

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

After Smith's death there was found in his writing-desk a mass of Smith's hair. On the paper enclosing it there was written: "Only a woman's hair."

"Only a woman's hair?" A seal, a sign, Nerving the knightly arm In Indolence.

"Only a woman's hair?" Beside their fore Pale students lay the pledges, And strive the more.

"Only a woman's hair?" Old open doors, Fumbling one little tress Held to the heart.

"Only a woman's hair?" Gags of fond trust, Buried with salutar forms, Crumbling to dust.

"Only a woman's hair?" Was this a gift— A bitter sneer? If so, Shame on the scribble!

"Only a woman's hair?" Was this a sigh, Home on the midnight surge Of memory?

"Only a woman's hair?" Lo! there lies time, When waiting music obliges To smoking rhymes.

"Only a woman's hair?" Dead student's hair? If he had meant a jest, Why all that care?

"Only a woman's hair?" True—naught beside, And yet 'twas something more When Smith died.

—Guzé & Heck.

TREASURE TROVE IN RICHMOND'S RUINS.

How the Strong Box of one of the Banks was Found and Spited Away.

ROBBERY OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

The Richmond public, nor the country at large, have forgotten the controversies that arose, and the inquiries that were instituted, concerning the disappearance, on the night of the evacuation of Richmond, April 3d, 1865, of an iron chest from the vault of one of the banks destroyed in the great conflagration that ensued after the giving up of the city by the Confederate government. This chest belonged to the Confederate Government Treasury, and was deposited in the bank vaults for greater security at a time when the defeat of Lee's army became most imminent, and it was feared the mob, in its frenzy, would rise and attempt to seize the treasure of the falling government.

The contents of that chest was said to be gold, but as the records on the bank books and the records of the Confederate States Treasury were burned on that fearful night, or lost, or hopelessly scattered in documentary debris about the streets, chaos before the world began was not more complete than the ruins of that morning of the third of April. Men were at their wits' end, bank officers were flying with what little of value they could carry; the government, with its archives, was on wheels, speeding away to the West as fast as team could speed them on.

But, alack! An oversight! The iron chest was forgotten—overlooked in the pell-mell rush, and left behind in the doomed bank, though some boxes, supposed to contain the treasure were aboard the train. The bank stood in the path of the flood of fire, it went down in a wreck of brick and granite, and the strong box, with Two Hundred Thousand Dollars in gold coin, went down with the bank ruins, and lay buried beneath the mias.

Safe at all events—safe for the time being—was that gold from the greedy eyes and grasping hands of men. A little of flame, and smoke, and vapors battled above and about it, and, in an El Dorado by itself, undiscovered, for days and weeks lay that chest of gold.

When the flames had spent their fury, the burnt district became an object of mournful curiosity to thousands of strangers, and citizens, too—those who had seen in the remotest sweep of fire their possessions heaped up by the lurid-eyed monster, leaping hither and thither like a ravenous beast.

There is the merchant, who, late a millionaire, gazes through mists of tears upon the ghost-like and blackened skeleton walls of what was once his bustling business house crammed with black-goods, the fabric of every nation. With his staff he rakes and seeks among the ruins for some poor relic—some souvenir of his former prosperity, but the hot vapors arising through the seams of the ash-gray that encloses all, fuses out and drives him away.

Woe, aged man! Well you may; for never again will shine the sun of prosperity for you. Better on, for your life must be bought by the typical of that pile—hoard earned and hoard buried.

Al! you curse the authors of this desolation. But your curses will return to you, for there is no reparation to be made, no insurance to be paid, for the insured and insurer have been swept away together.

Yonder is the poor shopman, trying in vain to distinguish the site of his little store, overwhelmed by the gigantic walls of great warehouses. So great is the change wrought by ruin, he wanders a stranger past his own pavement, and turns away in despair.

All lost! all lost!

Then the crowds of plunderers and pilferers—the vultures of calamity—that hovered about the carcass of a ruined city, watched and driven on by hundreds of policemen and squads of troops detailed from the victorious army of occupation, to protect property and stay the plundering hands.

checks, filled out and signed; notes of hand and promises to pay by the score—all without a redeemer. There were wild stories of valuables here and there, buried under the ruins of jewelry stores, and other places of deposit, and cordons of policemen kept back the vultures, or stretched ropes and forbade their intrusion under the penalty of being arrested.

But no one dreamed of the two hundred thousand dollars in gold that formed an immensely rich deposit in the cellar of the Bank.

