

# Democratic Matchman

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
Office in the Arcade, second floor.

**J. W. HALL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
Office in the Arcade, second floor.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
Clearfield, Clearfield Co., Pa.  
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Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
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Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.  
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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.  
Will attend to professional calls in hospital, or respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring street. Oct. 28-56-67.

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**A CARD.**  
Messrs Hale & Hox will attend to my business during my absence, and will see that all claims against me in the trial of all cases entrusted to them.  
December 15, 1865.

## Miscellaneous.

### VALLEY FORGE.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Hidden away there in a deep Glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farm house rose darkly over a wide waste of snow.

It was a cold, dark winter, and the snow began to fall—while from the broad fireplace of the old farm house, the cheerful, blate of massive logs flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat by the fire; a father and child. The father, who sits yonder, with a soldier's hat thrown over his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty years, his eyes blood-shot, his hair changed to untimely gray, his face wrinkled and hollowed by care, and by disquiet more than care.

And the daughter who sits in the full light of the blaze opposite her father—a slenderly formed girl, of some seventeen years, clad in a coarse lincey shirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter in the days of the Revolution.

She was not beautiful, ah, no! Care, perhaps that disease, consumption, which makes the heart grow cold to name, has been busy with that young face, sharpened in its outlines, and stamped it with a deathly paleness.

There is no bloom on that young cheek. Her brown hair is laid plainly aside from her pale brow. Then tell me what it is you see when you gaze in her face?

You look at that young girl, and see nothing but the gleam of two large, dark eyes, that burn into your soul.

Yes, those eyes are unnaturally large, and dark and bright; perhaps consumption is feeding them.

And now then as the father sits there, so moody and sullen, or the daughter sits there, so sad and silent and pale, tell me, I pray you, the story of their lives.

That man, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, happy man, before the Revolution—since the war, he became drunken and idle; driven his wife, broken-brained, to the grave; and when that all joined a band of tory refugees, who gathered the land at the dead of night, burning and murdering as they go.

To-night, at the hour of two, this tory band will lay in wait in a neighboring pass, to attack and murder the rebel Washington, whose starving soldiers are yonder in the huts of Valley Forge.

Washington, in his lonely journeys is wont to pass this farm house, the cut throats are in the next chamber, drinking and feasting, as they wait for two o'clock at night.

And the daughter Mary—for her name was Mary, they loved that name in the good old times—what is the story of her brief young life?

She had been reared by her mother, now dead and gone home, to revere this man Washington, who, to-night, he attacked and murdered; to revere him next to God. Nay, more; that mother, on her death-bed, joined the hands of a partisan leader, Harry Williams who now shares the crust and cold at Valley Forge.

Will might the maiden's eye flash with unnatural brightness; will may her pale face gather a single burning flush in the centre of each cheek.

For yesterday afternoon, she went four miles over roads of ice and snow, to tell Capt. Williams the plot of the refugees.—She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his lonely journeys, so this night at twelve o'clock the partisan company occupied the rocks above the neighboring pass, to trap the trappers of George Washington.

Yes, that pale, slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother, had broken through her obedience to her father, after a long and bitter struggle. How dark that struggle in the faithful daughter's heart!—She had betrayed his plot to his enemies, stipulating first for the life and safety of her traitor father.

And now, as father and child are sitting there, the shouts of the tory refugees echo from the next chamber, as the hand of the old clock is on the hour of eleven. Hark, there is a sound of horse's hoofs within the farm yard; there is a creak; the door opens and a tall figure, wrapped in a thick cloak, white with snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshment and an hour's repose.

Why does the tory Manheim start aghast at the sight of the stranger's blue and gold uniform? They mumble something to his daughter about getting some food for the traveller, rushed wildly into the next room, where his brother tories are feasting. Tell me, why does the young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with its blue eyes and kindly smile?

Ah, if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terrors of battle with a smile, could stand unshaken before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted with a long journey; his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with the cold; it was the rebel of Valley Forge, who, returning to the camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by

the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands.

In a few moments, behold the stranger with his cloak thrown off, sitting at that oak table, eating of the food spread on there by the girl who now stands trembling at his side.

And look! her hand is extended as if to grasp him by the arm; her lips move as if to warn him of his danger, but make no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly there?

One moment ago, as the girl in preparing the hasty supper, opened yonder closet, adjoining the next room, she heard the whispers of her father and the cries: she heard the dice-box rattle, as they were casting lots who should stab Washington in his sleep.

