

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

BY ANNIE M. ABBOTT.

A sweet little face with tender eyes,
And a mouth where smiles are playing.

The smile fades out from the sweet, red
mouth:
Blue eyes grow dim with wonder—

"They swung them back but a little ways,
But I saw the light and glory."

"So, mamma, I think I am God's own child—
And all my faults are forgiven:
And that—if I'm good, He'll carry me home
For He gave me a glimpse of Heaven."

Al! the simple words of that little one,
How they thrill us with new truthing!

Can we not say, remembering this,
Our father—thou art calling?
Renew once more our trembling faith!

Our father—thou art calling?
Renew once more our trembling faith!

The Lost Ring.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

"Mr. Docket!"
"Yes, Madam."

It was an elderly woman upon whose
brow care had furrowed many a wrinkle.

"What is the matter, my good woman?"
You seem to be in deep distress."

"I am, sir. They say the Lord is
merciful, and I am sure he ought to be
merciful to me."

"I had heard an excellent sermon
the day before, for it was Monday, on Tribulation,
and I was sitting in the frame of
mind for giving others most excellent
advice which, perhaps, I should have
been very unwilling to follow if the
dark waves of trouble had rolled over me."

"I don't know as I am acquainted
with you, madam," I suggested, for the
purpose of changing the topic and bring-
ing her to business.

"I don't know as you are," she re-
plied, and she proceeded to give me a
very long and very succinct account of
her previous history, beginning back
some forty years, when she was born
among the White Mountains of New
Hampshire.

"I tried to check her, but it was no
use. I was as patient as the case would
admit, and mindful of the duty we owe
to the weak, the infirm and the igno-
rant, but my patience was sorely tried.
I will not punish the reader with the
long, fine spun story she told me, for a
few lines will suffice to inform him of
the material facts."

She was a widow, her name was
March. She had an only son, Philip,
who was employed in an insurance office,
and received three dollars a week for
his services. He was a good boy and
loved his mother, as a son should. Up-
on their united earnings they lived very
comfortably in an obscure street, where
they hired two rooms. Mrs. March's
catalogue of her son's virtues was cer-
tainly very edifying. He never spent a
cent upon himself, never went out
nights and attended church forenoon and
afternoon.

An evil day had come. On the Sat-
urday three weeks preceding, Mr.
Carmen, the President of the insurance
company, as he declared, had sent Philip
with a valuable diamond ring to the
jewelers to have the stone reset. On
inquiry the ring was found not to have
reached its destination. The jeweler
had never seen it. To make the case
more complicated, the boy denied hav-
ing received the ring. Mr. Carmen had
never sent him on any such errand.

The boy had been arrested on charge
of stealing the ring, and was now con-
fined in jail. Mr. Carmen was ready to
swear he delivered the valuable article
into the hands of the boy, with explicit
directions as to where he should carry it
and what should be done with it.

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It looked like a bad case. The poor
woman was in deep distress. She was
sure that her darling boy was innocent.
She knew he wouldn't steal. I pitied
her and promised to do what I could for
her son.

When she had gone I called upon Mr.
Carmen. I found he was one of those
still dogmatic old fellows, who are never
in the wrong, who find it impossible to
err, ever, even by design or to make a
mistake. I tried to argue the point with
him, but he would not say much. He
told me the story; was sure he sent the
ring by the boy and by nobody else.

I ventured to suggest that he might
be mistaken, that he had sent the ring
by some other person.
"Do you take me for a simpleton, sir?
Do you think I don't know what I am
about?" he exclaimed, bestowing upon
me a look of withering contempt. "I
sent the ring by the boy, sir. The boy
has stolen it. Nothing more need be
said, sir." And he turned to the news-
paper he had been reading.

I was not much pleased with the in-
terview. I was vexed at the haughty,
overbearing manner of the fellow; and
I confess that my pique rendered my en-
deavors to clear my youthful client.

