Democratic Watchman.

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Trial List —April Term, 1859.

Edward Gratz vs J H Bates et al
Susanah Swartz vs Jno Swartz
Jac Erb vs Jas Alexander (with notice.)
Tammany & Myers vs Eliz Simpson
Wm Harding's Adm'r vs James Gordon
John Sankey vs John Miller (with clause)
John G Runk vs Richard Atherton
Martin Meiss, vs Martin Meiss Adm'rs
John M Hale, vs Henry McLaughlin
J A S Tipton, vs T M Hall
Brew McClain & Lieb vs Patrick Keef
John Hoffman use of vs Wm Armor's Adm'rs
Brokenhoff & Irwin vs Same
Mich'l Roans Adm'r vs Austin Curtin et al
Jas D LeLanah ns Adm'r vs Same
George Otenkink vs Ross & Philips.
Valentines & Thomas vs Wm Ross Adm'rs
Hastings Mary's Cont'r vs Sheets & Spotts.
Wm B Henderson use vs Jas Aldrich's Adm'rs
Cath Moka use of vs Val. Stavers Ex'rs
Jos B Erb vs Rudy & Shall
Hall & Montgomery vs Stewart & Dorsey
Jac Gratz vs et al vs James Lucas
James Irwin et al vs Jona Walker
John Adams vs John & Hays Dillon
A S Valentine et al vs Jac & Wm Brower
Sarah Wilson vs Esther McGhee Ex'r
Henry & Ann Ammerman vs Wm & David Campbell
A Freeman vs P A Karhause
Cato Lindeman vs James S Hall
John Grimes vs Samuel Grimes Ex'r
Peter Mumbower vs Christian Kump
Wilson & Anna Peasman vs Harvey Peasman
P Benner Jr's Adm'r vs Henry Hoy Sr (with notice)
M & W Riddle vs J G Lamporet al
Thos B Duff et al vs John H Coid
Matthew Riddle vs Jona Creamer Jr
Chr Hartsock vs Bellefonte Gas Co
Coms of Centre Co vs Geo Graham Jr (with clause)
Wagner & Thomas vs John Burroughs et al
W B Heverson et al vs M ses Thompson
R D Cummings vs Wm Hoy
C Slamm & wife vs Lydia Butler
Moses Thompson vs Rudolph Light
Geo Cronemiller Adm'r vs Daniel Houser Sr