And now the words, "Be wary, on this night you die!" tremble, half formed upon her lips, when her father comes hastily from the room and budies her with a look—

"Show the gentleman to his chamber, Mary." (how calmly polite a murderer can be!) "that chamber at the head of the stairs, on the left. On the left, you mind."

Mary takes the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oak stairs.— She stands on the landing, in this wing of farm house, composed of two rooms, divided by thick walls from the main body of the mansion. On one side, the right is the door of Mary's chamber, on the other, the left, the chamber of the soldier, to him a chamber of death.

For a moment, Mary stands there, trembling and confused. Washington gazes upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look! She is about a warn him of his danger, when, see there! her father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into that room on the left. And look ye, girl, it is late, and you had better go into your own room and go to sleep."

While the tory watches from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left. Mary the one on the right.

An hour passes. Still the storm beats on the roof; still the snow drifts on the hills. Before the hour the tory refugees had taken the farm house, are seven half-drunken men, with that tory, Jacob Manheim sitting in their midst; the murderer's knife in his hands. For the lot had fallen on him. He is to go up and stab the sleeping man.

Even this half-drunken murderer is pale at the thought; how the knees tremble in his hand, trembles against the pistol barrel. The jeers of his comrades arouse him to the work; the light in one of the knots in the first at the door of his daughter on the right; then at the door of the soldier on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor; he enters the chamber on the left. He is gone a moment, silent there; in a faint groan. He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs, stands there before the fire with the bloody knife in his hands.

Look! he shrieks, and redder the red drops over his comrades' faces, over the hearth into the fire. Look! it is the blood of the traitor Washington.

His comrades gather around him with yells of joy, already, in fancy, they count the gold which will be theirs for this deed, when lo, the stair door opens, and there, without a word, stands George Washington, asking calmly for his horse.

"What," shrieked the tory Manheim, "can neither steel nor bullets harm you?—Are you a living man? Is there no wound in your uniform?"

The apparition drives him mad.

He starts forward; he places his hand tremblingly upon the arms and breast of Washington. Then he looks at the bloody knife, still clasped in his right hand, and stands there quivering as with a death spasm.

While Washington looks on in silent wonder, the door is thrown open, the half-drunken men from Valley Forge throng the room, with the gallant form and bronzed visage of Captain Williams in their midst.

At this moment the clock in the room struck twelve.

Then a horrid thought crushed through the brain of the tory Manheim. He seizes the light—rushes to the room of his daughter on the right. Some one had just risen from the bed—the chamber was vacant.—Then towards the chamber on the left, with steps of leaden hoofs. Look! now the knife quivers in his hand. He pauses at the door; he listens; his blood curdles in his veins. Gathering courage he pushes open the door. Towards the bed, through whose curtains he strove to blindly a moment ago, again he gazes—not a sound—stillness more terrible than the grave. He flings aside the curtain.

There is the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood, there lay his daughter Mary.

And do not look upon the face of her father, as he starts silently back, frozen to stone, but in his pause of horror listen to the mystery of the deed.

After the father had gone down stairs an hour ago, Mary silently stood in the chamber, Mary, Mary, who stood there a thousand years, she opened the door on the left, and beheld Washington sitting at a table, which were spread a chart and a Bible. Then though her existence was in the

act, she asked him, in a tone of calm politeness, to enter the room on the right. Mary entered the chamber which he left.

Can you imagine the agony of that girl's soul, as lying on the bed, beneath the death-couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although that knife might be clenched in a father's hand.

And now that father, frozen to stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand, the other still clenching the red knife.

There lay his child, the blood streaming from that wound in her side, her eyes closed with a glassy film.

"Mary!" shrieked the guilty father, for rather and tory as he was, he called to her, but that was all he could say.

Suddenly she seemed to wake from that stupor. She sat up in the bed with glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was on her. As she sat there, erect and ghastly, her room was thronged with soldiers. Her lover rushed forward and called her by name. No answer. Called again—spoke to her in that familiar voice of old time, still no answer. She knew him not.

Yes it was true—the strong hand of death was upon her.

"Has he escaped?" she said in that husky tone.

"Yes," shrieked the father, "I have Mary, only, and to-morrow I will join the camp at Valley Forge."

Then that girl, that very woman dying as she was, not so much from the wound in her arm, as from the agony which had broken the last chord of life, sprang forth her arms as if she beheld a form floating above the bed, beckoning her away.

"Mother!" she whispered while there grouped the soldiers—there, with spears gleaming on his brow stood the lover—there, hating his face with one hand while the other grasped the light, stretched the father—the light flashing over the dark bed, with the form in its robes—"Mother, thank God! For my life I thank God!"

