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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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The Old Canoe.

The following lines, which are taken from the Arkansas State Gazette, are full of genuine poetry:

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through;
Lays at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the moldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower;
While many a blossom of liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O! many a time with a careless hand
I have pulled away from the pebly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces of the boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with the sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their wild spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved, or the green grass grew
O'er the moldering stern of the old canoe.

(From the New York Waverley.)

THE TRAP AND ITS VICTIM.

BY GEO. W MORRISON.

Admiration and love are so nearly related that they are many, aye too many times, taken one for the other, thus occasioning a bad, distasteful and unhappy feeling between sweet-heart and lover, man and wife—more particularly between the two latter. While the first named, (admiration) is only the warm, enthusiastic and sudden gushing of the several feelings, at something which pleases the different senses—the sight and hearing—leaving no impression; the other, (love) leaves an impression—a feeling, that time cannot, will not efface or obliterate.

How often, how very often, do we see a newly married couple—blessed with health, wealth, and every physical want supplied, living, as it were, in a continual storm—always in a state of fretful unhappiness and discontent, and this too, almost before the "honeymoon" has waned and set. The newly made bride wonders at it, and seeks, perhaps, to ferret out the cause; her, now "liege lord," with equal wonder, is lost in painful doubts, and in vain seeks the remedy for the unpleasant state of affairs.—Some lay the fault to their not being qualified by nature, for the relation of man and wife; some to one thing, and some to another. We think, and we have many facts to sustain us, that the cause can generally be traced to a more simple fact.

One, and, many times, both, have taken the solemn oaths and responsibilities of the "sacred relation," not because of mutual love, but merely admiration—mutual, perhaps, it may be, for the other's beauty, accomplishments, and too often, money.

This we believe to be the general cause: of course may be, and are, other causes.—As a very common proof of the truth of our position, we would refer to the many unions which have, and are continually taking place, between young boys and younger girls, between whom, it is hardly possible for anything stronger than admiration to exist.

It is time something was done to check this marrying merely because of an intense admiration. There can be no legal measures adopted, to check the evil—it rests entirely with ourselves. We need only to *study ourselves more* and *others less*, to apply a remedy both strong, all-powerful and efficient.

But a truce to this moralizing.

"Are you a going out again, this evening, Henry?"

"Yes, why not?"

"You have been away from home nearly every evening, you know, since we have been married, and if you will remain at home this evening, I—I——" and the speaker, a beautiful blue-eyed girl-wife, we should say, covered her face with her handkerchief as the pearly tears began to course down her cheeks.

"There, don't make a fool of yourself, Mary," and without paying any more attention to the young wife's tears and entreaties, he, Henry Jones, turned upon his heel, lighted a cigar, and after again admonishing her not to make a fool of herself, proceeded from the house.

The young wife, Mary Jones, as soon as the outside door had closed upon the man, who had so recently promised to love, protect and cherish her, burst into a paroxysm of tears.

With the reader's kind permission, we would go back a short time, so as to have the position of those parties more fully understood.

Mary Gray, the young wife's maiden name, was the only daughter of a poor, but respectable widow lady, in the thriving little country village of Bungtown. She, (Mary) had, by her own exertions, provided for the comfort and maintenance of her widowed mother, by taking in work from various clothing stores at a neighboring village. It was thus she was engaged, when she attracted the attention of Henry Jones, a young lawyer, the only son of a rich, kind-hearted old merchant of Boston, who, with his family chanced to visit the village of Bungtown, the summer previous to the time our sketch opens. Henry Jones was an extremely handsome, good-hearted and talented young man. Mary Grey was a laughing, merry, blue-eyed beauty, and having by chance, been thrown together, they mutually, and very naturally, became enamored of each other.

This occurred in August, and before Henry returned to his home in Boston, he popped the momentous question. Early in November, he again returned to Bungtown, and led the blushing Mary to the matrimonial altar.

At the opening of this sketch, they had been married only some four weeks, and yet this cold, uncomfortable feeling, had already, seriously threatened the happiness of both. Henry Jones was not really unkind, but having married merely for an intense admiration of Mary's beauty, he became weary of her charms, and sought a change and excitement elsewhere.