The celebrated specie train, supposed to be bearing the bullion of the banks and the Confederate government, during all this eventful time, was struggling onward to the far South, with the army of General Johnston for its destination.

Alarmed by reports of the enemy in pursuit, harassed by rumors vague and indefinite as to the proximity or whereabouts of the foe, the escort wandered about the trains here and there, retrograding one day, going forward the next, utterly undecided as to the route it was safest to pursue.

Their mission was no secret, and an unknown sum of silver and gold was at the mercy of any band of robbers strong enough and audacious enough to effect the capture of the train.

At last the dash of the robbers came; a band mounted and disguised as Federal cavalry, or Federal cavalry, in fact, swooped down like wolves upon the lamb with the Golden Fleece, and he was slain.

Those of the bank officers and Government officials then in charge of the train—most astounding as it may seem—were unarmed! The armed escort had left them, and they were powerless to resist. When the dash came there came with it a yodel, and several voices, cried out, "We surrender!"

The challenge had been that of the highwayman, "Your money or your life! Stand and deliver!" Not caring to risk all in the defence of that they knew would be taken, the venerable custodians of the bullion surrendered the specie, and kept that which, to them, was far more valuable—their lives.

Then the whole band of robbers piled into and on the wagons that contained booty richer than ever fell into the clutches of the renowned Captain Kyd, who "Spied three ships from Spain, As he sailed, as he sailed."

The wagons were set on fire, the precious boxes were tumbled out, and burst, by the fall or broken open with hatchets, the rich jingle of pouring gold and silver was heard on every hand, louder than the jingling of trace chains.

The freebooters, excited beyond control at the golden harvest, filled their pockets with the largest of the pieces, then stripped off their trousers, and, tying up the legs thereof, filled the leg-pouches and threw the filled garments astraddle their horses. Those who had hold-ers to their saddles, knapsacks of whatever they contained, and filled the space with gold coin. Gold pieces rolled, and rattled, fell and clinked, and were trampled under dirt, soon broadcast abundant a-kissel of grain in seed-time.

The boxes of silver were not to be thought of, silver was beneath the notice of the robbers. "D—n it!" exclaimed one who had ripped a box of the lower metal. "D—n it! this is silver. Away with silver, when gold is to be had for the grabbing!"

One of the wagons was blazing fiercely by this time, and the molten specie, passing the fiery trial of unexpected crucible, poured down through the bed-springs in a stream.

Ten minutes, perhaps, sufficed the robbers. There was a call to saddle, and they mounted and were away in the night.

Scarcely the guardians of the gold, who had huddled near by, witnesses of the wholesale robbery they could not prevent, gathered the remnant of the despoiled treasure, and continued on their journey.

A few hours later what remained of the wandering Argosy fell into Federal possession by legitimate capture. But to this day there is no report from the last custodians. All is mystery.

But the two hundred thousand buried in the ruins of the bank!

Months after the evacuation fire—after the people, crushed, had begun to lift slowly their bowed heads, and look about them, the directors and owners of the bank property commenced clearing away the rubbish of its ruins.

In some portions of the "burnt" district were heard—

more to delve, but were missing ever afterwards. Reader, we have written the history of this remarkable "Treasure Trove" truthfully, in accord with statements which have reached us at various periods within the past two years, from parties in this country and foreign countries, living thousands of miles apart.

If the veracity of our history of the Richmond gold be questioned, then let the gentlemen who were its custodians, speak, that history may be vindicated and the historian set right. This we know—some men are rich now who would have remained poor but for the break-up of the Confederacy, the burning of Richmond, the loss or dispersion of the bullion of the Banks and of the Confederacy.

The hour of the nation's calamity was their opportunity, and they profited by it. Gold, ill-gotten, hath a tongue, that will sooner or later proclaim the guilt of the getter, and convict its possessor before the tribunals of God and men.—Richmond Opinion.

Prehistoric Remains, Dating Back Forty-Five Years B. C., Found at St. Louis.

It is generally known in this country, and in scientific circles in Europe, that the gigantic undertaking of bridging the Mississippi River at this point has been already begun, and that for more than a year, when the state of the river would permit, the sound of the ponderous machinery has ceased not day or night, but the work of excavation has been going on until the solid rock has been reached for the foundation of the pier on the western shore. One of the piers is already above low-water mark—a triumph of mechanical skill. The blocks of stone of which it is built are as huge as those of the Pyramids, and yet, by the application of original principles of mechanical and engineering skill, these gigantic blocks are moved as easily as the common foundation stones of our dwellings.

