

The Holmes County Farmer.

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Poetry.

From the New York Waverley.
This is a Cold and Dreary World.

This is a cold and dreary world,
Where I am living now,
For grief and care are stamped upon
My hot and throbbing brow;
And though my heart is young in years,
Yet sorrow's seal is there;
And in its deepest, darkest cells,
However, dwells despair.

The friends I loved in early years,
Have sunk into their rest;
They now repose in quietness
Upon the earth's cold breast;
They have gone down to the tomb,
Like brilliant stars that fall,
Throwing around each stricken heart,
A nod and funeral pall.

I turn away my weeping eyes
From the happy dead,
To seek for joys within the world,
But find that they are fled;
I often weep—my heart feels
The pangs of keen regret;
Though friends are lost, and joys have fled,
My soul can ne'er forget.

But when the storms of life are o'er,
When they have ceased to blow,
When sorrow's waves shall all be still,
And shall no longer flow,
I then shall meet those friends,
On God's ambrosial shore,
I then shall taste those endless joys,
Which shall decay no more.

Is It Any Body's Business?
The following lines, from the *Picayune*, are
pertinent to some imprudent person in nearly
every community:

Is it any body's business,
To wait upon a lady,
Or to speak a little flattery,
Or to be the morning's news,
If a lady has a beau?

Is it any body's business,
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or if the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers on?

Is it any body's business,
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it any body's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should have another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it any body's business,
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
As he's calling any where,
Is it any body's business,
What his business may be there?

The subject of our query
Simply stated would be this—
Is it any body's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each mediator learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

Interesting Tale.

DEBBY WILDER; —OR— THE HUNDRED DOLLAR NOTE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

There lived, a few years ago, in the interior of one of the middle States, a sturdy farmer, well-to-do in the world, by the name of William Wilder. He had wandered away from Yankee land in his younger days, to seek his fortune, and having been employed by a respectable Quaker, to work on his farm, he had contrived by true Yankee adroitness, to get the affections of the old man's daughter, and married her. His wife, having espoused one of the world's people, contrary to the rules of her order, was, of course, "read out of the society;" if anything, he felt a little rejoiced at it, for he thought it seemed to bring her a little nearer to him.

Mrs. Wilder, however, never overcame the habits which had grown up with her childhood and youth; she always called her husband William, and continued through life to speak the Quaker dialect. But this from her lips, was never ungrateful or unwelcome to William's ears; for one of the sweetest sounds that ever dwelt in his memory, was when he asked her a certain question, and her reply was—"William, there has my heart already, and my hand shall be thine whenever these may be pleased to take it."

William Wilder was a thrifty and striving man, and in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and was going ahead in the world as fast as the best of his neighbors. Now has the whole sum of his fortune yet been stated. He was blessed with a daughter, a bright, rosy-cheeked, healthy, romping girl, full of life and spirits, and, in his eyes, exceedingly beautiful. The daughter at the period which is now more particularly described had reached the age of eighteen years, and was an object of engrossing love to her parents, and of general attention to the neighborhood.

coax Debby to marry him. I've no idea of her marrying a pauper; I've worked too hard for what little property I've got to be willing to see it go to feel a vagabond, who never earned anything, and never will. I don't believe Joe will ever be worth a hundred dollars as long as he lives.

"My dear, I think these a little too hard upon Joseph; these should remember that he is but just out of his time. His father has been sick several years, and Joseph has almost entirely supported the whole family."

"Oh, I don't deny but he's clever enough," said Mr. Wilder; "all is, I don't like to see him quite so thick along with Debby. How should you feel to see him married to Debby, and not worth a decent suit of clothes?"

"I should feel," said Mrs. Wilder, "as though they were starting in life as we did when we were first married. We had decent clothes, and each of us a good pair of hands, and that was all we had to start with. I don't think we should have got along any better, or been any happier, if there had been worth a hundred thousand dollars when we were married."

"This argument came with such force to Wilder's own bosom that he made no attempt to answer it, but walked on in silence till they reached their dwelling. Debby and Joseph had arrived there before them, and were already seated in the parlor. Seeing Joseph as they passed the window, Wilder chose not to go in, but continued his walk up the road to the high ground that overlooked some of his fields, where he stood ruminating for half an hour on the prospect of his crops, and more particularly upon the unpleasant subject of Debby and Joe Nelson. The young man became so familiar and so much at home at his house, that he could hardly do there was a strong attachment growing up between him and Debby, and he began to feel very uneasy about it. He had always been fond of Debby, and her presence was so necessary to his happiness, that the idea of her marrying at all was a sad thought to him; but if she must marry, he was determined it should be, if possible, to a person of some property, who would at once place her in a comfortable situation in life, and relieve him from the foolish anxiety, so common in the world, lest his own estate should be dishonored by family connections not equal to it."

