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BOB WINTER'S FORTUNE:
—OR—
THE CLIPPER AND THE FRIGATE.

BY DUNCAN M'CLEAN.

"Sail ho!" shouted Bob Winter, from the royal-masthead of a U. S. forty gun frigate, while crossing the south-east trades, bound round the Horn.

"Where away?" demanded the first lieutenant.

"Thre points on the lee-quarter, sir her, upper sails just above water."

Very well," replied the first luff, and turning to the captain, who had just come on deck remarked that the sail reported had probably been passed during the night.

Half an hour later Bob again sung out, and said he thought the vessel was just coming up with the frigate.

"Impossible!" remarked Capt. Brag, "we are going nine knots, and no vessel afloat was ever known to go more upon a bowline. The sun, I suppose, as he rises gives a better view of her, and makes that fellow think she's coming up with us."

Now Capt. Bragg sincerely believed that all the stories about clippers going fifteen or eighteen knots were infernal lies. He had had been in the smartest frigates that ever swam, and he never knew one of them to go more than thirteen knots, even in a hurricane.

"It is a ship, I think," shouted Bob from the masthead, "I can see half way down her top gallant sails."

"Don't believe it!" bellowed the captain, "come down. Quartermaster, take a glass and see what you can make out of that craft."

The quartermaster, after looking at her ten minutes through the glass, reported that she was a ship standing the same way as the frigate, and was gaining upon her fast.

Although past the prime of life Capt. Bragg mounted the rigging himself, and was soon convinced that the stranger was coming up with him rapidly. Flushed with excitement, he descended and ordered the log to be hove; the frigate was reported going nine knots good.

"Mr. Smith," said the captain, addressing the first luff, the ship is out of trim, call the hands up, and have the anchors taken off the bows, and stowed one on each side of the mainmast. This will ease her forward; I see she pitches and loses way."

The anchors were brought aft as ordered, and again the log was hove; she went half a knot faster; but still the stranger was rising like a cloud out of the water. Her royal and top-gallant sails could be seen from the frigate's deck.

"Mr. Smith," again said the captain, "our topsails are thin, the wind blows through them; we must shift them, but keep the others aloft till the last minute, the yards must not be lowered. We'll see if that fellow will come up with us."

The yards were kept mastheaded, and the other sails were all ready to bring to, when at the orders, "Cut adrift take to, bend away," the topsail sank abaft the new sails on deck, and the others were bent in a minute, and set flat as boards. Again the log was hove; She was going nine knots five fathoms.

"We'll do it yet," said Capt. Brag, evidently pleased at the increase of speed; "now bring the fire-engine up and wet the sails."

She went ten knots, but still the stranger rose, her topsails were square with the water.

"This will never do," said the captain, "must not allow that fellow to pass us. Pipe the hammocks down and make all hands turn in, but a quarter watch. This will make her go another knot; but she goes faster now than I ever knew her go before by the wind.

When all the men were in their hammocks, she went ten knots two fathoms, but even then did not appear to hold her own.

"Pipe the hammocks up again, and make all hands carry short fore and aft," ordered the captain, "and see what this will do. That fellow is either the evil one let loose, or the Flying Duchman." In his heart he hoped it was not the Flying Cloud.

The frigate lost half a knot by the hammocks being piped down again. Water butts were slung in the hatchways, the guns were shifted in all directions, the backstays and rigging were slackehed, but though she went faster, still the stranger came up hand over hand, and worse than all, if she continued, she would quickly cross the frigates wake, and pass to the windward of her. The thought, though, of such a beat almost drove old Brag crazy. The sails were set like hands, every yard was trimmed to a hair, every tack and sheet in place, and the frigate was going eleven knots; but all in vain, the clipper was hull out, had crossed the frigate's wake at an angle of thirty degrees, and would pass her full two miles to windward.

"What have I done," exclaimed Capt. Brag that I should live to be beaten by such a basket? She's nothing but a basket, you can see daylight peering through the creel every time she rises. The man who built her, the man who owns her, and the fool who commands her ought all to be indicted for man slaughter—murder. She must go to Davy Jones the first gale; she's all gingerbread work, like a Mississippi steamer. If the frigate were as loose in the joints she would sail twice as fast. I see it all, the thing is pegged together like a Yankee shoe, and works like a spring wagon. She's not a ship; she's a coffin, a confounded coffin. I wish she would sink—smash, blow up, go to blazes—go anywhere but ahead of me!"

