

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

BELLEfonte, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1857.

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Miscellaneous.

THE CARD TABLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
Ellen Dearborn sat alone in her little sitting room, and her countenance was sad and desponding. She was not over twenty-six, and though her face was pale and wan, yet she was beautiful. A warm fire burned in the grate, for it was winter, and the lamp upon the centre table was lighted, for it was evening. She sat thus, trying to read, when the door was opened and a stranger entered. She started up with fear at this seeing a strange man enter her apartment unbidden.
"Ellen, don't you know me?"
The woman started at the sound of the voice, and the blood rushed to her brow and temples. She took a step forward and gazed more sharply into the intruder's face.
"James?" she murmured interrogatively.
"Yes, my sister. Didn't you know me?"
But instead of answering in words, Ellen rushed forward and sank upon the man's bosom, and there she wept for joy. It was her own brother.
"And didn't you know me?" he said with a smile after he had taken a seat.
"Why, no, James. Five years altered you wonderfully. But then that beard all over your face makes a good deal of difference."
"All the difference in the world. Two years, while my ship lay at Canton, I had my beard all shaved off, when I came aboard, some of my own men did not know me at first."
"Then I wish you'd shave it off now for you look more like a bear than you do like James Barrows."
The brother laughed, and the conversation ran for a while upon various topics suggested by the return of the loved one, James Barrows was now thirty-two years of age, and had been absent from his native city for five years, during which time he had commanded a fine ship.
"By the way," said the brother at the end of half an hour. "I stopped in New York on my way here, and saw Kate Waldron there. She told me she heard you say you wished your husband had never known me. Did you ever say such a thing as that?"
Ellen's eyes filled with tears in a moment, and a deep sob broke from her lips. Her brother was startled. He moved to her side, and put his arms about her neck.
"What is it, my sister? he asked anxiously.
"Alas, James, I will tell you. But first let me assure you that I did not not mean exactly what I said to Kate. You remember five years ago, when you used to tell me such stories about gambling on the Mississippi. Ambrose asked you to teach him to play poker, as you called it. You taught him the game, and one or two evenings you went with him to some card parties."
"Yes, yes, I remember all that."
"Well, the spirit of gaming is now fastening itself upon him. I can see it plainly, though he tries to laugh away all my fears. I know it is so, for I have been told by one who is my friend, and who told me out of pure friendship for Ambrose. But I have not yet dared to let him know how sure my information is, for he would be angry, did he know that any one had told him to me. O, I know his impetuous nature, and I fear he will be lost ere he is aware of it. Evil companions are leading him astray. He thinks them friends."
"And do you think he has gone to the card table to night?"
"I am afraid so. And if he does, I dare not think of it. He has much money with him. Before you came I was weeping over my fears. I have never let him know how much I knew concerning his course, for I feared it would only make him more excited. Alas, I know not what to do. I do not think he has yet lost much, but I do think he will never leave the fascinating habit until he is ruined, unless something can be done to move him."
"By my soul, Ellen," returned the Captain, solemnly, "I did teach Ambrose to play—but God knows I never meant to teach him to gamble, and I never care now if I can. Do you think he is at it now?"
"I think he would have been at home before this time, if he had not fallen in with some of his evil associates."
"Then you rest here while I go and find him if I can."
"But you will come back soon?"
"James stopped and thought a moment. "I don't know," he said. "But don't be worried. No harm shall befall Ambrose himself."
"It was just nine o'clock as Ambrose Dearborn entered one of the gaming saloons of the city. His business had kept him later than usual, and having made some fifteen dollars in the trade since dark, he had determined to stake that amount, upon the altar of fortune. His wife was right in her fears. The card table had gained a fascinating power over him, and he had lost some heavy sums. But on the previous evening he had been cursed with a turn of winning luck, and won back nearly as much as he had lost, and he was on his way to continue his luck!
He meant only to play an hour or so, and then go home. He went up to the side-board and took a glass of wine, and as he turned he met a stranger, who had seemed to come for the same purpose.
"Good evening," said the stranger, in a pleasant tone, as he poured out a tumbler

full of water from the pitcher and drank it. Ambrose returned the salutation.
"I came here to take a few moments' recreation at cards," said the stranger, "but I find no friends here."