While he remained there in his musing mood, he recognized Henry Miller coming down the road, and he resolved at once to take him to supper. Miller was a dashing young fellow, who kept a store about a mile and a half from Wilder's, and was reported to be worth five or six thousand dollars. He had heretofore been a frequent visitor at Mr. Wilder's house, and there was a time his attention to Debby was such as to cause him to expect that the thrifty young trader would become his son-in-law. Debby, however, was not sufficiently pleased with him to encourage his attentions, and for some time past his visits had been discontinued.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Miller," said Mr. Wilder, presenting his hand, "glad to see you, how do you do?—fine day this."

"Yes, fine day," said Miller, "excellent weather for crops; how do you all do at home?"

"Quite well, I thank you," said Wilder. "Come, go down to the house with me and take supper," said he.

Miller complied, and said he did not think he could stop. Mr. Wilder, however, would not take no for an answer, and, on considerable importunity, he prevailed upon him to accept his invitation, and they descended the hill together, and went into the house.

"Debby, here's Miller," said Wilder, as they entered the parlor.

Debby rose, handed a chair, and said "good evening," but her face was covered with blushes as she returned to her seat. As Miller seated himself in the chair he glanced across the room and recognized Nelson. The two young men nodded to each other, and both seemed somewhat embarrassed.

At this moment Mrs. Wilder entered the room.

"How does thee do, Henry," she said presenting her hand. "I am glad to see thee; I hope thy mother is well."

"Very well, indeed," said Miller, and after a few more remarks she retired to superintend the preparation for supper.

"Excuse me, Mr. Miller, a little while," said Wilder; "I want to go and show Joseph that field of corn of mine we were looking at back of the hill. According to my notion, it is the stoutest piece in the town. Come, Joseph, go up and look at it."

found myself quite interested in the newspaper. Wilder went out and met his wife in the hall, and asked her how long it had been since Debby left Mr. Miller alone in the parlor.

"She left in three minutes after you went out," said Mrs. Wilder, "and I couldn't persuade her to go back again. She said she knew you went out on purpose to leave her and Henry alone together, and she would not stay. It's no use, William, these things always have their own way, and it's no use trying to prevent it."

The supper past off rather silently and rather awkwardly. Mr. Wilder endeavored to be sociable and polite to Miller; and Mrs. Wilder, as usual, was mild and complacent to all. But an air of embarrassment pervaded the whole company, and when they rose from the table Henry Miller asked to be excused, and said it was time for him to return home.

Mr. Wilder endeavored to persuade him to stop and spend the evening, but Henry had had gone, and he must go. After he had gone, Debby and Joseph returned out of the evening by Mrs. Wilder, Wilder, after walking up and down the dining room for an hour or two, retired to bed, not however to sleep. His mind was too much engrossed with the destiny of Debby and her betrothed.

He counted the hours as they were told by the clock till it had struck twelve. Mrs. W. had been two hours asleep, still he had not heard Joseph go out. After a while the clock struck one, and in a few minutes after that he heard the outer door rather softly opened and closed, and then heard Debby tripping lightly to her chamber.

"Ah," thought Wilder to himself, "it is as my wife says, these things will have their own way. This staying till one o'clock looks like rather serious business."

The next day Debby had a long private interview with her mother, and after dinner Mrs. Wilder wished to have some conversation with her husband in the parlor.

"Well, my dear," said she, "Debby and Joseph are bent upon being married. It seems that they made up their minds to it some months ago, and now they have fixed upon the time. They say they must be married week after next. Now I think we had better let it in with it as good feelings as we can, and make the best of it. These well knows I have always said these things will have their own way, and when young folks get their minds made up, I don't think it is a good plan to interfere with them. As long as Joseph is respectable and good to work, I think we ought to feel contented about it, although he is poor. It seems to me that there are as many folks that marry poor that make out well in the world as there are that marry rich."

After a little reflection upon the matter, Wilder came to the conclusion that his wife had nearly the right of it, and told her he would make no further opposition to the match; they might get married as soon as they chose.