The Clipper, a beautiful vessel of fifteen hundred tons register, with courses, topsails, top gallant sails, royals, both jibs, foretopmast-stay-sail and spanker set, was now square with the frigate, full two miles dead to windward. Up went the stars and stripes to her mizzen-peak, and from the main was proudly thrown to the breeze her broad burgee, emblazoned with her name—Flying Cloud! It was glorious to behold how majestically she crossed the rolling sea, clear and clear, without throwing a spray aloft, not a ripple appeared to play around her cutwater; the proud ocean felt her presence and bowed obeisance to her matchless speed.—The frigate did not recognise the clipper's courtesy by showing her colors in return, though it was her duty to show her colors first, whereupon the clipper lowered and hoisted her ensign three times, took in her royals and flying jib, hauled the mainsail up, squared the afteryards, and bore down upon the frigate, with the intention of speaking her.

Captain Brag foamed at the mouth, swearing all the oaths that he could remember, and as if driven to desperation, ordered the pennant to be hoisted at the main, and the ensign at the mizzen peak, hoping the clipper would haul her wind again and pass without speaking. The hope was vain; down came the clipper, heeling gently from side to side, her head sails becalmed, and her foresail shaking—for the head-yards remained braced up as much as to say, "It is a matter of no consequence how my sails are trimmed, I can run you out of sight with half my canvas furled,"

The frigate in addition to all plain sail, was carrying a main royal, top-gallant, middle, main-topmast, and mizzen topmast staysails, and was going clean pull at the rate of eleven knots, throwing the spray half way up the mainsail. She was doing well no ship of her model could have been made to do better, but yet she was beaten. Gradually bounded the Flying Cloud before the breeze, her white sails throwing a cloudlike shadow before her, overspreading the frigate as she crossed the stern.

"What do you want," demanded Captain Brag, "that you have run off your course? Are you sinking?"

"To give you the news," replied Captain C., throwing a paper on board the frigate.

"Pass on if you're not in distress. I don't want your news."

"Brace up the after yards," ordered Captain C., and went to the wheel himself to bring his ship by the wind to leeward of the frigate. It was accomplished in fine style. Side by side the vessels kept their way, the clipper's sails partly becalmed by those of the frigate; but the clipper, though her mainsail, royals and flying-jib were all in, held her own, and sometimes ranged ahead.—"Now," said Captain C., jumping into the quarter-boat, "what does Captain Brag think of clipper sailing?"

"When did you leave New York?"

"On the first instant, crossed the equator seventeen days out, and have beaten you fifteen days already, and will beat you twenty days more before you reach San Francisco."

"It's a dueced lie, you did not leave on the first. It's impossible, we have had good winds, and have made a good passage so far, you could not have beaten me so much!"

"Look at the date of the paper I threw on board, and look at the date of this, and this also," throwing two more on board.

"That thing of yours is a trap—she works like a basket, and leaks like a sieve—she wont hold together off the Horn.—I'll report you, so go along. I don't want any more of your slang."

"Wrong again, old Brag. My ship is as strong as yours, never leaks enough to keep her sweet, and will beat you out of sight with half her sails furled. I'll go just when I please, and you can't help yourself. I'm going to describe a circle around you before we part company, to take the self-conceit out of you."

Old Brag swore that he would sink her if she did not clear out, and while he is pacing the quarter-deck, foaming and swearing, we will take a look at Bob Winter, who has just crawled along the forestay, and is now in the foretop.

Poor Bob had been falsely arrested as a deserter in New York, and knew that he would never be permitted to leave the frigate until she was paid off at the end of four years. When he saw the clipper range alongside, his heart bounded with hope; he thought he might drop overboard unperceived, and stand a chance of reaching the clipper's rudder, and hanging on, but remembered that, unlike a man of war she had no rudder-ropes; and also, that it would be almost impossible to drop overboard without being seen, as the officers were ranged along the frigate's gangway and quarter, facing the crew of the Flying Cloud, so he stole aloft and decided upon another plan. The officers and men of both vessels were too intent, watching the progress of their respective vessels, to look aloft, and besides, the staysails concealed the lee head yardarms of the frigate from the view of the officers.

