

protruded, and finally exclaimed, loud enough for his beloved brother to hear—

"Bored, sure as guns!"

"Am I?" muttered Kepper. "Ho! there comes Jane! I wonder what she'll say!"

Mrs. Bunker came running to the spot in a terrible state of excitement.

"Dear me!" she gasped, "Joe says Sampson is under the stump!"

"Well," said Bunker. I spose he is."

"S'pose he is!" groaned Samson.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Jane, greatly agitated. "Gracious, how horrid! Can he be got out? How long has he been here?"

"Long enough," whispered Bunker. The old devil must be stone dead. Of course, it's horrid, but then we ought to be thankful that he has made his will."

"Oh, yes, Samson was a cautious man. He was prepared," sighed Jane. "And if he was to be snatched from us, we ought to be thankful that he didn't marry first. Well, well, he was a good boy, if he *did* have his faults!"

"Was I?" growled Samson in the bushes.

"The widow Brooks may go to the devil now," said Bunker, with a grim smile and a long breath.

"Oh! she may, eh?" thought Samson.

"To be sure, that odious match is off my mind," sighed Jane. "Well, it's probably all for the best. He *couldn't* have lived many years, you know."

"Couldn't! We'll see!" muttered Samson.

"And it's some consolation," added Jane, more calmly, to know that, although we have lost Samson, our children are provided for. Oh! here comes Joe with the oxen! My poor, dear brother! Oh, save him, Joseph! He may still be alive!"

"Possible?" whispered Samson, hoarsely.

"Quick, Bunker! help me whip this log chain round the top of the stump!" cried Symes.

"Fudge!" they can't pull it," said Bunker.

"There's no use if they can!" growled Samson, stepping from the bushes. "I don't die so easy!"

"Good Lord, here he is!" cried Symes, dropping the log chain.

"The devil!" muttered Bunker, changing countenance. "Oh, my dear Sampson!" he added, recovering his self possession, "you rejoice my heart. I never thought you were under that stump, but still I—I felt anxious."

"My dear, dear brother!" exclaimed Jane, running to embrace him. "I was afraid you were hurt!"

"And that I wasn't married! hum!" sneered Samson, putting on his vest, surlily.

"My dear brother!" began Bunker deprecatingly, "you have made—"

"My will! I know it!" walking off.

"But where are you going?" asked the anxious Bunker.

"To inform Mrs. Brooks that she has your permission to go to the devil!"

"My dear brother—I meant—"

"You meant to consign her to me! To be sure! You called me an old devil! I am glad, my noble-minded sister, that the odious match is off your mind. But it happens to be on my mind, heavy as you supposed this cursed stump was on my body!"

Jane sobbed on his neck, but Samson pushed her away.

"You consoled yourself with the recollection of my will, when you thought I was dead," he muttered; "and now that I am alive, you are inconsolable. Here, Joe Symes," he cried to the wandering laborer, "here's my hand—I'll remember you. Throw that log chain around Bunker, and shake him into the middle of next July, and you'll do me a service!"

And he strode away, leaving Jane weeping hysterically, Bunker gnawing his nether lip, and Joe Symes laughing so that he could hardly stand.

Samson Kepper never entered his own house again, until the Bankers had moved out of it, which event was of speedy occurrence, and then he did take possession, accompanied by the widow—now Mrs. Kepper, and all the little Brookses.

And now Samson was very happy, for he had but three things to repent—that he had not married Lucretia fifteen years ago, instead of

allowing another to enjoy her freshest bloom; that the years during which he had been feeding the selfishness of others, had not been years of blissful married life; and that all the dear little Brookses were not dear little Keppers.

DRAGGLE-TAILS AND PAY-CKOCKS TAILS.

