ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

BY JAMES REED. | Independent in all things. | $1 50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME IX. NO. XXXIV | ASHTABULA, O. SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST, 21, 1858. | WHOLE NUMBER 452.

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FARRINGTON & HALL.—Physicians and Surgeons—Office at the old stand of Dr Farrington. O. H. FARRINGTON, M. D.] [D. A. HALL, M. D. Ashtabula, Jan. 1, 1856.

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SHERMAN & FARMER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

CHARLES BOOTH.—Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

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J. P. ROBERTSON,—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, and every other class of Goods usually looked for in a First Class Country Store. Courtesy and fair dealing are the inducements offered for a share of public favor. Main street, Ashtabula Ohio.

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GEORGE WILLARD,—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, manufacturer of ready-made Clothing. Also, wholesale and retail dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main street, Ashtabula. 419

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SULLIVAN & HYATT, No. 5 Platt street, New York City, solicit attention to their stock of American Hardware.

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PRENTICE & SMITH, General Grocers and Dealers in Provisions, Produce, and so forth, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 416

Dentistry.

S. R. BECKWITH, Surgical and Mechanical Dentist. Conneaut, Ohio. 347

Dr. T. McCUNE, Dentist, Office and Residence on Main street, Ashtabula, O. 442

Watches, Jewelry, etc.

O. A. AMSDEN, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 416

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J. A. TALCOTT, Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods, of all kinds. Opposite the Farmers' Bank, Ashtabula.

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Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding Cheese Boxes, &c. Planing and Matching and Scroll-Sawing done on the shortest notice. Shop South side of the Methodist Church, Ashtabula, Ohio. 416

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Shingles, Lath, Fence Stuff, &c. &c. Planing, and Circular Sawing done to order. Main street, near Tower's Machine shop, Ashtabula. 416

J. B. CROSBY,—Iron Founder, and manufacturer and Dealer in Plows, Plow Castings, Mill Castings, &c. Most descriptions of Foundry Work done to order Ashtabula, Ohio. 65

W. W. SMITH,—Manufacturer of Sole, Upper and Harness Leather, and Dealer in French Calf, and Lining Skins. Cash paid for Hides and Skins 419

Musical.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot corner Main and Centre Streets, rear of H. Fassett's Office, Ashtabula. (see advertisement) 416

J. E. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise, Books, Fine Stationery, Toys, and Fancy Articles, at his Bazaar and Curiosity store, 2d door south of the Bank, Main street, Ashtabula. 416

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DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of & Dealers in Furniture of the best description, and every variety. Also general Undertakers, and manufacturers of Coffins to order, Main street, North of South Public Square, Ashtabula. 419

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, steam establishment, North Main street, near the office of Drs. Farrington & Hall. Ashtabula, O. 419

Engineering & Land Surveying

G. B. HOLBROOK,—Practical Surveyor. East Ashtabula, Ohio. 40

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D. PHILLIPS, Boot and Shoe Store, Fisk's Block, Sign o' the Big Boot, Ashtabula, O. 419

Miscellaneous.

SPENCERIAN WRITING.—A new sheet—royal size—of very correct and Splendid Exercises embracing both Business and Ladies' Styles—just published, for studio, from steel plate, and sent by mail for 35 cents. Price of the Whole Loose Paper System—to one address—post paid, $1.25. ☞ More Really Good Writers have originated in this System than in all others. Address P. R. SPENCER, Geneva, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. 401

A. RAYMOND,—Dealer in Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, &c., Penfield, Monroe County, N. York. Orders solicited.

W. R. ALLEN,—Book Binder—Books and Magazines bound in any style desired. Blank books made and ruled to order. Jefferson, O.

H. A. MARSH, Successor to E. Howell, Daguerreotype and Ambrotype Artist. Also, E. Howell's new Papertype, recently Patented. Lockets and Miniature Pins filled at reasonable rates. Pictures taken on patent leather, if desired. ☞ Rooms, first building south of the Bank, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

WILLARD & REEVES,—Dealers in Italian and Rutland Marble, Grave Stones, Monuments, Table Tops, &c., Ashtabula.