Bob made a rope fast to the frigate's lee-foretopsail arm, brought the end down on the foreyards, made a standing bowline knot in it, placing the bight under his arm, and stood ready for a swing, the first favorable chance. At first, the vessels were too far apart; but Captain Brag became savage, swore he would up helm and run the Clipper down, if she did not leave. Up went the helm and off flew the frigate, almost grazing the Clipper's head yards, and Bob swung; but unfortunately a few turns in the rope wound him round and round, and he bounded back on board the frigate.

"Hard up," shouted Captain C., to avoid the threatened collision, and obedient to her helm, off she went.

There was not a second to spare. Desperate and excited, Bob dashed his heels into the belly of the frigate's topsail, bounded half way along the clipper's foretopsail, and would have swung back again, but was most fortunately prevented by the foretop-bowline. He grabbed it for dear life, let slip the bowline from under his arms, and hung by the hands before the clipper's topsail. He could easily have reached the foreyard by the weather leach of the topsail, but now all eyes were diverted forward and aloft, and to have done so, would have placed him full in view; the frigate would have demanded him, and a severe flogging would have been the consequence. He seized two reef-points, one in each hand, and hung for a moment undecided how he could escape observation; he was not sure that the points would hold his weight for they were only sewed in the eyelet-holes, and might draw through. What to do was to him a vital question. He could not hold on five minutes; his arms ached already with his weight; to ease them he held on with his teeth, and tried to knot two points together, that he might rest in the bight, but all in vain. If he let go, his brains woud be dashed out on the forecastle. Casting a longing glance to leeward, he at last decieed to try and spring from point to point, till he reached the buntlines amidships. He succeeded, but the buntlines were not fast on deck, and consequently he could not lower himself by them. He felt it almost impossible to reach the leeleach of the sail, but this was his only hope. Nervous and savage by turns he braced himself to the task, and dashed along the points hand over hand, apparently reckless whether he held on or fell. He grasped the lee foretop-bowline with convulsive energy, he was safe! The next second he was crawling along the yard, toward the slings, hid from view.

The frigate had again hauled her wind, and so had the clipper, occasionally backing her mizzen-topsail to prevent ranging ahead. Captain C., having tormented Captain Brag till he beat a retreat into the cabin, set the clipper's mainsail, royals and flying-jib, and passed the frigate in beautiful stile. The moment she emerged from the frigate's lee, she sprang ahead, going at the rate of fifteen knots, and leaving a wake straight as an arrow. In less than an hour, she had crossed the frigate's bow and was a mile and a half dead to the windward, then hauled her main sail up, backed the main and mizzen-topsails until the frigate came in range, when once more she kept before the wind and crossed the frigate's stern, saluting old Brag at the same time, braced up the after-yards, luffed alongside; set the mainsail, and away she went, ahead and to windward, having described a circumbendibus around the frigate. That evening before sunset, the frigate was hull down astern and to leeward.

Bob all this time was stowed away in by the slings of the foreyard, and did not make his appearance till the next morning. After hearing the story, Captain C. was very kind to him, and when the ship arrived at San Francisco, gave him clothes and money enough to carry him to the mines. The Flying Cloud made the passage from New York to San Francisco in eighty nine days, a passage which remains to this day unrivalled. The frigate touched at Valparaiso, where she remained a week, but was one hundred and forty days at sea before she reached San Francisco. The Flying Cloud was then at Hong Kong, having crossed the Pacific Ocean in thirty six days, another unequalled passage.

Let us now tell the story of Bob Winter for he is our hero.

In the month of June, a boy about six years of age was sitting on the door step of a wooden shanty, on the outskirts of the five points, New York, playing with a kitten. He had been crying—the tears still lingered on his cheeks—and often he looked westward, and every time he looked, his little heart was stangely agitatated. That morning his mother's remains were carried away in a "city shell" for interment. He could not realize that she was dead, but thought she had gone out washing and would return at dinner time to give him something to eat. Dinner time came and passed, he was hungry but no one asked him to eat. He rose and tried to enter the house, the door was locked, so he sat upon the step, and in the lulls of crying tried to amuse himself with a playful kitten that was purring near him.

"Boy," said a middle-aged gentleman, who had been watching him some time, "where do you intend to sleep to-night?"

"With my mother, sir, when she comes heme. She's been naughty to stay so long—I'm so hungry."

"Poor child," mused Mr. Richards, the owner of the shanty, "he does not know that his mother is dead; but he must not be left here to perish. I will take him home with me, though I know Mrs. Richards will be displeased. What is your name?"

