

extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner. The farm-house was a solitary one. There was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale; the mother and three young children, and a maid servant, the sole inmates. They had retired to rest sometime. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast.

This kept the poor mother awake, and she heard, in the pause of the tempest, some unusual and strange noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in front of the house, immediately in front of the bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own.

She immediately arose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they both went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so; for the night was cloudy. Still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading to the kitchen, whence she thought that the noise she had first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation, when the dog rushed out and the widow saw, through the open door, two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelping of the noble animal that he sometimes had the worst of it.

The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M.— could only hear now and then a faint and distant bark.

The robbers, or, perhaps, murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastenings of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose.

The mistress and maid got a sight and secured the window as well as they could. They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in, wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess.

He then stretched his huge bulk at full length beside the warm stove, closed his eyes and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him his breakfast, such as any dog might have craved, after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit.

He stood whining at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterward. They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged.

It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M. remarked to me, that, when I last saw her, she told me they were not unprotected.—Ex.

THE MORMONS.—A correspondent of the Milwaukee News, who has taken the overland route of California, writes that he has reached the Mormon city. On the day of his arrival, there was a magnificent procession of 7,000 of the inhabitants in honor of the anniversary of the arrival of the pioneer settlers. The writer describes the procession as follows: Marshal of the day preceding—followed by flag, band, and a large painting, exhibiting the pioneers of 1845, crossing the upper ferry of Platte River. Pioneers then followed—Pen and Scribe (every sermon is taken down, in short hand, and inscribed in the Big Book)—men with the different implements and tools, of almost every art and profession in the world, forty old men and flag; forty old women, representing mothers in Israel, their flag being inscribed with "Our children are our Hope;" twenty-four young men with their motto, "Union and Liberty;" twenty-four young ladies Daughters of Zion)—very pretty girls; twenty-four boys; twenty-four girls; band, soldiers, and eighteen Bishops, bringing up the rear. I am quite confident there were seven thousand persons present; and taken altogether, it was a sight well worth seeing, out amidst these hills. In the evening, balls and parties prevailed all over the city. The Governor, was present with some of his wives, who came and went in a large, elegant open carriage. He has living with him in the city, in one house, sixteen wives and thirty children.—Each wife, with her progeny, lives in her separate furnished apartment, and spins, sews, weaves, &c., &c. All this is true: I went over the premises with a Jew to entertain you for an hour, and I believe saw pretty much of every thing. The person I heard with has two wives. Dr. Schmidt, a Councillor, has six and all of them good-looking healthy women. Thus, you see, polygamy is openly allowed and supported by these Mormons. A man; having a right to as many wives as he can find and support, takes a fancy, goes to a Justice and swears he is able to support her, and the marriage comes off with due ceremony—and so it goes on, as he grows richer, with-out limit.

FOURTEEN.—That house will be kept in a turmoil, where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood upon the anvil, and apply fire to it it will go out; put on another stick and they will burn; add half-a-dozen, and you will have a great conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in the others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its lurid uplander.

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.—Amongst the many pleasing traits recorded of the sagacity of this animal, the following deserves a place. A fine Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. H. L. Turner, of this place, on Friday evening last, carried something into that gentleman's store, which, on examination, proved to be a purse, containing about twenty dollars, the property of a gentleman in this town who had lost it.—Woodstock Progress.

Humorous.

PARODY—We are indebted to "Sampson," for this very good parody on "Comin' thro' the Rye." It is dedicated to the City Fathers:

If a buggy meet a buggy
Comin' down the street,
Is it right to run together
When their buggies meet?
Every driver has his failings,
They're but men at last,
But comin' up or goin' down,
Should they drive so fast!

When a buggy meets a buggy
Should these buggies race?
And run over civil footmen
In a public place
Let the driver speed like lightning,
Lashing jerk and tank,
But let their mind that human flesh
Aint covered o'er with plank.

To which "Our Jeems" adds:

If a buggymet a buggy
Ploughing thro' the mud,
Should it stop and let it pass?
Certainly it should
Now "weather clerk" and buggy man,
A lesson for "ye twain"—
From henceforth bear in memory,
To hold up on the rein—(rain.)

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IF A long nose affords a good handle for ridicule. The man that's "up to snuff," therefore will avoid them. By the way, talking of noses, what a queer one that must have been which Solomon informs us was like "the tower of Lebanon looking towards Damascus." To have blown such a nose must have required a gale of wind, and roasting shorter.

IF A friend of ours is such a believer in Young Hyson, that he doubts whether a single murder was ever committed in the presence of a tea-pot. The herb of herbs may make people loquacious—add to the scandal-producing powers of old maids—but that it ever gave rise to a single inhuman thought, he as much doubts as he doubts that nightmares will have colts.

IF "It is a very singular thing," said a tailor's apprentice to his master, as the latter was pressing a bob-tailed coat, "that the more there is of some things, the less there is."

"How can that be?" said the tailor.
"Why, there's that bob-tailed coat—the less you make the tail, the more tub it has."

Maybe the goose don't fly about that time.

IF Shakespeare asks, "What's in a name?" This only shows that Shakespeare never kept a "family grocery." If he had, he would have known that white beans, under the name of "Old Government Java," sells for 16 cents a pound.

IF "Now put that right back where you took it from!" as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.

