong an allurements for Mr. Bell. Pub-
lic sentiment had been against him, and
setting himself in opposition to public
sentiment, he had in the beginning given
countenance to Mr. Isett by frequent vis-
its to his new saloon, and whenever he
went there, he drank, of course. He
went, almost too often. He had formed
of danger, the fatal appetite was formed,
and his feet were going down into the
pit. Neglect of business came, as it al-
ways comes in cases like this; and, at
the end of six years, Mr. Bell was a sink-
ing instead of a rising man.

It took but a few more years to
complete the work of ruin. In due time
the house at Elm and River streets passed,
by sheriff's sale, into other hands.
Then one piece of property after another
went out of his possession. In less than
ten years from the time that Mrs. Bell,
tempted by her love of money, urged her
husband to rent their new house for a
drinking saloon, she found herself in
poverty, with a drunken husband and a
vagrant son; a sharer in the sad evils
she had been instrumental in bringing
upon her neighbors.—The Workingman.

Some men achieve "name and fame"
one way, and some in another. Napo-
leon, at once the scourge and idol of
the world, stands at the head of those
who believe victory is conquered by the
"help of God and heavy battalions;"
Howard went to Heaven on the winged
prayers of the poor; the stern judge in
Roman story is known as a model of
firmness because he sent his own son to
the rack to atone for reason; Caligula's
horse, made by the brutish caprice of his
crowned master, one of the triumvirate in
the government of Rome, stands in his-
tory in a marble paved stall and eats
out from a golden feed-box; the infernal
Joffreys is cursed by all lips and in a
camp-meeting, hell suffers merited ag-
ony for his inhumanity to his fellow; Ju-
das and Arnold and Johnson sold every-
thing but their notoriety to the devil; Mary,
made hallowed forever that loveli-
est of woman's names, by lingering at
the Cross and being first at the grave of
a crucified Christ; Abraham Lincoln
sleeps in the blessings of those whose
fetter the Almighty commissioned him
to break. Florence Nightingale and Clara
Barton shine like evening stars over the
dying beds, suffering hounds and unknown
graves of European and American sol-
diers; Galileo's shout at his discovery of
the whirling motion of our one horse
world will lose itself amid the thun-
ders of judgment; Fulton's steam whis-
tles will run parallel with Galileo's shout;
Marie Antoinette's timidity, which turned
her hair gray in one night, wrote her
name on the tablets of history; Kansas
brave soldiers still, and will forever and
aye, stand in their bright uniform, shin-
ing, like clear patches of blue sky in a
stormy heaven, in and on the valley and
mountain battle-fields of the war which
made our Union a Union forever;
Shakespeare wrote for eternity to read;
Washington fought, and left the laurels
with history; Madame de Staël is known
for having Napoleon so well; A spinner
chalked the spindles of all the spinning
jacks that were above name-sakes grave;
Faust's first "proof-sheet" was printed in
ink, that time no revolutions can dim;
Sennetelder's "lithograph washing
mill" is still above the washed shirt
and worn-out body of his inventor;
Byron's name was born in 1788, and
will never die; Booth is a deathless vul-
ture over the grave of Lincoln; Seward
is the ghost of Lincoln's abbey; Barnum
is the prince of "what-is-it;" Grant the
star Sirius of American war-shy;
Sheridan, Sherman and Farragut with
their legions of dead and living soldiers,
are the lesser stars that deck the vault
and "revolve around the common centre";
Fremont, Buell, "Little Mac," Custar
and others, are the wandering pleiads;
Rary will ride "Thomson's colt" to
judgment; Jenius will furnish him a hat;
Tom Moore will "stick the last type";
Sam Patch make the last jump; Punch,
erack the last "joak"; the Wandering
Jew will be the last man; the "Barber
of Seville" will give him his last shave;
Prince Murat, (once a barber), will whet
the razor on the "Blarney Stone of Ire-
land"; and Tony Deight will mix the
lather; and see that the job is done up
according to "Gunter!"