Look, even as starting on that bloody couch there, she speaks that half-formed word, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face.

She is dead. From that room her spirit has gone out.

That half-formed word still quivering on the white lips of the hero woman—that uttered in a husky whisper, choked by the death rattle—that word was—Washington.

**Caught in His Own Trap.**

A girl young and pretty, but above all gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain German lawyer.

"Monsieur, I came to consult you on a grave affair. I want you to oblige a man I love, to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, and then being more sure that no third person overheard him, replied quite frankly.

"Mademoiselle, according to our law you possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him, that you can do before a judge and swear that he is your lover."

"And will that suffice, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Well?"

"That you will produce witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterward the young girl returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely giving her time to sit herself, questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

"Well, Mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?"

"Capital."

"Perceive in your design, Mademoiselle, but need the next time you came to consult me, you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render so happy in spite of himself?"

"You shall have it without fail, Monsieur."

A fort night afterwards, the young person, more naive and candid than ever, knoeked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No answer was in the room, then she threw herself into a chair, saying that she had mounted the steps too rapidly, and that the emotion made her breathless. Her counsel entered—was amazed to re-lease her garments.

"It is useless," said she, "I am much better."

"Well, Mademoiselle, now tell me the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to expose."

"Well, the fortunate mortal, he is known to you, is yourself, he is the young beauty, basing into a loud laugh. "I love you, I have been three times life a wife with you, and my witnesses are all below, ready and willing to accompany me to the magistrate's," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most insignificant fact of all is, that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

## How Bob C. Sold His Horse for the purpose of Leaving the City.

Those gentlemen who are familiar with Boston as it stood some fifteen years since, will recollect that it was connected with other parts of the known world by bridges—Those not familiar with it must take the assurance of this relation as a sad and sober reality.

In a Boston paper of blessed memory, at said original and medieval period of Boston's existence, the following advertisement appeared one morning:

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A fine sorrel horse, sixteen hands high, excellent for carriage and broken to the saddle, is now offered on advantageous terms to any one wishing to purchase. Sole reason for the sale, that the owner wishes to leave the city. Address Robert C. —, No. —, Tremont street.

On the following day, as Robert C. —, was walking up Chestnut street en route for his counting room, he was overtaken by a friend, who, after passing the usual compliments of the season, remarked—

"I see you wish to dispose of your sorrel."

"Yes," replied Bob leisurely in a monotone.

"Good horse?" ventured his friend.

"Sublime!" returned Bob.

"I presume you'll warrant him?"

"Warrant him!" said Bob took a long puff at his cigar. "Of course I shall warrant him liberally to my advertisement."

"And you will guarantee him good and sound? Do you know, Bob, I've half a mind to invest personally. I think the only reason you have for selling is that you wish to leave the city?"

"Correct to the letter."

After a few moments thought, the bargain was struck, and in half an hour Bob smiled pleasantly to see his friend gallop down the street astride the sorrel.

Afternoon came round, and the "purchase" came with it.

"Bob!" he said demurely, "Bob!"

"I don't want to command, sir."

"Bob! I don't want to get into a fine frenzy about my sorrel. I entertain great respect for that sorrel, when I remember his pedigree, and all that sort of thing—"

"Damned by Lady Suffolk."

"And damned by myself! Bob, by thunder, Bob—Now, I swear, Bob, you know that I am not apt to—"

"I should say not," was the meek rejoinder.

"But I swear, Bob, it's too bad."

"No, you don't tell me so."

"But I must that I do tell you so. The miserable brute won't—Ah! now own up Bob, you've swindled me. You knew he wasn't worth his feed."

"Splendid animal? But I'll abide by my warranty."

"And literally to your advertisement?"

"Literally."

"Well, Bob, he goes very well till he comes to a bridge, then he stops. 'Pon my word I've done everything but prying him over with a fence rail."

"And he won't stir?"

"Not a step."

"I knew it," said Bob, calmly.

"I knew it! Then what becomes of your warranty? I knew it! And yet you called him a good horse?"

"I didn't warrant him on that point, though. In fact I assigned it quite plainly in the morning paper as a reason for not wishing to part with him that he would never cross a bridge."

"I have a copy here. Read such a clause if you can, and I'll submit to the loss with pleasure. Would not cross a bridge, eh?—Why there's not such a word in the advertisement."

