## Matchman. Democratic

VOL. 7.

## BELLEFONTE, FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 5, 1862.

NO. 47.

## Misgellaneous.

A LOVE STORY.

BY HATTIE TYNG.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights—
Whatever thrills this mortal frame;
Are all but ministers of love
And feeds his sacred flame."

—COLERIDGE.

Eva Stanley was the most superb girl in Saratoga that season. It was difficult to tell to what peculiarity she owed her decided and acknowledged superiority to all others, There were others as tall as she, with as a walk ; and yet everybody said, "the most have been the carriage of her head. There was something imperial about that, with long generations of good blood alone. I venture to say, no peasant's child ever had mark of aristocracy. That feeling of family pride which belongs to nearly all welldescended people-that serene consciousness of one's position, and that exemption from all necessity of struggling to secure or to rehead, which descending through long generations, is discoverable at a glance in any one who possesses it. You have all seen persons who had no pretensions to beauty, who yet possessed something which you would infinitely have preferred to beautysomething which seemed higher and rarer of attainment than any mere physical beau ty. This is what I mean. This certain air, this indefinable something which dis tinguishes those who come of a cultivated stock, from those who spring from the masses. I am far from meaning the descendants of rich families in particular. Vulgarity may descend through generations of wealth as easily as through ages of poverty; and there is far less of genuine cultivation among many families of the greatest wealth than in some who possess scarcely a moder ate independence. What I mean may be called essentially the aristocracy of refine-

ment; and this may be found as often in the cottage as the mansion; but in weatever place it is found, it carries an the graces and manners of good society with it, and draws a circle around itself into which all

all its untold elegance: and the charm of it was not lost upon any one who came within the circle of her influence. Then she had one of those faces to which men bow down and do reverence, as it were, intuitively. Pole with but the slightest dash of color in the cheeks, and with fine, clear-cut features and with a blue eye, with a world of thought sleeping in its dark depths, the whole fac had that highest of all beauties-the beauty of passion. Then she had a hand and arm of magic leveliness, and a voice clear as the tone of a silver bell. Eva Stanley was no a belle at Saratoga. She would not be belle anywhere. She was not fond enough of general and indiscriminate admiration for that; and she was too proud of it, too and was proud of being liked by only the as it were the universe, and seemed to com-She scorned to be admired by the many few, upon whom she considered it worth her prehend everything short of the Infinite; own while to look. Eva Stanley had a sort who was distinguished from the world had been admitted into her inner chamber, by any talent, and who united with and was conversant with all her secrets; this the manners of a man of the who was a speculative philosopher, as world, was secure of her attention as learned and subtle as any professed metasoon as he presented himself. But talent, physician; a thinker upon political econounless it was very extraordinary, did not make up for any deficiency of manners; had all the literature toth of the classic and manners, however unexceptionable, and modern ages, at the end of his tongue. for any deficiency of talent. She treated A subtile disquisitor upon art, a learned ordinary men with the utmost hauteur—a phylologist, and who knew the poetry of the bauteur all the more freezinfi because it was world by heart; he was a man of more vanatural, and sprung from a total and inherent indiference. Hence, she never could be in the country, and the versatility of whose a belle; and most men gazed upon her as genius prevented him from rising to fame ice, of divine workmanship indeed, but too something of which he never had the most cold to touch, and preferred some flower whose petals had more of life in them, although less exquisite in design und execution. But when a man approached who breathed high the most remote dream—something he would not have taken, could it have been had for the asking. To be talked of by the world was something he would have avoided in every prescribed with the never had the most remote dream—something he would not have taken, could it have been had for the asking. root to blossom. Her own intellect was of fascinating man of the world. that subtle order which distinguishes at preciative admiration, and but little prized what there was of her.

life is white with blossoms, they suddenly strangely and wonderfully interested in love in no other way." feel themselves alone in the world, as far as the woman, as he had always known them.