I visited Philip at the jail. He was
very sad on his mother's account; on
his own, he seemed not to care. A more
frank open hearted boy I never saw. He
told me the story, and though I questioned
him pretty severely, he was consistent
to the last.

I made the case my own, and worked
unsuccessfully, as it seemed to me then
for the overthrow of the haughty Presi-
dent of the insurance company, as much as
for the salvation of the widow and her
dying son. I visited more than a
dozen jewelers' shops that afternoon and
the next morning, with what results the
reader shall learn in the details of the
trial, which came on the next day.

Philip was duly engaged, and his
mother sat by my side, weeping and
sobbing like a child as the trial pro-
ceeded.

Mr. Carmen, with majestic dignity,
stepped upon the stand. He told the
story I have before detained, and was
turned over to me for cross-examina-
tion. I could see that he was nettled,
for he certainly could see no money in
my face.

"Mr. Carmen, you are willing to
swear that you gave the ring to the
boy?"
"Certainly I am," he replied, vexed
and angry, for he had answered the same
question a dozen times in the course of
the cross-examination.

"I beg your Honor to notice particu-
larly the words of this witness," I re-
marked to the court.

His Honor testified readily that he had
noticed them, as a matter of course; he
had them in his minutes, and he rather
smiled me for pressing so respectable a
witness in so severe a manner.

"Now, Mr. Carmen, may I beg you to
examine this ring?" and I handed him
the one he had lost.

"It is mine," he replied, with evident
astonishment.

"You identify the ring, do you, sir?"
"do."

"That is all, sir. May it please your
Honor I shall bring but one witness for
the defence. Will Mr. Graham take the
stand?"

Mr. Graham took the stand. I show-
ed him the ring.

"Have you ever seen this ring be-
fore?"
"I have."

no more about it. On his way home to
dinner, while his mind was absorbed by
an important business operation, he had
left the ring at Mr. Graham's. The im-
pression that he had given the ring to
Philip was fastened upon his mind. He
remembered the fact of calling him, and
his intention became a reality.

When thus cornered he amused the
judges with several other instances of
absent mindedness of which he had been
guilty, in this manner explaining the
mistake he had made.

I must do him the justice to say that
he made Philip ample amends in the
shape of a hundred dollar bill for the
trouble he had caused him; but I be-
lieve that Mr. Carmen hated me to the
day of his death. I can only say I
should not have punished him so se-
verely if he had treated me like a gen-
tleman.

A Good Story for Lawyers.

It is probable that every lawyer of
any note has heard of the celebrated
Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great
effort in the case of Aaron Burr, as well
as his displays in the Senate of the
United States, will never be forgotten.
Tribes in the history of genius are im-
portant, as we hope to show in this his-
tory.

Mr. Martin was on his way to An-
napolis, to attend the Supreme Court of
the State. A solitary passenger was in
the stage, with him, and as the weather
was extremely cold, the passengers soon
resorted to conversation to divert them-
selves from too much sensibility to the
inclement weather. The young man
knew Martin by sight, and as he was not
so a lawyer, the thread of talk soon be-
gan to spin itself out of legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man,
"I am just entering upon my career as a
lawyer, can you tell me the secret of
your great success? If, sir, you will
give me from your experience, the key
to distinguish at the bar, I will
—"

"Will you?" exclaimed Martin.

"Why, sir, I will pay your expenses
while you are at Annapolis."

"Done. Stand in your bargain now,
and I'll furnish you with the great se-
cret of my success as a lawyer."

The young man assented.

"Very well," said Mr. Martin. "The
whole secret of my success is contained
in one little maxim, which I had down
early to guide me. If you follow it, you
cannot fail to succeed. It is this: 'Al-
ways be sure of your evidence.'"

