Vol 4

Democratic Watchman.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. S. SEELY & J. S. BARNHART. | BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1858. | TERMS: $1 50 IN ADVANCE. VOLUME 4—NUMBER 1.

Terms of Publication.

TERMS —$1 50 cts if paid within three months —$2.00 if delayed six months, and $2 50 if not paid within the year These terms will be rigidly adhered to

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Bellefonte, March 25-13-'58

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Select Poetry.

To a Lady.

BY E CLINTON BARRINGTON.

Oh, lady! words can never tell
The love which fills my soul;
I *feel* and *think*—but yet the spell
No language can control,
Thou knowest not the thoughts which rise
Unbidden, when thy speaking eyes
My ardent hopes cajole,
And vain it were for me to try
To speak my joy when thou art nigh.

The eyes have language to express
Emotions good and pure,
They *cannot* lie!—nor can they dress
The tales they tell the heart,
In colors of deceit or give
A false account of thoughts that live
In hearts by love made true;
And mine, no doubt, have truly told
A tale my lips dare not unfold!

If there could be on earth a love
Like that the sainted bear
Each other in the world above
It should be thine—and there
Should be no grief to mar our joy,
No earthly dross, no base alloy,
To dim our treasures rare;
But each in each should find a source
Of bliss, which ne'er could change its course

And, dearest lady! when the hour
Shall come in which *our minds*
Are freed from time's defacing power,
And each its heaven finds
Will not the ties which bind us now
Grow stronger? and will not each vow
My eagre heart enshrines,
Be fondly cherished, truly kept,
And strike a chord which here has slept?

Immortal soul! Time is thy birth—
Thy life eternity!
The *first* is but *transient* worth—
The last shall ever be!
Then, oh, dear lady! let us give
Our thoughts to pleasures which shall live,
And bless my love to thee,
When death shall cause two souls forgiven
To lose the world and gain a heaven!

Miscellaneous.

THE MATRIMONIAL STRATAGEM,

OF, HOW TWO HOUSEHOLDS BECAME ONE.

Mrs. Benoni Benson was fat, fair and forty-four, when her husband, a soap boiler in very good circumstances, was called from his life-task of contributing to the general satisfaction of mankind. Mrs. Benson took refuge from her grief in a pretty cottage, situated on the principal street in the town of G——.

At first she was *inconsolable*, and she used to say with a solemn emphasis, which carried conviction to the hearts of her hearers, *that nothing but the thoughts of her* daughter Florence would have prevented her from terminating her existence by the intervention of poison

Benson was, in no small measure, indebted to her daughter—since in less than three months, she threw aside her mourning and become as lively as ever

Touching Florence, she had now reached the mature age of nineteen, and she began to think herself marriagable She was quite pretty, and tolerably well accomplished, so that her wishes in that respect were likely to be fulfilled.

Just over the way lived Squire Markham, the village lawyer, just verging upon fifty, with his son Charles, who was about half his age. Being a young man of agreeable exterior, the latter was quite a favorite with the young ladies of the neighborhood, and considered in *common parlance*, quite a "catch."

As yet, however, his affections had never been seriously entangled, and might have remained so, had it not been for the sudden apparition, one morning of Florence Benson, riding by on horseback.

It struck him at once that she was remarkably graceful and really quite pretty.—Thereupon, he cultivated her acquaintance with *increased assiduity, and after a while* asked the fatal question.

Florence answered in the affirmative, and instead of referring him dutifully to her mother, hinted (being a romantic young lady) how charming it would be to steal away to the next town and get married, without any body being the wiser.

Charles Markham caught at this hint, which chimed with his own temperament, and he resolved to adopt it.

In order that it might be carried out with perfect success, it was resolved to seem indifferent to each other, to ward off any suspicion which might otherwise be aroused.

So well were these arrangements carried out, that Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going on.

Not so with Squire Markham. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some manner, so that he not only discovered the fact of the elopement, but even on the very day on which it was to occur.

"Sly dog, that Charles," thought he to himself, as he sat down before the fire in his dressing gown and smoking cap, leisurely puffing away at a choice Havana. "But I don't wonder at it; he only takes after me, Still, I owe him something for keeping it so secretly from me. It would be a good joke if I were a little younger, to cut him out and marry her in spite of him."