"Then suppose we take a hand or two just to pass away the time until some others come."
"With pleasure," said Dearborn.
And accordingly the two sat down and the cards were dealt, for a while the playing was on a small scale, and the luck was about even. By and by Ambrose began to win, and he went on until he had won a hundred dollars. He would have felt a hundred something had not his antagonist maintained such good humor, he smiled so kindly when he lost.
"But soon the luck changed. Ambrose had lost all he had won, and soon lost over a hundred dollars beside. He had just a hundred dollars more in his portmanteau, and took it out. A new hand was dealt, and he dealt his cards carefully, and held up for Jacks. It was the best hand by far that had been out during the game, it being the first "four of a kind" he had seen during the evening. He bet ten dollars. His antagonist covered, and went ten higher.
"I have an excellent hand," said the stranger, with a light laugh, I have held better ones but this is good. I shall bet high on it."
Ambrose did not speak. He was excited. He was afraid his antagonist would mistrust how good his hand was and stop betting. But the betting went on until Ambrose had his last dollar on the table.
"Shall I go higher?" inquired the stranger.
"As you please."
"Then I must say a hundred better. By the trump of trumps you shall have a chance to make a pile this time."
Ambrose hesitated a moment, and then he placed his hand to his bosom and drew out a package of bank notes. There were four thousand dollars in the whole. It was a sum he had drawn from the bank that very day. It was the accumulation of over four years labor and economy, for the purpose of paying for his house and store. He drew out a hundred dollar bill and covered his antagonist's last stake. He hesitated a moment more and drew out another hundred and went that over. The stranger covered the hundred and went five hundred better, but he dared not go more, and he called for his companion's hand. The stranger smiled as he showed it—four Queens!
Ambrose uttered a deep groan as he folded his cards and placed them in his pocket.
"By my soul, that's hard, my friend. But better luck next time. Come, I'll deal for you this time."
A new hand was dealt, and this time Ambrose won a hundred dollars. He began to revive. Next he won two hundred more. He went and got another glass of wine and returned in better spirits. But at the next hand he lost five hundred dollars. His spirits were sad again. But he resolved to play carefully to win back what he had lost, and stop.
But there is no need of following the game step by step. The man who held those cards was not a professional gambler, nor did he gamble at all for his own amusement. But he had been among gamblers much, and he could handle cards as he pleased. And more still, he could handle a nervous, excitable man as he pleased. He kept Ambrose in good humor, let him have the occasional flashes of luck, and finally, just as the clock struck eleven, Ambrose Dearborn staggered up from the table penniless! All that was gone! His four thousand dollars—the sum that was to have cleared him from debt—the sum which he had seen steadily growing beneath his efforts for the last four years—was now swept away.
The young merchant staggered from the hall, he tried to borrow first—to borrow something to commence again to win back something—but no one would lend. He made his way to the street, and without feeling the way, he staggered on. By and by he came to a narrow alley which led down to the wharf, and sat down upon an old spar. He had been there but a few moments, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, and by moonlight he could see the dark face of the man who had ruined him.
"Why do you sit here in the snow?" asked the stranger.
"Leave me," cried Ambrose, bitterly.
"Oh, I never wish to see you more from this time."
"But perhaps I may help you," replied the other. "You are young enough to learn."
"Learn? O, great heaven, and have I not learned this night what never—never—"
The young man burst into tears, and his sobs were deep and painful.
"Come, come," spoke the stranger, "stand up and trust me, and I may help you."
There was something so kind in the voice that Ambrose could not resist, and he rose to his feet.
"Ambrose Dearborn," spoke the strange man, "I have this evening taken from you over forty-two hundred dollars, and I do not think you can afford to lose it. Here we were before God. Now promise me, upon your honor as a man, that you never will stake any amount at hazard again—that never again will you play at any game of chance for value of anything, and I will restore you every cent of what I have won from you to night."
The young man stood for a moment like a man in a dream. Then he caught his companion by the arm.
"You do not trifles!" he said, in a hoarse whisper.
"Give me the promise, and see."
Ambrose clasped his hands and turned his eyes toward heaven, he made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made him; and when he had done, his eyes sank to the snow covered earth, and he burst into tears. The stranger took a roll from his pocket, and handed it over.