The listener was attentive—smiled—
threw himself back in a philoso-
phical posture, and gave his brain to the
analysis, with true lawyer patience, of
—"Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too good a night for anything
to be made peculiarly out of the old
man's wisdom, and so the promising
adept in a maxim learning gave himself to
stage dreams, in which he was knock-
ing and pushing his way through the
world by the all powerful words, "Al-
ways be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Mr. Martin
with his student, took rooms at the best
hotel in the city. The only thing pecu-
liar to the hotel, in the wine bottles
and the ceteras of fine living, seemed
to recall very vividly the maxim about
the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin.
Wherever eating and drinking were con-
cerned he was indeed a man to be watch-
ed, especially in the latter, as he was
immediately fond of the after dinner,
after supper, after everything luxury of
wine. A few days were sufficient to
show the incipient legalist that he would
have to pay dearly for his knowledge,
as Mr. Martin seemed resolved to make
the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyers, whether young or old, have
legal rights, and so the young man be-
gan to think of the study of self protec-
tion. It certainly was a solemn duty. It
ran through all creation. Common to
animals and men, it was a noble instinct
not to be disobeyed, particularly where
the hotel bills of a lawyer were concern-
ed. The subject daily grew on the young
man. It was all-absorbing to the mind
and pocket. A week elapsed, Mr. Mar-
tin was ready to return to Baltimore.
So was the young man, but not in the
same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter
in the bar-room. The young man was
an anxious spectator near him.

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as
we have already had a definite under-
standing on the subject. He is pledged,
professionally pledged to pay my bill,"
he hurriedly repeated.

"Where is your evidence?" asked the
young man.

"Evidence?" sneered Mr. Martin.
"Always be sure of your evi-
dence," Mr. Martin. Can you prove the
bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulled
out his pocket book, paid the bill, and
with great good humor assured the
young man.

"You will do, sir, and get through
the world with your profession without
advice from me."

Progress of the Excavation at Jeru-
salem.

A correspondent of the New York
Times writes from Jerusalem.

The discoveries made hitherto may be
summed up briefly. The south wall of
the sacred area, Haram El Sherer,
within which stood the temple, has been
explored to the very foundations. It is
found that in one place the wall was no
less than one hundred and eighty feet
high. At the lowest point of wall,
which is now determined to be also the
lowest point of the Tyropon Valley, he
discovered a small passage which he ex-
plored for some 150 feet, of every an-
cient construction, and evidently intend-
ed to carry off superfluous water. Pre-
viously to this discovery it had been
supposed that the lowest point was the
southwest angle of the wall where was
the great arch known as Robinson's
Arch. Visitors of Jerusalem will re-
member the spring of the old arch at
this point. They will be gratified to
learn that all the conjectures with re-
ference to what formerly stood there
have been abundantly verified. Not
only was there a splendid arch crossing
the Tyropon valley (the span of which
was forty feet across, and the masonry
and ruins which now lie buried in the
debris), but beneath this old arch, cov-
ered over with a pavement built presu-
mably to cover these ruins, lie the stones
of an arch older still, perhaps the arch
built by Solomon himself. The com-
plete investigation of the arch has been
a long and costly undertaking, but its
importance is very great.

On the east side of the Haram wall
lies the valley of the Hledron. Lieuten-
ant Warren, by a series of shafts and
borings, has ascertained that the pre-
sent bed of the stream is no less than
forty feet higher than the old bed
—the bed having been raised by the
enormous masses of debris and
ruins that have been hurled over in
to the valley. By the last letter
from Jerusalem we received a plan of
the system of chambers discovered at
"Wilson's Arch," higher up on the west-
ern wall, near the "Walling Place" of
the Jews. Lieutenant Warren has dis-
covered at a depth of some fifty feet be-
low the surface of the ground a vast sys-
tem of chambers and passages. These
chambers, whose use has not yet been
decided, are mostly about twelve feet
square, vaulted and filled up with rub-
bish or with water. About eighteen
have been opened, of which it is con-
jectured that two or three are of Sara-
cenic origin and the rest of Jewish.