Rising from the sofa upon which she reclined, she dried her swollen eyes, and taking the family Bible, she endeavored to read. It was a task though, that she found impossible, and so, replacing the "Good Book," she again resumed her position upon the sofa, and again gave way to tears for her unpleasant situation. Gradually, her mind became confused—she became unconscious, and, at last, she relapsed into a deep, uneasy slumber.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Mary! Mary!"

She opened her eyes and gazed upon the speaker—her husband—who had returned and found her in a deep uneasy sleep, on the sofa. Her face was fiery red, and her hands and arms warm and heated. She endeavored to rise from her couch, but her strength failed her, and she again relapsed into a state of insensibility.

He rung for one of the servants, and as a stout Irish girl made her appearance, he motioned for her to assist him in removing her mistress to a more comfortable place.—After he had seen her safely in her room, he proceeded for the Doctor, who in a very short time returned with him.

The physician—a young man, and a former college-mate of Henry's, examined his fair patient carefully.

"She is in a high fever, sir, and the greatest care will have to be taken or she will not recover," so the young physician spoke, when he had concluded his examination. After giving directions to Henry how to proceed, he retired.

The next week came, and the next and the next, but still the unfortunate young wife was confined to her bed, with a most severe attack of brain fever. For a long time, they despaired of her life, so low was she cast, and it was only owing to the careful attention of the young physician, that she finally, on the fourth week of her sickness, was enabled to be taken from her bed and moved about the room. It was some time after this, before she regained her strength sufficiently to venture in the open air.

Henry, during the illness of his wife, was unremitting in his efforts to alleviate her sufferings, and to make her condition as comfortable as possible, but as she recovered her health, he again relapsed into the same condition as before.

In the due course of time, Mary was restored, seemingly, to her usual health and beauty. The young physician—Philip Barton—was a favored visitor at the house of Mr and Mrs. Jones, and often, very often, did he avail himself of the privileges. Indeed, so frequent were his visits, and at such times, that the neighbors began to pass remarks upon it. Henry didn't notice the remarks of his neighbors, for he knew his friend to be a man of honor, and so he was contented to let matters go on in their own good way.

Not so with his wife. She heard the many exaggerated stories of her neighbors, with pain and regret, and determined to effectually still them, by removing the cause.

So when, a few days after she had taken this resolution, Dr. Philip Barton was announced by her servant, she determined to inform him of the talk that was made, and trust to his honor as a gentleman, for an effectual remedy. She proceeded to the parlor, where the young physician was seated.

"Good afternoon, Mary," said Dr. Barton, as she entered.

She answered his salutation, and they sat for some time conversing upon different subjects, until at last, a silence of some minutes ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Jones, who proceeded in as delicate a manner as possible, to inform him of the reports that had been circulated by her neighbors.

The young physician blushed deeply, hoped he had her pardon for intruding, and suddenly recollecting an urgent engagement, wished her a "good afternoon," and took his leave.

Day after day passed, but Dr. Barton did not again call upon Mrs. Jones.

Henry Jones continued as he had begun, working night and day for the benefit of himself, and to secure a few empty honors; gave his wife everything she wanted, except love and was considered by his acquaintances, generally, a model husband, a very talented young man, a good fellow, and a merry chum.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been married two years. Honors, thick and heavey have been heaped,—we had almost said tumbled,—upon the devoted head of Henry Jones, and he was now a member of the Congress of these United States, representing his native State.

He is proud of his position, and with his beautiful wife, attracts no little attention in the gay metropolis.

As honors have accumulated around him, he has become more and more absorbed and interested in looking after all matters pertaining to his own comfort, and ease; and though he takes particular pains to display his beautiful wife in society, yet he is reserved almost to coldness, when at home and alone with her.

This conduct, at first pained and grieved the gentle Mary; but as time and habit will accustom a persen to almost anything, so this treatment calloused her heart, and withered her finest sensibilities, until now she is scarcely the same being she was when Henry Jones led her, blushing, warm-hearted maiden, to the altar.

Congress is in session, and every place set apart for visitors in the Representative Hall in the Capitol, are thronged—absolutely packed with human beings, both ladies and gentlemen.

The Hon. Henry Jones is about to address the assembly.