"Here," said he, "is the full sum—every penny just as I took it from you, and now let us walk into the city again—my way is toward Adam street."
"So mine," whispered Ambrose as he clasped the money.
"Ah—then we'll walk together."
"But tell me what this means?" the young man uttered anxiously. "Who are you, sir?"
"Never mind now. I shall see you again, and then I will explain. But let us begin our way for it is cold here."
On the way, the stranger kept up such a rattle of conversation, that Ambrose not only had no chance to mention the subject of the evening's transactions, but by the time he had reached his own door, his feelings had got back into their wonted channel.
"I would invite you in," he said, "but—"
"Never mind. Just let me step into the entry for I want a light for a moment."
Of course, Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened the door, the stranger followed him in. He walked through the hall, and as he opened the door of the sitting room his companion was at his back.
Ellen sat at her table, and her face was pale; but she had not been crying, for the words her brother had spoken to her before he went out were spoken with a strange hope. She arose to her feet, and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the hall, he was not a little startled to hear the said individual say somewhat facetiously as follows:
"Well, sissey, you see I have brought him, and we are both of us all right, I can assure you."
For a moment the young man was wonder-struck, but the truth flashed upon his mind. "Jim Barrows," he gasped.
"Captain Barrows, at your service, sir; Ha, ha; you did not know me. He's just found out, Ellen."
Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not! He struggled for a moment with the feelings that swelled up his bosom, and then, sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry, and started forward.
"Don't be afraid," gasped Ambrose, "I'm safe. But I can't help this. Tell her all now, for she's a right to know."
The stout Captain drew his sister upon his knee, and then related to her all that had happened since he had left her.
"Ah, ha," he concluded, "the moment I saw you take the second hundred dollars from your portmanteau, I knew gaming would soon ruin you, and when I saw you draw the package, I only knew that I should take them every one from you, and that any experienced card player could have done the same. Now I taught you your first lesson in poker; this is lesson number two. I hope it may work well."
And it did work well. Captain Barrows remained with his sister a month, and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again, and this time he found Ellen as happy as a princess.
A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.—Monday—A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday—Gloomy and very chilly; unreasonable weather. Wednesday—Frosty; at times sharp. Thursday—Bitter cold in the morning, red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday—Storm in the morning with peals of thunder; air clear afterwards. Saturday—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A light south-wester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner time; hurricane and earthquake at night.
The hard case of a young widow with \$20,000, compelled to give up her property if she married again, has been going the rounds of the papers. To offset it, the Sandy Hill Herald relates how a gentleman residing in the town of Granville, Washington county, died recently and willed his wife a handsome sum—stipulating in his will that in case she again married the sum was to be doubled! "And," pathetically adds the Herald, "may the grass ever be green upon his grave."
SHEEP OLD LADY.—An old lady from the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the desert there was an enormous apple-pie.
"La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?"
"Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple-tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."
The Costa Rican authorities have, it is stated, authorized arrangements to be made for transporting all the filibusters that remain in the country to the United States. It is also stated that a treaty has been concluded between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, providing for the speedy resumption of travel over the transit route.
The Marriage Contract.
A case of breach of promise of marriage has recently been tried at Rochester, in which the following is given as the substance of the Judge's charge to the Jury:
The Judge charged that it was not necessary to maintain the existence of a promise of marriage, to prove that defendant, in express words or terms, made a promise to plaintiff. Any circumstances which usually accompany parties while holding the relation of an engagement of marriage, might properly be laid before a jury, and if sufficient to warrant the opinion that such an engagement existed, it was all the law required. It is not necessary that there should be a promise of marriage in direct phraseology—no formal promise is required. Frequent visits of the parties—retiring from the society of others—seeking to be apart by themselves—expressions of attachment—presenting—going together to places of amusement—walks, and occasional remarks in hearing of others, are circumstances usually relied upon to prove that a marriage engagement exists, and if such are strong enough to produce conviction upon the mind, they are all that is necessary to answer the law.
Wants to get Dated Back.
On a beautiful Sunday afternoon last Fall, a young couple from an adjoining town came down to our village, stopped at one of the hotels, sent out for a clergyman and were married. The young man paid the fee, took a marriage certificate, and they left the hotel a happy couple.