SECOND WEEK

Philip Krebs vs Houston & Irvine
A Gentzell use of vs Ludwig Kurtz
McGovern & Stewart vs Henry Brokenhoof
William Bell vs Solomon Derr
Thos Benner by his Guar vs Wm P Reynolds et al
Henry Brokerhoof vs Wm Armors Adm'rs
Same vs Jos Lauman's Exs
Luke Noland use of vs Dennis McCaffery's Adm'r
Wm F Reynolds vs Henry Benner's exors
Thos Burnside use of vs John J W Montgomery
Wm Underwood vs A P Richards et al
Henry Brokerhoof vs Henry Benner's exors
Same vs Same
H N McAllisters use of vs Same
Jas Macomacmanus use of vs Same
Burnside & Antes vs M P Little
Thos Benner vs Peter Hoy & Geo Gerlaich
Same vs Clerices Bricksch
Jona Bullock vs John Adams Jr
Eleazar Henderson vs Geo Gates
H H Glenn vs Mord Waddle
McLanahan Watson & Co vs Jos Packarth
Robert Lipton vs James Irvin et al
H P Richards vs Walter Gresham
H M & J Lucas vs Lipton & M Masters
W & D Kerlin vs Geo Welch's Adm'r A Charles Wilson
James McGill vs Washington Iron Co
Jona Wolf vs John W Shall
Thomas Hutton et al vs Aaron R Fitz
Hugh Adams vs Bald Eagle Lumber Co
Jacob Erb vs David Rothrock
Hugh Adams vs Bald Eagle Lumber Co
Wm Baird Jr vs Mathew Leith & Co
Abm Hostsock's Adm'rs vs Geo Gream (with notice)
Hoyt & Co vs Absalom Tipton
John Eyers et al vs Adm'r of John Eyers Dec'd
Moses Felmalee Adm'r vs Jacob Felmalee
Mark Evans use of vs Geo Grove
Henry Brockerhoff vs Sarah A Sellis Dixon
Jacob Houser vs Robt D Cummings
Henry J Carton vs Same
Samuel Irwin's Adm'r vs Samuel McKee
Dr Henry Knorr vs Wm Smith Jr
E M Hoops vs Walter Gribson
Wm Howeler, vs John Burnsey
Atwood & Orvis use of vs Robt Lipton
Seamens Saving Fund vs Tomes & Steel
Geddes Marsh & Co vs Wm Stover
Geddes, Marsh & Co vs David Durst
Solomon Edlinger vs R D Cummings
Geo McDivit, vs A P Richards
Wm M Fegler vs D J Meyram
Susanah Johnstonbaugh vs John Irvin
R D Cummings vs Samuel Brady
Stevenson Bowen & Neff vs Jacob Hoy
John Thompson vs Daniel Haugh
Jos Miles Esq., vs Miles Green & F Mills
Wm C Welch use of vs Bor of Bellefonte
Henry Dunkle, Adm'r vs Gordon Geary
Meese Gunsallus vs Wm Gates
Daniel Downs vs Samuel Brady
Wm L McMeen & Co vs John Sellers
Jennings & Co use of vs Same
S A Gibson vs Wm J Yearich
W S Dale vs Kaidwalader & Nelson
Jacob Harnian use of, vs Jacob Weaver
Milton Stamp End vs Walter Graham
John Fallon vs Peter McClure
German Reformed Church M C vs Geo J Packer, et al
Addricks Van Dusen & Smith vs W A McCalmont (with clause)
John Hertzler Jr vs R D Cummings
John Keenan vs Wm Beates
Eliza Watson vs Sarah Dixon
Mrs M Irvin vs James Alexander, Admr (with notice)
C Harkness, & Son, use of vs D I Pruner
Shultz & Seltzer use of vs R D Cummings
James Dunbar vs Martin Houser's Ex
Whipp o use of vs Richards & Dormary
Noroross & Sheets vs Bald Eagle Man Co
George Swartz vs Daniel Ulrich
J B Awl vs Wm H Blair
Fredrick Paxon vs Barbara Riddle
Catharine Dullin, vs James D Turner

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List of Letters.

List of letters, remaining in the Post Office at Bellefonte April 1st, 1859.

A.—Adams A. W.
B.—Blakor H. A., Beaty Oscar H Bell Rachelann Brown Henry, Baley Samuel Brown Wm
C.—Conrow Thornton, Curren Francis, Crownover John G
D.—Dulonghty Patrick, Durlather A W Divinny Mary A. Donley James,
F.—Fogleman John,
G.—Ganty Miss Eliza, Green Alexander Ginter Elizabeth
H.—Holtyworth William Hull Jane W, Holter Magdaline, Hill T. Y., Hulbert Chancy, Hawkins L. W
I.—Irwine John R.
J.—Judson Jno W.
K Kelley James, Keefle Michael, Kern Michael.
L.—Lucky John, Line Harriet, Linderworth L Ergu.
M.—Morrison Henry, Moyer Wm. Malory Martain, Miller Rev. D H., Mealister James
O.—Oweni Miss Sarah A., Olaughlin Patrick, Obsguaga Francis,
P.—Pearl Patrick. Potter Henry.
R.—Rosensteel William.
S.—Slover Daniel, Shindle Jacob, Sullivan Mary.
W.—Wabburn Henry 2, Weisil Miss Fanny.
Y.—Yewdall Samuel. Yerba Daniel.

Any person inquiring for letters in the above list, will please say they are advertised. WM COOK, P M.

☞ Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

Original Poetry.