Squire Markham, who was one of the joyful widowers who take life as it comes, mused more and more on this idea, struck out by chance as it were, till he really began to think it worth something.

"After all," shouted he, "I am not so old either—or at least, the ladies say so—and they ought to be good judges in such matters. I have been a bachelor a good while, and ought to have found out before this how much more comfortable it would be to have a pretty wife to welcome me home, and to do the honors of the table, and to help me to keep that rascal Charles in order Egad! I've half a mind to do it."

Squire Markman took two more whiffs and exclaimed:

"I vow, I'll do it"

What this mysterious IT was, we will leave the reader to infer from his very next movement. Ringing the bell, he inquired of the servant.

"Is Charles at home?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "he went out this morning and will be gone all day."

"Hump! that ll do. So much the better for my purposes," thought he when left alone.

Now I shall have the ground to myself—Let me see; the rascal intends running away next Thursday evening, and to day is Monday. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot. I'll write to her in his name telling her that I have altered my mind and will go just at dark to-morrow night She won't suspect anything until the knot is tied, and then what a laugh we shall have!"

Squire Markham did not consider that it might make a little difference with the bride expectant. He considered it a capital joke on his son, but looked no farther He accordingly drew his writing materials towards him and indited the following epistle:

"DEAREST FLORENCE!—I find the day fixed for our elopement on some accounts objectionable, and would like, with your permission, to substitute to-morrow evening If I hear nothing from you I shall infer that you assent to this arrangement: I shall have a carriage in readiness under the old oak tree at half past eight o'clock You can walk there without exciting suspicion, and there will be no moon, we shall be able to carry out our plans without fear of discovery I am happy to say that the governor doesn't suspect in the least that a daughter-in law is in store for him Won't he be ashamed? Your devoted

CHARLEY"

"Egad!" said Squire Markham, laughing heartily, "that isn't bad, especially about humbugging me. Charley couldn't have done better himself"

So saying he sealed it up and sent it over by a little Irish boy in his employment having first marked "private" in the corner

"Be careful Mike, to give it to Miss Benson, and don't let any one else see it," was the parting injunction

Mrs. Benson was sitting in her quiet parlor casting her eyes over a late number of Harper's Magazine. Florence being absent on a shopping excursion, she was left alone. The ringing of the bell brought her to the door With surprise she saw that the person who rang the bell was Mike, Squire Markman's boy of all work"

"Please, marm," said he, holding out the missive, "a letter for Miss Benson, and it's very particular that nobody else should see it"

The air of mystery conveyed in this characteristic address aroused Mrs Benson's suspicions, especially when she observed that it was addressed to her daughter and not to herself, as she supposed. She returned to the parlor—not to read Harper's Magazine, that had lost its attractions.

"What in the world can it be," she tho't, "that they should be so secret about it?—Can Florence be carrying on a clandestine correspondence? It may be something that I ought to know."

Stimulated by her feminine curiosity, Mrs. Benson speedily concluded that she would be false to the responsibilities of a parent if she did not unravel the mystery.

"Here's a pretty doing!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could recover her breath—"So Florence was going to run away and get married to that Charles Markham, without so much as hinting a word to me."

She leaned her head upon her hand, and began to consider. She was naturally led to think of her own marriage with the late Mr. Benson and the happiness of her wedded life, and she could not help heaving a sigh at the recollection.

"Am I always to remain thus solitary?" she thought. "I have half a mind not to show the letter to Florence, but to run away with Charles to-morrow night on my own account. It's odd if I can't persuade him that the mother is as good as the daughter," and she glanced complacently at the still attractive face and form reflected from the mirror.

Just then she heard the door open, and Florence entered. She quickly crumbled up the note and thrust it into her pocket.—Florence and Charles did not meet during the succeeding day, chiefly in pursuance of the plan they had agreed to, in order to avoid suspicion.

Squire Markham acted in an exceedingly strange manner, to his son's thinking. Occasionally he would burst into a hearty laugh which he would endeavor to suppress, and pace up and down the room, as if to walk off some of his superabundant hilarity.