"Bob Winter, and I'm six years old."

"Well, Bob, will you come home with me? Your poor mother's dead, she'll never come back."

"Never?" said the boy, looking him full in the face for a moment, and then bursting into tears; "never come back—dead—never come back?" And he sunk upon the ground.

Mr Richards took him in his arms, and put him in his carriage, which was near the corner of the shanty. Mrs. Richards disliked poor people, because her husband took so much interest in them, and well he might, for he had made a large fortune out of the poor by renting them tenements; but Mrs. Richards, though very genteel, was a mother, and had a mothers feelings. She frowned when Mr. Richards brought the boy home; but his tears softened her heart, and she ordered the servants to be kind to him. She had two children, a boy and a girl, both younger than Bob, and as they advanced in years, she was very careful that they should not speak to Bob, who lived with the domestics, and assisted them by running errands. He went to public school and scraped up a little learning, but was not bright, though very thoughtful and proud. When he comprehended Mrs. Richards' orders to keep her children from him, he would cross the street rather than meet them.—When fourteen, he heard Mrs. Richards ask her husband what he intended to do with him.

"My dear," replied Mr. Richards, "he is too young to shift for himself, and I am sure he has fairly earned all we have given him; he is very respectful, and the servants say honest and obedient. If he were only a little brighter, I would take him in my counting-room."

"I suppose you would, and in the course of eight or ten years more, give him Emily for a wife. This is the old-fashioned way of making petty love-stories."

"Marriages, my dear, are made in Heaven, otherwise, you and I would never have come together."

"What do you mean, sir? I'm as good as you, sir!"

"Mean, my love, that you're an angel, and that you are too good for me."

"None of your left-handed compliments; I say that boy must be provided for elsewhere, the children are growing very fond of him, and though he tells them not to speak to him, because by doing so they will displease me, yet they wont take no for an answer, but go in the kitchen after him."

"I'll see," said Mr. Richards, who disliked family jars, "what I can do to-morrow."

But when to-morrow came, Bob was stowed away on board of a vessel bound to Canton. He was a pretty boy, fair-haired and full-faced, with a good healthy color in his cheeks. When he crawled from his hiding place, the captain, who was the redoubted Bob Waterman, looked savage enough to turn milk sour; but casting his eyes aloft, and seeing the wind fresh and fair, instead of pouring out a volly of imprecations, he simply said:

"Come here, and tell me who you are?" When he had finished, Bob said, "Very well, stick by me and I'll make a man of you, Steward!"

"Sir?"

"Take this boy and rig him out of the slopchest, and then mess him along with the other boys."

Bob went several voyages to South America and China with Captain Waterman, who took great interest in him, and finally made him chief mate. At the end of every voyage, Bob called on Mr. Richards, bringing some presents to George and Emily, but was never invited to enter the parlor. Mrs. Richards was glad to hear that he was doing well, and "hoped he would continue to behave himself."

A great party was given by Messers. Howland and Aspinwall, in honor of Captain Waterman, who had made the shortest voyage on record from New York to China and back in the famous ship Sea Witch. Among the guests were Mr. Richards and his family. When Captain Waterman entered, Mr. Aspinwall led him into the middle of the drawing-room and by way of a general introduction said:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I have the pleasure of introducing to you Captain Robert Waterman, who, I am proud to say, is every inch a sailor and a gentleman, and who has made in the clipper ship Sea Witch, the quickest passage on record."

"Ladies and gentlemen,"—replied Captain Waterman,—"here's my chief mate, Mr. Winter, Bob Winter, a marline-spike of my own pointing, who is entitled to two-thirds of the credit. As you see, he is the best looking fellow in the room, and I can add, he's just as good as he looks. Come here, young ladies, and I'll introduce you to him personally."

Emily Richards was nearest, and the captain eyeing her said, "come here, and see if I can't strike a match between you and Bob."

Mrs. Richards was red with rage; but what could she do? Bob Waterman was a privileged character; and to restrain her daughter under the circumstances, would subject her to the sneers of all present, so she let Emily go.

"We are old friends," said Emily to Captain Waterman, "Mr. Winter and I have summered and wintered in the same house many years." She was pleased beyond expression to see Bob so favorably noticed in such distinguished society, for she had long loved him. They were frequently together during the evening, and before parting had avowed eternal love to each other.