A few days since the young man called upon the clergyman, with his certificate, and "wished to get it dated back."
"How far back do you wish it dated?" inquired the clergyman.
"Why, as near as we can calculate, about a couple of months," replied the young man. This the clergyman seemed to decline doing, but the young man wished he would, "as he had rather give five dollars than not to have it dated back."
The clergyman regretted the necessity of dating back the certificate, and was very sorry he could not comply with his wishes; so the young man left with his \$5 and a marriage certificate, the latter being "as near as they could calculate, about a couple of months too short!"—Havana Journal.
A Great Gift.
Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man might close his eyes, did not God put his finger on his eyelids. There are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well-nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God; he bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night; he draws the curtain of darkness, bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow, and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; but still you see; and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain. Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physician on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to us all. God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be an infirmity, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."
A Singular Case.
We clip the following from the Granada (Miss.) Republican of the 18th ult.
We are credibly informed that there is now, in this county, a girl ten years old who is very singularly afflicted. It appears that she labors under the impression that she is bewitched. She wears a piece of gold around her neck, and if the gold is not watched, the string will twist to suffocation. She thinks if the gold was removed she would die instantly; on one occasion, it was removed while she was asleep, and immediately there were signs of strangulation. Another remarkable feature connected with her case is this: out of a pipe of her hair and throw it into the fire and she will show evident signs of pain or uneasiness by screaming. Her hair has been burnt half a mile distant, and at the very instant of burning she manifested the same signs of pain. Another strange feature in this case is, that if the picture of the individual whom she believes to be the cause of her suffering, is drawn upon paper, and shot at with lead, it makes no impression upon her, but present a gun loaded with silver, and she is thrown into spasms—fire and she is calm again. This certainly is a strange case, and we hope to hear more from it.
There is a man in White county Illinois, who has a wife that has borne him sixteen children; the first six came by twins, the succeeding nine by threes—while the last one, poor, helpless, lonely thing! came into this world without company. Sixteen children at seven births.
"Charley," said a father to his son, while they were working at a saw-mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with the first cut."
"The first cut," said the son, as he assailed the old man in rolling over a log; "is always a slab."

From the Harrisburg Herald, June 1st.
Developments at Harrisburg.
COUNTERFEITING ON A LARGE SCALE.
We stated in Saturday's issue that additional developments could be made relative to the two men recently killed on the railroad at Highspire. The fact is now fully established that for some weeks previous to the accident which resulted in their death, these men had been residents of our town, and occupied one of Mr. Collier's houses in North street, opposite the Cotton Mill. The circumstances which led to this discovery, and to the subsequent development of more important and startling facts, was detailed to us on Saturday by our efficient and obliging Coroner, Dr. W. Barr.
It appears that on Friday forenoon a female called at the office of the Coroner, and asked him if he knew the men who had been killed on the railroad. She seemed to be a great distress, shed tears freely, and said she feared that one of them was her husband. She handed the Coroner a daguerrotype likeness, and requested to know if it resembled either of the dead men. Without waiting for a reply, she asked if their clothing had been preserved, and if so whether she could see it. The Coroner at once submitted the clothing to her inspection, and the moment she saw it she became excessively agitated, and she exclaimed "that is poor George's, and that is poor Charles's!" and immediately sank into a chair and fainted. After a short time the woman recovered, when she made a second examination of the clothing and identified every article. She conversed very freely with the Coroner in regard to herself—stated that one of the men was her husband, and his name was Williams—that she was from Turberville, Northumberland county, in this State, and that she had been living with her husband and his companion in North street, opposite the cotton mill. Coroner Barr, satisfied from previous developments that the dead men had been counterfeiters and burglars, and that the woman knew more than she chose to disclose, determined to search the house; and immediately after the woman's departure he called in officer Newman, and the two visited the house for that purpose. During the progress of the search they found a quantity of mills and metal drifts and files, punches and ladels, a variety of acids, saws and chisels, augers, and a variety of other implements used for counterfeiting and burglarious purposes—also a lot of unfinished counterfeit coin. The discoveries made fully established the fact that the business of counterfeiting had been carried on extensively in the house.
