

[From the Flag of our Union.]
The Bewitched Clock.

About half past eleven o'clock one Sunday night, a human leg enveloped in blue broadcloth might have been seen entering Deacon Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the Deacon's kitchen.

'Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door agin!' soliloquized the young gentleman. 'Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, of there aint no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down; the critter promised me. I'm afraid to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' nuther, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. Oh here comes Sally.'

The beautiful maid had descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a card of Lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was roused by the voice of the old deacon—her father—shouting from his chamber door:

Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?

'Tell him it's morning,' whispered Joe.
'I can't tell a fib,' said Sally.
'I'll make it a truth, then,' said Joe, and running to the large, old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he sat it at five.

'Look at the clock and tell me what time it is,' cried the old gentleman up stairs.

'It is five by the clock,' and corroborating her words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

'Goody gracious! it's father!' said Joe.

'The deacon, by thunder!' cried Joe.

'Hide me, Sal!' said Joe.

'Where can I hide you?' cried the distracted girl.

'O, I know,' said he. 'I'll squeeze into the clock case.' And without another word, he concealed himself in the case, and drew the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking.

'Five o'clock, eh?' said he. 'Well, I shall have time to smoke two or three pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters.'

'Haden't you better feed the critters first, father, and smoke afterwards,' suggested the daughter.

'No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up,' answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

'Bur-r-r—whizz—ding! ding! ding!' went the clock.

'Tormented lightning!' cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove; 'what in creation's that?'

'It's only the clock striking five,' said Sally, tremulously.

'Whizz! ding! ding! ding!' went the clock, furiously.

'Powers of mercy!' cried the deacon; 'strikin' five! it's struck a hundred already.'

'Deacon Barberry!' cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest alarm.

'What is the matter with the clock?'

'Goodness only knows,' replied the old man.

'It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before.'

'Whiz! bang! bang! bang!' went the clock again.

'It will burst itself!' cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, 'and there won't be nothing left of it.'

'It is bewitched!' said the deacon, who retained a leaven of the good old New England superstition in his nature. 'Any how,' he said after a pause advancing resolutely towards the clock, 'I'll see what's got into it.'

'O, don't!' cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat tails, while his faithful wife clung to the other. 'Don't,' chorussed both the women together.

'Let go my raiment!' shouted the old deacon; 'I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness!'

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance they fell heavily upon the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand upon the door of the clock case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched head foremost at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor, and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he had entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and though some believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

Purchasing a Live Lobster.

A raw-looking beauty, standing some six feet or more in his boots, fresh from the country, arrived in town (Philadelphia) a day or two since, with a view to examine the 'lobsters' in the Quaker city.

He had walked leisurely round Girard College—his 'wondering gaze' had been gratified with a peep at the Mint, where a common-looking chap 'made money' a darned sight faster than ever he could; he had seen the old United States Bank, but, for the life of him, he couldn't find the place where it had broke—he had sauntered through Fairmount, where some 'cute chap' was squirting water round, most beautiful—he had marched around the outskirts of the prisons, but they weren't sharp enough to get him in there—oh, no!—he had trotted through the Museums, which he didn't consider any very 'great shakes'—and just before leaving in the eight o'clock train for home, he strolled down to the market-house, to ascertain, if possible, where all the vegetables and things went to.

Having examined the premises for some time, he suddenly halted before a wagon which stood near by, the floor of which was covered with about a score of live lobsters wriggling and tumbling over each other. He was unfortunately afflicted with a habit of stammering. After watching the 'sight' for several minutes, he sidled up to the owner at last, with—

'Wo-wo-wot's them, mister?' Lo-lo-lobstiss?

'Yes, sir. Werry fine.'

'Wu-wul—I've heern te-tell o'lobstiss.'

'Hexcellent heatin', sir—is lobsters. Hev'um sir?'

'W-wu-wul, I reck'n y-y-yes. Wo-wot's the damage?'

'Three shillings, sir.'

'How d-d—how do you eat lo-lob-ostiss?'

'With yer teeth, pouly gin'ral, sir.'