A. L. THURSTON,—Cartman, has taken the Establishment of David Camp, and will give his attention to Draying to and from the Depot, and about the village. ASHTABULA, April 1857. 56

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables. Also, Dealer in Preserved Fruits, Tomatos, &c. East Ashtabula, Ohio. 435

STANTON & BROTHER.—Livery and Sale Stable, in connection with the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio. An Omnibus Running to and from every Train of Cars.—Horses and Carriages to convey passengers to any part of the Country. Charges Reasonable.

LIME.—We shall sell Lime at the Harbor the year of 1858, at 28 cents per bushel, and at the Depot at 30. 431 HUMPHRY & HILL.

Commission Merchants.

HALL & SEYMOUR, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, and dealers in Salt, Flour, Fish, Plaster, Water Lime, &c. Also, Commission Dealers in Lumber and Staves. Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio. 383

GRISWOLD & SHORES, Produce Commission Merchants, and wholesale dealers in Cheese and Fruits, 187 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. A. H. GRISWOLD, L. W. SHORES.

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FLANDERS, MCKINDLEY & Co.,	Chicago.
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SATTERLEE, COOK & CO.,	"
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WELLS & FAULKNER, Produce Merchants,	Ashtabula, O.
STRAIGHT, DEMING & Co.,	Cincinnati.
HAWLEY & HOW	New York.

Ashtabula P. O.—Closing of Mails.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail going East will close at 10 o'clock and 15 minutes, A. M., and mail West will close at 11 o'clock and 30 minutes, A. M., the Southern Mail closes at 6 A. M., and the mail to Jefferson at 12 M. Elk Creek Mail, via Plymouth, Tuesdays, at 6 30, A. M. Office open daily from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. on week days, and on Sundays, from 12 M. to 1 P. M. until further notice.
Ashtabula, May 15th, 1858. E. C. ROOT, P. M.

On and after Monday May. 10, 1858.

CLEVELAND AND ERIE R. ROAD.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING EAST.

Day Freight—No. 1	leaves at	1 06 P M
Mail	"	11 11 A M
Conneaut Accommodation	"	6 48 P M
Night Freight	"	1 31 A M
Night Express	"	12 16 A M

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING WEST.

Night Express	"	3 47 A M
Conneaut Accommodation	"	6 51 A M
Day Freight	"	10 47 A M
Mail	"	12 50 P M
Day Express	"	3 29 P M
Night Freight	"	1 31 A M

Chicago Express, East, and Mail West, stop at all stations except Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor, and Wickliffe.

Cincinnati Express, East, stops at Painesville and Kingsville only.

Day Express West will stop at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula and Painesville only.

For the Telegraph.

To My Mother.

I have come home to rest, mother,
For my heart is sad and sore;
So fold me close to your breast, mother,
As in the days of yore;
When I was but a little thing,
And lightly sped the hours,
As sped the birds of swiftest wing,
Among the spring-tide flowers.

Oh! many changes I have seen, mother,
Since childhood's morning smiled;
Changes which you never dreamed, mother,
Could come to your poor child;
When she went forth from this dear home,
With blessings on her head,
To walk the ways of life with one,
Who love's sweet vows had said.

But the grave closed long ago, mother,
Above that manly form;
And I was left to brave alone, mother,
Life's fierce and bitter storm;
And oh! that storm, how dark it grew,
Till like a tempest wild;
It bowed the head, and crushed the heart,
Of your poor suffering child.

But I have looked for light, mother,
To that pure source above,
Where there's no sorrow and no night, mother,
But all is peace and love;
And oftimes in my darkest hours,
My soul has heard an angel voice;
Cheering up my failing powers,
And bidding me rejoice.

And now, I've come home to rest, mother,
For home, is *home*, you know;
So fold me close to your breast, mother,
As in the blessed long ago;
And I will dream, I'm young again,
As in my childhood years;
Perchance twill ease this bitter pain,
And check these burning tears.

From Household Words.

Water Music.

'Twas in summer—glorious summer—
Far beyond the smoky town,
Weary with long day's ramble
Through the fern and blooming bramble,
Needing rest, I sat me down.
Beetling crags hung high above me,
Ever looking grandly rude;
Still there was some trace of mildness
In this scene so weird; its wildness
Might be sought for solitude.