The outer pier is not yet begun, the excavations therefore not being quite completed. At this point the wonders begin, the discovery of which is not yet what is the discovery of this tunnel under the river may have upon the location of the bridge the board of engineers will soon determine. About 4 P. M., yesterday the workmen engaged in blasting the rocks in the bottom of the excavation for the foundation of this pier discharged an extraordinary large blast of powder when, immediately after the report, a strange phenomenon presented itself. Instead of having the usual time for the smoke to clear away they saw it ascend rapidly in a column, as though issuing from the smoke stack of one of our steamers. This column, and it was found that a steady amount of air with a strange damp odor was issuing from the cavernous excavation, showing that an opening had been made into some unknown subterranean passage.

Upon descending to the bottom the usual mud and water has disappeared through a dark, deep opening in the rock about ten feet in diameter, made by the last discharge of powder. Ropes, ladders, and torches were immediately procured and careful explorations begun. We cannot now enter into detailed description, but having been invited to accompany the board of engineers, with a delegation from the Academy of Science and Historical Society, we must reserve a full exposition of the wonderful discovery until we shall have made a more careful survey. Sufficient for the present to say it is certain that it passes entirely under the river to the Illinois shore, and whether it is wholly the work of some ancient race who once inhabited this land, whose interesting remains are strewn so thickly up and down this great valley, or whether it is partly natural and partly artificial, remains to be seen. In any case it is one of the stupendous. The main passage we should judge to be about twenty feet high by fifteen broad, and systematically arched overhead; part of the way by cutting through solid rock and part by substantial masonry. The bottom seemed to be much worn, as if by carriage wheels of some sort. There are many lateral passages, which, of course, we had no time to enter. These are about eight feet high and six feet wide. In the upper passage we saw no tools or implements of workmanship, but on entering one of the lateral passages we soon emerged into a large chamber supported by leaning pillars of solid rock when the chamber was excavated. Around the walls of this chamber there were what seemed to be niches closed with closely-fitting slabs, each slab covered with inscriptions in Roman uncial characters, which to our eyes bore a marvellous resemblance to those upon the slab in the Mercantile Library, which was brought from the names of Ninveh. Between the niches were projecting pilasters, with draped Assyrian or Egyptian heads, which presented a most impressive and awe-inspiring effect, as they were illuminated by the torch-light. These slabs, and faces looked down upon us from the ancient ages, like the souls of the departed. One of the passages opening on the north side seemed to follow the course of the river, and it is believed extends to the Great Missouri Railroad, which was the theme of much interesting remark at the last meeting of the Historical Society. To those who have not seen the mounds around St. Louis, it may be necessary to say that the mound known as the Big Mound, is about one mile above the great bridge now being built. The mound known as Monk's Mound is on the other side of the river, and is but one of a continuous chain of mounds extending from the river to the bluffs, a distance of nine miles. It is conjectured that the tunnel under the river and the mounds are intimately connected, and there was in ancient times an opening through the mounds from this subterranean highway. Of course every scientific man is in a perfect fever of excitement at these grand discoveries which seem so full of promise to archaeological and ethnological inquiries after truth. It will be remembered by our citizens that some few months since an examination of Monk's Mound was made under the auspices of some Eastern scientific society; and during the excavations there were frequent exhalations of disagreeable gases and odors. Yet we will not speculate, but wait in almost breathless suspense for future developments.—As we returned from our hasty examination,

passing through its pilastered hall above described, we observed a descending opening about seven feet high by three feet wide. Following this in its windings about fifty yards, we came to a flight of forty-one steps, ascending which, we found ourselves in another chamber of wondrous oval in shape, about seven feet long, twenty feet high, and three feet wide. The walls of this chamber were sculptured in magnificent bas-relief and Runic inscriptions. Professor Baehin, the learned Sanscrit of the university, who was with us, has taken upon himself the task of translating the inscriptions. Of the meaning of some of the words, and the colossal sculptures, he also speaks very confidently. One of the magnificent groups he is certain is intended to represent Ahasuerus crowning Queen Elizabeth. And another group of colossal figures representing captives following the car of a victorious conqueror, portraits of Luke Deuteronomy and the friend going into captivity. This remarkable discovery, following so quickly the recent Rock Island, will awaken the intensest interest throughout the world. It is very desirable that the savans into whose hands the rich treasures of the Rock Island discovery has fallen will send representative here, so that we may compare notes, for it is possible that both these wonders and those discovered here were the works of the same ancient people.—St. Louis Republican, Jan. 8.