'Y-y-ye-yes. But coo-coo ock'em, I mean?'

'Oh. Bile'em, sir—bile'em. Thank'ee; just the change'—added the wagoner; and depositing the money in his shot bag, he placed the 'lobstiss' in the hands of its lawful owner.

The stranger bade the wagoner good day, placed his prize under his arm, tail downwards, and started for the railroad depot in Market street.

The lobster was 'fresh caught' it so chanced, and proved very unruly—squirming and writhing about; our countryman was constantly adjusting his burthen, until he had finally managed to raise its claws on a line with the side of his own head.

Suddenly one of the critter's flippers extended, and closed again with a smart smack, grasping in its clutch the greater portion of the poor fellow's right ear!

An indescribable twist pervaded the countryman's plow—his teeth became set in an instant, and lowering his head, he started into a rapid walk with—

'Od rot him! Oh—th-under!—Le-le-let go! B-b-bla-blast yur pictur!—don't—ough! Mur-m-murder—murder!'

A bevy of youngsters had discovered the poor devil's predicament, as he rushed along the walk, and he soon quickened his pace into a sharp trot, making good headway towards the depot, the lobster dangling from the side of his head like a huge old-fashioned ear-drop! As the crowd gathered on his track, he increased his speed to a 'dead run'—still bawling at the top of his lungs—

'Oh Lord!—ta-ta—ake him off! M-m-mur dar!—Cu-cu cuss him! Take him d-d-d-own!'

'Go it, Boots!' shouted the crowd.

'Pu-pu-ull the c-c-cussid varmint off! Ta'ake him back! I—d-d-don't wa—ant no lo-lob-ostiss!'

—and stopping suddenly before a benevolent-looking Quaker gentleman upon the walk, he begged him to take the infernal viper away!

The countryman's ear resembled a purple-ripe plum, when the kind-hearted gentleman seized the claw and relieved him of his load. As the circulation of blood resumed, the unhappy victim bestowed on his benefactor a kind of smile, (unable to articulate a syllable) such a smile as one might suppose would result from screwing an inch auger through the spine of a man's back.

Our unfortunate friend was grateful, but he couldn't speak. It was now the turn of the Quaker gentleman to smile—because he couldn't help it—the object before him appeared so perfectly ludicrous. But his was a bland smile of sympathy, such a one as only a Quaker can bestow.

But our benevolent friend in the broad brim was careless—he was! In his efforts to aid the unlucky countryman, he had secured the lobster by the claw, and he still held it dangling at his side.

'Hurt thee much, friend?'

'—Blast him!—ooh?'

'Thee shouldn't swear, friend,' quietly responded the Quaker—but as he concluded his sentence of advice, a most unearthly scowl shot across his previously placid countenance—and his face was contorted with direst grimaces! The lobster, closing his claw, had clutched the Quaker's fingers till the blood started under the nails!

'Igh!—Oh, dear me—Ow!—the scamp!—take him away,' shrieked the Quaker, nearly fainting with pain.

'Da-da-d—d of I do!—'

'Take him, friend!'

'N-n no yer do-n't! Yer-ger-gu-gut him cheaper'n I did—c-cost me three sh-sh-shillings;—but it's n-n-no matter about that.'

'He's a vicious creatur.'

'S-s-s I thought—m m-mister.'

'There!' added the Quaker, at last;—and disengaging the monster from his hand, he dashed it to the ground.

A news-boy secured the lobster, to which no sort of objection was made by the injured parties.

A crowd had collected around the scene, and the countryman at last beheld him of the cars. The clock commenced striking eight—the Quaker disappeared—and our friend dashed into the Depot, at the sound of the 'last bell'—swearing as plainly as his excitement would permit, that he had 'had en-nu-nu-ough of li-live lo-lobstiss!'

[Ex.]

WHY ARE WE RIGHT HANDED.—Sir Charles Bell on this subject observes:

That for the convenience of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is evident there ought to be no hesitation which hand is to be used or

which is to be put forward, and that there is indeed no such indecision, is it taught us or is it from nature? There is a distinction in the right side of the body, the left side is weaker, both as to muscular power and its constitutional properties. The development of the organs of motion and action is greater on the right as may be proved by measurement, or the opinion of the tailor or the shoemaker. This superiority may be said to result from the more frequent use of the right hand and foot. But whence the origin of this use or practice?

