

Miscellany.

THE STOLEN HIDES.—William Savery, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as "one who walketh humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides was stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome drunken neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock; and, when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said—

"I have brought these back, Mr. Savery.—Where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then, perhaps, thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened."

"I will see what can be done for thee." As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned home from the barn, she said—

"Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back toward her, and he did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said, in a choked voice—

"It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am."

But I took to drinking, and then quarrelling.—since I began to go down hill, every body gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever helped me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them any meal—God bless you; and yet I stole the des. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time that I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret remains between ourselves; but you art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. The little by you can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but Hot up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou has need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food did not agree with him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate a drink, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words.

"Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them, but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.—*Child's Paper.*

A CAPITAL JOKE.—The following story of 'Uncle Reuben' is capital:

A committee of the church once waited on Uncle Reuben, on account of a profane expression which heaped his lips, (as it was said) while he was repairing a dam; not the 'wide mill dam' before spoken of, but another. Uncle was silent at their roof, until he perceived that it was a play upon the word 'dam.' He then indignantly denied the accusation of profanity, and said if it had been true, he would have received the reproof in a becoming christian spirit, although he was not a member of church.

As it is, however, said he, 'I advise you to look after those of your own number, over whom you are bound to watch, and who are subject to the discipline.'

The committee replied that they should be glad to prevent any transgressions of their own in any Court of kind.

My Uncle replied—

'I never liked a tale-bearer, nor to gossip; but of this you may be sure, I never heard a man swear as Deacon Thomas did yesterday, when his horse was contrary at Edenton.'

Here he ended the interview, but within a few days Uncle Reuben had a summons to appear before the ecclesiastical court, with his fees duly tendered, to testify against Deacon Thomas. He had been arraigned and plead not guilty. Now the Deacon was a federalist, and the democrats were in great glee at his expected disgrace. The parish was divided by strict party lines, and the whole town caught the excitement.

On the day of the trial a great concourse assembled at the church. Deacon Thomas still denied his guilt; and Uncle Reuben was a man, as was well known, who would not vary a hair's breadth from the truth. The oath was administered, and the question put by the chairman of the council:

'Have you, Mr. P., at any time heard Deacon Thomas make use of any profane expressions?'

The excitement for a moment was intense. At last Uncle Reuben said—

'No!'

Chairman—Did you understand the question, sir? The question is whether or not you have ever heard Deacon Thomas speak profanely?

Uncle Reuben—I never did, sir.

The committee of reference came to the rescue, and asked the witness—

'Did you not tell us that you heard Deacon Thomas speak profanely?'

Uncle Reuben—No sir.

Com.—Do you recollect our conversation some weeks ago, at—

Uncle Reuben—I do, sir.

Com.—What did you say about the profanity of Deacon Thomas?

Uncle Reuben—I said I never heard a man swear as he did.

Com.—And how did he swear, sir?

Ans.—He said, 'I never!'

That night there was a great accession to the numbers of the Trade-Scare Company.

THE LADY PHILANTHROPIST.

Mrs. Ames was sitting in her front room when she saw approaching Mrs. Armstrong, a very public spirited lady, who took a wonderful interest in all reforms and benevolent enterprises, especially those undertaken for the benefit of people at a distance.

"My dear Mrs. Ames," she commenced, "I am the agent of a sewing circle just established, the object of which is to provide suitable clothing for the children in Patagonia. I am told that they are in the habit of going about in a state of nature, which your know is dreadful to contemplate."

"Perhaps they are used to it."

"But that's no reason why we shouldn't improve their condition. So we have agreed to hold meetings two evenings in a week with this object in view. Will you join us?"

"I am afraid I can't. I should be obliged to neglect my own children, as I presume will be the case with some who attend. Look, for example, at that boy in the street. He has a hole in each elbow, and his clothes are covered with mud. I presume his mother belongs to some of those benevolent associations, and hasn't time to attend to her own children."

"Mrs. Ames" asked her visitor, rising with indignation, "do you mean to insult me, ma'am?"