Sympathy or companionship is concerned. This interest did not come in a day, it was opened the door of a little cottage in the "Come with me to her instantly." feel themselves alone in the world, as far as sympathy or companionship is concerned.
Then the infinite miseries of an uncongenial married life begin, and end only with death.

The sympathy or companionship is concerned.

The the infinite miseries of an uncongenial married life begin, and end only with death.

This is the place." And Uncle George ceived."

This interest did not come in a day, it was opened the door of a little cottage in the before either of them could say a word further be hurried them from the room, and followed him into a little room, where, upon medicen, but nothin seems to work well.

Ses he, 'Major, you are rather personal.'

Wal, 'ses f, 'I don't mean eny offence, an.' Fortunate indeed is it for such a man him, which he could not break. if, in after years, when to love is sin, he

and had scarcely spoken a dozen words to tient of every interruption of their long and Uncle George asked the young girl, fore. She did so, and replied unhesitating any gentleman present, with the exception graceful a head, as full a bust, as regal of an eccentric old bachelor uncle of her majestic woman in the room." It must Uncle George of hers was one of those perno art ean ever attain. It comes through ish the quantity in the least—one of those begun.

sor of her life. to be dressed as differently as possible from all drowned in goblets of love. every eye turned upon her as she entered. They had made half the circuit of the

her uncle's arm, and whispered: with a movement of her fan, a gentleman who stood a little in advance of them.

Even to an ordinary observer, he was the

quick eye took him in at a glance. He was a tall man, and of majestic pr portions, with a superb head, set splendidly upon his massive shoulders, and he wore a heavy dark beard, slightly sprinkled with gray; and his hair which was thrown beau-'ifully and carelessly back from his high white forehead, was somewhat thin, and also threaded with silver. Then he had an eye with an indefinable peculiarity about it, which every one studied, and no one ever was a gravish eye, with a gleam in. It was a fascinating eye, an eve am sorry to see it." which people looked at, and then turned "Why sorry Uncle George?" away, and soon looked back again, and en- "Because I fear something may happen moving it no more while in his presence.

ards the gentleman.

presented her in due form to his friend. Herbert Audley was a man of stupendous mind-a mind whose intellect grasped in a man of such versatility of talent, that he was a devoted lover of science, and one who they would upon some chiseled flower of in any one department! And fame was

He treated all women alike-politely deonce between genius and its counterfeit; ferentially, but somewhat coldly-and nevand when once she discovered genuine ore, er showed distinguishing attention to any it sent a gush of inspiration through her be- particular one. If Eva Stanley had not ing. She was, in its modest sense, a hero given herself up to him so entirely, he prob worshiper. Men of genius admired her as ably might have thought no more of her neturally as a flower loves the sunshine. han of the rest at first. Bu he saw with it is the rarest thing in the world to find a this quick intuition, that she was entirely woman who really appreciates fully a man absorbed in him; that she spoke to no one

by its recipients. But when once they find He discovered, at the first glance, that injustice that ever cries to heaven for ven- what this means?" a women with enough of their own nature she was no common woman; that she had to judge them correctly, and admire them at a great deal of irregular genius, and a naa true valuation,—to enter into their feel- ture which was a peculiar and wonderful deserves the judgments of heaven in the ings sufficiently to appreciate the depths of study. So he talked to her as he never most fearful degree." their nature, with all their wants, and long- talked to a woman before; talked to her

Eva Stanley had been in Saratoga a week, was not in his presence, and grew impa- the picture.

a week after their arrival, leaning upon his with a hold which could never be loosed or ures and delights of early and careless life

open scroll, and each one was content with ting mother.

the outer world she had almost lost her almost choked with emotion, he asked the cognizance, when one evening her Uncle girl to tell them the name of her betrayer. ost noticeable man in the room, and Eva's George spoke to her as she came out of her for she was going to meet Herbert, to hear what he had to say.

" Put on your hat and mant e, Eva, and go out with me this evening." "Oh. Uncle George, I have not time

"Eva there was never a m when you had not a moment to spare to as marble; and when her uncle pressed her \_\_the curse o' the world light on them." Uncle George." " Well but it's different now."