It has been said children are taught by parents and nurses to use the right hand—but not always. Besides this peculiarity is constitutional; disease attacks the left side and members more frequently than the right. In walking behind a person we seldom see an equalized motion of the body; and we may observe in the step with the right foot, that the toe is not so much turned out as the left, and that a great push is made with it. From the form of females and the elasticity of their step resulting more from the ankles than the hip, the defect of the left foot is still more apparent. We do not often see children on their left foot. May it not be concluded, then, that everything in the convenience of life being adapted to the right hand, is not arbitrary, but it is owing to a natural endowment of the body, that the right hand is stronger and better fitted for action?

We conclude, therefore, that the preference for using the right hand rather than the left, is not the effect of habit merely, nor adventitious, but a provision of nature. The theory is not, indeed, universally received. The skillful anatomist alone can decide. If there are peculiar properties or mechanism to justify the opinion, it affords a new proof of wise and benevolent design in the 'form of our bodies,' and of our being 'wonderfully made.'

CURE FOR TOBACCO CHEWING.—A friend gives the following peculiar case of tobacco chewing and its cure. A gentleman in this vicinity was exceedingly fond of the weed. A whole paper made just three 'quids' for him. His better half was a neat woman. She disliked tobacco, and especially did she dislike the appearance of a pile of 'old soldiers' back of a fireboard, where the gentleman was in the habit of throwing them. They were ugly looking customers, large and nasty. The gentleman himself was otherwise neat, and took pleasure in spending his evenings in his well furnished parlor.

His lady finally determined to make the 'old soldiers' in the corner as odious to him as possible, and the next day she gathered them altogether, and added all the outsiders; she had no difficulty in getting enough, as the gentleman not only chewed large 'cuds,' but changed them often. She placed them in conspicuous places on the beautiful Brussels carpet; in the centre of the room she placed a 'king pile,' composed of five of the largest and coarsest. The whole were made to show to the best advantage, and they really did themselves credit. They stood up on end in full proportions.

At dark the gas-lights were brilliantly burning, and shortly after the gentleman came in. He stopped short, and at first commenced some hard epithets, then he burst into loud laughter, and his wife came in to see what the matter was. 'Who did this?' said he; 'who put these nasty things here? They'll ruin your carpet; and he rang for the servant to clean them away, when his wife interposed: 'These things came directly from your mouth,' said she. 'Are they nasty? will they spoil the carpet?' And then looking at him sharply, she added—'if these things are fit to be held in my husband's mouth for hours, they are certainly no disgrace to lie upon the carpet which we tread on.'

'Just so,' said the husband, and for some reason he has not had any tobacco in his mouth since that time.—[Hartford Times.]

YOUNG MAN YOU'RE WANTED.—A woman wants you, don't forget her. No matter if you are poor, don't wait to be rich, if you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married. Marry while you are young and struggle up together.—[Ex.]

But mark, young man, the woman don't want you, if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or whiskey jug. Neither does she want you, if you can't take care of her, and any little after thoughts, which are pretty certain to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is too apt to be an animal that wears bifurcated garments or his lower limbs, a quarter section of stove-pipe on his head, swears like a pirate, is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a help-mate—she wants you if you have learned to regulate your passions and appetites, in short she wants you, if you are made in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action as you require her to be, and without which inward and outward purity, neither of you are fitted for husband or wife—if you love virtue and abhor vice; if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and not loud talking, exacting and brutal, then young man, that woman wants you—that fair, modest, cheerful bright looking, frank spoken woman we mean, who fills your ideal of maiden and wife—it is she, wants you! marry her when you like, whether you are rich or poor, we'll trust you both on the conditions named without further security.—[Ex.]

THINK.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless; but time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write; the more you think, the better will you express your ideas.

Woman's Rights.

A STORY OF LEAP YEAR.