The House is called to order, the usual opening exercises are gone through with, and the Speaker announced that the Hon. Henry Jones had the floor.

All is quiet and still, now; even the dropping of a pin upon the floor, might be heard in any part of the Hall.

Deliberately and coolly Mr. Jones arises, and, in a clear, musical voice, proceeds to address the assembled wisdom. As he warms with his subject, his voice grows deeper—his words sound sweeter—his thoughts seem noble, and when, at last he closes with a patrtotic appeal to his honorable brethren, to be true to themselves, and firm in the cause of right and liberty, and then as calmly resumes his seat, the walls of the Hall fairly shook with the applause of the delightful audience.

Soon after the conclusion of Mr. Jones's speech the House adjourned.

After the adjournment, as Mr. Jones was making his way, with some difficulty, through the crowds of members and outsiders, who thronged about him to offer their congratulations, even to the portals of the Capitol, and was proceeding down the steps, he felt a light touch upon the shoulder, and looking back saw a well-dressed, fine-looking young gentleman, who said—

"Hon. Henry Jones, I believe."

"At your service, sir," returned Mr. Jones, in reply.

"I heard your speech—I congratulate you—Henry."

"What! Dr. Barton! I am happy to see you. Shall we have the pleasure of your company at dinner?—nay, a refusal is out of order," said Henry, as he noticed his friend hesitated, and was about to make some excuse.

Without further conversation, the two gentlemen, arm in arm, turned down the steps, towards Mr Jones's residence, which they reached after a few minutes walk.

'Dr. Barton, an old friend of ours, Mary,' said her husband, as Mrs. Jones entered the parlor.

Mary greeted him cordially—almost warmly.

The conversation turned upon the past, and was briskly kept up until dinner was announced.

This was the first interview in Washington, between the young physician and his former patient. Others followed, and in a short time Mr. Barton was as regular a visitor at the residence of Mr. Jones, as he had ever been while in Boston.

Henry was occupied a considerable portion of the time in attending to the wishes of his constituents, and to the other manifold duties belonging to his responsible position: and so the young physician, by Henry's invitation, often escorted Mary to parties, balls, and many other places.

It was not surprising, but rather to be expected, that Mary should, not only be much pleased with the young physician's society, but that she should long for his coming, when so much neglected by her husband.

Henry's mind was so much absorbed with other matters, that he did not observe this growing fondess upon the part of his wife, for their friend, the young physician; and intent on accomplishing his own purposes, did not once think of the danger to which she was exposed.

Late one evening, some considerable time after the first meeting with his friend, Dr. Barton, in the great metropolis, he returned home, after an evening session of Congress, perplexed, fatigued, and somewhat out of humor. He proceeded to the parlor, and finding no one, rang the bell, which was soon answered by an Irish servant-girl, of whom he inquired for his wife.

"An' sure, yer honor," said the girl, "I don't be after knowing where she is; but here's the letter she left for ye, when she went out this afternoon—just afore dark, yer honor,"—and the girl handed him a letter.

He hastily broke the seal, and read as follows—

"HENRY—My once loved husband:—Before this will be read by you, I shall be far away from this roof, and under the protection of one who can return my love, and will in truth, be to me a husband. I need not explain. You, yourself, set the trap: and if it has sprung, and caught its victim, who is to blame? Farewell. MARY."

Henry recalled the girl, and questioned her in regard to his wife's going out; but could learn nothing.

His feelings were aroused—not alone at the loss of his wife, but because of his fear of public opinion. Although he did not truly love her, yet his admiration of her charms was so intense that he really did experience a feeling of great sorrow as he thought of the past.

He made a thorough search, and instituted every inquiry he possibly could without attracting public attention, without success: and he was, at length, reluctantly compelled to give up all hopes of learning anything of her, or of ever restoring her to her home.

He obtained but one clue—Dr. Philip Barton had left the city at about the same time that his wife was missed; and without doubt, they left together.

Henry Jones is still living, though no longer a member of Congress. He has not, to this day heard from his wife.

We need say little more. The moral is too obvious to need explaining Kind sir, beware of these traps, and if you, unfortunately leave one set, and a victim is caught, blame not her—but yourself.

Sunday Reading.

GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

The eye that see's the sparrow's fall—
The ear that hears the raven's call—
The voice that bids the sun to rise—
The hand that arch'd the sunny skies—
That eye is present every where,
Regards contrition's every tear,
And pities every rising fear.
That ear is evermore attent,
To humble souls in worship bent,
It hears the cries of those who plead
For Heaven's assistance in their need.
That voice pronounces words of peace,
And bids despairing sorrow cease;
Awakens hopes of joys above,
Secured by Heaven's unchanging love.
That hand defends from every snare,
And makes each trusting soul its care;
Pours radiance o'er the darksome tomb,
And leads the dying christian home.
That eye, that ear, that voice, that hand,
The powers of hell can ne'er withstand;
And ALL are pledged my soul to keep,
By day, by night, awake, asleep:—
In every place, at home, abroad,
Always and everywhere, my God,
For Jesus' sake my Friend shall be,
And shed the beams of love on me.

The Family that Jesus Loved.

The household consisted of a brother and two sisters. They seem to be all unmarried, living without servants, and sharing in common their cares, toils, and worldly estate. This may be the remnant of a once numerous but smitten household, swept out from the great stream of life into an eddy where, with afflictions sanctified they enjoy a peaceful and humble abode. Amiable, lovely, and pious they must have been, for to their dwelling the Saviour was wont to resort for social intercourse and rest from his exhausting labors of love. Upon this lowly family he bestowed the highest encomium known on earth: "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister and Lazarus." *The Family that Jesus Loved!* What greater dignity and blessedness? What higher testimony to the excellence of character?

But nothing human is perfect. Once when Christ was present there occurred one of those many incidents which may disturb the peace of the family. Martha shows her regard for the divine Guest by the best entertainment she can provide.—Mary manifests her reverence and love by sitting at the feet of Jesus, hearing his words. She may seem to neglect a lesser in the fulfilment of a higher duty, but in this she was commended by her Lord.—Martha was needlessly anxious about the entertainment. She "was cumbered about much serving," betraying in this undue regard to minor things. She needed the aid of Mary, but instead of signifying this in a proper manner, or leaving her sister to enjoy the spiritual feast, weary and anxious about the repast, she interrupted the discourse of Christ by saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me." Had the guest been merely human, he might have severely rebuked Martha. The gentle Mary too would have been grieved: and it might have cost many tears to restore domestic harmony. But the Guest of Martha is perfect in wisdom and gentleness—"never man spake like this man:" "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Sublime and perfect example of reproof. So disproportioned to the offence, so gentle, so just, so indirectly exculpating and commending Mary Martha is subdued to self-abasement and penitent sorrow. Mary weeps in silence. The word which winds and waves obey has hushed every unhallowed emotion—all is peace and love. We cannot efface the impression made by Martha's inconsiderate words, yet we love and respect her character as presented by the unerring pen of inspiration; while Mary, as seen in these glimpses of domestic life and elsewhere, holds the warmest place in our affections.

The incidents related are suggestive in their bearing upon domestic happiness.—There is a significance in the work *home* which pertains to few words in human language. It is the endearing term by which we describe the blessedness of heaven.—The family institution, gathering the millions of mankind into separate homes, is more important than any other except the church; and of this the family is often the nursery. "God setteth the solitary in families." Psa. 68: 6. And solitary would all be if this institution were abolished.—The family is the home of the gentle affections and sympathies; the centre and refiner of social intercourse. Here infancy is nourished, childhood instructed, character is formed, and woman finds her sphere of inestimable importance. In the privacy of home we relax our cares, relate our trials and success, and find a freedom elsewhere unknown. The richest joys of earth pertain to the family estate, and discord here is most destructive in its effects. Banished from this second Eden, the world is to us a wilderness. Many cases of reckless dissipation and of suicide may be traced to the deprivation of home, or family wretchedness unrevealed. Every effort and every reasonable sacrifice should be made to preserve domestic harmony. This requires mutual love and gentleness, and a faithful discharge of mutual obligations. In so intimate a relation, and with interests so inseparable,

A heart requires a heart, nor is content
With less than what it gives.