"Insult you!" was the astonished reply; "of course not. What makes you think so?"

"Do you know who that boy is, of whom you speak?"

"No, I don't; but I should like to."

"You would? Well, ma'am, your curiosity shall be gratified. He is my son—George Washington Jackson Armstrong! What have you to say to that?"

"Say—why nothing! Only it is unfortunate for the poor boy that he was not born a Patagonian."

Mrs. Armstrong, without a word of reply, swept out of the room with the majesty of a queen.

She is still canvassing for the sewing circle in behalf of the youthful Patagonians, while George Washington Jackson is permitted to roam at will through the streets, on condition that he will not venture within sight of Mrs. Ames's window.

MORAL. Philanthropy, like charity, should begin at home, though there is no occasion for its ending there.

A fond mother took her darling on her knee, and a loaf of bread, intending to make bread and butter for it, as people say hereabouts; but, by a strange fatality, she buttered the child's face, and cut its head off before she had discovered her mistake.

IN VINO VERITAS

"Mr. B——, a distinguished advocate and attorney general, of a far down east state was sitting with his hat over his eyes, and his chin on his breast, bolstered up on either sides with chairs and table, and sleeping as comfortably as "the indomitable spirit of gin" would allow, in the court house at A——, when "the court," entered and took his seat on the bench. Observing the situation of Mr. B——, which had not changed on the entrance of the court, the judge looked at the sheriff who seemed to understand that it was his duty to get the sleeper into condition."

"Mr. B——, the court is in."

I won't give the reply. Suffice it to say the sheriff had a decided objection to going to the murky and sulphurous place to which he was consigned.

"Mr. B——," said the judge, "we have observed with profound regret, your conduct during the last week, and this morning we find you in no better condition to take up your cases than before. We are disposed to bear with you no longer. You disgrace yourself and your family "the court," and the profession, by your course of conduct." This reproval elicited the following eulogy:

"Did you-r honor speak to me?"

"I did, sir."

"What re-mark di-hid you make?"

"I said sir that in my opinion, you disgrace yourself and family, the court, and the profession, by your course of conduct."

"May i-i-it please your honor, I have been attorney in-in-in this e-court for fifteen years; and permit me to say your honor, that, that is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give!"—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

At Ballahoyish, a cottager happened to die, when the severe weather rendering it difficult to proceed to the usual cemetery, some time elapsed before the ceremony could be performed; at length Donald was properly buried, and the minister returned to the dwelling of the widow for refreshment, accompanied as is customary by the neighbors. He reproved the widow on her excessive manifestations of grief and unreasonable lamentations. 'Oh, Donald, Donald!—by this time to be sure the dear departed is in Beelzebub's bosom.' 'Beelzebub's bosom!' exclaimed the minister. 'Abraham's bosom ye mean. Hae ye sat sae lang under the ministry, and no ken the difference between Beelzebub and Abraham.' 'Waes me, waes me,' rejoined the widow, 'I'm a purin ignorant creature, Beelzebub and Abraham, Abraham and Beelzebub; a declare that in spite o' aw yer teaching a' wadna ken the ane frae the ither gin the ware baith standing afore me!'—*Jorden's Autobiography.*

GOOD SHOOTING.—The "South Western Independent," published at Fayetteville Arkansas, is responsible for the following:—

Ben Calaker was describing, the other day, to Tip Onstott, the skill of a Sportsman in Mississippi, with the shot-gun.

"Why," said he, "I have seen him take two patridges and let them both go, one in front, and the other behind him; and he would fire and kill the one in front, and then whirl and kill the other!"

"Did he have a double-barrelled gun?" inquired Tip.

"Yes," replied Ben.

"Well, but," said Tip, "I can beat that. I saw a man do the same thing with a single barrel!"

A SHREWD MINISTER.—A Minister had travelled far to preach to a congregation. After the sermon, he waited very patiently, expecting some of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost empty. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly-looking gentleman, and gravely said:—

"Will you go home with me to dinner, to day brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this."

"No," said the man, coloring, "but you must go with me."