Birds and flowers, song and beauty,
Seem'd this rugged realm to fill;
That which was my soul entrancing
Was the music and the glancing
Of a rock-born purling rill.
Lingering there I was delighted,
Musing on the days gone by,
Watching its bright spray pearls sprinkled,
Every silvery tone that tinkled
Touch'd some cord of memory.

'Twas as if sweet spirit-voices
Threw a spell around me there.
Now, in lightest notes of gladness,
Now, in deeper tones of sadness,
Wafting whispers to my ear.
Memory, hope, imagination,
Seem'd to have usurp'd my will;
And my thoughts kept on a dreaming
Till the bright stars were a gleaming
To the music of the rill.

What a world of strange reflections
Came upon me then unsought!
Strange, that sounds should find responses—
Where e'en mystery ensconces—
In the corridors of thought!
Then emotions were awaken'd,
Making my heart wildly thrill,
As I linger'd there and listen'd,
Whilst the dew around glisten'd,
To the music of the rill.

Joe Chickweed's Courtship and How he was Cut Out.

"I vow!" said Joe Chickweed, as he stood before the parlor mirror, putting the last touch to his well-oiled hair, "if I let this night pass without finding out just how I stand with Melinda Martin, then I am a cow. The critter's always acted so pesky skittish, that there's no getting around her. I like her, and she knows it, and I'm inclined to think that she likes me; but she likes more than one string to her bow, and I ain't sure but she'd ship me any minute if she could make a better bargain. Maybe I'm doing her an injustice, and I hope I am; but she acts sometimes 'tarnally like a real coquette, and I don't know what to make of her. But to-night," he added, fitting an immensely wide-brimmed hat upon his shining head, "to-night I'll settle the matter; I'll cross the Rubicon, if I get my boots full of water. Melinda ain't a bad spec, and I might do worse most anywhere else."

"Do tell if it's come to that!" exclaimed old Mrs. Chickweed, who had entered the room unnoticed by her son, in time to hear the last sentence. "Well, I've all along had a notion that you was aimin' in that 'ere direction."

Joe turned red from his eye-winkers to his ankles, and looked very sheepish. He worked very busily, too, for a few seconds with brushing some imaginary dust from a place between the shoulders of his coat, which he could'nt reach, but he said nothing.

"There ain't nothing to be ashamed on, Joe," continued the loquacious old lady, apparently greatly pleased at making the discovery she had; "and you spoke gospel truth when you said you might do worse elsewhere. Melinda's a nice gal."

"Well," said Joe, gaining some courage from his mother's manner, "I'm bound to make her my wife if—"

"If what," asked the old lady.

"Well, if nothing's agin it."

"You just do your duty, Joe, and Melinda's yourn. Remember the farm."

"It's a fine farm, no mistake!" said the young man, earnestly.

"No better farm of it's size in the whole country than the Widder Martin's," said Mrs. Chickweed in an emphatic tone.

"No, I think not."

"And then see how it's stocked; two yoke of the best steers in all these parts, besides her two horses, saying nothing of the rest of the critters. And, of course they'll go with Melinda when the widder's dead, and before, too, for you will go right on the farm as soon as you marry, and take charge of everything."

"It's a good operation, that's a fact," said Joe; "but I put a higher value on Melinda than all the property."

"And well you should, though the farm and fixin's ain't to be despised."

"Oh, I ain't one to despise 'em."

Joe laughed and left the room, and soon after he left the house, and made his way as expeditiously as the gloom of the evening would permit, towards the residence of the Widow Martin. A light was burning in the front room, but the window curtains were closely drawn, so that he could not get a view into the apartment as he passed along the yard. He knocked at the door, and was admitted by the widow in person, who, after inquiring benevolently after his health, ushered him into the parlor.

It was already occupied by two persons—Melinda and Reuben Sparks, the latter a young man who had recently returned to Springville from California, who was looked upon with especial disfavor by the young farmer.

Joe was welcomed by the young lady, but not so cordially, as formerly, and by no means so cordially as Joe thought his due. He was greeted by Mr. Sparks in a sort of joking, condescending way that raised his ire inwardly. However the conversation that followed was apparently agreeable to all parties, and the evening wore away till the widow retired, when Mr. Sparks intimated that it was perhaps time for him to be retiring, as it was quite a little walk to the village, Melinda at once asserted that it was very early indeed, and he should not think of leaving so soon; whereupon Mr. Sparks was induced to remain a while longer, and Mr. Chickweed was secretly enraged that Melinda should be so taken up with the young sprig.

