SERVED HIM RIGHT.

From the Oakland Echoes.

Old Birch, who taught the village school, Wedded a maid of homespun habit; He was as stubborn as a mule And she as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Kate had scarce become his wife Before her husband sought to make her The plaids of nagging goodness life, And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad, And simple Katy easily missed him; When he returned, behind her rod She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger rose, and red And white his face alternate grew. "Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said, "Oh! dear, I didn't know 'twas you."

AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern barroom in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we had repaired to the barroom, and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventure and anecdote. He was a short, thick-set man somewhere about 40 years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, N. H.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "I suppose I tell you of about the strangest thing of consequence that happened to me? You see I am now right from the Far West, and go my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small inn in a small village in Hancock county, Indiana. I said 'twas pleasant—I meant 'twas warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark when it set in, and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the barroom. It began to rain about 8 o'clock, and for a while it poured down hard, and it was very dark outdoors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I meant to ship on from there by Sunday. The moon rose about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain that I could get along very comfortably through the mud after the moon rose. I asked the landlord if he would not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off about two. He expressed some surprise, and asked me the reason why I did not stay to breakfast. I told him that I had sold the last load about out, and I was in a hurry to get back to my family, who were waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there for them before the express again left in the morning. There was a number of people about while I told this, but I took little notice of them, one man only arresting my attention. I had in my possession a wallet containing bills which I was to deliver to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were notice for the detention of some informer, whose name Dick Hardhead. These bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact, it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those peculiar marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went up to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know, but he had come there that afternoon and intended to leave some time the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply said that the man's countenance looked familiar and I wished to know if I had ever been acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he would send the inn before the villain left; for I had no doubts with regard to his indentity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. My brother was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep, and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it struck me that he was much more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty, my whole stock consisting of about half a dozen tin pans and a dozen brooms.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village and at a short distance ahead lay a dense track of forest, mostly of great pines. The road lead directly through the woods, and, as near as my recollection serves me, it was not far from twelve miles. The moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, I should have light enough. I had entered the wood and had gone, perhaps, half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled, with a bump and a jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment; but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from the rear source!

"What could it be? I looked around quickly but could see nothing, and yet I knew that the sound I had heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something beside the jerk of the hole. I heard something roll or tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart. I knew this on the instant. You may have noticed my cart as I came up this evening. The main part of it opens behind, and there is room enough within for quite a party, providing they'd stow themselves close enough. Of course I felt puzzled. At last I wondered if some poor fellow had not taken this method to obtain a ride. But I soon gave this up for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride and taken it comfortably. My next idea was that somebody had got in there to sleep. But this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken it.

"My next thought was of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed that I had some money with me. And in this he was right—for I had a few over ten thousand dollars. I also thought that he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down—get my money from me and ask for a ride, or something of that sort. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now, I never make it a point to brag of myself, but yet I have seen a great deal of the world, and I have pretty cool and clear headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now clear of the hole, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without it—it is a six barrelled one and sure fire; I drew this, and, having twined the reins around the whipstock, I carefully slid down into the mud, and as I went round the wheel I went behind it and examined the hasp. The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp which slips over a staple, and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine stick, so that a slight push from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, with a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage, heavy loads, and service. I did not believe that any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiseless as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a hard, good road, and I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud. In five or six minutes after this that I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. This continued some moments, and then a heavy thump, as though the sole of a boot were applied to the door. I said to myself the blow struck me that the villain might try to judge about where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the footboard.

"Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and notwithstanding the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"'Let me out of this!' he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted my head up so as to make him think that I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing in there.

"'Let me out and I'll tell ye,' he replied.

"'Tell me what you're in here for,' I said.

"'I got in here to steal your rags, the answered.

"'How d'ye get in?' I asked.

"'Let me get out, or I'll shoot ye through the head,' he yelled.