"I promised, my dear aunt," continued Nelly, "when I left you, to tell you everything I saw! I little knew what a promise that was when I made it! but there's something so mighty queer has happened lately in this great town, that I should like you to come to knowledge of it; it is so different from what's going on in poor old Ireland. I haven't much time for writing this month, so must tell it *out of the fore*, and be done with it. Do you remember the watching we used to have when the war was going on betwixt Miss Mulvany of the big shop, and Mrs. Toney Casey of the red house, about the length of their gowns? All the country cried shame on Miss Mulvany, when the hem of her brand-new-Sunday-silk reached the binding of her shoe, and then they shouted double shame on Mrs. Toney Casey, all the way home from mass, when the next Sunday her dress touched the heel; sure it served us for conversation all the week, and every girl in the place letting down her hems—and happy she, who had a good place in the gathers—and to see the smile and giggle on Mulvany's face! We all knew, when we saw that she'd come out past the common, the next Sunday; and so she did, and a cruel wet Sunday it was, and she in another silk, a full finger on the gown, behind and before, and she too proud to hold it up! and that little villain, Paddy McGann, coming up to her in the civilist way, and asking her if he might carry home her tail for her! And then the row there was between Toney Casey and his wife, the little foolish *craythur*, because he refused her the price of a new gown, which she wanted to break the heart of that other fool, Miss Mulvany, by doubling the length, and how Mrs. Casey would not go to mass, because she couldn't have a longer tail than Miss Mulvany? And sure *you m'nd*, Aunt dear, when all that work was going on, how the fine Priest stood on the altar, and "Girls and boys," he says—it was after mass—"Girls and boys, but especially girls, I had a drama last night, or indeed, to be speaking good English, it was this morning I had it, and I need not tell you, my little darlings," (that was the kind way he had of speaking,) "that morning drama comes true. Well, in my drama I was on the fair green, and there was a fine lot of you, all looking fine and gay like a bank of primroses, and all sailing about like a forest of paycocks, with tails as long as and as draggled as Mr. Mulvany *has got*, and Mrs. Toney Casey *has not got*!" "No fault of hers, plaze your Reverence," said Tony. "Hould yer tongue," Tony, said the Priest, "until you're spoken to and don't be a fool; when a wise man wins a battle, he shouldn't brag of it; and his ill manners you have, to be putting your priest out in the face of his congregation. Where was I?"

"In a forest of paycocks, your Reverence," squeaked little Paddy McGann.

"That's a fine boy, Paddy, to remember what your priest says."

"Your Reverence promised me a penny the last time I held your horse," squeaked Paddy again; upon which there was a great laugh, in which his Reverence joined. It was mighty sharp of Paddy.

"Well, girls," continued his Reverence, "you were all like paycocks, only some had longer tails than others, and very proud you were of them—mighty fine and quite natural; showing them off, girls, not to one another, but at one another. Well, there is, as you all know, no accounting for dramas, for all a sudden who should come on the green, but the Black Gentleman himself! It's downright earnest I am. I saw him as plain as I see you; hoofs and horns, there he was: and when you all saw him, of course you ran away like hares, and those that had short gowns got clean off, tight and tidy; but as for poor Mary Mulvany, and all like her, (in dress I mean) all he had to do, was to put his hoof on the gown tails, and they were done for—pinned for everlasting. Girls, remember the morning drama comes true! If ye

make a vanity of your gown tails, it's a sure sign that the devil has set his foot on them. Now be off, every one of you, and let me see you next Sunday." "Ah, Aunt dear, the tails were cut off to the shoe binding."

AN IRISH BULL.

"Patrick," said a first class Jeremy Diddler, to his brother, "if old Peppergrass comes round for that bill, to-day, tell him I'm gone to Washington city to get a contract—"

"Are yees, now?"

"Never you mind, whether I am or not," says Diddler, "only tell him so, and say I won't be back under a month."

"Yis."

"Don't make a mistake."

"Divil a one I will, shure."

"If Capt. Fuzee comes—"

"Yis."

"Tell him I'll be in, precisely at two, and show him into my library, and tell him to make himself at home until we dine."

"Yis faith I'll do it."

"Don't mix them up, Patrick, you will remember that old Peppergrass and his bill I want to go to—"

"The devil!"

Exactly; while Capt. Fuzee being a rich and liberal friend of ours is to be treated with attention, Patrick!"

"Yis—och, faith, I knows what you'd be after, ye devil you, so I do," said Pat, as Diddler made his exit from home, to avoid a peevish dun, and await the arrival of a volentuous rich friend and victim. But Pat, "true to his instinct," got his message horribly mixed; old Peppergrass was ushered into the library, and told to make himself "aisy till dinner and the docthor arrived," while Captain Fuzee was shocked at being told that the "docthor" had gone to get a contract to wash the city!

"An' he says he wants you to go to the devil yeould blackguard!" says Paddy to the captain. What Mr. Diddler's *free-links* were when he got home, we charitably allow the reader to imagine.

THE DECENCIES OF LIFE.

There are persons in the world, who in order to screen themselves from the charge of extravagance and folly, try to do it under the plea of decency. These persons will commit many acts, which, if they had any true ideas of decency, they would hesitate to perpetrate. We think the following are a few of the practices that come under the cognomen of *not decent*:

It is not decent for a person to make a show above his or her means.