[For the Watchman]

Lines

BY MARY T WILLIAMS

Adieu to the banks where in childhood I played,
To the Mountain home paths where I sportively strayed,
To the beauty gemmed meadow where wild flowers grow
And the laughing brook singes in its onward flow

Adieu to the scenes I have long loved so well
To the ties which have bound me in fancy's wild spell
To the sweet budding flowers, so fragile and fair,
Which I sadly resign to another's care

Adieu to the spot where our treasure is kept
Where the rose-tree is bathed with the tears we have wept,
The willow bends low o'er the little one's tomb,
But her spirit dwells in a brighter home

Adieu to the hills where I wandered so free,
To the friends whom I love, yet may never more see,
Tho their eyes grow dim and their cheeks wax pale,
Yet their friendship and memory never can fail.

A long to all I have worshipped on earth,
To my own native scenes, and their innocent mirth
To my dear sister's grave and the friends whom I love
Till the last trumpet calls us to meet above

Mount Union Home Pa

Miscellaneous.

A Balloon Ride With a Madman.

A French paper gives the following thrilling narrative of the first ball on ascension made by Monsieur Godard from Paris:—

Monsieur Godard took with him on that day as his companion, a wealthy private gentleman, who paid 1,000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition The weather could not have been more propitious and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude

What effect does that produce upon you?" asked M Godard of his companion

Nothing" said the latter laconically

"My compliments to you, said M Godard. You are the first whom I have ever seen arise at such an altitude without having some emotion

"Keep on mounting," said the traveler, with a gravity superior

M. Godard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some fifty feet higher

"And now," added M Godard, "does your heart beat?

"Nothing yet" replied his companion with an air which approached closely to impatience

"The devil!" exclaimed M Godard:—"you have really, my dear sir the most perfect qualifications to be an æronaut"

The balloon still ascended, when 1,000 feet higher M Godard interrogated a third time his companion

"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing, not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveler, with a tone positively discontented and like a man who had experienced a profound deception

"Confoundes me! so much the worse then," said the æronaut smiling, but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend

"To descend?"

"Certainly: there would be danger in mounting higher"

"That does not make the slightest difference to me: I do not choose to descend"

"You what?" asked M Godard.

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given one thousand francs to experience some emotion: I must do so, and I will not descend before I have felt some emotion."

M. Sodard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

"Will you ascend once more?" demanded the traveler, seizing him by the throat and shaking him with violence "When shall I feel some emotion"

M Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his companion; he had to do with a madman!

If even the unfortunate æronaut had had any defensive weapon he would, after all, have been capable of defending himself;—but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars The earth was five thousand feet beneath most horrible depth; and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow," continued the madman, without loosening his gripe. "Ah! you think to rob me of one thousand francs, as well as emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut a caper."

The madman was possessed with prodigious muscular force.

M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself.

"What do you wish from me?" asked he, with a calm tone and submissive air

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a summersault," answered the madman, with a ferocious smile. "But first, (the madman seemed to bethink himself) I have an idea I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there I must put myself astride on the semicircle"

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon Just in speaking he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon

M Godard who had not before trembled for himself was forced to do so now for the madman

"But, miserable man you are going to kill yourself You will be seized with vertigo"

"No remarks" hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar, or I will at once pitch you into the abyss"

"At least," observed M. Godard, "allow me to put this cord round your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon"

"Be it so," said the madman who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution

This done furnished with his cord of safety the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon, and placed himself astride the semicircle, as he had said Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket

"What are you going to do?" asked M Godard who feared that he might have the idea of ripping open the balloon

"To make myself comfortable forthwith"

Uttering these words, the madman cut slowly the cord of safety which M Godard had attached to his body With a single puff of the wind to shake the balloon, the miserable creature must roll over the abyss!

And now," yelled forth the madman brandishing his knife "we are going to laugh Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend! Very well I to you who are going to tumble down, in a moment, and quicker than that"

M Godard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman the latter, still astride the semicircle, had cut oh horror! four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon The car inclines horribly—it only holds by two.

"A word a single word," cried M Godard

"No, no pardon," vociferated the madman

"I do not ask for pardon, on the contrary"

"What is it you wish then?" said the madman, astonished.