"What's in the wind?" thought Charles to himself. "It can't be that the governor is getting crazy." Something was the matter beyond doubt. But what, it really was he had not the faintest conjecture.

At the hour specified, the Squire had his carriage drawn up at the appointed rendezvous. He began to peer anxiously in the dark for Florence. At length a female form well muffled up made its appearance—Thanking her in a low whisper, lest it might be suspected that he was the wrong person he helped her into the carriage and drove off. Their destination was the house of a Justice of the Peace, residing at a distance of eight miles.

During the first part of the journey nothing was said Both parties were desirous of concealing their identity At length the Squire, considering that he could not marry the lady without her consent, and that the discovery must be made before the marriage determined to reveal himself and then urge his own suit as well as he might.

"My dear Miss Florence," he continued in his natural voice.

"Why!" *shrieked the lady,* "I thought it was Charles."

"And I," said Squire Markman, recognizing Mrs Benson's voice with astonishment, "I thought it was Florence."

"Was it you, sir, that was arranging to elope with my daughter?"

"No, but I conclude it was you, ma'am who was meaning to elope with my son"

"Indeed, Squire Markham, you are wrong the affair coming incidentally to my knowledge I concluded to take her place secretly, in order to frustrate her plans."

"Egad! the very idea I had myself" said the Squire, laughing, "but the fact is, we've both of us been most confoundedly sold, and the mischief of it is, I left a letter for Charles, letting him know it; so undoubtedly he will take the opportunity to run off with Florence during our absence and plume himself the rascal, on the way in which I was taken in"

"I confess that I left a note for Florence to the same purport. How she will laugh at me What an embarrassment"

"I tell you what," said the Squire, after a moment's pause, "we can still carry out our plans after all We each came out with the intention of getting married Why not marry each other and then, you know, we can make them believe we had it in view all along, and only intended to frighten them"

Mrs Benson assented with a little urging and in the course of an hour the twain were made one. They immediately returned, but found, as they anticipated, that Florence and Charles discovering their departure, had themselves stepped off in a different direction with a similar intent.

They made their appearance the next morning, prepared to laugh heartily at the frustrated plans of their parents, but learned with no little astonishment that they had struck up a bargain for themselves. Squire Markham and his new wife had the address to convince them that it was all a premeditated plan, and to this day the younger pair are ignorent of the plot and counterplot which led to the double union of the two households.

Girls Look Out.

It may be *remembered that some two* months ago. Wm H White eloped with Miss Amanda Platt, from Hartford, Conn Mr Whit had a wife, three children, and a prosperous business. Miss Platt was 16 years old, and her parents moved in good circles The first heard of the missing couple was by a despatch, dated Washington City, from Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, announcing that they were stopping at Brown's Hotel in that city, Mr. White, for some reason, suddenly left Washington, and went on to New York. Arriving there, he placed his victim in a disreputable house in the upper part of the city, and then left her. Discovering that she had been basely deserted, the repentant girl wrote to her father, who came on and took her home.

We publish the above as a warning to such ladies who harbor a strong partiality for strangers, and, ignorant of their true *character, are ever ready to form matrimonial* alliances with them, thereby, nine out of ten, sacrificing a life of unfeigned happiness to one of never ending misery and misery.

Parson Brown'ow and his Customers

The late Knoxville Whig contains characteristic and pathetic appeal from editor to his former customers at Jonesboro where the Whig was originally published. He offers to take bills on the Bank of East Tennessee, which are worth twenty cents on a dollar, in full payment, and adds:—"Persons wishing to square up with us can do so If, however, they wish to get off at a cheaper rate, they can withhold even these bills, and we promise during the coming year to receipt them in full through the paper, forever, and file our claims against them in the High Chancery of Heaven, and let them settle with their God in the world to come. And to leave all without excuse, we further agree to take Shanghai chickens, hoop skirts, bootjacks, broom corn, baby jumpers, fishing tackles, wooden combs, pine, blacking, old boots, patent medicine sucking pigs, frozen cabbage, old clothes, Colt's revolvers, second-handed tooth brushes, ginger cakes, parched corn, circus tickets, tally, or any other articles found in a retail store."