California became the topic of conversation, and Reuben Sparks shone brilliantly in his descriptive accounts of the country, and what he had done there.

"Then you waren't in the diggin's?" inquired Joe, in response to something his rival had uttered.

"By no means," replied Sparks, loftily.—"I left the digging to those who were used to it; I had no taste that way."

"Oh, then, you stopped in town?"

"Certainly."

"Business, I s'pose, first rate there?"

"Yes. A young man of talent will soon engage himself in profitable employment."

"Then I 'spect you must have done extraordinary well," said Joe, in a tone he intended should be sarcastic.

"Oh!" replied the other, laughing in a meaning way, and winking with one eye at the young lady, who appeared to take and enjoy it accordingly; "as for that matter I can't complain. I think I improved my chance—I rather think I did. No I don't complain by no means."

"Then, why didn't you stay longer?—You weren't gone but a short time; you should have stayed a year or two more, and made yourself independent."

"Perhaps I am independent already; I say *perhaps*. Of course, I can't tell you the exact amount I made—that, I think, is quite unneccessary."

"Oh, quite."

"And perhaps, too, there were attractions in this part of the world as alluring as gold."

He looked knowingly at Melinda as he spoke, and gave her another wink, which that young lady seemed to relish, though she blushed and appeared wonderfully embarrassed for a moment. Joe noticed what occurred, and didn't fancy the course in which affairs seemed to be setting. He knew that he should feel and appear peculiarly savage if he remained much longer, and he hinted it was time for him to be going—and what served to enrage him more than aught else, Melinda appeared to be of the same mind, for she offered no objection. So he took his hat and departed, with firmness in his step and bitterness in his heart.

"I don't like the looks of things at all," he muttered to himself, as he walked on through the dark; "she is altogether too tender to that chap to be agreeable to me. If he has not turned her head, then there is a mistake somewhere. I don't believe he has brought enough money from California to buy a rope to hang him. He is after the widder's farm, now, to make it up, I'll bet my hat. Yes, sir, he means to catch Melinda, and I've been fool enough to wait till this time before coming to a final point. But perhaps it ain't too late yet! maybe she will consent to have me yet, if I lose no time in asking her. I'll try it, I vow I will. I'll go over again to-morrow and have the thing settled."

And having come to this conclusion, he hurried forward, and soon after was dreaming of Melinda Martin, the widow, herself, and an infinite number of Reuben Sparkses who were endeavoring to chase him up a steep hill, and beat his brains out with bars of California gold.

Mrs. Chickweed was most anxious next morning to learn from her son the result of his mission to the widow's, but Joe was silent and pensive, avoiding his mother's eye, and keeping away from the house as much as possible. Late in the evening he carefully dressed himself in the best suit, and with a look of determination stamped on his features, he once more determined to visit the fickle Melinda.

He found her at home and alone.

"Hope you spent an agreeable evening yesterday," remarked Joe, after he had passed the usual compliments, and seated himself near the lady.

"Oh, yes, I did, I assure you," was the reply.

"Mr. Sparks, I should say, is a very entertaining young man?"

Joe didn't think anything of the kind, but quite the contrary.

"He is, indeed," responded Melinda.

Joe looked anything but pleased at this encomium on his rival, and sat for some moments in utter silence. At length he turned to the young lady and spoke—

'I came here last evening with the intention of speaking with you on a particular subject, but I found you so engaged that I determined to call again to-night, and so—so—'

'Here you are,' said Melinda, smiling at his embarrassment.

'Yes here I am. And now that I'm here, I'll tell you at once what I've come for.—You know I love you; I've told you as much more'n once, and I've flattered myself that I waren't indifferent to you. But now I wish you to tell me if you really love me in return, and if I may hope to make you my wife. Will you marry me?"

'You are quite right,' she said, 'in supposing that you are not indifferent to me, for I regard you very highly.'

'Then, all my fears have been groundless!" uttered Joe, exultingly.

'Then,' continued the lady, 'I cannot very well grant your wishes, regarding—

'What!' cried Joe, his countenance suddenly changing.

'I cannot very well marry you!'