"Thank you; I will, cheerfully."

After that time, the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

Young ladies now a days, when they are preparing for a walk, ought not to keep their lovers waiting as long as they used to do, for now they have only to put their bonnets half on.

The Bangor Jeffersonian, describing the effect of a thunder shower, says—"A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to a village physician who had a beautiful calf four days old."

OVER-DOCTORING.—Our fathers and mothers are still hale and hearty, at sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age, and yet they never bothered themselves about the liver and stomach, and digestion, and brown bread and baths, and hair brushes; they lived in blissful ignorance of the locality of the liver, "lights," or anything else than the stomach; the whereabouts of "that animal," they are regularly and pleasantly reminded of, three times a day; but not-so with us, their degenerate sons, whose houses are cumbered with double sashes to keep all the pure air out, while great pains are taken to keep the foul air in; with patent shower baths to chill us to death; with hot-air furnaces to stew us with their stifling, humid heat; with carpets to hide dust and dirt, to harbor dampness and noxious gasses; and lazy loafing rocking-chairs, to insure three crooks in every spine; and cushioned ottomans, sofas, lounges, fauteuilles, vis-a-vis, and a great many other French things, to engender lingering death.—*Dr. Hale.*

GONE RIGHT OVER IT.—I have a friend, whose ready wit often enlivens the social circle, and sometimes, also, faithfully serves the cause of truth.—One Sabbath morning, as he stepped from his house to go to church, he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. He turned upon him, stopped lifted both hands, and stood in a tragic attitude, gazing upon the ground beneath the vehicle, and exclaimed—"There! there! you are going right over it! You have gone right over it!" The traveller hastily gathered up his reins, drew in his horses, came to a stand, and began looking under his wheels to see what little innocent child, or dog, or pig, might have been ground to jelly by their heavy weight. But seeing nothing, he looked anxiously up to the man who had so singularly arrested his progress, and said, "Over what?" "The fourth commandment," was the quick reply. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It was hard starting those wheels again, and hard hauling that load all the rest of the day.

Got Him at Last.

Mrs. Jemima Jipson never could go to bed without first looking underneath to see if somebody was not stowed away there. But her search had always been bootless. At last, however, she spied, (or thought she did, which is all the same,) the long looked-for boots and legs.

"Oh Mr. Jipson! Mr. Jipson!" she screamed out, "there is a man under the bed!"

"Is there?" coolly drawled her husband, "well my dear, I am glad you have found him at last.—You have been looking for him these twenty years."

A MORCEAU FOR NATURALISTS.—A cat, belonging to a widow lady in Ohio, has lately sat upon half a dozen duck eggs, and continued her attentions until the eggs were hatched; and there is now to be seen a fine brood of six young ones, half duck and half cat, having duck heads and cat tails; but what is more wonderful, they mew and quack alternately.—*N. Y. Pick.*

"Swear not at all, Abimelech, swear not at all!"

"That's just what I does. I don't swear at all; I only cusses the schoolmaster."

The last we saw of Abimelech, he was going over a garden fence, closely pursued by a rawhide.

A Western orator, in a late swang-wang address to the untirred voters of Conoplia, said that to save his country, a patriot should be willing to die, even if it cost him his life! It is unnecessary to state that this sentiment met with a triumphant echo from the assembled multitude.

A Western editor thus fills up a blank in a column.—"Twas the dead of night—an awful silence reigned.—The stars cast their soft rays from the dome above. Young Lucius was not to be intimidated, though he was that night to peril his life—column fall."

A report circulated in Melbourne at the emigrant's expense, is that of the lady who, when her quarterly bills came in, had nothing to do but run into her garden, take a dish, and wash some gold, pay her bills, and go on again!

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"

"Forty-six, sir."

"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"

"The other six are Lent."

An advocate, the other day, said he had two witnesses in court, in support of the cause of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, for he had an opportunity of communicating with them!

The best cough mixture that has yet been made, consists of a pair of thick boots, mixed with lots of air and plenty of exercise. People who hug the stove and grow lean, will please notice.

Every little helps.