Down and Up.

In the year 1849, a young man who was rich, and engaged in a lucrative business in Cincinnati, became enamored of a beautiful and amiable girl—the daughter by the way, of wealthy parents—and after a brief courtship married her. He loved her dearly; she loved him dearly. A fortune of happiness seemed in store for them; but evil days came, and after a brief but violent struggle with fortune, the young man became a bankrupt. He was left without a dollar, but not without a hope. The gold mines of California were open to the adventurous and industrious He would leave his beautiful wife and seek its glittering shores, where he would remain until his fallen fortunes were revived. He came to California, but the cloud still hung over him.—He was active, enterprising, and persevering; yet while others around him were gathering the golden harvest in abundance, his every object failed. For eight years he continued thus. He became sick, weary and disheartened, but his pride would not allow him to write home for assistance—He was at last reduced to sell newspapers upon the streets for a living.

A few weeks ago he was at Folsom street wharf, upon the arrival of the mail steamer and among the passengers who came ashore, he caught a glimpse of a richly dressed lady, whom he thought he knew. He followed her to a hotel, got a fair view, and recognized her as his wife, whom he had not seen for eight years. He was poorly dressed, but his affection conquered his pride, and he immediately made himself known to her.—The recognition was followed by a beautiful exhibition of unabated and unfaltering love. The lady's parents having died, had left her heiress of great wealth She had not heard of her husband for eight years, and, fearing for his safety, she resolved to visit this State and make enquiries for herself—The lady closed her conversation with her husband by putting her arms around his neck and saying.

"Now dear George, we can go home and be happy as we used to be" They did go home on the steamer which left last Monday. This story is strictly true.—*California Spirit of the Times.*

Appalling Calamity.

THREE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH!—The village of Fostoria, this county, was the scene of one of the most appalling calamities, on Friday morning last, that has ever been our lot to record We are indebted to a friend for the following particulars of the heart-rending occurrence.—Mr. Louis Bender, a resident of Fostoria, and a tanner by trade, (in the employ of of Mr. John Campbell, of Henshcytown, about a mile distant,) went to his work as usual, on the morning of the 17th, leaving his wife and three small children at home in the enjoyment of health and happiness The mother, after she had eaten her breakfast, went to the stable to milk her cows, leaving the children by themselves in the house. During her absence, the children, as is supposed, set fire to a box of shavings, which had been brought in the night previous, and which was sitting beside the stove. The flames spread so rapidly that the house inside was a mass of fire before it was discovered or any person came or could render any assistance—The doors and windows were all shut and fastened. The door was broken open immediately, but the flames rushed out in such a volume as to render it impossible for any person to enter. Every possible effort was made to rescue the children from their horrible situation, but without avail—they were literally roasted alive. The scene was one which baffles description.

The oldest child a boy, was five years old; the second, a little girl, three years old; the third, a small babe, three months old.

The charred remains of the children were recovered after the house was burned down They were all burned into a hard shapeless crisp. The legs and arms of the little sufferers were entirely consumed and nothing [illegible] their bodies! The [illegible] remains were buried [illegible] immediately after the fire

The parents are almost distracted, and it is feared that the [illegible] will lose her reason [illegible] never tasted food [illegible]

The furniture and everything in the house was [illegible] occupied store house adjoining the dwelling took fire and was burned to the ground. The buildings belonged to Daniel Keller, of Catharine Township.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

AMUSING INCIDENT IN COURT.—At Durham assizes a very deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask her what she would take to settle matters. "What will you take?" asked the gentleman in the bob-tailed-whig of the old lady. The old lady merely shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury in confidence, that "she was very hard o' hearin." "His lordship wants to know what will you take?" asked the counsel again, this time bawling as loud as ever he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his lordship kindly," the ancient dame answered stoutly, "and if it's no ill convenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale." [Roars of laughter.]—*English paper.*

Original.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

Stray Leaves from a Country Girls Diary.

[No. 4th.]