'And why can't you? I'd like to know what is to hinder your marrying me if you think enough of me.'

'There is one reason in particular.'

'What is it?'

'I'm engaged to another.'

Joe turned pale.

'Sparks!' he cried; 'tell me—tell me, is it Sparks!'

'Well—and if it is?'

'I knew it! Blast him, I knew what he was after.'

'I don't know as Mr. Sparks has acted in any way as he should not,' remarked the young lady, warmly.

'He's a cheating villain!' replied Joe, indignantly.

'You don't know him; he's nothing of the kind!'

'It's you that don't know; but you will before long. I've been deceived, and I ain't afraid to say so! it's the money that he pretends to have that's lost me a wife; but when you want to touch it, just as like as not you wont be able.'

He rushed from the house as he uttered these words, and hurried homeward. He found his mother still up, and was eagerly interrogated by her as to the luck he had met with. He told her all, and little condolence was she enabled to offer him in return.

For two or three days following, Joe Chickweed said very little, but he thought much. One morning, he met his mother with a smiling face, and a sort of triumph in his look. The old lady was somewhat surprised at this sudden change in her son's manner.

'Why, what on earth's the matter now, Joe,' said she; 'hope you ain't going crazy.'

'Not by a long shot,' replied Joe; 'I ain't quite so big a fool as that.'

'Then, what ails you?'

'Oh, I've got it all arranged at last; I've got him now.'

'Who? What?'

'Why, Melinda and that vagabond Reuben Sparks—ha! ha!—I'll surprise *him*.'

'Well, how are you going to do it?'

'Oh, it's all right!" said Joe, laughing slyly, 'I'll do it—darn'd if I don't; I'll fix the sneaking critter.'

'But how—how, Joe? Can't you speak out? What's got in the boy?' cried the old lady, dying with curiosity to know what was his plan.

'Well, I'll tell you all about it,' began Joe, assuming a more sober tone.

'Well, I wish you would.'

'You know the widder has always favored my keeping company with Melinda.'

'Well.'

'And I do believe she's desperate down on that feller Reuben Sparks, coming into her family.'

'Yes.'

'In that case she wouldn't very willingly let her property go into his hands.'

'But according to the will of old Mr. Martin, the property ain't to go out of her hands till she's dead."

'Just so, and now I'm come to the point, it's just right there I'm going to floor Reuben Sparks."

'Well, let me hear.'

'The widder Martin herself ain't a bad looking woman!" Joe remarked, in a sort of mysterious tone of voice, glancing up suddenly into his mother's face.

'No. But what's that got to do with the matter?' replied the old lady impatiently.

'And she ain't very old, neither,' continued he with the same air.

'Why, she can't be more than forty.'

'So I think, and she has a good chance of living forty more.'

'Well, and what of it?'

"Just this," said Joe, leaning over to reach his mother's ear—*I'll marry the widder!*"

Mrs. Chickweed, expecting, as she was, something startling, wasn't prepared for this. She uttered an exclamation of unbounded surprise, started upward from her seat, then sank back and fixed her eyes with a vacant stare upon her son's face.

'Well,' said Joe, 'I hope you don't say anything that's agin it.'

'No—No!' stammered his mother, recovering somewhat from the shock she received; 'but are you really in earnest, Joe, will you marry the widder?'

'To be sure I will, and that's not the whole of it. I'm going up to see her this very day. I'll marry her if she'll have me, and be revenged on Melinda for cutting me as she has for that blasted Sparks. I'll teach 'em what's what!'

Joe was as good as his word. He sought the widow and made his proposal. She was more astonished than she knew how to express, but she was more gratified than she was astonished. Fresh and fair as she was, considering her years, she had not given up the idea of winning another husband; but it had never entered her head that she could possibly secure so young and estimable a prize as Joe Chickweed.

Joe made it a special proviso in his proposal that they should be married privately the day before the marriage of Sparks with the widow's daughter, and that it should be kept a secret till the wedding had taken place. To this the widow readily agreed, although it was a hard task sometimes for her to restrain the enjoyment she experienced, and prevent the secret being discovered.