Bob took the paper from his hand and read slowly and distinctly, with a curious twinkling of the eye:

"Sole reason for the sale, that the owner wishes to leave the city." \* \* \* As the last rays of the setting sun tinged the high chimney pots and clothed the dark, dead walks with golden splendor, a quivering lit the voice was heard to respond, "That's so!"

Some years ago, a lady noticing that a neighbor was not in her place in church on Monday, called on her return home, to inquire what should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her.

"Why, where have you been to day, dressed up in your Sunday clothes?"

"To mourning."

"Why, what day is it?"

"Sabbath day."

"Sabbath day! Well, I did not know, for my husband has got so puffed with glory that he won't take the paper, and we know nothing. Well, who preached?"

"Mr. —."

"What did he preach about?"

"It was on the death of our Saviour."

"Why, he is dead! Well, all Boston might be dead, and we know nothing about it. It won't do, we must have the newspaper again, for everything goes wrong without the paper. Bill has almost forgot his readings; Polly has got quite immoderate again, because she has no poetry and stories to read. Well, if we have to take a cart load of onions and potatoes to market, I'm resolved to have a sermonee."

## Miscellaneous Items.

All the rage—Shader bonnets. They are more convenient and serviceable than ornamental.

Accustom yourself to some employment for every hour you can prudently snatch from business.

The wasp attacks the ripest fruit first; so will slender attempt to wound the most honest fame.

It is supposed that the first person who had the itch was the devil—hence the title of "old scratch."

Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door. If she ever knocked at ours, it was when we were out.

Lamentation is the only musician that always, like a screech owl, sighs and sits on the roof of an angry man.

The mischievous winking of a beautiful coquette from under a smart hood, I think, is a pleasant kind of hood winking.

It is said that in some of the villages of the West, it is so healthy that the folks have to shoot a man to start a burying ground.

Don't judge of moral character by the face. The frog is more innocent than many an animal that has a much handsomer physiognomy.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel and was called a dog for it. "Ah, you may call me a dog, but a five dog is better than a dead Lyon."

A child was born lately in Washington township, Jefferson co., which weighed at its birth 17 pounds. A big baby, that, or else a big story.

It is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give their opinions. We think the lawyers must be excepted—they sell theirs.

A father was winding up his watch, when he said, playfully, to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up!" "No," said the child, "I don't want it to run all day!"

Why can't I carry my property where I please? said the man said with two pockets in a basket and a pound of ass's tails in each pocket, trying to force his way into a ball room.

The editor of the Rochester Union says he never saw an unmarried "reform lady" under thirty or with black eyes and a plump form. The naughty man will doubtless get his ears boxed.

Tommy, my son, what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?" "Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I can have some of those Sherman cough lozengers you gave me yesterday."

An exchange speaks of Loveloy, as a "lovely example of a finished gentleman." If he were to teach his treasons in the South, he would present a much better example, and be far more effectually "finished."

Mr. Merryman Lathrop says when he went on the steamer to California, they kept the chickens in the hatch-way, the beef in the hull-works near the steerage; and when they ran out of eggs, the ship lay too.

Quip, who is a lawyer, says that the law provides a remedy for "obstructing one's lights"—and he thinks it a remarkable oversight, that the law, aforesaid, provides no remedy for obstructions of the liver!—Sure enough!—Boston Post

A friend in Bremen has sent the editor of the Richmond Enquirer, a bottle of wine, said to be 228 years old. Supposing that it cost originally 20 cents, it is ascertained that the bottle, calculating the interest and adding it annually, would now be worth \$7,883,719.28.

Say, Sesar Augustus, why ain't your legs like an organ grinder's?"

"I guss dat up, Mr. Sugarloaf!"

"Guss dey carries a monkey about de streets?"

A brack grazed the head of Mr. Sugarloaf just as his ears disappeared round the corner.

On a winter's night, when the moon shone bright, and the snow was crusted o'er, with a maid as fair as seraphs are, I slid from a hill down lower. Ere we reached the place, (like a horse on a race) our swift sliding sled careened, and, with trusses fair streaming back on the air, sweet Sally went careering o'er eend.

On inquiry of Quip, (speaking the meaning of the law term, "damnum suum," we were extremely gratified to learn that it isn't half so bad as it sounds; that, in fact, the phrase does not import a profane and peremptory command to bring suit against certain parties, but is an innocent expression signifying "one's own hurt," and containing no intimation of hurting anybody else.—Boston Post

It's all over town.—One rainy day lately, a wag met a very bashful young lady in the acquaintance, and, looking her steadily in the eyes, said, with a solemn tone of voice, "I am sorry for it, Miss —, but everybody is aware of it." "Aware of what?" asked the young lady, blushing a deep crimson. "Oh, it's all over town." "What's all over town?" "Mid!" The young lady's eyes dropped, and she went on her way.

## FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

That which particularly characterizes the effects of lightning," writes M. Boudin, "is its suddenness. At one time the individual is killed dead on the spot, remaining in a sitting posture, or even on horseback. At another time he is thrown a long distance. The first mention made of this kind of death is in the history of Alexander. "During a dreadful tempest," says Quintus Curtius, "which destroyed a thousand men, some were found suspended against trees, as if all alive and talking with each other, and just in the attitude in which death had surprised them."

According to "Aristotle," as quoted by Riviere, eight rangers taking their food under an oak were struck by lightning, and died preserving their attitude—one of a man eating, another drinking. In Lorraine, a woman and one of her children were killed, and remained in a sitting posture. At Dover, a man killed with four horses was found sitting under a bush. A man on horse, at Troyes, was killed by lightning when on horseback; the animal, still continuing his journey, brought home his dead master retaining the posture of a man on horseback.

On the 11th of July, 1816, at Chateaufort, three fire-balls fell on the church. Nine persons were killed and eighty-two wounded. All the dogs found in the church were killed, and retained the attitude which they previously had.

On January 22, 1840, a gnat was killed near Clermont, and found sitting upon his hindquarters with a branch of green leaves in his mouth.

Now this phenomenon is sometimes equally observed in persons killed by firearms. In the Morning Herald of November 8, 1854, the following details are given of a visit to the fukenman, immediately after the combat.

"Many faces still assumed to smile, others had a threatening look, some bodies had a funeral pall, as though laid out by friendly hands; others still knelt upon the ground, convulsively grasping their weapons and biting their fingernails. Many had their arms raised as if endeavoring to ward off a blow, or as if desiring to be a last prayer. All their faces were pale, and the large blowing wind served to animate their dead bodies; one would have said that these long lines of dead were about to rise to recommence the struggle!" M. Boudin writes the same thing of the appearance of many of the Russians after the battle of the Alma; "Some seemed still writhing in the agonies of despair and death, but the most were a look of calm and peaceful resignation. Some appeared to have words floating on their lips, and a smile as if a sort of high blissful. One was particularly observed, his knees bent, his hands raised and joined, his head thrown back, murmuring in his supreme prayer." At Niagara, 22,000 many dead bodies, as we are informed by Surgeon Major Arnold of the army of 1815, maintained the attitude they had when struck, passing instantaneously from life to death without agony or convulsion. A few were struck upon the chest, still held their bayonet in the position of the charge with the menacing aspect of a dead lion. His Majesty the Emperor is said to have remarked a similar case at Palermo. Near to the Zouave was an Austrian, dead from hemorrhage. His face and eyes were turned to heaven, his hands joined, and fingers interlaced, evidently in the attitude of prayer.

**A German Fairy Tale.**

A curious class of fables follow the humble occupation of shoemakers. Once upon a time a cobbler had become so poor, and that without any fault of his own, that there only remained to him as much leather as would make one pair of shoes. He cut them up into shape at night, so as to sew them up on the following morning, and then slipped quietly into bed. When he arose early to begin his work, the two shoes stood finished upon the table. He did not know very well what to think of this, but having taken them up in his hand to look at them more closely, he found that the workmanship was a perfect master piece. The pair of shoes sold so well that the cobbler was enabled to buy as much leather as would serve to make two pair. Having shaped them at night, he again rose early on the following morning to begin his work with fresh spirit; but he did not need to do this, for the shoes were already made. And this went on day after day until he was no longer poor, but made a capital thing of it.

One evening, not long before Christmas, the cobbler says to his wife, "What think you of waiting up to night to see who it is that makes us this surprising thing?" So they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes, and kept a sharp look out. At midnight two men, naked, and followed at a distance by a third, entered the room, and sat down at the table, and began to sew and hammer with such speed that the cobbler, in his admiration, could not keep his eyes off them. When all was finished, they ran away. Next morning the good wife said, "The little men have made me rich; let us show ourselves thankful for this. They run about naked and must be very cold. I will make shirts, coats and breeches for them." At night, when the regular working quarters, they had the clothes on the table. The little men came as usual, and were greatly surprised that there was no leather for them, and looked at the cobbler with delight. They put them on the greatest kindness, and danced and sang about, always out of their little shoes with joy. At last they danced themselves out of the house. But they were come back again. All things however, went well with the cobbler during the rest of his life.