"At this moment now" continued the æronaut hurriedly, we are at a height of 5,000 feet"

"Stop," said the madman "that will be charming, to tumble down from such a height"

"It is still too low" added M Godard

"How so?" asked the madman, stupified

"Yes," said M Godard "my experience as an æronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation Tumble, or no tumble, I must prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright rather than to risk being only lamed have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 9,000 feet only"

"Ah! that'll do!" said the madman, whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly

M Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast The balloon makes a powerful bound, and mounts 500 feet in a few seconds. Only—and whilst the madman surveys his operation with a menacing air the æronaut thinks to accomplish another, in a sense quite contrary.

The quick eye of M. Godard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman figured the one leading to the valve—His plan is taken. He draws the cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparent.

Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated, and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surround him.—The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, M. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished.

Arrived on *terra firma*, M. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr Dabster?"

"Perfectly gentle sir; the only fault he has got, if that be a fault, is a playful habit of extedding his hinder hoofs now and then."

"By extending his hinder hoofs you do not mean kicking I hope."

"Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles, a disease rather than a vice."

Whining.

There is a class of persons in this world by no means small whose prominent peculiarity is whining They whine because they are poor, or if rich, because they have not health to enjoy their riches; they whine if it is too shiny, they whine because it is too rainy, they whine because they have "no luck" and others prosperity exceeds theirs, they whine because some friends died and they are still living, they whine because they have aches and pains, and have aches and pains because they whine and they whine no one can tell why Now, I would like to say a word to these whining persons.

First. Stop whining! It is of no use this everlasting complaining fretting, scolding, faultfinding, and whining Why you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived Do you not know that it is well settled principle of physiology and common sense, that these habits are more exhaustive of nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological laws? And do you not know, too, that *life* is pretty much as you take it and make it? You can make it *bright, sunshiny*, or you can make it *dark, shadowy* This life is meant only to be disciplinary to fit us for a higher and purer state of being Then stop whining and fretting, and "go on your way rejoicing."

Second. *Sing the song of life cheerily*—Hark! Do you hear yonder bird singing its merry carols, as it hops from bough to bough in its native forest home? Imitate it! Take up your song of life, sing it joyously and bravely. Sing on, though you feel it not

You are miserable, nervous dispeptic, in relations to yourselves and all God's creation and that's all that ails you Then stop short take up the song of life and leave off forever that whine death!

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine but a broken spirit dri eth the bones" Live simply, cheerfully and trustingly and by-and-by your troubles will take to themselves wings and fly away" You will gradually grow more and more into harmony with the naturable order of things, and the bright light of Heaven will shine placently down into your souls and baptize them into a new life J S H

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

Female Arts.

The Providence Post has the following very sensible remarks in relation to the arts of the female sex to attract the notice of gentlemen "Newspaper editors have a great deal to say against the kind of education which our young ladies get and the arts they resort to, in attracting the notice and the winning the affections of the gentlemen They should remember that the young ladies are educated for a market Furs are not wanted in Africa and root beer is of no great account in Greenland. A modest plain speaking, unaffecting and very artless young lady will stand little chance of getting a husband, where gew gaws, low necked dresses, simpering, giggling, flirting and scheming are advertised for Is it not shameful y true that the best young women are overlooked, even by very sensible young men, in their search for wives, while the butterflies are married off by scores? Undoubtedly the sensible young man says to himself, when he sees these two characters together that he would much prefer the artless modest, plain speaking woman for a wife, but at the same time he prefers the butterfly for flirting purposes, and he finds a year afterwards that flirting led to marriage, and marriage to wretchedness.—Whose fault is it more than his?"

NOT EXACTLY LEVEL.—A noble star, the other night, got quite full of brandy and music, in fact, juc ly so, and he had not got over it the next morning when he was reported to the Mayor

"How's this," said the Mayor, "not sober yet?"

"Sober," was the reply, as he straightened himself up with drunken dignity, "who says I am not sober?"

"Why you can't walk a straight line," said the Mayor; "there, try to walk along that seam in the floor."

Buttoning up his coat with determination he started to try it, but doubled over the line several times. At last he exclaimed—"You know it ain't a fair shake; the floor isn't level."