"Yes I know it's different now. drooping lid; a soft eye, full of dreams; an life is no longer a life by itself, it flows like took her home and watched by her bedside eye which almost any woman would have a river inte the ocean of another person's. all that night. She did not speak or move, The lying spalpeens! By me sowl, Judge

sorbing love, it would not be so terrible." him, and the young girl a father and hus-"What do you mean Uncle George ?- band. What can possibly happen between Her-

bert and I?" might seperate you. Eva put her hand to her bead with a

as she murmered : thought of that."

"There are other things as bad ;as that, Eva ; the object of your love may prove unhand in his, and looked into her eyes. " No, Uncle George ; for there is no possi-

shall never have to dread, thank God !"

"To see a young girl about your age.',

"That it is the rankest and most wicked gence. That any person who would condemn the victim and uphold the betrayer,

such a one, or, perhaps, marry too young, she was as interested as himself, till he discover his villainy?".

natures, and then, afterwards, in the full new as it is bewildering-for he never had by the roots, and trample it with a malison spoke up Uncle George; "we have the sto

a low bed, lay a young girl, fair as a water nothing more was spoken till they entered Eva Stanley gave herself up to the charm lily, with eyes of radiant, mouruful beauty. the cottage door. Herbert Audley advandoes not find the one who could have ful- of his presence, without other thought or Nestled closely to her breast was a little ced into the room and the rest followed .filled every design of his heart. This is the care than to enjoy just so much of his soci- babe but a few weeks old, and an aged wo- The invalid gave no signs of recognition great universal tragedy of life—this tragedy ety, and be just as near to him as possible. man, with the most heart-broken look ever toward the stranger, and after a moment's

bewildering interviews. She lived entirely whom he called Fanny Clements, to tell her ly-apart from the world, though in the wildest story to Eva, who sat shuddering almost as " own, who formed one of her party. This rush, and for him, and him alone. She if an ague. It was the old story, which grew to have no life, no being but in his, sad young hearts are telling all over the sons whose hearts are so large that they and, yet, she lost no particle of her own in- world, and which angels are busy writing him, and Eva's head sank in his bosom. was something imperial about that, with which few are gifted by nature, and which had been seen attain. It cames through body they meet, and yet not seem to diminiously if she had, his interests in her down in volumes of white and gold, and body they meet, and yet not seem to diminiously if she had, his interests in her down in volumes of white and gold, and blotting with their tears—the story which consider the story has become so common that the world does said Uncle George, comprehending the persons who everybody loves, pets, and capersons who everybody loves, and capersons who everybody loves are capersons where the capersons who everybody loves are capersons. it. It is the peculiar and distinguishing such attentions with interest. Eva loved loves of commen men, as rare old wines, but a single expression of pity. She told him rather more than any other person in from a vintage a thousand years agone, is of days of careless girlbood, when, though the world, and made him the master-confes- different from the products of last year's poor, she was as gay and happy as a lark; her with his thrilling voice: vines. And a strong bewildering passion of gentle nurture and careful culture in her Eva entered the parlor one evening, about for Eva Stanley took possession of his heart, humble home, and of all the innocent pleastain place, and scarcely ever fails to give a arm. Eva understood all the untold mirabalf-haughty and dignified carriage of the cles of dress, and she knew that it was best one bewildering dream, and the hours were words and subtle smiles, and won a place for himself in her heart. Of how gently he any other lady in the room. So, while all So little did the commonplaces of life en- had wooed, and how fondly she had loved the others were fluttering in misty white, ter into this strange absorbing passion, that of how bewilderingly he had tempted, and

and delicate rose and blue, she appeared in no words of love were ever passed, between how trustingly she had fallen into his black, with splendid white flowers for orna- them; nor did they ever dream that such a snares. Then of the desertion, and all the ments. She was looking magnificently, and thing was necessary. Each knew the oth- after-misery which had worn her young life er's heart as if they had read it from an almost away, and broken the heart of a do-They had made half the circuit of the open scroll, and each one was content with ting mother.