They branch off right and left along a
great passage. This has been followed
up for a distance of 250 feet; its desti-
nation being yet uncertain, and its use
problematical. Perhaps, however, it
was a secret passage for troops. The
discovery is intensely interesting, and
may lead to singular and most impor-
tant results.

A skeptical young collegian con-
fronted an old Quaker with the state-
ment that he did not believe in the Bible.

Said the Quaker: "Does thee believe in
France?" "Yes, for, though I have
not seen it, I have seen others that have.

Besides, there is plenty of corroborative
proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee wilt not believe anything
thee or others has not seen?" "No; to
be sure I won't." "Did thee ever see
thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see
anybody that did?" "No." "Does
thee believe thee has any?"

A Minister met one of his con-
gregation, who had come into possession
of handsome property by the death of
his brother, and inquired how he was
getting along. "Oh," said he, "I am
having a dreadful time, with getting
out letters of administration and attend-
ing probate court and settling claims. I
sometimes almost wish he hadn't died."

THE NEGRO PARTY'S PRAYER.

All hail the power of old Abe's name;
White folks must prostrate fall.
Bring out the dusky woolly heads,
And crown them lord of all.

Let white folks no more raise their heads,
Nor dare his acts approve;
The mighty Lincoln—Abe the first—
Has freed the ones we love.

Let Constitutions and the rights
Of States no more be known;
For he has made the Sambo race
Superior to our own.

For this we prayed—for this we fought—
The nation's life-blood given,
Lord! send the white folks all to II—
The darkies all to Heaven.

Thou Great Supreme! when done with earth
Give to our chosen band
Of woolly heads, sweet scented tribe,
A place at thy right hand.

This is the prayer of Charles and Thad:
Aid Ben, the spon thief, too,
And Billy, with the vicious eye,
And all the Raddy crew.

My song is done. Old Thad has gone
The brims one to prepare;
So when the whites come one by one,
They each may get a share.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

—Handy thing—A glove.
—Traders in hearts—Confectioners.
—Good place to board—A lumber yard.
—Dry goods—Crackers and codfish.
—The light of good society—Polite
leaves.

A man to whom every age is an iron
A blacksmith.
—the font of the inscription in Spain
raised by artillery—"Isabella trape."

A popular work of art—Drawing on a
pay.
—Good men to attend auction—men
who are free for bidding.

—Can't a man for a pug nose, you
never see to what may turn up.
—Carpenter's hair pins are the only
sure preventive against hair falling off.
—To prevent a door creaking—Nail it
to tightly.

A bachelor says a girl is soon when
she ceases one to sigh for her.
—The great boasting of the great suc-
cess of his evening school.

—Kansas has discovered a petrified
crocodile 126 feet long.
—Queen Victoria is said to be engaged
upon another book to take the form of a
novel.

—Mr. Dickens is said by English pa-
pers to have cleared \$200,000 by his visit to
this country.
—It is not pleasant when you call upon
an acquaintance and expect a good dinner
to be offered nothing but cold shoulder.

—Julius, did you ever see the Cat-kill
Mountains? No, Sambo, but I've seen the
cats kill mice.
—What is the slight difference between
a warrior and a infant? The one is in, and
the other under arms.

—In Paris it is said that hoops are no
longer worn and that the skirts are either
very long or very short.
—Trains are running three hundred
and twenty five miles east of Sacramento
on the Central Pacific Road.

—The fashion in New York this season
is said to be to have no groomsmen at the
weddings.
—The wheel of fortune turns suddenly.
It is but a little while since the Queen of
Spain offered protection to the Pope and
now she seeks it of him.

Giants of Olden Times.