TUESDAY.—To day, had the pleasure of reading the Watchman. Its friendship never abates, for notwithstanding the cold weather and bad roads it visits us regularly, even here on the Allegheny mountain: and cheers our lonely hours, by its rich instructive and varied conversation; but I was greatly mortified on reading the story of a funeral, in "Stray leaves from a country girl's diary No 2nd" It said "Friends will *congratulate*," instead of *congregate*, "around *our* tomb" *I do hope* if my friends rejoice when I am gone, they will at least wait till they get away from my grave. But I believe the Watchman did not mean it, and feel like forgiving the honored gentlemen.

WEDNESDAY.—Alone. The last echo of joyous merry shouting schoolboys has died away, and naught is heard save the shrill cry of winter, as he stalks around "monarch of all" he surveys.

And is this solitude? Ah! no, it *cannot* be,
For loneliness comes o'er us, only when
We mix amid the throng of busy men,
And find no trust no love no sympathy,
There stern Formality, with all her pride,
Moulds brainless heads and loveless hearts,
They smile and flatter, bow and smile again,
And chatter on in one unthinking strain,
Oh! *there* despoleuliness comes o'er us, and in truth
We are alone worse than alone But here
Books, pen and sober thoughts, dear friends,
Sweet memories of the days whose light has fled,
And bright anticipations of the hours to come,
With me all hold sweet converse, though the queen
Of silence sits enthroned on all around,
I'm not alone This is not solitude,
But sweet society, where none intrudes

SUNDAY.—Getting wearied staying at home so much, I persuaded my boarding master to lend me a horse and I would go with Mr C—— to hear him preach. He said his bridle was broken, and there was no saddle for me to ride on. I told him to put his saddle and the harness bridle on "Joe" and lead him out. Accordingly we started and on the road to Julian Furnace passed a man working on the road. Some of the people here have Sunday religion, which they will not use in the week, for fear of wearing it out. Some pray on Sunday, covet on Monday, cheat on Tuesday, lie on Wednesday, get drunk on Thursday, swear on Friday and if they had an opportunity would steal on Saturday. This man could not have had even a share of the Sunday religion.

MONDAY.—"Miss ——— is not pretty, I wont go with her to night," said a *greeny* as I came out of the meeting house, who ought to know whether or not I am pretty, by the idiots stare he kept up during the sermon. *I know sir* that I am not only "not pretty," but am *ugly*, and would thank you to give your hateful glances to one more favored with venus charms. I guess you "would 'nt" go with me to night, *a good reason why!*

FRIDAY.—Were it not for the radiant halos of past enjoyments, and the sparkling rays from the star of hope, the present would drag heavily When far from home, surrounded by strangers, and be-set with trials, who is it that does not sometimes see the twilight shades of despondency wrap their *mystic fingers over the sunbeams of their enjoyments? Ah! you have not known* what it is to have no father's kindness to cheer you, *no mother's love to guide you,* no sisters hand to bathe the aching brow, no brother's strong arm to lean upon when wearied, no smile of *friendship to heal up* the wounded heart, you do not know what life is But even now hope seems to whisper:

"Take courage, look forward, arise and be free,
There's a welcome for you in the halls of glee,
There's a friendly smile for your care-worn heart,
That may shadow in sadness but never depart"

WILD ROSE.

BLACK OAK COLLEGE.

Immortality.

How beautiful the following from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see these beauties as he portrays them.

"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and thus pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded *loveliness?* Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight thrones, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproaching *glory? And why is it that bright forms of* human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us leaving the thousand dreams of affliction to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth.—There is a realm where the beautiful belong that now passes before us like a meteor, which will stay in our presence forever."

CURIOSITY.—A man in Buffalo, New York, wears a most rare and ancient curiosity in the shape of a *wooden* watch, only one hundred and fifty-six years old! It was made by Casper Glatz Stetton, in Switzerland, in 1702. The pinions and verge are of steel; the barrel, main, and scope wheels are composed of brass, and so is the balance. The rest of the of watch is entirely of wood, including the case.

Marrying at Random.