It is not decent for a person to run in debt when he does not intend to pay.

It is not decent for a person to be always talking ill of his neighbors.

It is not decent to ascribe improper motives to every one we may come in contact with.

It is not decent for one to appropriate another's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not decent for young people to show no respect to the aged.

It is not decent to be praising yourself, always.

It is not decent to keep yourself as a show for others to look at.

It is not decent for persons going to places of amusements to incommode others in various ways.

It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness, when you have debts that ought to be paid.

It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.

It is not decent to say one thing and mean another.

It is not decent to cheat your neighbor, because you happen to have a little more knowledge than he is possessed of.

A NEWSPAPER IN A FAMILY.—One of the greatest advantages of a newspaper in a family of children is, the constant stimulus which the facts and statements it contains gives to the acquisition of history, scientific and geographical knowledge. Who then, that is a father, will be so penurious, not to say unnatural, to refuse the tender object of his affection and responsibility such an important aid to their advancement.

A DUTCH CURE.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely ped room, And dries for to shleep very sound, De dreams, oh, how into my het dey vill come, Till I vish I was under de ground.

Sometimes ven I eats one pig supper, I dreams Dat mine chtomac ish fult full of sthones, Und out in my shleep, like ter tivel I schreams, Und kicks off de ped-cloats and croans.

Den dere, ash I lays mit de ped-cloats all off, I kits myself all over froze; In de morning I vake mit de het-ache and koff, Und I'm shick from my het to mine toes.

Oh, vat shall pe tun for a boor man like me— Vat for do I leat such a life?

Some shavs dere's a cure for dis drouble of me, Denks I'll dhry it, ank kit me a—WIFE.

TRYING TO HEAD OFF A LAWYER.

Editors sometimes meet with a good thing; such, for instance, as the following:—

A delinquent subscriber, in Fall River, Mass. has manifested, for some time past a harrowing indifference in regard to the payment of \$1.50 due on his subscription; which balance had accumulated before the inauguration of the present administration. Our clerk, being a very sharp boy, determined to collect the "little balance," by hook or by crook. Sundry bills and preceeding "duns" were despatched, without any satisfactory result. Inquiries were at last made as to who this delinquent "really was," and he turned up a lawyer. "Ah! I have him now," said the clerk: "I will send him his own bill to collect, and see if that won't fetch him." The bill was accordingly sent; and after a few days the following reply was received:

Fall River, Aug. 21, 1852.

To MESSRS. DYER & WILLIS—Gentlemen:—Yours of the 20th inst. is at hand. Enclosed I found a bill of \$1.50, sent to me as an attorney, for collection. I have collected the bill, and, on the payment of three dollars, (our usual fee in such cases,) I will send the amount of the bill to you, by any means you may direct.

J. C. BLAISDELL.

This joke we consider too good to be lost, therefore, though it is against us, we give it to the world. If any of our city friends should wish to employ an attorney at Fall River, they could not do better than to secure the services of Mr. Blaisdell.—*Musical World*.

"My Bob is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has little failings, for there are of none of us perfect—he put the cat on the fire, he flung his grandmother's wig down the cistern, he put his daddy's powder horn in the stove, tied the coffee pot to Jowler's tail, set off squibs in the barn, took my cap bobbin for fishing lines, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eyes, but these are only childish follies."

"ALMOS' DAR NOW."—The following anecdote, illustrative of railroad facility, is very pointed:—

A traveller inquired of a negro the distance to a certain point.

"Dat 'pends on circumstances," replied the darkey. "If you gwine afoot, it'll take you about a day; if you gwine in de stage or de homneybus, you'll make it in half a day; but you git in one ob de smoke waggons, you be almos' dar now!"

Our milesian friends make some sad mistakes now and then. Mrs. Nicely bought a warming pan the other day; when she came home she found Bridget, the servant girl, cooking griddle cakes in it. This is the same young lady who was sent to a dry goods store for bed comforter, and returned with one of the clerks.

A short time since a minister went into the prison at Thomaston, Maine. He endeavored to persuade a young man to confess his crime. The youth was at last moved by the pious and eloquent appeals of the clergyman, the tea trickled down his cheeks, and he informed the preacher of the gospel that he had stolen a saw mill, and on going back after the dam, was caught.

We cut the following advertisement from the Boston Mail:—

"Lost—A hickory gentleman's cane, with the bark on that grew at Mount Vernon, with gold head and a steel ferule upon the end, somewhere between the Post Office and Milliken's