A lady who resides in the same block, informed the Coroner that while she was engaged in searching the upper rooms, the woman previously alluded to carried out a quantity of metal of some kind, and other articles, and threw them into the privy. Numerous interesting documents were discovered, containing the names of individuals evidently members of a regularly organized gang of counterfeiters, burglars and horse thieves, extending from the city of Philadelphia all over our State, and to Nebraska and California. It was also discovered by an examination of the documents that the man known here as Vickroy, was no less distinguished a personage than the widely-known Horse Tamer and Trainer, G. W. Driesbach, of Cherokee county, Texas, alias Geo. Vickroy, Douglas, &c. This fellow it is supposed, was one of the ring-leaders of the gang above alluded to. The other man? the woman claimed as her husband—she said his name was Williams, that he had never assumed any other. But papers found during the search showed that his name (or one of his names) was George Russel.
It will be recollected that the names of Douglas and Russel occurred frequently in the papers and letters found upon the persons of these two men. Various other papers and letters are in possession of the Coroner, which will no doubt soon lead to further and more startling developments, and the implication of certain parties in this county and the counties of Lycoming, Northumberland, Columbia and Monroe. The woman (Mrs. Williams as she calls herself) left very suddenly and unexpectedly on Friday evening, in the train for Philadelphia. Just before getting into the omnibus she was seen to raise one of the stair steps, take out a quantity of something resembling coin, and hurriedly thrust it into her trunk. When informed of this fact the Coroner hastened in pursuit of the woman, but the cars were gone, and the bird had flown! On Saturday morning he telegraphed to the Philadelphia authorities, stated the circumstances, described the woman, and suggested the seizure and search of her trunk. What the result was we have not learned.
LOOKING GUILTY.—Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blurt at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face ready made for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to any decent man's cheeks in nine cases out of ten. The most "guilty looking" person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse—which turned out to be his own property.—Boston Post.
Beautiful is the sun in going down, look at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven. With God's promise, and God's presence, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Slender, in its broadest sense, is conversation about a person that lessens or degrades the character of the person in the minds of others.
It is practiced to a great extent even in this land of boasted morality, by the high and low, the rich and poor—in the streets, public assemblies, and in private circles.
How often do neighbors meet for a social visit without enumerating the faults of some one who is absent? It is common on such occasions, if one leaves before the rest, those who remain, before the departing one fairly gets out of hearing, will commence talking about his manners or style of dress, exaggerating the faults and overlooking the good qualities.
Persons of the same trade or profession often try to injure the reputation of each other. Each will represent the other as being ignorant, careless or dishonest.
Sometimes, from jealousy or some other cause, the innocent and virtuous are represented as being of the lowest character. Often those who have been guilty of a single act are the first to scatter the news of the fall of another, even without being sure of the truthfulness of it.
When a person becomes a better man, and resolves to live a better life, how few will tell of it! But when a person performs an evil act, there is a multitude ready to act as messengers to carry the news. Then as the story spreads, it loses nothing, but rather increases, similar to a snow ball rolling down the side of a mountain, which becomes an enormous mass by the time it gets to the foot.
Some who are somewhat conscientious about talking to their neighbors will not comment directly, but in this way—"I am sorry for such a neighbor." Then the one to whom he speaks will ask why he is sorry—what has such a one done? Then the first speaker will answer for politeness sake; but he intended to tell of it in the first place, taking this way to escape the blame of tattling.
Many a person is made worse by having it reported when he made the first false step, when he might have been reclaimed if a friend had gently reproved him, instead of reporting him to the public.
Many innocent persons have been led to lead a life of sin, regardless of character or condition in life, by having false statements made about them. They say they might as well have the game as the name.
How much better it would be, what a beneficial influence it would have on society, if we could have charity for others, overlook their faults, or kindly reprove them, and speak more of their virtues!
Look at this influence on a child. Tell him often that he knows nothing, and the never will know much. Treat him like a brute, and he will be a dunce; but tell him he can do something if he tries—his eyes will brighten with hope, then he will try to be somebody, and succeed to some extent. This rule will hold good with those of mature years. Try it and see.