We met with this witty and unan-
swerable retort in a sketch of a short trip
through a portion of Ireland. The writ-
ter is conversing with his car-driver
"You are a Catholic, Jimmy?" "Yes,
yer honor." "And you pray to the Vir-
gin Mary?" "I do, yer honor." "Well,
there's no doubt she was a good woman.
The Bible says so. But she may have
been no better than your mother or
mine." "That's true, yer honor. But
then, you'll allow there's a mighty dif-
ference in their children."

Two wills have recently been admitted
to probate in London. One was the will
of Mr. Brassby, famous railroad contrac-
tor. His personality alone, exclusive
of his vast landed estates, amounted to
six and a half millions. The other will
was that of Mark Lemon, late editor of
Punch. He left behind him the sum of
£800, all told. From this the rising gen-
eration may see that is better to be a
railroad contractor than a literary gen-
tleman."

Kansas is still as large as New York,
containing 70,418 square miles while the
latter State has but 47,000.

Western Woodlands.
A very valuable article, with the above
title, appears in the March number of
the Overland Monthly. The author seems
thoroughly acquainted with his subject
and his statement of the timbered area of
the Pacific slope will be read with gen-
eral interest.

The forests of the State of California
are estimated as covering an area of about
40,000 square miles. The famous Douglas
fir forests of Oregon and Washington
Territory, cover an estimated area of
about 65,000 square miles. Idaho Terri-
tory is supposed to contain about 37,
000 square miles of timber land, and
Montana Territory about 35,000 square
miles—British Columbia and Alaska
Territory are, however, the possessors
of the greatest area of forest land upon
the Pacific coast, the former containing
about 100,000 square miles, and the lat-
ter about 150,000 square miles. Alaska
is pre-eminently a lumber country, and
whatever may be the real value of its
mineral and other resources, its forests
also offered sufficient inducements for
the acquisition of it by the United States.
The trees forming the forests of the State
of Nevada, which are at best limited in
extent, are too scrubby to be merchant-
able. It would thus appear that about
420,000 square miles of Territory lying
west of the Rocky Mountains are cover-
ed with timber. But to presume that
the whole of this is valuable, or that all
of that which is convertible into lumber or
other marketable material is accessible,
is erroneous. Thousands of these fore-
sts are composed of trees small in size
and of inferior quality, and consequently
of no commercial value. Much of it is
also situated in localities distant from
the sea-board. This will continue to re-
main untouched, unless other sources of
wealth, offering greater inducements for
the construction of artificial means of
transport are developed. Accepting, how-
ever, the hypothesis that an equal quan-
tity of manufactured lumber can be ob-
tained from every square mile of our
woodlands as is obtained on the other
side of the Rocky range, the total quan-
tity of timber at present standing on our
shores may be estimated as not exceed-
ing 800,792,542,898, square feet. To ob-
tain this result we must, of course, as-
sume that all the timber growing on the
coast can be converted into lumber. We
are next led to inquire how long will
these forests last at the present rate of
consumption? The present number of
saw mills on the coast are estimated at
about 800. These mills possess the en-
capacity to produce about 7,000,000 feet
of lumber per day of ten working hours.
Allowing, however, that the actual quan-
tity manufactured does not exceed \$2,
000,000 of feet per day; by this means
of consumption alone our entire forests
will have disappeared, unless renewed,
within the short period of sixty-five
years.

in interesting reminiscence of John Brown.
A correspondent of the New York
Commercial Advertiser, writing from the
Catskill Mountain house, gives the
following reminiscence of old John
Brown:

During the visit on Monday, Rev.
Newman Hall was more inquisitive in
regard to John Brown than concerning
anybody of this country. He holds to
the notion that John Brown had more
to do than any one man with bringing
the irrepressible conflict to a decisive
crisis. He seemed to think it strange that
he was executed—strange that he was
not rescued before execution. This hap-
pened to be at the mountain house
a gentleman who had known John
Brown many years ago, and who told
this anecdote. "When I was a young
man," the gentleman, in substance, said,
"I was brought into certain business
relations with John Brown. The first
meeting with him I never shall forget.
We came together at dinner at the
same farm house. I had been taking
lessons in scientific boxing, and prided
myself on my skill in 'the noble art of
pugilism.' John Brown came to the
table, plain, rough man, quiet of speech,
without a coat, and with shirt sleeves
rolled up, showing a brawny arm. It
occurred to me that here was an excellent
chance for me to show the superiority of
science over brute force, or perhaps I
ought to say, of art over muscle, and I
began to pick a quarrel with the fellow.
I failed to the vulgarity of coming to
the table in one's shirt sleeves. I made
sharp hints at some awkwardness; but,
failing to provoke my quiet victim into
any excitement, I finally challenged him
for an outright fight with our fists.
Promptly he accepted my challenge, and
said: 'Young man, there is no better
time for anything than now; let us go
into the yard and have it out.'
So we went, and I had just poised my
self in the best pugilistic attitude for
either defense or offense, and was think-
ing, 'what an admirable attitude I have
and it won't be long before I get a blow
which will settle this man,' when some-
thing struck me between the eyes, which
I had just the merest point to think was
the end of an iron pump handle. The
next I was conscious of an effort to open
and I found myself supported on the arm
of a brown-faced man, with his sleeves
rolled up, who said, 'My friend, the best
thing to be done for this is to lay a
piece of raw beef on it.'

Publishers and authors are not always
natural enemies. When Martin Evans
had completed "Adam Bove"—she was
little known and was glad to sell it out-
right to the Blackwoods for three hun-
dred pounds. The novel had such a
great success that the firm afterward
gave her fifteen hundred pounds addi-
tional.

The princess Dora d'Istria, is said to
be the most learned woman in the world,
reads and speaks fifteen languages, has
written novels, historical, philosophical,
and philosophical works, is an honorary
member of ten academies and learned
societies, and is still said to be quite
good-looking.

Many people use their accomplish-
ments as a spider uses his web—to catch
the weak upon, that they may be nec-
essarily devoured.

A French Romance.
About a month ago a young man,
salesman in one of the leading houses
in Paris, saw a young lady enter, to
whom, during the past eight or ten days,
he had sold a number of dresses, shawls,
gloves, &c. By her accent he surmised
she must be a New York lady. The
stranger was very pretty, and naturally
the young man agreeable and attentive.
Whenever she visited the store she ad-
dressed herself to him, and while exam-
ining the articles he placed before her
talked much. The day we speak of she
was far less communicative than usual,
and after having made a somewhat
hurried selection, said to the clerk:
"I shall be at the hotel in one hour.
Here is the address. Be kind to accom-
pany the porter when he brings those
articles."

With these words she bowed reserved-
ly and hastily left the store.

The young man was at loss what to
think. However, an hour later he en-
tered the apartment of the Ameri-
can lady, who invited him, *sans facon*,
like an acquaintance of long standing, to
lunch with her. Although thinking his
customer's manner somewhat strange,
the clerk accepted. While partaking tea
and cakes, the young lady somewhat ab-
ruptly addressed her guest, saying:

"Sir, you are brave enough to pro-
tect a woman against any insult to which
she might be subjected? Answer me with
truth and candor."

"Without conceit, I say yes," an-
swered the young man.

"Very well. You work in order to
make money. Is it not so?"

"Certainly."

"This is what I wish to propose.
I am alone, or almost alone, in the
world; my fortune or my actions con-
cerns no one but myself. I wish to see
the exhibition and know Paris, but I
perceive that there is nothing more dif-
ficult than for a woman to be in your
country without a protector. You please
me, and if you do not object, you shall
be my champion. I will repay you for
your lost time and my expenses."

The young man tried to speak, but
she immediately resumed:

"I insist on remunerating you; this is
strictly a matter of business; I regard it
in that light. Accept or decline. Which
shall it be?"

"Accept," answered the clerk, after a
moment's hesitation.