They had made half the circuit of the open scroll, and each one was content with ting mother.

Eva wept burning tears from a heart the knowledge, and did not care to profane overflowing with sympathy, and her uncle overflowing with sympathy.

Squire J — All specific overflowing with sympathy and her uncle overflowing with sympathy.

Squire J — All specific overflowing with sympathy and her and Eva had been so given up to it, that, of took her hand in his, as in a husky voice,

> room, and she stopped half impatiently; break in it, she murmured "Herbert Audsever the cords of her life asunder, Eva stepped into the saloon and saluted the fools, Sumnur an Greeley an a pretty scrape we had to drop the conversation, for Seward Stanley sank her head upon her uncle's Judge, when the following dialogue en. they have got me in.' about his neck. She did not faint; she lay

her hands pressed hard against her heart.
The next day, she rose up calm, but she did "What tisker did not be to be to be a constant." not leave her room; and her uncle sat in ed by fastening their gaze upon, and re- from it, which will bring you only sorrow. the room and talked to her of his plans for It is a fearful thing to place all one's life the future; of how he had taken the young "My old friend, Herbert Audley, as I in another person's keeping—to have no girl and her child to his heart, and how list—at the bottom." live!" exclaimed Uncle George, his face other hope or promise, or blessing-but from his kindness to her she had learned to brimming over with smiles, as he quicken- what comes of connection with that person. love him; of how he was going to make her ed his pace, and extended both hands tow- Think Eva, of the possibilities of sorrow his wife before the world, and protect her which lie in such a love, and guard your- from its taunts and sneers, by his own The hearty greeting of the two friends self a little more. Have some aims and strong arm; of how bappy they would be over, he turned once more to Eva, and purposes, and joy in life aside from this— in a cozy cottage-home he told of; and how then if any stroke should fall upon this ab- the fatherless child should find a father in

> Eva listened to all this, and called him "That which happens to all. Death pathized in all his plans for their future Chicago, on Saturday, growing out of a comfort and happiness-but all in a perfectquick pang, and shivered from head to foot blood around her heart seeming to freeze complained of the defendant, another James "O my God! Uncle George I have never zen by her great sorrow, and seemed not post office, which was the property of the to have a moiety of life left in her veins. She passed a week in this way, sending back no answer to the rejected and half frontic messages of the art Audies, and Defendant set up that the letter was from bot water an soaked his feet in it, rubbed lawyer, he went straight to his office line. worthy—is not this thought as terrible as frantic messages of 1. set Audley; and Buffulo, that he expected a letter from there, his bowels with brandy, and laid flannel on said: the other?" And Uncle George took her then she yielded to the solicitations of her that the letter was from Mary Brown, who em, an bathed his temples in camfire and bility of that; that is something which I bay-window, which opened upon the colon Plaintiff insisted that the letter was from an then he commenced to revive. But he "Come out with me this evening, Eva, I tion. But Herbert Audley felt that she was both parties had wives living in Buffalo, the morning he was the most limpsy piece both parties had wives living in Buffalo, "Come out with me this evening, Eva, I took."
>
> Wish very much to have you go with me."
>
> "Where are you going, Uncle?"
>
> The put out his hand toward Eva, but she that the affair was a clear mistake. The the might have been tied in a knot like an only on the put out his hand toward Eva, but she that the affair was a clear mistake. The like an only on the put out his hand toward Eva, but she that the affair was a clear mistake. drew back as from a serpent, and retreated Commissioner dismissed the complaint. another step as he advanced.

blighted; whose heart you have broken "Brave words, my darling. You are one what it means sir. Ask Fanny Clements;

inventing ?"

maturity of their powers, when their tree of such a listener before—till, at last, he grew upon the ground, if she could get rid of her ry from the lips of the young girl herself as pure and truthful a girl as ever was de-

and tell them if she had ever saw him be-

He turned proudly toward Eva and her

uncle, and they both held out their hands to "The infamous scoundrel has made us of your name or, possibly owns one like it,"

When Eva and Herbert Audley were once nore in the air, and alone, he whispered to

"Eva will you ever doubt me again?"