The evening before the nuptials of Sparks and Melinda at length arrived, and all preparations for the ceremony on the ensuing day were completed. When darkness had fairly set in, while Melinda was so occupied with the company and conversation of her soon-to-be husband as to be completely oblivious to all else, Mrs. Martin cautiously left the house, and meeting Joe near at hand, she hastened with him to the residence of the Chickweeds The minister, who had been duly admonished to secrecy, was in attendance, and in less than half an hour thereafter Joe was a married man, and the no longer widow was on her way back home; parting with Joe with a single but very enormous kiss, with which he was content to satisfy himself, considering what was to follow, from so doing, on the morrow.

The wedding passed off the next day to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The affair took place at the residence of the bride, and at the hour of noon all the guests, with the exception of Joe Chickweed, who had been formally invited, had departed. Why he remained so long it puzzled the newly-married pair to surmise, as they had not supposed he would be present at all. Joe took it very easily, however, and seemed quite embarrassed by the occasional banterings of the happy Sparks.

"I 'spose," said Joe, addressing himself to the newly-made husband, as they were all assembled in the parlor together—"I 'spose you'll take up your residence in the village right away—buy you a nice house and live comfortably?"

'Oh, no,' replied Mr. Sparks, 'don't know as I shall.'

'What! Well now, I calc'late you don't have any idea of settling on a farm? You ain't used to that kind of work you know.'

'Don't know but I may,' said Sparks, assuming a careless air and tone; 'coming on hot weather, you know, and living in town is a bore in summer. Yes I think I shall try country life for a while; I ain't in the best of health, and a farm life may improve me.'

'Well,' responded Joe deliberately, 'can't say that I'm sorry you're going to stay with us. I think myself that it would be to your benefit to work on a farm for a while, and we'll try to make it comfortable as possible for you.'

Mr. Sparks looked at him; then they looked at each other and laughed.

'No doubt,' remarked Mr. Sparks, 'you'll make a very agreeable neighbor; very agreeable indeed.'

'Oh, we'll be nearer than neighbors, a good sight—of course we will,' said Joe, glancing with a look of intelligence toward the former widow.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Sparks looked at one another, but this time they did'nt laugh.

'What do you mean?' they asked simultaneously.

'O, excuse me; I forgot that you didn't know what had had transpired. The fact is, the widow here and myself, taking a mutual liking to each other, were married last night. We should have invited you to the wedding, but we knew you were so engaged.'

'What! married?' cried Mr. Sparks, springing to his feet, while a look of horror overspread his features. His wife sat, pale as a ghost, utterly unable to speak a word.

'Certainly married,' said Joe coolly.

'Is this so?' he inquired, turning to the late widow.

'You may rely upon all he says.

'Then I have been swindled—imposed upon—deceived! And you knew of this also, and led me on,' he continued in a violent tone, addressing his wife. 'You worked to get me, while this infernal cheat gets the property.'

'No—it's not so,' exclaimed Melinda, bursting into tears; 'I knew nothing of it. And I thought you married me for myself, and not for money; you pretended to have enough of that yourself.'

Reuben Sparks smiled a sickly and scornful smile.

'It's even as I thought; his money's so deep in the bank that he'll never be able to dig it out,' remarked Joe.

'You scheming rascal!' gasped Sparks, looking as if it would be the height of pleasure to eat him entirely up, body, and bones.

'Oh, fire away! it don't hurt any, and I've got a long lease of the far—'

'You scoundrel!'

'And the horses and the steers.'

'Oh! you miserable cheat!'

'And the fixins generally.'

'Fool!'

'And moreover,' continued Joe, assuming a more sober and sterner tone, and grasping Sparks by the collar as he spoke, 'among other things I've got a word or two of advice to you. You married Melinda in the expectation of stepping into a snug property, palming yourself off as a man of means to accomplish your end. You are the real schemer, but a part of your scheme has failed. Take my advice and it will be well with you; use your wife as you know you should; go to work like a man, and strive to be an honest one. And finally, don't let me hear you make use of any more such expressions as you just now bestowed upon me, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life! Remember,' added Joe, giving him a shake as a terrier would a rat, 'you're my son now, 'cording to law, and you must have a slight show of respect for your father!'

Reuben Sparks seemed to come at once to his senses, and after a little reflection, concluded that the advice he had received was, upon the whole, the best he could act upon, and for many a year thereafter, Joe Chickweed looked upon him as a most valuable assistant.