"Well, now, I've no money by me," said Mr. Wilder, "except a hundred dollar bill, and it's impossible to get that changed, except by sending to the bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but couldn't succeed. I shall be too busy to go myself to-morrow, but if Debby has a mind to get on the old horse in the morning, and take the bill to the bank and get it changed, she may have some of the money."

This proposition was soon reported to Debby, who said, "she had just as leave take the ride as not." The matter being amicably arranged with Mr. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with comfort and despatch in making preparations for the wedding. Debby was in excellent spirits, and Mr. Wilder was in unusual good humor towards Debby. Having brought his mind to assent to the arrangement which he had so strongly opposed, his feelings were in a state of reaction, which caused him to regard Debby with uncommon tenderness.

The next morning the old grey horse was standing at the door waiting for Debby, full two hours before Debby was ready to start; and Mr. Wilder had been out half a dozen times to examine the saddle and bridle, to see that everything was right, and had lifted up his horse's feet one after another, all round, to see if any of the shoes were loose. And when at last Debby was ready, he led old grey to the horse block, and held him until she was seated in the saddle, and then he handed her the bridle, and shortened the stirrup leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter to prevent the saddle's turning, and when he had seen that all was right, he stepped into the house and placed it in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself, and be careful she did not get a fall, he stepped up on the horse block, and stood and watched her as she turned into the road and ascended the hill till she was out of sight.

Debby trotted along leisurely over the long road she had to travel; but she was full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations to feel weary at the distance or lonely at the solitude. The road was but little traveled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance—one was a man ascending a hill about a mile from home, and the other in a long valley of dark woods, midway on her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition, she would have felt a good deal of uneasiness when she saw this last person approaching. His appearance was dark and rufianly, and they were two miles from any house, in the midst of a deep and silent wilderness. But Debby's nerves were unshaken, she returned his bow in passing, and kept on her way in perfect composure.

She reached the end of her journey in due time—hitched her horse in the shed at the village hotel, and inquired of the waiter at the door the way to the bank. As he was pointing out to her its location, she observed a tall, dark looking man, with dark whiskers and heavy eyebrows, looking steadily at her. She, however, turned away without noticing him any further, and went direct to the bank. When she reached the door she found it closed, and learned from the bystanders that the bank, for some reason or other, was closed that day. In her exceeding disappointment, she stood silent for some time, uncertain what she should do.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss?" said a gentleman at the adjoining shop door.

Debby replied that she wanted to change a bill at the bank.

"Oh, I'll change it for you," said the gentleman, "if it isn't too large—come, step in here."

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.

"Oh, a hundred dollars!" said he. "I cannot do it; I haven't half that amount in the store. But if you go across there to the apothecary's I think it likely enough he may do it."

Debby thanked him again, and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. As she turned to go out, she encountered a man behind her, who seemed to have been looking over her shoulder. She looked up at him and recognized the tall man with black whiskers, whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the drug-store, she observed a large dry goods store, and thought she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful.

As she was leaving the store, she met the tall man with black whiskers again. He looked smilingly at her, and asked her to let him see the bill; for he thought he could change it. After looking at it, he returned it to her again, observing, "if it had been a city bill he would have changed it, but he did not like to change a country bill."

Having tried at two or three places without affecting her object, Debby found she must give it up, for she was now told it probably would not be possible for her to get it changed till the bank should be opened the next day. Consequently, she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she observed the tall man with black whiskers standing at the corner of the house, apparently watching her movements. But she rode on, and was no sooner out of sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed all her thoughts. She passed over the first two miles of her homeward journey almost unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various expedients to remedy the failure of her present undertaking.

She thought of several of her neighbors of whom she thought it might not be impossible to borrow a few dollars for a short time. But then she knew her father was so strenuously opposed to borrowing, he would not allow it to be done; and would never forgive her should he find out that she had done it without his knowledge or consent. She might get trusted for most of the articles she wanted but some of them of the most importance were at Henry Miller's store, and she would not ask to be trusted there, if she never obtained the articles.

Her reveries were at length broken off by the sound of a horse coming at rather a quick trot behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and there was the tall man with black whiskers, mounted on a large and beautiful black horse; within a few rods of her; she shuddered a little, at first, at the idea of having his company through the woods, but as he came up and accosted her with such easy and gentle manners; she soon recovered from her trepidation and rode on with her wonted composure.