" Never, Herbert, God helping me." "And you are my Eva."

"Yours always."—New York Mercury.
VOTED IT UPSIDE DOWN.

We have heard of a good story, told by a on of Erin's Isle, which is worth repeat-

there perfectly conscious, but as motionless And the moutherin' thaves bate us intirely feelins by referrin to the past.' 'But,' ses "What ticket did you vote, Billy."

"And sure I voted the ticket with yer honor's name on the top uv it." "But, Billy, my name was last on the

This was rather a puzzler to Billy, he scratched his head, for an instant, then suddenly exclaimed:

icket upside down !" The Judge immediately ordered an eye the examination .- Trinity (Cal.) Journal.

A FUNNY Cast .- An amusing case was her great-hearted, glorious uncle, and sym- heard before U. S. Commissioner Hoyne, at strange similarity of names, Brown vs. ly mechanical manner, and with the very Brown. The plaintiff, one James Brown all the time. She was benumbed and fro- Brown, that he had taken a letter out of the uncle, and dressed to go down to the parlor was his wife, and he had a right to take the rum. But he grew wus all the time. Fione evening. They took their places by a letter and open it under this state of facts. nally I began to pour the cordial down him. a strong man that drafted you! nade, and stood half screened from observa-tion. But Herbert Andley felt that she was

accident, and who interests me more than mean?" The tone was full of a reproach- Syracuse Standard says: In Lowell, at a hardly spoken to me sence I blowed him up tion. But when a man approached who breathed a higher air, who had any of the breathed a higher air, who had any of the possible way. He never came before the breathed a higher air, who had any of the possible way. He never came before the word the possible way. He never came before the possible way was the never the possible way. He never came before the possible way was the never the possible way. He never came before the possible way was the never through her lecture a few evenings since, a gentleman, so for a tearing the Kerne I's Constitushing way have any one also a possible way. breathed a higher air, who had any of the odor of superior humanity about him, then the icy plant was endued with life from the light. A pretty lady sat the meet through the mest modest of his sex, and no less por the mest modest of his sex, and no less por the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life an arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life and arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life and arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life and arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life and arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life and arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life and arrow. She drew herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life arrow herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life arrow herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life arrow herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life arrow herself up the mest modest of his sex, and no less por life arro guage, has fallen. You know how she is scorned, avoided and persecuted, even unto death; we how she how the decision of the lecture, he espied what he thought was don't understand you. Why, Majer, see the second of the lecture, he espied what he thought was don't understand you. This was what death; you know also how the deceiver, ing further to do with so honorable a gen- the lady's handkerchief, the lace trimmed he, an put on one of the queerest smiles 1 the base, demon-hearted betrayer, is treated.
You know that no mark of disapprobation is speak to me again, sir; never look at me—
ever bestowed upon him; no frowns greet to think of me. I consider sir from this him, even upon the faces of the most same. him, even upon the faces of the most sanemoment, that I never met you, never heard madam!" before she could reply, he pronow, an no mistake. The Kernel looked as list; he is a drafted man, and wants to he timonious—that is, if he has wealth and po- your name—don't attempt to answer me. ceeded to pick it up. Horror! he had seiz- if thunder had struck him. Wall, ses I, sition. You know the world takes him to Good night sir." And she turned with an ed the edge of her pet—skirt, and did not Mr. Seward, that reminds me of a story, as its arms, and, if it does not applaud, cer- air of imperial disdain, and was about to discover his mistake until the top of a gait- the Kernel would say.' Wal,' ses be, 'Maof genius. Many women have a sort of admiration for them, but it is a blind and unmiration for them, but it i her quickly by the arm, and gasped out: sound of a laugh just nipped in the bud by stories. They are pat.' 'Wal,' ses I, 'meb. ed off his name! For God's sake Eva Stanley, tell me the application of a real handkerchief, warn- by this will turn out a little patter than you ed him of his mistake. Moral-Don't at- like, but, howsoever, as I never spile a good "Ask the young girl whose innocence tempt to pick up anything with lace to it story for acquaintance sake, I will tell it :-