ART REPLY.—"Reply, sir," said a Judge to a blunt old Quaker who was on the stand, "do you know what we sit here for?"
"Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker. "Three of you for four dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

IF Have the goodness to pronounce this little word. It is the original Mexican for country curates:
"othoosahuntropica "uns!"

IF "Why do you set your cup of coffee upon the chair, Mr. Jones?"

"It is so very weak, an'am," replied Mr. Jones, demurely, "I thought I would let it rest."

IF At the Astor House, not long ago, a gentleman saw one of his guests give his fork to another, with "just stick that fork into that potato for me, will you?" His neighborly neighbor did as he was requested, and left it sticking there!

IF "Madam, said a boarder to his landlady at breakfast the other morning, "your coffee is abominable—it's not sciled."
"Indeed!" coolly retorted the lady. "I think you had better settle for the coffee, and then complain!"

IF "How many kinds of motion are there?" said a Glasgow professor of physics to one of his very bright pupils—
"Time, sir," was the reply. "Three! Name them?" "The retrograde, the progressive, and the stand still motion."

IF Pomp E. Brute us, Cesar, just stop a minute till I axes you a conundrum. Well, July us Gus with, percood, percood. Well, Pomp E, what key does cultured persons most lob? Whis key, am t not, July us. No it am not. Do you geb it up? Ub coase, I gibbed it up fore you axes it. Why it am Afr key. Ha! ha! go long you callered man.

INTERESTING CURIOSITIES.

- A crust from a printer's pi.
- A toe nail of a foot line.
- A heel bone of the sheep's foot.
- The pleasures received from an embrace.
- The little finger of a head.
- The tear that fell from a capital I.
- A few lines from a printer's boiler.
- A sight from a shooting sock.
- A meteor from a printer's star.
- A point of a printer's dagger.
- A glass of grog taken from a printer's bar.
- A leather taken from the bed of the press.

IF A drunken north countryman, in Scotland, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the road side, where a pig found him, and began licking his mouth. Sawyer roared out, "Who's kissing me, now? Ye see what it is to be wree liket among the lazes."

IF To prevent chapped lips, keep the chaps from coming near them. The ladies will please notice.

IF While thousands fall by clashing swords, ten thousands fall by cut-throat boards; yet giddy females thoughtless train—for sake of fashion yield to pain.—Tight Boots.

CONJURY.—A man who chews \$14 worth of tobacco annually and smokes has paper because he cannot afford to take it.



Ladies' Department.

WELCOME HOME.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are stirring as we come
To be the first to greet us.
When the world has spent its frowns and wrath
And care been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we seek on a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that will beam love-ignited?
What is the worth of your diamond ray,
To the glance that flashes pleasure
When the word that welcome back bears,
We form a heart's chief pleasure?
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

BEAUTIFUL SEXTON.—A man without some sort of religion is, at best, a poor reprobate—the foot-ball of fortune—with no use linking him with infamy and the woodrows eternity that is within him; but a woman without it is even worse; and a flame without heat, a rainbow without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume.

A man may in some sort be his frail hope and honors, with weak, shifting ground-tackle, to his business of the world; but a woman without that anchor which they call Faith, is adrift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of spiritual faith. He may crase his thoughts and his brain to thoughtfulness in such poor baggage as Fame and Reputation may stretch before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in heaven?

And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love—that endearing hope—mellowing every scene of life, lightening them with the pleasant radiance; when the world's cold storms break like an army with smoking cannon, what can bestow it all but a holy soul tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a good, loving mother, but will echo the thought with energy—hallow it with a tear?

A NEW LEGAL POINT.—An important case, says the Reading (Pa.) Gazette, affecting the Rights of Woman, was decided in the Berke County Court of Quarter Sessions last week. A wife indicted her husband for assault and battery, committed under the following circumstances. They were returning home together in a wagon from market; the husband provided himself with a "pocket pistol," well loaded, from which he took sundry "swigs," until he became "shot." The wife remonstrated earnestly against such conduct, which roused the anger of her lord, and he commenced abusing her; whereupon she seized the said bottle and threw it out into the road. For this her lord's husband beat her. Judge Jones charged the Jury that the wife's act in breaking the bottle did not justify her husband in striking her; that although a wife had no right to destroy the goods and chattels of a husband, a run bottle was an exception; that a wife was perfectly justifiable in setting her husband's run-bottle wherever she could lay hands on it, and destroying it; and that in this instance the plaintiff did no more than what a sensible woman ought to have done. The Jury rendered a verdict in accordance with this sound opinion. Run bottles may, therefore, from this date, be considered without the pale of the law's protection.

A woman of India has discovered the art of cultivating breeds of silk-worms with success, and producing silks of several colors.

The way of advertising for a wife are various, but the best is the following, mentioned by the Mail Advertiser, in his most extra diary. A rustic residing near the "Hills" of by-under-De, wanting a wife, provided himself with placard, and posted upon it, "Wanted a woman wife of, with a little money, to go to America, pieced on his hat, and placed himself in front of door on Sunday last, when the congregation was large.

An old gentleman travelling some years ago, mailed his Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in slumber. "Ah, yes, indeed!" sighed the older sister, "a friend of the heart." "Dear me," was the sympathetic remark of her age! Omission, perhaps? "Oh, no!" "Oh, no!"

One of the most important female qualities is temper. Heaven did not give to woman immunities of sensation in order to be imperious; it did not give them a voice to be employed in scolding.