"Rather a lonely road here, Miss," said the stranger, looking in the dark woods that lay in the way before them. "How far do you go, Miss?"

"Seven or eight miles," said Debby, hesitating a little.

"I am happy to have company on the road," said the stranger, "for it is rather lonesome riding alone. I trust you will allow me to be your protector?"

Debby thanked him, but said she was never lonesome and never afraid; still, in a lonely place, it was always agreeable to have company.

"Did you make out to get your bill changed?" asked the stranger.

"No," said Debby, "I tried till I was tired, but could find no one to change it."

The stranger made himself very agreeable, and Debby began to think that her feelings at first had done him injustice, and she tried what she could to make him amends by being social in her turn. They had now reached the deepest, darkest part of the valley through which the road lay. The heavy woods were about them, and not a sound was to be heard except the murmuring of a little brook over which they had just passed. The stranger suddenly rode to her side, and seizing the reins of her horse, told her at once she must give him the hundred dollar note.

"Now, this is carrying the joke too far," said Debby, trying to laugh.

"It is no joke at all," said the stranger, "we will go no further till you give me the hundred dollar bill."

Debby trembled and turned pale, for she thought she saw something in the stranger's eye that looked as though he was in earnest.

"But surely you don't mean any such thing?" said Debby, trying to pull the reins from his hand. "It's too bad to frighten me so here."

"We mustn't dally about it," said the stranger, holding the reins still tighter; "you see I am in earnest, in this, drawing a pistol from his pocket, and pointing it towards her."

"Oh! mercy," said Debby, "you may have the money if you will let me go."

"The money is all I want," said the stranger, "but there must be no more dallying; so the sooner you hand it over the better."

Debby at once drew the bill and attempted to hand it to the stranger, but her hand trembled so that it dropped from her fingers just before it reached his, and at that moment a gust of wind wafted it gently toward the brook. The stranger leaped from his horse and ran back two or three rods to recover it, Debby was not so far gone in her fright but that she had her thoughts about her; and seizing the rein of the stranger's horse, she applied the whip to both horses at once, and was off in a center. The man called in a loud, threatening tone, and at once fired his pistol upon her; but as she did not feel the cold lead, she did not stop or turn even to give him a farewell look. The remainder of the journey was soon passed over, and as she came out in the settlement and passed the dwellings of her neighbors, many were the heads that looked from windows and doors, and great was the wonderment at seeing Debby ride home so fast, and leading such a fine strange horse. Her father who had seen her come over the hill, met her some rods from the house, exclaiming, with astonishment:

"What have you here, Debby? Whose horse is that?"

"Debby, what has this been doing?" said Mrs. Wilder, who was but a few steps behind her husband, "thee doesn't look well, what is the matter?"

As soon as they were seated in the house, Debby told them the whole story. Mr. Wilder felt so rejoiced at his daughter's escape, that he began to be in excellent spirits; and led the strange horse to the door and began to examine him.

"Well, Debby," said he, "since you've got home safe at last, we may as well begin to talk about business. The hundred dollar bill is gone, but I'm thinking, after all, you haven't made a very bad bargain. That's the likeliest horse I've seen since many a day. I don't think it would be a difficult matter to sell him for two hundred dollars. At any rate, I'll take the horse for the hundred dollars, and you may have the saddle for the twenty dollars you were to have of it."

"And the saddle bags, too, I suppose," said Debby, feeling disposed to join in the joke.

"Yes, and the saddle bags," said Mr. Wilder; "no, stop, we'll see what's in them first," he continued, untying them from the saddle. "Oh, there's lots of shirts, stockings, hankerchiefs, and capital ones, too. Yes, Debby, the saddle bags are yours; those things come in very good time for Joseph, you know."

Debby colored, but said nothing.

"Now, William," said Mrs. Wilder, "these is full of thy fun."

"No fun about it," said William, replacing the articles in the leather bag. "Here, Debby, take 'em and take care of 'em."

Debby took the saddle bags to her chamber, not a little gratified at the valuable articles of clothing they contained. She emptied the contents upon the bed, and examining to see if every thing was out, she discovered an inside pocket in one of the bags. She opened it and drew therefrom an elegant pocket book, and found it contained a quantity of bills. She counted them, and her heart beat quicker and quicker, for before she got through she had \$1,500 in good bank money.