At this time, Commander Crout, of the U. S. N., a gentleman connected with one of the first families of Virginia, was paying his addresses to Emily, with the approbation of her mother. Crout discovered the attachment of Emily to Bob, and had the latter arrested and and placed on board the frigate, which was commanded by his uncle, Captain Brag.

Bob soon accumulated a fortune in California, returned privately to New York, and made arrangements with Emily and her brother to have a joke at Crout's expense. The day of Crout's marriage with Emily arrived, and the relatives of both families proceeded to church to witness the important ceremony. The benediction was pronounced, and Crout was turning to his lovely bride to salute her with a kiss, when down fell the dress, off went the bonnet, and *George* stood before them all, exclaiming:

"Sold! Emily's been spliced to Bob Winter more than a week! Sour grapes, aint she?"

Crout swore, Mrs. Richards screamed, the relatives looked bewildered; but Mr. Richards, though annoyed, was not displeased. He liked Bob, and when Mrs. Richards learned that he was rich, she too was reconciled.

Mr. Crout sent Winter a challenge, but Bob gave the fellow who brought it a sound thrashing, and he was not again troubled.

Rascality Abounding.

Under this caption Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville *Whig* launches forth a terrible philippic against all the world and the rest of mankind. Hear him:

"The Gospel is preached to the people regularly, all over our country—religious papers and magazines are circulated in our families, and many valuable persons set good examples before the world; but notwithstanding all this, and more, observation teaches us that rascality abounds in all classes of society. Petty thefts are daily committed—such as robbing money drawers, stealing clothes and drygoods, chickens, ducks, corn and other eatables. Strolling vagabonds, dealing in counterfeit money and diseased horses, are all over the country. Gamblers, traveling and local, and resident rogues, are on the alert. Pious villians, with faces as sanctified as the moral law, are keeping false accounts, and swearing to them for the sake of gain. Whisky shops are selling by the small, in violation of the law. Drug stores are training up drunkards in high life, and affording facility for Sabbath drinking, which can be had nowhere else. The rich are oppressing the poor, and the poor are content to live in rags and idleness. Country dealers in produce come to town and exact two prices for all they have to sell, and owners of real estate in town are asking double rates, to the injury of the business and the growth of the town. Banks and corporations, intended for the public good, have their favorites, and are partial in the distribution of favor. Families persecute and envy each other. Individuals slander their betters. Persons of low origin put on airs, and falsely pretend to be more than they are. Cheating and misrepresentation are the order of the day generally. In politics there is very little patriotism or love of country, while demagogues seek to mislead and build up their own fortunes at the hazard of ruining the country. In religion there is more hypocrisy than grace, and the biggest scoundrels living, crowd into the church, with a view to hide their rascally designs and more effectually to serve the Devil! In a word, rascality abounds among all classes, and in all countries.—The devil is stalking abroad in open daylight, without the precaution to undress himself! and if the present generation of men could see themselves in the Gospel Glass, they are as black as hell!

A Sad Wedding.

After publishing the marriage of Mr. Adam Tate, of Chicago, to Miss Jennette Pettigrew, late of Scotland, the Chicago Tribune adds:

"There is a bit of romance, sad enough in its character, connected with this announcement, which the parties will forgive us for relating: Six young Scotchmen of this city, worthy men all, who had left their plighted faith and lasses behind them when they sought contentment and fortune on our shores, united for the purpose of sending for those to whom their troth was plighted. They were to, and did come out together. For mutual protection and society, they took passage in the same vessel. The perilous ocean voyage was made without accident, and the party—a merry and happy party—arrived safely to Quebec, where they took passage on the Montreal. Our readers know, and have lamented the fate that overtook that ill-fated steamer, and her hundreds of passengers. When she burned, of the six trusting and generous girls, Miss Pettegrew was the only one saved. Her five companions found either fiery or watery graves.—Miss P. was rescued, she knows not how or by whom.—Taken up for drowned, the struggle between life and death was long and doubtful but at last decided in favor of the former. The kind hearted at Montreal learned her history, and admired her modest worth. By them, for she had lost everything but herself, her immediate necessities were supplied, and in a few days with their blessings and prayers, she continued her journey hither. A few of the five young men, who beside the now happy husband, had precious freight on that steamer, attended the wedding on Tuesday last. How sad that festive gathering was—how the shadow of the fearful past dimmed the brightness of the present, who that has not felt the destroyer's touch, can tell?