The hero of the following story is Green, the diver, and the object of his efforts the steamer Atlantic, lost on Lake Erie:

"Not many months since a vessel was lost in water, whose depth at the place of foundering was 174 feet. There was a portion of the cargo so valuable that it became advisable to use every means possible to recover it. It was scarcely possible to do anything. It was far beyond all ordinary means of human action; it might be reached, thought it would be a bold attempt, by the diver. He was sought and found, and a recompense which on land would be a princely one, was guaranteed to him. Men will do more than does become a man for rich reward. To feed him with air a powerful pump, worked by six men was brought, and a hose doubly strengthened was made. All the appliances that the most liberal management could suggest were ready for his aid. He was surrounded by intelligence and courage and humanity. He dared the deep waters, once, twice, seven times. The men at the brake of the pump wrought with the might of earnest strength. They fed the vital current of the bold diver, and he had the courage to trust them. Their work was breath. When he came up he told the gentleman that superintended the trial, that the air at that depth, as the machine forced it to him, crackled and hissed like the frying of hot fat! and that every movement of the pump fell on his breast like the blow of a crowbar. "You go down no more for me," said the kind hearted gentleman who stood by him as he came on deck. In the intensity of all his experience, this too daring man besought for the opportunity of another trial. The gentleman refused, but the diver insisted on going for himself. He went, and returned a paralyzed man; just holding life, he crawls along. The claret bottle at his girdle, corked tightly and empty, was filled when he came back, though the cork was not disturbed. The water had forced itself beyond the power of cork or glass."

THE LIGHTNING ROD QUESTION.—Cases of lightning striking houses furnished with rods are quite numerous this season. Hammond Whiting's residence in Sandisfield, Berkshire Co., was thus visited, on the 22d. The fluid followed the lightning rod from its point on the chimney, to a connecting nut within two or three feet of the ground, bursting and throwing off this nut and disconnecting the rod; it struck the ground, throwing up the earth and rubbish with so much force as to break and scatter the the glass of a window, making a considerable excavation. It then entered the house through the covering over the sill, making a considerable opening, ripping up flooring and carpeting, pursuing its zig-zag course through the whole length of the house and very near the different members of the family, who were in bed, without injury to any one; leaving the house by another opening at the door, throwing up dirt from beneath the step; a strong sulphorous odor impregnated everything in the house In this case, the connection with the building and the ground were apparently imperfect. Had the rod gone down deep into the moist earth, its office in this case would doubtless have been fully discharged, and the lightning too.

NEW YORK SOCIETY.—The N. Y. Evening Post makes the following statement;

"It is a notorious fact that, in N. York, for instance, a man of wealth, or of captivating manners and accomplishments, whose moral character is known to be thoroughly bad, may so long as he is not publicly exposed by the press, or by the courts of law, find his circulation in some circles of what is called the best society, rather improved than hindered by the report of his transgressions. He may be a libertine, a thief, and a habitual liar; he may violate every command in the decalogue; but if he be recognized by a few leaders of 'the fashionable world,' (who may have special and private reasons for their conduct) he is sure among their obsequious devotees, of receiving a welcome."

One day last week, as Moses Nichols was fishing out on the Sound, he was much surprised to observe a wood chuck swimming towards his boat, and apparently begging to be taken on board, whereupon Mr. Nichols seized him by the nape of the neck and placed him in the bottom of the boat. The danger of drowning had overcome the animal's fear of man, and he was as docile as a kitten.—*Stamford Advocate.*

"How shall I cut this mutton—saddlewise or not?" said a gentleman at whose house Mr. Hook was dining.

"I think you had better cut it *bridlewise*," replied Mr. Hook, "because there might be a chance of our having a *bit between our teeth*."

Hygiene of Laughing.

Cheerfulness is the elixir of life. A real hearty laugh is more potential for health and virtue than all the potions of pillage and the creeds of puritanic pulpits.

The homily of the parson is regarded as his stock in trade, and the nauseous drench and poisonous pill, muster all the vital organism to resist them; but a genuine spontaneous laugh stirs the blood to true physiological action, shakes out the wrinkles out of the soul, chagrins disease,—and if continued habitually, it empties the whole body of the seeds of disease, and thus shutting the door in the very face of Esculapius, and saying to his prescription:—"When I have a more convenient season I will call for thee."