"I am satisfied," continued the
stranger, "that you are a gentleman and
will not make yourself ridiculous by
making love and flattering me, for I
warn you the very first compliment you
pay me ends our contract. Is it agreed?"

"Madam, I am at your service."

"From to-morrow? I require only
time to write to my employers."

And the terms of this extraordinary
compact were formally entered upon by
the latter.

The clerk was charming; he proved
himself elegant, attractive, delicate,
without all that small talk men gener-
ally delight to inflict on women. In fact,
the American lady was truly delighted with
the choice she had made. Two weeks
ago she handed the amiable clerk a heavy
roll of bills, and they separated, mutually
pleased with each other.

But it happened as the lady was about
to embark for England, thence to embark
for America, that a commissioner has-
tened towards her and inquired if she
was Miss X. Upon answering in the
affirmative, he placed a small box and
a letter in her hands. The box contained
a diamond set and the letter a few words
only, but so well chosen to express true
affection that the young lady started,
not for London but for Paris. It is
needless to say that the letter was from
the young clerk who had taken this
method of returning the money forced
upon him by the young lady for ser-
vices rendered (He had not given her his
address, thinking the matter was ended.)
He was not likely to have returned to
his former employer. Ultimately she
learned he had taken in another house
a situation far inferior to the one he had
formerly occupied. Probably till then
she was indebted to her course, for
when she heard this, her mind was made
up. She wrote; and he came at once.

They will be married soon.

T. C. Barry, of Koscoe, Texas has
sent to us, a letter, a silver quarter of
a dollar, on one side of which is the fol-
lowing inscription, evidently cut with a
penknife:

"SERGEANT L. CROOK,
Co. G, Vet. Cav. N. Y. S. V."

The coin has a hole in it, and was evi-
dently intended to be suspended by a
string to the sergeant's body or clothing.
Mr. Barry, who was himself a Confed-
erate soldier, and doubtless a brave man,
he is evidently a kind one, writes as fol-
lows: "The enclosed coin has passed into
my store, a few days since, and, noting
the inscription on its face, I thought
some of the sergeant's family might like
to have it. I believe there is some soci-
ety in your State that keeps record of
your veterans, and sends such mementos
to friends. Your JOURNAL is the only
paper I ever see from the North, and I
consequently forward this to you, think-
ing it may afford you a pleasure to make
some one happy by receiving it." If
any of our readers know any thing of
sergeant Crook, we hope they will com-
municate to us their information.—Ap-
pleton's Journal.

Conversation between inquiring stran-
ger and steamboat pilot: "That is Black
Mountains?" "Yes, sir; highest moun-
tains about Lake George." "Any story
or legend connected with that moun-
tain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went
up that mountain once and never came
back again?" "Indeed? What became
of them?" "Went down on the other
side!"

Many people use their accomplish-
ments as a spider uses his web—to catch
the weak upon, that they may be nec-
essarily devoured.

Enging the bell.
A tall awkward looking chap just from
the Green Mountains of Vermont, came
on board one of the splendid North River
boats at Albany. His curiosity was an-
noyingly excited at once, and he com-
menced "peeping," as he called it, into
every nook and corner of the boat. The cap-
tain's office, the engine room, the water
closets, the barber shop, all underwent
his inspection; and then he went on deck
and stood in amazement at the lever
beam, the chimney, and the various
"fixings," till at last he caught sight of
the bell. This was the crowning wonder,
and he viewed it from every position,
walked round it, got down on his knees
and looked up into it, and exclaimed:
"Wall, raly, this beats the bell on our
meeting-house a darned sight!"

By this time the attention of the cap-
tain and several of the passengers was at-
tracted to this gentleman's "peeping."
"How much would you ask a fellow
for ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir,"
said the captain.

"Wall, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed
and no backing out."

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.
Our hero went deliberately and
brought a seat and took hold of the bell
rope, and having arranged everything
to his satisfaction, commenced ringing
slowly at first, and gradually faster and