The error of Martha suggests the impropriety of refering to domestic disagreements in the presence of guests. They come to spend an hour of pleasant intercourse, and should not be disturbed by topics painful to hear, and of which they cannot properly be either auditors or umpires. We refer again to the example of Christ: one of the company said unto him, "Master, speak unto my brother that he divide the inheritance with me. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" Luke 12: 13, 14. The Saviour only admonished the petitioner and the people to beware of covetousness.—This example teaches us that family difficulties should be settled in the family, or borne in silent sorrow till God shall grant relief.

Eminent piety is the only sure bond of domestic peace. The dissimilar elements and traits of character existing in every household require the "charity which is the bond of perfectness" to secure unity of counsel and concert in action. The sum of domestic bliss is found in the family that Jesus loves. If through the frailties and trials incident to the present life discord arise, it is an exception to "the law of the house," and must soon be banished by the power of gentleness and love; and greater will be the joy of returning harmony. But above all, Jesus is present as a Guest in every family that he loves. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears open unto their cry. In calamity he is "a very present help." Blessed is the appeal, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick."

But where is now the little family of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus? They entertained the Saviour on earth in their lowly dwelling, and he has taken them to the mansions in his Father's house, and established them for ever a family in heaven.

Agricultural.

The Points of a good Hog.

A writer in an English paper gives the following as the points of a good hog:

1. Sufficient depth of carcass, and such an elongation of the body as will insure a sufficient lateral expansion. Let the loin and chest be broad. The breadth of the latter denotes good room for play of the lungs and a consequent free and healthy circulation, essential to the thriving or fattening of any animal. The bone should be small and the joints fine, nothing is more indicative of high breeding than this; and the legs should be no longer than when fully fat, would just prevent the animal's body from trailing on the ground. The leg is the least profitable portion of the hog, and we require no more of it than is absolutely necessary for the rest.

2. See that the feet be firm and sound; that the toes lie well together, and press straitly upon the ground, as also that the claws are even, upright and healthy. Many say that the form of the head is of little or no consequence, and that a good hog may have an ugly head; but I regard the head of all animals as one of the very principal points in which pure or impure breeding will be most obviously indicated. A high bred animal will invariably be found to arrive more speedily at maturity, to turn out more profitably than one of unquestionable or impure stock; and such being the case, I consider that the head of the hog is by no means a point to be overlooked by the purchaser. The description of head most likely to promise; or rather to be concomitant of high breeding, is not one carrying heavy bone, not to flat on the forehead, or possessing too long a snout; the snout should be short, and the forehead rather convex, curving upward; and the year should be, while pendulous, inclining somewhat forward, and, at the same time, light and thin. Nor should the buyer pass even the carriage of a pig. If this be dull, heavy and dejected reject him on suspicion of ill health, if not of some concealed disorder actually existing, or just about to break forth and there cannot be a more unfortunate symptom than a hang-down, slouching head. Of course a fat hog for slaugter, or a sow heavy with young, has not much sprightliness of deportment.

Training Draft Animals.

This cannot be commenced too early—at first by acts of kindness, by which they become tractable and confident, and all feeling of fear is dispelled.

Colts and steers should be halter broken and yoked the first winter, and constantly handled, and this practice should never be discontinued. They must not, however, be worked hard while young, for many obvious reasons, but it is important that the training be done thoroughly, in which the art of backing is too much lost sight of. A well trained orderly pair of cattle or horses, will always command nearly double the price of ordinary animals.

BEST AGE OF MARES FOR BREEDING.—In reply to the question, "at what age ought mares to breed to make it best for them and colt and to produce the best possible horses in the long run?" a correspondent of the Genesee Farmer states that "the most solid horses are from parents past ten years old at the time of copulation." It is quoted as the opinion of Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Va., an "old Napoleon of the turf," that if raising a mare for breeding purposes only, one should commence at two years old, if she were well grown, not for the value of her first colt, but for the extension of her breeding properties and enlarging her nursing capacities.

INSECTS ON STOCK.—Well kept stock, housed in clean, well littered, white-washed stables, are rarely, unless they take them from other cattle, troubled with vermin—but pulverised copperas and sulphur, in the proportion of one teaspoonful of copperas and two of sulphur, with a little salt—mixed in half a bushel of meal, given twice a week for three weeks, to 100 head of cattle or hogs, is said to be a complete remedy.