"'Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I felt that the rest of the road to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back upon the footboard and found the whip. I had the same horse then I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may bet she flew when I got to her. At any rate, she struck a gait then that even astonished me. She had had a good mess of oats, the night air was cool, and the road was good. In fifteen minutes we cleared the wood and away we went on a level space. The chap inside kept yelling to us to stop, and threatening to shoot if I didn't let him out. Finally he stopped, and in a few moments came the reports of a pistol—one—two—three—pause—after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls, if not both of them, must have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell and then a deep groan, and then I said, 'O, save me! I'm dying!' Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were a falling off, and finally settled down again on the foot board. I now crouched up the cart close by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of the whip, and she went along faster than ever.

"The man called to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous efforts to break for the door, but as I said this failed him he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fears of his doing anything there, for the top of my cart is framed in by dove-tails and each sleeper bolted to the posts with an iron bolt. I had it made so that I could carry heavy loads there. By and by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler aloud to the horse, and kept half out of the door of course. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly and poking the beast with the whip.

"We hasn't an hour in going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good deal of confidence in my horse. My passenger was safe—yet I did feel glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory, that stands on the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern and found a couple of men in the road looking down some stage horses.

"'Well, old feller,' says I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, 'you've had a good ride, haven't ye?'

"'Who are you?' he cried, and his voice trembled a little, too, as he said it the second time.

"'I am the man you tried to shoot,' I told him.

"'Where am I? Let me out!' he yelled.

"'Look here,' said I, 'we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye, I've got a revolver ready for ye the moment ye show yourself. Now lay quiet.'

"By this time the two ostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them, and told them I got one of them to run and find the sheriff and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came and two other men with him. I then told them the whole story in a few words—exhibited the handbills I had for his—and then he made for the cart. He told the chap who he thought he was, and that if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. But, mind you, the sheriff didn't tell him the suspicions we had about him. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door open the fellow made a spring, and caught him by his ankle and he came down on his face, and in a few moments more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw his chap I recognized him. He was the very man I had suspected, and his fine black clothes were pretty much covered with clay and dirt. He was marched off to the lock up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then I had time to work to stow them away in my cart. I found the bullet-holes in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me about the small of the back as they passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one.

"Orr, the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. After an early dinner I set out, and here I am. I've sold my load all out, and am now ready to lay up for the winter, as I said in a letter to the office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Hardhead is now in prison for life."

So ended the peddler's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found that four bullet-holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with phial corks. Viney came out while I was looking, and showed me the place the villain's feet upon the cart. They were plain and must have been given with great force.

The Year Without a Summer.

The year 1816, so far as meteorological conditions were concerned, was the Annus Mirabilis of the nineteenth century, and was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced. It is beyond the recollection of any person now living. The following is a brief abstract of the weather during each month of that year:

January was mild, so much so as to render fires needless in parlors.

February was cold, but not with the exception of a few days it was much like its predecessor.

March was cold and boisterous during the early part of the month; the remainder was mild. A great freshet occurred on the Ohio and Kentucky on the 24th, which caused a great loss of property.

April began warm, but grew colder as the month advanced, and ended with snow and a temperature more like winter than spring.

May was more favorable for frowns than smiles. Buds and fruits were frozen, ice formed an inch thick, corn killed, and fields again and again replanted, until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude; frost ice and snow were common. Almost every green thing was killed, fruit nearly all destroyed, corn fell to the ground in many places in Vermont; seven in Maine; three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts. Considerable damage was done to the shipping interests on account of the rapid rise of the Mississippi river; the suburbs were covered with water, and the roads were passable only in canoes. It was a warm day.

July.—How eagerly did all classes look for them in that memorable cold time seventy summers ago! It was a cold July, and yet we had rain fall. The wind blew steadily from the north, cold and bitter. Mothers knitted and knitted and knitted for their children in the spring, and wool piles that usually disappeared during the warm spell, in front of the houses, remained untouched. Fires in July morning and shivering were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads were muffled up in wool, and knitted in Vermont, a flock of sheep belonging to a farmer had been sent, as usual, to their pasture. On the 17th of July a terrible heavy snow storm set in, intense, and the owner started away to look for his sheep. "Better start home, father," said his son; "you will be snowed in," said the son, before leaving; "being the middle of June I might get lost in the snow." Night came, the storm raged, and no tidings of the lost sheep. The next morning the family sent out for help, and started in search. One after another of the neighbors returned with the sad news, "We can't find the sheep