RULES FOR THE HARD TIMES.—Stop grumbling. Get up two hours earlier in the morning, and begin to do something out of your regular profession. Mind your own business and with all your might let other people's alone. Live within your means.—Sell your horses Give away or sell your dog Smoke your cigars through an air stove. Eat with moderation and go to bed early. Talk less of your peculiar gifts and virtues, and more of those of your friends and neighbors. Be cheerful. Fulfill your promises Pay your debts. Be yourself all you would see in others. Be a good man—a true Christian, and stop gambling.

The Tennessee State Convention of the "Opposition" has nominated John Netherland for Governor, and declared that the U. States should accept Cuba at any time when it can be procured consistently with national honor.

Everybody has his Price.

A man who for a series of years was lobby member of Congress, familiar with party machines and party corruption, once said—"Every man has his price." Some men can be bought for one dollar, some value themselves at ten dollars, and others think themselves worth one-hundred Some men are led by a glass of grog; others sell themselves only for a thousand pieces of glittering coin. A song or a smile entangle the feet of many, others can be lured only by the course music of fame's brass trumpet. Bank corruption attracts some while for others this must be covered by a semblance of flowers Some seize the naked hook,—but for others it must be cunningly baited

Every man has his price! Did one ever set down and deliberately consider what his price was? Yes, many We have in mind two examples from the past One of these on being told the crimes he would commit when raised to power, indignantly asked—"Is the servant a dog to do this thing?" The other asserted with the uttermost assurance—"Though I should die with thee yet will I *not* deny thee" They stood proudly on their consciousness strength. All others might act basely, they never could. In judging others how often we condemn ourselves! The weak points of men are found just where they think themselves the strongest. It is because they think themselves impregnable here that these points are unfortified, and no sentinel is placed on guard The foe enters, unchallenged and so surprises the citadel that it is an easy prey

Every man may have his price, and among mere politicians that price may be expressed in dollars by round numbers or by decimals. But there are men whom the accumulated gold of the Rothschilds could not buy These are the men of integrity, with the stamp of God on their souls You never doubted them You can not doubt them. You would as soon expect the pillars of the universe to crumble as to think they could fail in their trust. They would stand erect through the ages. They stand, because their position is maintained in conscious reliance on Him who is the foundation of stability.

There is enough of brittleness in man, anybody knows. A large infusion of the satanic ferments the elements of society,—But man is not utterly corrupt nor society wholly putrid There are men yet, walking the earth in the likeness of God, whose feet can not be turned from righteousness—Earth can not pay their price These are the models for youth Place them before the eyes of children—picture them to their hearts, after this pattern fashion their life, and your work will be imperishable *Life Illustrated*

A Romance in Politics.

One of Texas' distinguished citizens, name not given, who has figured largely in public life, first as a lawyer, then as a soldier in the Mexican and Indian wars, and then as a leading politician, has the following related of him in a sketch of his life by the New Orleans Christian Advocate He had been put by his party in 1857 to succeed Gen Houston in the United States Senate, but feeling called to the ministry, and distrusting his own ability to resist the temptations of Washington life was unwilling to accept the nomination He laid the case before his wife, leaving to her the choice between the United States Senate and destruction of his morals, and the pulpit and and salvation

"Taking the letters and papers from all parts of the State, giving him assurance of election, he went to his wife and said "I can go to the United States Senate Here are the evidences If you wish it, I will go But if I go, hell is my doom. I shall be a drunkard as certain as I go to Washington I can yet escape If I pass this point I never can. I can enter the ministry, which I ought to have done long ago, and save myself from a drunkard's grave, and my soul from hell But you shall decide"

"His poor wife unwilling to relinquish the glittering prize in view, replied, weeping that she could not see why he could not be a great man and a Christian too. But after prayerful reflection, she would not incur the fearful responsibility of deciding against his conscience, to go into the ministry and she would go with him. To the astonishment of the whole State, a letter from him appeared in the papers, just before the meeting of the Legislature, declining the office, and announcing his retirement from political life. The next thing that was heard of him he was preaching.

How pleasant a thing it is to have a friend to whom we can unbosom our feelings when the world is harsh to us, and darkness has settled on the face of nature The out gushings of love and tenderness revive and brighten the heavens again. He who has one friend cannot be driven to despair. The world, dark as it may sometimes be, will always contain one bright spot—it will grow brighter and brighter till the stricken heart partakes of the fullness of joy and is cast down no more.