In one of his recent lectures, Profes-
sor Silliman, the younger, alluded to the
discovery of the skeleton of an enor-
mous lizard, of eighty feet. From this
the professor inferred, as no living speci-
men of such magnitude has been found,
that the species which it represents,
has become degenerated. The verity of
his position he endeavored to enforce by
an allusion to the well-known existence
of giants in olden times. The following
is the list on which this singular hy-
pothesis is based:

The giant exhibited at Ronen in 1830,
the professor says measured nearly
eighteen feet.
Gorapius saw a girl that was ten feet
high.

The giant Galabra, brought from Ara-
bia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar,
was ten feet high.
Fannum, who lived in the time of
Eugene II., measured 11 1/2 feet.

The Chevalier Scrog, in his voyage to
the Peak of Teneriff, found in one of his
caverns of that mountain, the head of
Gurich, who had sixty teeth and was
not less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Ferragus slain by Orlando,
nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty
eight feet high.
In 1814, near St. German, was found
the tomb of the giant Isarent, who was
not less than thirty feet high.

In 1590, near Rouen, was found a
skeleton whose skull held a Bushel of
corn, and who was nineteen feet high.
The giant Bacart was twenty-two feet
high; his thigh bones were found in
1704, near the River Maderi.

1823, near the castle in Dauphine,
a tomb was found thirty feet long, six-
teen feet wide, and eight feet high, on
which was cut in gray stone these words,
"Kintolochus Rex." The skeleton was
found entire 25 1/2 feet long, ten feet
across the shoulders, and five feet from
the breast bone to the back.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1516, was
found the skeleton of a giant thirty-four
feet long.
Near Magrino, in Sicily, in 1815, was
found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet
high, the head was the size of a hogs-
head, and each of his teeth weighed
five ounces.

We have no doubts that there were
giants in those days, and the past
perhaps was more prolific in producing
them than the present. But the history
of giants during the olden time was
not more remarkable than that of dwarfs,
several of whom were even smaller than
the Thumbs and Natts of our own time.

Things that I Have Seen.

I have seen a farmer build a house so
large, that the sheriff turned him out of
doors.

I have seen a young man sell a good
farm turn merchant, and die in an in-
sane hospital.

I have seen a farmer travel about so
much, that there was nothing at home
worth looking after.

I have seen a rich man's son begin
where his father left off, and end where
his father began—penniless.

I have seen a young girl marry a
young man of dissolute habits, and re-
pent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen the extravagance and folly
of children, bring their parents to pov-
erty and want, and themselves into dis-
grace.

I have seen a prudent, industrious
wife, retrieve the fortunes of a family,
when her husband pulled at the other
end of the rope.

I have seen a young man who despised
the counsel of the wise and advice of the
good, end his career in poverty and
wretchedness.

I have seen a man spend more in folly
than would support his family in com-
fort and independence.

I have seen a man depart from the
truth, when candor and veracity would
have served him a much better purpose.

I have seen a man engage in a law-
suit about a trifling affair that cost him
more in the end, than would have roofed
all the buildings on his farm.

ARTEMUS WARD'S TOAST.—Artemus
Ward being present at a celebration ex-
hibition, was called upon to make a
speech, when he replied in a "toast to
the fair sex:

Ladies, sex I, turn in to the bulfinch
female's hoose presents was pepbumin
the fair ground. I hope you are enjoy-
ing yourselves on this occasion, and that
lemasid and water or which you air
drinkin, may not go agin you. May
you allers be fair as the son, bright as
the moon, and butifal as an army with
Union flags—also plenty of good close
to ware.

Tu yuro sex—commonly called the
phair-sex, we are indebted to bornings,
as well as many other blessings in these
lo grownes of sorro. Sum poor spirited
fools blaim yuro sex for the difficulty in
the garden, but I hev no dowt but Adam
would hev rigged a cyder press, and like
as not went into a big bust and drive of
cawaro. Yuro first muther was a lady
and all her dawters ditto, and nun but
a loafin cuss will say a wurd agin yu,—
Hopin' that no waive or trouble will
across yure peaceful breasts, I konclude
these remarks with the follerin equty-
ment:

Woman—she are a good egg.