The "local" of the Buffalo *Republic* tells the following very good 'un:

One of our Justices of the Peace was called yesterday afternoon, to go to a German house in the city, and marry a couple. Putting on a clean collar, and putting a marriage certificate in his pocket, he started for the festive scene. Arrived at the house under the direction of a blue-legged little boy, who pointed out the place, he knocked and went in. In the middle of the floor stood a stout German girl, sorry and plump, her blue eyes rolling out tears as large as butter-pats "What's the matter?" said the sympathetic Justice.

"Matter," said the girl, "Dat Gotlieb ish wend off, and wouldn't marry me, ain't it?" The Justice said he supposed it was, and intimated that he had come to marry some one, and requested the old lady to bring on the lambs to the sacrifice. Old lady said, "dare vos no lambs—Gotlieb ish run off and vill not marry my Katarina." "Well," said the Justice, "Gotlieb isn't the only man there is—send for some other man to marry her" At that Katarina's face brightened up, and she ejaculated, "Yah—dat is goot—send mit Hans" Hans was sent for but couldn't come. When her messenger returned, Katarina, determined not to give it up, said, "send mit Shoseph." Shoseph was sent for, but couldn't be found.

Katrina's heart fell at this news, and the Justice was growing impatient. Just then Katrina looked out of the window and saw a short and thick young German going by, when she rushed to the door and hallooed "Fritz—Fritz!" Fritz shortly made his appearance at the door, when Katrina's mother said, "Fritz, you lofs mine Katrina?" Fritz *allowed* he did, more as sour-krout.—"Then stand up here," thundered the Justice; and before Fritz could realize his position, *he* was man and wife, and Katrina's arms were around his neck, and her lips pressed to his, she crying between the calisthenics, "mein husband—mein 'Fritz:"—Our duty as a correct historian compels us to say that Fritz hugged back as well as he knew how. The Justice, with head erect stepped smilingly out, leaving the lovers to themselves, and walked away meditatively, a holy calm stealing all over his massive proportions, the consciousness of having done his duty gleaming in his eye, and honor, honesty and rectitude in his footstep.

A LATE PRIZE FIGHTER.—One individual result of the "awakening" last winter, in this city, as will be remembered, was the conversion of the well-known Orville, or—"Awful" Gardiner. The awakening of deeply depraved characters is not an unheard of occurrence, but, perhaps, the persistence of such in a religious course is the more remarkable of the two.

Those who read the account of the "mill" between Morrissey and Heenan might have inferred, from the absence of Mr. Gardiner's name in that connection, that he was engaged in better business. And such was the fact He is not only a member of the Methodist persuasion, in good standing—having finished his "probation" three months since—but he is also a reputable shoemaker—his original trade—in Portchester, N. Y.

From The New York Tribune.

Headly's Life of Washington.

Mr Headly has aimed, in this work, to present a popular view of the biography of Washington and of the events intimately connected with his public career, in a less voluminous form than would be required for a detailed history of contemporary affairs. The author has made free use of the interesting facts brought to light by the researches of Mr. Lossing, and has also been favored with all the papers of General Putnam, including his revolutionary diary and correspondence, which are said furnish much new information with regard to the movements of Washington. The work is written in an animated style, and is embellished with five steel plate and other engravings.

MRS DOUGLAS ON THE LATE CANVASS.—A correspondent of the Vincennes Sun, speaking of the pleasant domestic qualities of Mrs Douglas, relates that at the Chicago celebration a few days ago, Mrs. Douglas, was asked how she stood the canvass.—"Very well," said she, "but I must go and get my husband some clothes—he has come out of the battle half naked. I got him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of studs—he lost all his shirts but two and one that don't belong to him—and all the studs but four, which belong to four different sets, and besides, he hasn't any of the other clothes that he started out with.

Newspaper patronage is a curious thing in the estimation of some people. A man lives near you—never took your paper, it is too small—don't like the editor—don't like the politics—too young Americaish—too old fogyish—or too something else—yet goes regularly to his neighbor and reads by a good fire—finds fault with its contents, disputes with its positions, and quarrels with its type. Occasionally sees an article that he likes—saves half a dime, and begs a number. This is newspaper patronage.

A friend of ours, was congratulating himself upon having recently taken a very pleasant trip. Dudon inquiry, we found that he had tripped and fell into a young lady's lap.