Suns . Wal, the Kernel has been fick agin. It is astonishing how littel takes him Democrat, but you don't look like one to try Godfrey's Cordial. This colled him ries in Onio, Pennsylvany and Indianny. She considered every moment lost when she seen upon a human countenance, completed pause, he asked her to look him in the face on to four or five bottles full. The cause of of whiskey. The Kernel looked at us, and after a moment's on to four or five bottles full. Ohio, Indianny an Pennsylvany. The Kernel had been told by Sumnure, Greeley an Andrews that the only way to carry the "Thank God, old friend, his hands. Ses he, 'Majer, lets go down to mer an he was very talkative, ses I, 'M as the feller at the telegraf read off the fig- way the letter got out was this. gers, 1 put em down on my slate, an the Kernel compared them with his own majori- have an understandin that everything that I ties in Greeley's primmer. I seed he was can't tell him I put in my right hand coat turnin all sorts of colors, an finally, ses he, tail pocket. You see then I can deny that I strugglo between two certain prominent Majer, we are gone just as kompletely as if made it public. That pocket is Weed's Democrats of Weaverville, as to which we were up Salt River now instead of bein pocket, and he always goes to it for secrets. hould go as delegate to the State Conven- here, I'de jest like to swap places with sum Wall I put the letter in that pocket an with the names of their friends upon them. he crammed his coat tail pocket full of de- Ben Welch, Commissary Ginneral, an Ben The Judges delegates were beaten, and before retiring he consoled himself by loading hum, ses he, 'Majer, my administration is has long been a chum of Ben's, and he got hum of Ben's, and he got hum of Ben's, and he got has long been a chum of Ben's, and he got hum of Ben's hum of As if every syllable had a thrill of heart- his hat with bricks. Next morning, in good the biggest faily ure that ever tuk place in it out of Ben's pocket. That's the way that season; acting upon the principle that "a the history of this or eny other country. 1 this letter got out, that there is so much hair of the dog is good for the bite." Just as now see as plain as I see that bottle of old mystery about. With one shrick, which it seemed would he called for the decoction, B lly McBlarney rye there. I've listened to those infernal Rite off, after this, the Kernel came in,

> "The top of o' the morning to ye Judge. man wen he is down, or to hurt any body's it. A few fellers like Greeley, whose brains looked oncommon blue, I left him to his seem to run to bran bread, and free luv, or own reflecshins, an went up stairs to my some other moonstruck nonsense; an some room. larned fools, like Sumnure, want to try the "Bad luck what a fool I am! I voted my experiment, but they don't represent the people. So you see, Kernel, that in apply in the price le rou have kicked yours le over the principle you have kicked yourself over, opener for Billy; he had fairly beat him on an I only meashin it to show that if you

> > my party, an if it carried me to the other there was an obese specimen of hamanity ith it.

cel he was so limber.

Jest a little while after breakfast, who "Yes; a young girl who I discovered by "Eva-Fva Stanley, what does this How a Modest Man was Mistaken.—The should come in but Seward. He hadn't imen for some time. "He won't do; can't of a nite to get some fodder among the corn way toward the cutting board—attreet of the fields, an did not return to his hole till near doubt by the smell of "cabbage" in their nature, with all their wants, and longtheir nature, with all their wants, and longtings, and desires, then such a woman is immortalized in their hearts at once. This is
the trouble too often between men of genius
and their wives. They despair of finding
and their wants, and longtill he struck upon new veins of thought,
what it means sir. Ask Fanny Clements;