A CHEERFUL HEART.—I once heard a young lady say to an individual: 'Your countenance to me is like the shining sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful talk.' A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him.—There was some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their time shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding.—They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have, should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quickly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk thereon with great comfort and come to the end of our journey in peace.

ELOQUENT PASSAGES.—The following passage is from a sermon that was some time since delivered by Professor Mular, of Halle. It is very beautiful:

"Perfect love will, here on earth, never have an unchangeable home in our heart but only sometimes come to us a transient visitor. These are only inspired moments, when our soul is all devotion, and self-denial and self-sacrifice; when we are ready to live for neighbors, even if they, with coldness and enmity, turn away from us. single beams of heavenly light are they which fall into the dusk of our earthly life, exacting, quickening, strengthening. But we are still too weak, too earthly, to hold them fast in their entire purity and clearness. There is something ever within us that strives against them; and from without, the want of love—the injustice and hatred of other men—ever anew and awaken selfish impulses in our soul. Our love is not yet perfect; and so there ever remains in our heart the remains of selfish fear and sorrow."

We give also an extract from a sermon by the celebrated Mr. Spurgeon of London. It is characteristic of his general style and manner. Mr. S. is one of the most remarkable pulpit orators of the age.

Night is the season of terror and alarm to most men. Have you never stood by the seaside at night and heard the pebbles sing?

* * Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber and there: Listened to what? Silence, save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that yon stars, that those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory as it shone! We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises, which are loud to the heart, though they may be silent to the ear.

Many songs we hear our fellow creatures singing in the streets will not do to sing by and by; I guess they will sing a different kind of tune soon. They can sing now a days any rollicking drinking songs, but they will not sing them when they come to die; they are not exactly the songs with which to cross Jordan's billows. It will not do to enter heaven singing one of those unchaste, unholy sonnets. No, but the Christian will not have to leave off his song; he may keep on singing it forever."

THE TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOR.—A few years ago, a poor mechanic, of a very quarrelsome disposition, settled near a Chiristian farmer, whose friends expressed to him their sympathy in the annoyance he was likely to receive.

"Never mind," said the old man "I have never yet quarrelled with a neighbor and I am too old to begin now."

Six months passed, and then began a series of petty annoyances, which the farmer bore uncomplainingly; but this only irritated his neighbor the more; until meeting the farmer one day, in the height of passion he poured upon him a torrent of insult and abuse.

"Friend," said the old farmer gently, "no man under the influence of passion can reason clearly; come to me calmly, and we will discuss your grievances;"—The angry man raised his clenched hand to strike him but was restrained by some unseen influence, and both went their way.

About a week after the mechanic was passing the farmer's house with a load of grain. It was at the foot of a hill, and the load was heavy. He coaxed threatened, and beat his oxen, but all to no purpose. He must leave his load or ask aid of the man he injured. Presently he saw the farmer unhitch his oxen from a load of hay and come toward him. With kindly words the farmer proffered his assistance drew him safely to the summit, and without waiting for thanks departed as he came. Here is a simple act, but mighty its influence. The mechanic was humble, acknowledged the purity and power, of that religion could 'bear and forbear,' and has since that time never willingly provoked his friend.

CAN A DOG BE A BOARDER?—A queer suit came before Justice Hoisington yesterday. A year ago, last winter, Michael Rourk, who had been in the employ of the United States Government, under the direction of Col. Graham, was discharged, and soon after employed by Col. Graham to take care of the Government dredge boat. A short time after Rourk took charge of the boat he complained to Col. Graham that the "dock thieves" were plundering it of small articles, and the Colonel recommended him to get a dog. Rourk accordingly procured the services of a yellow cur. After Rourk was dismissed he presented a bill to Col. Graham for seventy-eight weeks' board of the dog, at fifty cents per week, making the round sum of $39. This the Colonel refused to pay, whereupon Rourk sued him before Justice Hoisington, and obtained a judgment for the amount claimed. The case will be appealed, as a matter of course, Rourk's claim, if he have any, being against the Government and not its agent.—*Chicago Journal.*

Forty young Vermonters, of both sexes had party and supper at the hotel at Bethel, and became so elated that a clergyman was sent for and four couple were married "right off the reel"