Samuel Smith sat at home on New Year's day in dishabille. His beard was unshaven; his hair uncombed; his long boots unblacked; and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with heels against the mantle-piece smoking a cigar. Samuel thought to himself that, as it was leap year, it would be glorious if the ladies would pop the question in accordance with their ancient privileges.

As he sat watching the smoke which curled so gracefully, his fancy glowed with the idea, how delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling on him, and with their tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable.

As he meditated, his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffused over his feelings, and he thought he would faint with propriety the first time a lady squeezed his hand.

Rap, rap, rap, sounded at the door. Samuel peeped through the Venetian blinds.

'Mercy!' exclaimed he, 'if there is't Miss Jones—and I in dishabille, and looking like a fright—good gracious! I must go and fix myself.'

As he left the room, Miss Jones entered, and with a composed air intimated that she could wait.

She was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take the advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was one of woman's privileges which had been usurped by the tyrant man, and she determined to assert her rights in spite of the hollow formalities of the false system of society.

On Sam's return to the room, she exclaimed:

'Dearest, how beautiful you look,' accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

'Spare the blushes of a modest young man,' said Sam, applying the cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

'Nay, my love, why so coy?' said Susan, 'turn not away those beautiful eyes, dark as jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of affection. Here let us rest,' said she drawing him to the sofa; 'here, with my arm around thee, will I profess my true affection.'

'Leave me, oh, leave me!' murmured Samuel; 'think of my youth and inexperience—spare my palpitating heart.'

'Leave thee?' said Susan, pressing him closer to her; 'never! until the story of restless nights, of quiet days of aspiration, fond emotions and undying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I have suffered for thee a secret passion. Need I tell thee how such manly beauty moved me? How I worshipped like a sunflower in the lurid light of these raven tresses? How my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whisps? How I would yield to the government of that imperial thy manners so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is ever thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips.'

The overwhelming feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel opened—he gazed wildly about him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his lover, he blushed deeply, and from behind his handkerchief faintly faltered out—'Ask my ma.'—[Ex.]

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FISH.—In the last setting of the Societe Zoologique d'Acclimation, M. Millet, who is well known for his efforts in the artificial production of fish, detailed a series of experiments he had made in conveying fecundated eggs. The result was, he said, that when eggs were wrapped up in wet cloths and placed in boxes with moss to prevent them from becoming dry and being jolted, may be safely conveyed not only during twenty or thirty, but for even more than sixty days either by railway or diligence.

He added that he had now in his possession eggs about to be hatched, which had been brought from the most distant parts of Scotland and Germany, and even from America. M. Millet then stated a fact which was much more curious—namely, fecundated eggs of different descriptions of salmon and trout, do not perish even when the cloths and moss in which they are wrapped, become frozen. He had even been able, he said to observe, by means of a microscope, that a fish just issuing from the egg and of which the heart was seen to beat, was not inconvenienced by being completely frozen up. This he explained by the fact that the animal heat of the fish even in the embryo state, is sufficient to preserve around it a certain quantity of moisture.

A PUZZLED INDIVIDUAL.—Talking of the Maine law, the following, a scene by no means unique or uncommon, may serve to show the necessity of some such regulation, in some parts of the world.

A gentleman going home one dark and rainy evening, found himself behind a very drunken fellow, who 'beat up' the side walk a couple of rods in advance. Presently he 'missed staves' on the 'starboard tack' and ran against a tree. He pulled off what was originally intended for a hat, tottered a moment on his toes, and apologised to the jostled individual, with a hiccup between every other word:—'Schuze me, shir; I 'shure you, shir, 'tursly 'tentional on my part. Sho dark, shir, I didn't see you. Schuze me, shir, 'schuze me, if you please.' After which obsequious explanation, and an abortive effort to put on his hat, he essayed to continue on his way; but brought up again on the first lurch against the same tree: 'I reely beg your pardon, shir; I'm afraid you'll 's'pect that I'm 'tossicated; but I 'shure you shir, I never was more sober in all my life. It's dark and spizsy; and really shir, I 'spohed, shir, you'd gone along.'