the words, my darling. You are one
the woman before; talked to a woman before; talked to her
till he struck upon new veins of thought,
what do you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
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you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you the name. And
what do you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you think a young girl should do
you the name sir. Ask Fanny
'Yes, daunt't near you say the
what the you wanted a cider press?'
'Yes, daughter, where can I get one?'
'Why, you'try Zeke Stokes; he hugged
up, an ses he, 'who's there?'
The shanked wag, if he had any tin overalls
and their wives. They despair of finding
you he made me grount.'
'Bray dord in their you say the
what do you wanted a cider press?'
'Yes, daughter

found a pleasure in talking, which was as "That she should tear her own heart up "No demons have invented this sir," LETTER FROM; MAJOR JACK DOWN- the coon, You don't look like a coon, you don't act like a coon, an 1'll be darned WASHINGTON, Oct 20, 1862.

you smell like a coon

This time his narves were terribully worked up, an he was so fide ty that I conkluded let's take a drink of old rye over the victoall this flutter was the recent elections in grit his teeth. 'Wal,' ses he, 'ef you ar goin to rejoice in my defeat I'll go up. ' So the Kernel went off. After he had lecshins this fall was to issoo an emanci- gone, Sewa d an I tuk another nip of th pation proclamation; that if he didn't do it old rye, an purty soon we tasted of a agric the party would be completely whipped out The Secretary is a capital drinker, and he in every State. So he koncluded to try it, knows what good licker is as well as env but when the returns cum in, yer never did feller I ever saw. Finally he got in a good see such a woe begone looking man. One humer, an ses he, 'Majer, we've been bad nite he heard some bad news from Ohio, an friends long enough.' So he actually hugged gettin up in his nite gown, he cum to my room an axed what I thought about it. I struck a light and got out my slate. The Kernel had Greeley's last year's almanac in When I thought I had got him in a good huthe telegraf offis and see how the majorities | Seckretary, kin you tell me how John Va run an we can be able to give a guess that Buren got that letter from Gianeral Scott? will cum as nigh to it as the jump of a rab bit.' So I jist put on my duds an off we don't want that teller Wadsworth elected went. The news cum in thick an fast, an for he's my bitter political inemy, so the

Weed you know is my chum. Now we

gave me the wink as much as to say that he Ses I, 'Kernel, it ain't my natur to hit a d dn't want Linkin to know anything about

close to his great warm heart, and imprinted a thousand passionate kisses upon her lips, she was icy cold in his embrace. He took her home and watched by her bedside the word against me. How is that?"

Then I asked the Kernel what Stantin as in favor of issociated the story about Applying the Principle? Ses he, 'yes I do, and you voted against me. How is that?"

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Major Jack Downing

Says the Reading (Pa.) Times-It is well had followed my advice you would not have known that Commissioner Kupp was very had these great defeats to mourn over.' precise and exact in his proceedings : a The Kernel looked very solemn, and ses ways keeping an eye to the interests of the he, 'Majer, I know I'de been a great deal country, while dealing honorably with all better off if I'd followed your advice all thro' Now it happened that among the able-bod these troubles, but you see I had to go with | ied men drafted from one of the Heidelbergs ide of Jordon, I spose I should have gone but whom the chances hit as one of th elect. When he received his "ticket for plaintiff, James Brown, and no way be- That nite I thought the Kernel would go soup," he hastened to Reading, and know.

"I'm drafted !"

"The deuce you are ; it must have been

The twain probeeded to the office of the Comm ssioner.

"Here," said the lawyer, "Commissioner. I have got a substitute.

"Put he must do " blustered out the law "He can't march; he won't do : and i

This was what our smart lawyer wan

" He won't do. ch ?" " No, he won't."

"Well, then, scratch his name off of the The Commissioner looked at the lawyer

We don't you chifor the foregoing.

for about a minute : then regarded the fat

A Banger paper says that a pig lately Story for acquaintance sake, I will tell it:

Once on a time it is said an old coon went

walked into a tailor's shop there, and before he was noticed by the proprietor, made this