☞ If men break their promises, remember that God never breaks his. He promises "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

Have I Come to This.

How painful must be the reflection of a young man who has enjoyed the privilege of society moral instruction and faithful advice, falling into the path of abomination, and at last to find himself arrested in his wicked career by the arm of justice, and about to receive the penalty of the law for his crimes while comparing the past advantages with the present circumstances, Indeed, he may well say, "Have I come to this?"

This is not an imaginary case It so happened that the writer of this was present when several convicts arrived at one of our State Penitentiaries Among the number was a young man about the age of twenty-four years, of good appearance and well dressed

On going into the prison, he involuntarily exclaimed "Have I come to this?"

Alas! too late to avoid, the punishment justly due him for his crimes. What instruction such a scene and such language is calculated to afford youth. It should teach them to obey the first commandment with a promise to avoid vain company; and in a word to remember their Creator in the days of their youth And to a parent who possesses a deep interest in the welfare of a son just entering upon the scenes of active life, who knows the evil propensities of the natural heart, and the exposedness of youth to the snares of the world a scene like this must occasion a degree of anxious solicitude lest on some future day he should have occasion to hear from that son the melancholy reflection, "Have I come to this?"

The Heart of Man.

Could the eye but penetrate into its depths and gain access to those secret cells which memory consecrates unto her own sacred use, it would behold with all their brightness still clinging around them, as when they sank from the cold gaze of the world into seeming death-forms and things that once possessed a realness and dazzled for a while the mind with their too wild brightness—tenants of those silent chambers of the feeling

Years may change the hopeful, too confiding boy into a scoffing, iron ruled man; life's dark storms may sweep around him with their harbering breath, until his nature becomes infected with the taint of his heart, and impressions that have slumbered there, unknown to all but him from happier days, will there remain forever, with all semblance of life yet in all quietude of death, unless called forth by the deathless fires of an immortal love

A MAN COMING TO LIFE AT HIS OWN FUNERAL.—In Orange, N J, week before last, a man named John Knox, while engaged in painting on the third story of a house, fell to the ground and was taken up for dead He was conveyed to his residence, laid out, and his afflicted relatives and friends in due time proceeded to make the usual arragements for the funeral, which was appointed for Sunday Shortly before the hour appointed on that day, the body exhibited signs of returning animation, and in a few moments afterward, to the astonishment of all the young man in the coffin, who was of course believed to be dead was able to converse with his friends! It is a singular case, and the man's escape from being buried alive was truly miraculous. The physicians, however, pronounce his present condition as extremely critical, and it is doubtful whether he may survive the injuries sustained by the fall.

AN APRIL FOOL JOKE A blacksmith, not far from Kinzie street bridge, nailed a horse shoe to the sidewalk in front of his shop and retired to wait for bites The first man who came along glanced into the shop to see if anybody was looking and then made a hurried grab for the iron His finger nails came off rather the worse for the contact; and when he heard the laugh of the sons of Vulcan within, he blasphemed quite earnestly A dozen or more repeated his experiment during the morning, with the same unfortunate result. At noon, however, the proprietor of the shop went to dinner, and one of his men took a hammer and knocked the shoe off When the party reassembled for the afternoon, he drew the shoe out of his pocket, remarking that he had found it in the street, and *sold it to the owner for twenty five cents. Chicago Press.*

VIRTUE.—The creation of the sculptor may moulder into dust; the wreath of the bard may wither; the throne of the conqueror may be shivered into atoms by an opposing power; the fame of the warrior may no more be heralded by the recording minstrel; the hope of the youth may be disappointed, but that which hallows the cottage and sheds glory around the palace—virtue—shall not decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of Heaven, and reflected down to earth.

A man in Troy who wanted a sewing machine, sold his wife for the purpose of obtaining one. He found that she had discovered an "affinity" in one of her friends, so he like a shrewd dealer, at once traded her off, "that auffily." for a sewing machine and a little cash, offering to throw in a child or two "rather than to have any talk about it." It is supposed he stopped "the talk about it," Over the left.