Not a great while ago, an Irishman was employed in a village, where he was well known, to dig a well, pro bono publico. The contract was made that he was to be paid a certain sum per foot, and warranted a free supply of water. At it he went with a will, and his daily progress was intently watched by interested parties.

Early and late he delved away, faithfully deep down in the earth, full of confidence in the speedy completion of his labor. He had reached the depth of about twenty-five feet, and soon to "strike water."

Early one morning Pat repaired to the scene of his labor, and horrible to relate, it had caved in, and was very nearly full. He gazed with rueful visage upon the wreck, and thought of the additional labor the accident would cause him.

After a moment's reflection, he looked earnestly around, and saw that no one was stirring, then, quickly divesting himself of hat and coat, he carefully hid them on the wall, and speedily made tracks for a neighboring eminence which overlooked the village.

Here, hiding amid the undergrowth, he quietly awaited for the progress of events. As the morning wore on, the inhabitants began to arouse and stir about.

Several were attracted to the well, thinking that, as Pat's hat and coat were there, he was, of course, below at work. Soon the alarm was raised that the well had caved in, and that Pat was in it.

The crowd collected, and stood horrified at the fate of poor Pat. A brief consultation was held, and spades and other implements were brought with which to dig out the unfortunate man.

To work they went with a will. When one set became wearied with the unusual labor, a dozen other ready hands grasped the implements and dug lustily.

Pat quietly looked on from his retreat on the eminence, while the whole village stood round the well and watched, with breathless suspense, the work going bravely on.

As the diggers approached the bottom, the excitement of the bystanders grew intense, and they collected as near as safety would admit, gazing fearfully down the well.

With great care and precaution the dirt was dug away, and when the bottom was at length reached, no Pat was to be found.

The crowd, before noxious gradually relapsed into a broad grin, which broke forth in uproarious merriment, when the fortunate Pat walked up, with a smiling countenance, and addressed the crest-fallen diggers, who now stood weary, and soiled with their labor.

"Be jabbers, gentlemen, and it's Pat Fagan sure that is much obliged to you for din' of that nice little job of work!"

The fact can be better imagined than described, as the most active of the young men slunk off; several low-breathed muttering broke forth that sounded very much like sold.

Through the kindly aid of his fellow-citizens, Pat soon finished the well, and it remains among the monuments of his genius to this day.

A Dead Man Before an Arkansas Court.

An Arkansas correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune tells the following story of the manner in which justice is meted out to men in that region. Some years ago a man without a family or relations lived in a county in this State, and was possessed of an estate worth \$5,000. He went to New Orleans, and was absent for years without being heard from. The Probate Judge granted administration upon his estate, wound it up, and discharged the administrator. The man at length returned, he had been to Mexico. He applied to the Judge for his property, when in open court the following dialogue took place.

Dead man.—If your Honor please, I want my effects returned to me, as you see I am not dead yet. The Court.—I know, that is, I as a man know that you are alive in court; but as a court, I know that you are dead; for the records of the court say so, and against that I verify there is no averment. So says Lord Coke and a good many other books I never read. Dead man.—But I want my property, and it's no matter to me whether your records lie or not. I am alive, have not transferred my property, and to deprive me of it without my consent is without law. The Court.—If you insinuate this

court lies the court will send you to jail. Dead man.—Send a dead man to jail. The Court.—Mr. Sheriff take the apparition out. Sheriff.—Ho thou ghost or goblin damned. I'll speak to thee. Come on; let's go and take a drink. The Judge stuck to it that so far as the Court was concerned, he was dead, and he should stay dead. The poor fellow went into chancery and spent all he had made in Mexico.

"That Tarnal Stuff." To hear Dr. Woods tell the "druggery" story is worth a quarter at any time. The story is old, but the manner in which the Dr. tells it, is good. It is this: A long, lean, gaunt Yankee, something over six feet, entered a drug store and asked "Be you the druggery?" "Well, I s'pose so, I sell drugs." "Waal, how you got any av this 'ere centinestuff as the gals put on their handkerchiefs?" "Oh yes."

"Waal, our Samantha Jane is gwine to be married, and she gin me a nippence and told me to invest the 'hull amount in scentin' stuff so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you're a mind I'll just smell 'round."

The Yank smelled around without being sniffed until the druggery got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of heart-horn, said "I've got a centinestuff that I know will suit you. A single drop on your handkerchief will stay for weeks, and it's impossible to wash it out; but to get the strength of it you must take a big smell."