Colored ministers often excel in those qualities in which many of their white brethren are especially deficient—pungency and directness. The following sketch of a sermon, for whose accuracy the editor of an exchange gives his personal voucher, is a good illustration of those important qualities:
Dropping into an African meeting-house in the outskirts of the city, we found the sermon just commenced. The topic seemed to be the depravity of the human heart, and the sabbath divine thus illustrated his argument:
"Brethren, when I was in Virginia one day do do woman's kitchen table got broken, and I was sent into do woods to cut a tree to make a new leaf for it. So I took do axe on do shoulder and I wandered into do depth of do forest.
"All nature was as beautiful as a lady going to do wedding. Do leaves glistered on do maple trees—like new quarter dollars in do missionary bag; do sun shone so brilliant, and waters looked as gay as do milk rabbit in a parsley garden; and do little bird round do old sabbath's neck talked so sweetly and musically in do distance.
"I picked a tree suitable for do purpose, and raised do axe to cut into do trunk. It was a beautiful tree! Do branches reached to do four corners of do earth, an' mine up so high in do air above, an' do squirrels hop about by do limbs like little angels stopping their wings in do kingdom of heaven. Dat tree war full ob promise, my friends; just like a great many of you.
"Den I cut into do trunk, and made do chips fly, like do mighty scales dropping from Paul's eyes. Two, three cuts I gave dat tree, and, alas! it was hollow in do middle.
"Dat tree was much like you, my friends, full ob promise outside, but hollow in do butt!"
The groans from the "anon" corners of the room were truly comical and moving, but we will venture a small wager that that was the most practical sermon preached in the city, on that day, at least.
RISE IN REAL ESTATE.—Some years ago, Henry Clay purchased some land four miles from St. Louis, known as the "old orchard tract," for sixty dollars an acre (the arpent is 35-100 of an acre). It descended to his son, James B. Clay, and the other day 45 arpents were sold at auction for \$1000 per arpent. A large quantity yet remains to be sold. So much for railroads and public spirit.

restored you every cent of what I have won from you to night."
The young man stood for a moment like a man in a dream. Then he caught his companion by the arm.
"You do not trifles!" he said, in a hoarse whisper.
"Give me the promise, and see."
Ambrose clasped his hands and turned his eyes toward heaven, he made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made him; and when he had done, his eyes sank to the snow covered earth, and he burst into tears. The stranger took a roll from his pocket, and handed it over.
"Here," said he, "is the full sum—every penny just as I took it from you, and now let us walk into the city again—my way is toward Adam street."
"So mine," whispered Ambrose as he clasped the money.
"Ah—then we'll walk together."
"But tell me what this means?" the young man uttered anxiously. "Who are you, sir?"
"Never mind now. I shall see you again, and then I will explain. But let us begin our way for it is cold here."
On the way, the stranger kept up such a rattle of conversation, that Ambrose not only had no chance to mention the subject of the evening's transactions, but by the time he had reached his own door, his feelings had got back into their wonted channel.
"I would invite you in," he said, "but—"
"Never mind. Just let me step into the entry for I want a light for a moment."
Of course, Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened the door, the stranger followed him in. He walked through the hall, and as he opened the door of the sitting room his companion was at his back.
Ellen sat at her table, and her face was pale; but she had not been crying, for the words her brother had spoken to her before he went out were spoken with a strange hope. She arose to her feet, and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the hall, he was not a little startled to hear the said individual say somewhat facetiously as follows:
"Well, sissey, you see I have brought him, and we are both of us all right, I can assure you."
For a moment the young man was wonder-struck, but the truth flashed upon his mind. "Jim Barrows," he gasped.
"Captain Barrows, at your service, sir; Ha, ha; you did not know me. He's just found out, Ellen."
Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not! He struggled for a moment with the feelings that swelled up his bosom, and then, sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry, and started forward.
"Don't be afraid," gasped Ambrose, "I'm safe. But I can't help this. Tell her all now, for she's a right to know."
The stout Captain drew his sister upon his knee, and then related to her all that had happened since he had left her.
"Ah, ha," he concluded, "the moment I saw you take the second hundred dollars from your portmanteau, I knew gaming would soon ruin you, and when I saw you draw the package, I only knew that I should take them every one from you, and that any experienced card player could have done the same. Now I taught you your first lesson in poker; this is lesson number two. I hope it may work well."
And it did work well. Captain Barrows remained with his sister a month, and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again, and this time he found Ellen as happy as a princess.