COOKING THE SWEET POTATO.—In a late no., I noticed an article on the culture of sweet potatoes. Now I will tell you two or three ways of preparing them for the table, besides baking, steaming, &c.

1. *Potato Pudding.*—Wash the potatoes, peal and grate them, (using a large coarse grater,) then take of the grated potato, eggs, butter, either sugar or molasses, (the latter is best) and milk sufficient for a batter—bake in a deep dish without crust—stir two or three times whilst cooking, and then bake brown. Flavor as desired.

2. *Potato Custard.*—Boil the potatoes, skin and mash them—then with the mashed potatoes; butter, eggs, sugar and milk, make a batter and bake with one crust in a shallow dish. Flavor as desired.

3. *Potato Pie.*—Peal the potatoes, slice—take sugar and water sufficient to make a syrup to cover the potatoes, add a little butter and some spices, and cook until the slices are softened—then make into pies with two crusts

4. *Fried Potatoes.*—Peal them, slice and sprinkle with a little fine salt, then fry till moderately brown, in butter or lard—if in butter, no salt is needed.

We depend very much upon sweet potatoes for fattening pork—on our sandy lands. The red and yellow varieties are much planted, but the Spanish is much preferable for table use. This kind is rather dry and insipid when first dug, but upon exposure to the air, becomes very sweet and even syrupy.—*Country Gentleman.*

Humorous.

One of the Sleepers.

Away out in Missouri, they live on the primitive system. People sleep, as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels, there are three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot worn traveller arrived at one of those caravanserais by the road side. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of 'drinks,' he invoked the attention of the landlady with this interrogatory:

'I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?'

'Yes,' answered she, 'I reckon we have.'

'How many beds have you, about this time, that ain't noways engaged?'

'Well, we have one room up stairs with eleven beds in it.'

'That's just right,' said the traveller, 'I'll take that room, and engage all the beds, if you please.'

The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he might occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived, and demanded lodgings for the night.

The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true, there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gentleman.

"We must go there, then—we must have beds there.'

They accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds, and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door—it was locked. They shouted aloud but received no reply. At last, driven to desperation, they decided upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead in the room empty, and all the beds piled upon one another in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on the top. They with some difficulty aroused him, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds.

'Why, look here, strangers,' said he, 'I hain't had no sleep these eleven nights; so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested at once, and make up what I've lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping; I've hired all these beds, and hang me if I don't have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning.'

OUT OF THE SHEEP SCRAPE.—A neighbor of mine was fairly of otherwise, accused of stealing a sheep, and the day was set when he was to answer the charge before a court of justice. But, as it happened, before the day of trial, he sickened and died. His old mother was overwhelmed with grief, and sat long by the corpse, filling the house with wailing and lamentations. At last a thought seemed to strike her; brightening up, and throwing up her hands, she piteously ejaculated:

"Well, thank God, he'll be out of the sheep scrape, any how.'

"Good-morning, Pompey," said the lawyer.

'Good-morning, Massa C——"

'What makes you carry your head down so, Pompey? Why don't you walk with your head up like me?'

'Massa C——, you ever bin tro' a field of wheat when he ripe!'

"Yas Pompey.'

'Well, you take notice, some of de head tan up, and some hang down; dem tan up got no grain in 'em.'

WITTY.—Once a boy was asked by the "domine" what part of speech *with* was.

'A noun, sir,' said the boy.

'You young blockhead,' cried the pedagogue, 'what example can you give of such a thing?'

'I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; 'you know there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Samson with *withs*.'

"I don't see as anything is the matter with this plum pudding," said a fellow at a thanksgiving dinner.

'Well, who said there was?' growled out his neighbor.

"Why," said the first, 'I concluded there was, you all seem te be *running it down!*'

'Do you think you are fit to die?' asked a mother of her neglected child. "I don't know," said the little girl, taking hold of her dirty dress with her dirty fingers and inspecting it. 'I guess so, if I ain't too dirty."

BUTTERMILK.—A young lady fresh from boarding school and "very accomplished," on returning to her father's house, was requested by the "old man," to go out and milk one of the cows and on getting into the yard she innocently answered, "*Which animal gives the buttermilk?*"

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