Debby kept her own counsel. In a few days it was rumored that Joseph Nelson had purchased an excellent farm in the neighborhood that had just been offered some months for the sum of \$1,000, and was considered a great bargain.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wilder the next time they met, "I am astonished that you have been running into debt for a farm in such times as these. I think you ought to have worked two or three years and got something beforehand, before getting into debt so much."

"But I hav'n't been running into debt," said Joseph.

"Haven't you bought Sanclerson's farm?" said Wilder.

"Yes, I have," said Joseph. "At \$1,000."

"Yes," said Joseph, "but I've paid for it, I don't run in debt for anything."

Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to say further questions.

Joseph Nelson made an excellent farmer and a respectable man; he was industrious and got rapidly beforehand, and Mr. Wilder was always proud of his son-in-law. It was some ten years after this, when Mr. Wilder was sitting one day and trotting his third grandson on his knee, that he said:

"Debby, I should like to know how Joseph contrived to purchase his farm at the time you were married?"

Debby stepped to the closet, brought out the old saddle bags, and opening them pointed to the inner pocket, saying, "the money came from there, sir."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.—An exchange well says: "The boy who feels his name is mentioned in a good mother's prayer is comparatively safe from vice, and the ruin to which it leads. The sweetest thoughts that N. P. Willis ever penned grew out of a reverence to his pious mother's prayer for him. Tossed by the waves in a vessel which was bearing him homeward, he wrote:

"Sleep safe, Oh wave-worn mariner,
Nor fear the night, nor storm, nor sea!
The ear of Heaven bends low to her,
He comes to shore who sails with me."

Boy, D'YE HEAR THIS!—Before you pay three cents for a jews'harp, see if you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling—for such a nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady-love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that cost half the money. If she wouldn't let her crack her own walnuts and buy her own clothes.

A country schoolmaster had a hundred boys and no assistant. "I wonder how you manage them," said a friend, "with-out an assistant." "Ah, sir," was the answer, "I could manage the hundred boys well enough; it's the two hundred parents who trouble me—there's no managing them."

"Oh, dear," blubbered an urchin, who had been suffering under an application of a birch. "Oh, my! they tell me that forty rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let them get such a plaguy licking as I've had and they'll find out that one rod makes two."

Thrilling Eloquence.—The following touching passages are contained in the speech of the Hon Mr. Butler, delivered in the House on the 25th ult. We honor the head and the heart from which they proceeded. The incidents narrated cannot fail to moisten every eye by which they are perused. The language employed for the purpose is the language of elevated patriotism:

"The district which I represent, and the county made famous by the raid of Brown was the first in all the South to send a successor to Massachusetts. In one of the most beautiful spots in that beautiful county, within rifle shot of my residence, at the base of the hill, where a glorious spring leaps out into sunlight from beneath the gnarled oak, there assembled on the 10th of July, 1775, the very first band of Southern men that marched to the aid of Massachusetts. They met there and their rallying cry was, 'a bee-line for Boston!'"

"That beautiful and peaceful valley had never been polluted by the footsteps of a foe; for even the Indians themselves kept it from the incursions of the enemy. It was the hunting range and neutral ground of the aborigines. This band assembled there and 'a bee-line for Boston' was made from thence."

Before they marched, they made a pledge that all who survived would assemble there fifty years after that day. It was my pride and pleasure to be present when the fifty years rolled around. Three aged, feeble, tottering men—the survivors of that glorious band of one hundred and twenty—were all who were left to keep their trust, and prove faithful to the pledge made fifty years before to their companions, the bones of many of whom were bleaching on the Northern hills."

Sir, I have often heard from the last survivor of that band of patriots the incidents of their first meeting and their march; how they made some six hundred miles in twenty days—thirty miles a day; and how as they neared the point of destination, Washington, who happened to be making a reconnaissance in the neighborhood, saw them approaching, and recognizing the line of woolen hunting shirts of old Virginia, rode to meet and greet them to the camp, how when he saw their captain—his old companion in arms, Stephen, who stood by his side at Great Meadows, on Braddock's fatal field, and in many an Indian campaign, and who reported himself to his commander as 'from the right bank of the Potomac'—he sprung from his horse and clasped his old friend and companion in arms with both hands. He spoke no word of welcome, but the eloquence of silence told what his tongue could not articulate. He moved along the ranks, shaking the hand of each man, and all the while—as my informer tells me; the big tears were seen coursing down his manly cheek. Aye, sir, Washington wept! And why did the glorious soul of Washington swell with emotion? Why did he weep? Because he saw that the cause of Massachusetts was practically the cause of Virginia, because he saw that their citizens recognized the great principles involved in the contest. These Virginia volunteers had come spontaneously. They had come in response to the words of Henry, that were leaping like fire thunder through the land, telling the people of Virginia that they must fight, and fight for Massachusetts. They had come to rally by Washington's side, to defend your fathers' freedoms, to protect their homes from harm. Well, the visit has been returned! John Brown selected that very county as the spot for his invasion; and as was mentioned in the Senate, the rock where Seaman fell was the very rock over which Morgan and his men marched a few hours after Hugh Stevenson's command had crossed the river some two miles further up.