A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.—Monday—A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday—Gloomy and very chilly; unreasonable weather. Wednesday—Frosty; at times sharp. Thursday—Bitter cold in the morning, red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday—Storm in the morning with peals of thunder; air clear afterwards. Saturday—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A light south-wester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner time; hurricane and earthquake at night.
The hard case of a young widow with \$20,000, compelled to give up her property if she married again, has been going the rounds of the papers. To offset it, the Sandy Hill Herald relates how a gentleman residing in the town of Granville, Washington county, died recently and willed his wife a handsome sum—stipulating in his will that in case she again married the sum was to be doubled! "And," pathetically adds the Herald, "may the grass ever be green upon his grave."
SHEEP OLD LADY.—An old lady from the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the desert there was an enormous apple-pie.
"La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?"
"Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple-tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."
The Costa Rican authorities have, it is stated, authorized arrangements to be made for transporting all the filibusters that remain in the country to the United States. It is also stated that a treaty has been concluded between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, providing for the speedy resumption of travel over the transit route.
The Marriage Contract.
A case of breach of promise of marriage has recently been tried at Rochester, in which the following is given as the substance of the Judge's charge to the Jury:
The Judge charged that it was not necessary to maintain the existence of a promise of marriage, to prove that defendant, in express words or terms, made a promise to plaintiff. Any circumstances which usually accompany parties while holding the relation of an engagement of marriage, might properly be laid before a jury, and if sufficient to warrant the opinion that such an engagement existed, it was all the law required. It is not necessary that there should be a promise of marriage in direct phraseology—no formal promise is required. Frequent visits of the parties—retiring from the society of others—seeking to be apart by themselves—expressions of attachment—presenting—going together to places of amusement—walks, and occasional remarks in hearing of others, are circumstances usually relied upon to prove that a marriage engagement exists, and if such are strong enough to produce conviction upon the mind, they are all that is necessary to answer the law.
Wants to get Dated Back.
On a beautiful Sunday afternoon last Fall, a young couple from an adjoining town came down to our village, stopped at one of the hotels, sent out for a clergyman and were married. The young man paid the fee, took a marriage certificate, and they left the hotel a happy couple.
A few days since the young man called upon the clergyman, with his certificate, and "wished to get it dated back."
"How far back do you wish it dated?" inquired the clergyman.
"Why, as near as we can calculate, about a couple of months," replied the young man. This the clergyman seemed to decline doing, but the young man wished he would, "as he had rather give five dollars than not to have it dated back."
The clergyman regretted the necessity of dating back the certificate, and was very sorry he could not comply with his wishes; so the young man left with his \$5 and a marriage certificate, the latter being "as near as they could calculate, about a couple of months too short!"—Havana Journal.
A Great Gift.
Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man might close his eyes, did not God put his finger on his eyelids. There are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well-nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God; he bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night; he draws the curtain of darkness, bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow, and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; but still you see; and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain. Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physician on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to us all. God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be an infirmity, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."
A Singular Case.
We clip the following from the Granada (Miss.) Republican of the 18th ult.
We are credibly informed that there is now, in this county, a girl ten years old who is very singularly afflicted. It appears that she labors under the impression that she is bewitched. She wears a piece of gold around her neck, and if the gold is not watched, the string will twist to suffocation. She thinks if the gold was removed she would die instantly; on one occasion, it was removed while she was asleep, and immediately there were signs of strangulation. Another remarkable feature connected with her case is this: out of a pipe of her hair and throw it into the fire and she will show evident signs of pain or uneasiness by screaming. Her hair has been burnt half a mile distant, and at the very instant of burning she manifested the same signs of pain. Another strange feature in this case is, that if the picture of the individual whom she believes to be the cause of her suffering, is drawn upon paper, and shot at with lead, it makes no impression upon her, but present a gun loaded with silver, and she is thrown into spasms—fire and she is calm again. This certainly is a strange case, and we hope to hear more from it.
There is a man in White county Illinois, who has a wife that has borne him sixteen children; the first six came by twins, the succeeding nine by threes—while the last one, poor, helpless, lonely thing! came into this world without company. Sixteen children at seven births.
"Charley," said a father to his son, while they were working at a saw-mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with the first cut."
"The first cut," said the son, as he assailed the old man in rolling over a log; "is always a slab."

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