Are you sick? Almost dead? Well, do you expect health will come to you, and take possession of your torpid system as you sit communing with your blue spirits? It always hides from evil spirits; therefore drives off the blues.

Cultivate hopefulness in your soul. Look on the pleasant side of questions. "Fear not, only believe." How plain and simple! Look on Nature's works—how she laughs in the fulness of joy! But when the sun, day after day, hides his head behind gloomy clouds, how all things change!—Mildew blossoms on the fruits of the earth, rust corrodes the harvest, poison infests the animals, decay creeps over all. Again the sun shines;—earth becomes bright, and health prevails.

Year after year Nature writes her lesson—will you not learn it? Behold the lilies of the field; go out into the sunshine; aye, face the west wind, laughing at its antics, and become vigorous. Away with melancholy—laugh! Laugh at something, anything; nothing; but laugh!

Tell a funny story; invent an innocent game for the children; do anything harmless to promote laughter. Put a pleasant joke on your associate, and allow him to return a similar one; but in any case, get up a laugh.

Laughter is a panacea for ills, bodily and mental. How it dissipates gloom—lightens care, and drives pain off in a tangent.—Try it—laugh!—*Life Illustrated.*

Beecher on the Wire.

At a celebration at Fishkill, N. Y., in honor of the laying of the Atlantic cable, Mr. Beecher made a speech, and from his "live thoughts" on that occasion we cut the following:

I cannot help thinking that while they will make some allusion to the progress of human mind, there is a poetical thought that I will disclose. I have thought all the way down to-night, how strange it will seem to have that cord lying at the bottom of the sea, perfectly undisturbed by the howling of storms and the thunder of navies—far down beyond the anchor's reach—to see that highway, and know that there will be earthquakes that will shake the world; but the cord will be undisturbed. Markets will come up, and fortunes will be made, and down in the bottom of the sea the silent wire will carry the news to us. Fortunes will go down, and the silent road will bear the message; and thus, without voice to speak, it will communicate thunders and earthquakes. But all these things will go through the sea, and by a silent travel, though quicker than thought they will come and then flash out on the other side again with fresh excitement. To me the functions of that wire seem sublime.

Fellow-citizens, mark the advantages which are to be derived from the connection of the continents by this wire. To me the pre-eminent advantage seems to be this—it is bringing nations nearer together.—We augur the best of results from this.—It is the separation of nations, as of individuals, that works mischief. The silent man is usually a man full of predjudices—full of misconceptions; bringing men together we not only rub down the rough corners, but we also take down the wrong impressions. Men that were supposed to wear satanic garments and cloven hoofs are, after all, found to be very little different from other people. Bringing people together is the way to disperse worlds of unkind feeling. The more intercourse nations have with each other, the greater is the tendency to stir the world into habits of good will. Bringing the nations of the earth, thus as they are, together, will contribute to hasten the day of universal brotherhood.

But mark one thing; while this wire will work in the first instance work towards monopoly, in the second and main instance it will work towards diffusion and the common weal; for though merchants and politicians will in the first instance be the users, yet in the main the people will be the ones that will reap the benefits. If it were possible for knowledge to be confined to a few—if it were possible for monopolists to lock up the end of this wire, it might be disastrous to the people and to governments; but now it has a tendency to make knowledge co-extensive with the globe, for what is known in London in the morning will be known here before the morning. What is spoken at 12 in London will be known to us at 8 according to our time, and the enterprises of all the commercial centers, and political capitals of the world will be known to us in less than an hour's time, and when revolution shall move the old kingdom, when these throes begin to be felt, in one hour we shall feel the apprehensions and torments. It is no longer in its own bosom that France can keep her secrets. It is no longer in the old British isles that their knowledge can be confined—it is flashed over the world. The globe will have but one ear and that ear will be everywhere.

FEEDING CORN IN THE EAR.—A farmer who had employed a green Emeralder, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear. On his coming in the farmer asked:

"Well, Pat, did you give the corn?"

"To be sure I did."

"How did you give it?"

"An' sure, just as you tould me, in the ear."

"But how much did you give?"

"Well, you see, the crathur wouldn't howld still, and kept wagging his ears about so, that I couldn't get only a [illegible] in both ears!"