May this historical reminiscence rekindle the embers of patriotism in our hearts! Why should this nation of ours be rent in pieces by this irrepressible conflict? The battle will not be fought out here.—When the dark day comes, as come it may, when this question that agitates the hearts of the people can only be decided by the bloody arbitrament of the sword, it will be the saddest day for us and all mankind that the sun of heaven has ever shone upon.

I trust, Mr. Clerk, that this discussion will now cease. I trust that all will make an effort by balloting, and by a succession of ballottings, to organize this House. I trust that we will go on in our efforts, day after day, until we do effect an organization, and proceed to perform the duties which we were sent here to discharge; that the great heart of our country will cease to pulsate with the anxiety which now causes it to throb, and that we will each, in our appropriate sphere, do what we can to make ourselves more worthy of the inestimable blessings which can only be enjoyed by a free and united people.

A gentleman missed two pounds of very fine butter which he had kept for a special occasion, and charged the cook with having stolen it. She declared the kitten had eaten it, and that she had just caught her finishing the last morsel. The gentleman immediately told the kitten in the scales, and found she weighed only a pound and a half. The cook thus confounded, confessed the theft.

An old gentleman had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young fellow went a wooing the youngest, and finally got her consent to take him "for better or for worse." Upon application to the old gentleman for his consent, he flew into a violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way," and if he wished to get into his family, he might marry the oldest, or leave the house forthwith.

"Oh, dear," blubbered an urchin, who had been suffering under an application of a birch. "Oh, my! they tell me that forty rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let them get such a plaguy licking as I've had and they'll find out that one rod makes two."

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

"My son, what would you do if your dear father was suddenly taken from you?" "Swear and chew tobacco!"

The phrase "down in the mouth," is said to have been originated by Jonah about the time the whale swallowed him.

The difference between a post-office stamp and a donkey is, that you stick one with a lick, and the other you lick with a stick.

A boy in Paris, hearing the National Guard cry "Hurrah for reform!" shouted, "Hurrah for chloroform!" which made a hearty laugh.

The young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, has acknowledged that her friend's bonnet is more handsome than her own.

Lord! said Mrs. Partington, "what monsters these cotton planters must be. I am told some of 'em have as many as one hundred hands!"

Contentment.—Why is a woman like a steamboat? We suppose it is because it costs a fortune to rig her, and because a man is liable to get blown up at any time.

What a horrible creature! A bachelor says he dislikes young married couples "because they are so apt to give themselves names."

A young man in conversation one evening, chanced to remark, "I am no prophet." "True," replied a lady present, "no profit to yourself or any one else."

The Chicago Democrat gives a list of the lucky ones who drew prizes at a prize concert and gravely adds that some fifteen hundred drew long breaths.

A FRIEND OF OURS was congratulating himself upon having recently taken a very friendly trip. Upon inquiry, we learned that he had tripped and fallen into a young lady's lap.

At a spiritual meeting a short time since, Balaam was called up and asked if there were any jackasses in his sphere? "No," replied he, indignantly, "they are all on earth."

Three hundred men could not carry the amount of the national debt of England counted out in ten pound Bank of England notes, notwithstanding the lightness of the paper they are printed on.

"What shall we name our little boy?" said a young wife to her husband. "Call him Peter." "Oh, no! I never knew anybody named Peter that could earn his salt." "Well, then, call him Saltpetre."

Said Tom, "Since I have been abroad I have eaten so much pork, that I am ashamed to look a pig in the face!" "I suppose, sir, then," said a wag who was then present, "you shave without a glass."

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to cook a meal for you, taste enough to dress neatly, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue."

That was a wag who said: "When my wife was very sick, I called in an Allopathic physician; but she got no better. I then called in a Homeopathic, and she mended a little; one day he broke his leg, and could not come at all, then she got well."