"That so, mister? waal hold on a minute till I get my breath, and when I say now, you put it under my sneller." The heart-horn of course knocked the Yankee down, [as liquor has done many a man.] Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does. Not he; but, rolling up his sleeves and doubling his ponderous fist, he said "You made me smell that tarnal over-hatn stuff, mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone."

"Yes and No."—A young lady has published a poem entitled, "Have courage to say No." It is not, it may be said, addressed to her own sex, who need no such advice. But "No" is a more formidable word, and though there are proper times when it should be used, as in cases that the lady enumerates in her poem, it is never tempted by the syren to enter billiard rooms, to take wine, or to visit gambling halls. But the "No," when impudently uttered, is very often the seed of trouble. The "No" is too often spoken by parents from their own imagination of a thing that their children desire, and the children a fuse, without a very nice discrimination in the premises, and feeling there is no harm in what they ask, impute the refusal to tyranny, and as resistance to tyrants is obedience to God, they covet more strongly the boon denied, and if possible, secure it in defiance of mandate.

The word "No" never should be uttered hastily, and never without a reason for it, which reason, if sound, will be admitted. But a sullen, absolute, unaccountable "No," produces ill that the parent more than the child is answerable for. We have known a house made miserable for a month by a parental refusal of some trifling indulgence that had no harm in it beyond the fancy of the parents and bent brows and silky looks hardly compensated the affliction that unobtrusively prompted the demand. Depend upon it, there is often a danger in saying "No" than "Yes."

COURAGEOUS LAPP AND GIRL.—The skill required by these nomadic people in throwing the lasso avails them at times in making captives of other animals besides their own deer. On one occasion, said a clergyman in Norway, when a Lapp, in company with a young female, was driving the herd through the forest, they accidentally raised a charge bear from his winter quarters. The girl bravely fortunately, had the lasso in her hand, which, with great coolness and skill, she threw over his head as he was slowly quitting his den, and at the same instant coiled the other end of the thong to a tree. The brute, in finding himself thus in the toils, dashed at the Amazon; but as he slipped on one side, he fortunately missed his aim, and, on coming to his feet, was, in sailor language, brought to the ground.

Bruin's career was soon brought to an end, for, seizing the thong with his paws, and by so doing tightening the noose, he presently managed to strangle himself. The Lapp, on seeing the bear charge the girl, look fright and ran away; and, as the consequence, the bold beast, who was to have been married to him, sent him at once to the right about, very properly refusing to have anything more to say to so dastardly a fellow.

HARD ON THE ENGINEER.—An engineer on the O. & M. R. R. tells the following story on himself. One night the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana. While this operation was going on I observed two green looking countrymen, in "humsapin," curiously inspecting the locomotive and occasionally givingsentent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up at me and said "S'trangely, are this a locomotive?" "Certainly. Didn't you ever see one before?" "No, haven't never saw one afore. Mr'n Bill come down to the station to-night purpose to see one. Them's the biler, ain't it?" "Yes, certainly."

"What yer call that you're in?" "We call this the cat." "And this big wheel?" "That's the driving wheel." "That big black thing on the top is the chimney, I suppose?" "Precisely."

"Be you the engineer wot runs the machine?" "I am the engineer." "Bill," said the fellow to his mate, after eyeing me closely for a few minutes, "it don't take much of a man to be engineer, do it?" "All aboard!"

Fashion Items.

—Lava, set in Etruscan gold, is a beautiful ornament for young ladies. —A new costume, adapted for lady riders upon the velocipede, is on its way from Paris to New York. —A white apron, brilliant in the bird's eye pattern, wears well, and can scarcely be distinguished from dress.

—Very good corded silks are now sold in New York at \$2 00 a yard, but black silks are worn more now than ever. —Fashionable writing paper for ladies' use is nearly square, firm and substantial, with delicate tracings and figures. —Last week's twenty-nine fashionable balls in New York were attended by 15,000 persons, who spent \$25,000 in carriage hire, \$40,000 for suppers and wines, over \$100,000 in tobacco and cigars, and wore jewels that aggregated \$500,000.

—One of the ornaments at a party in New York, last week, was an immense shield entirely formed of numerous choice bouquets. The shield measured four feet by three and a half, literally covering one of the fireplaces in the drawing-room. —A novelty for ball dresses is in the shape of very narrow flannel, silk and black, placed alternately. Some very elegant ball dresses are being made with tulle skirts, and it is very fashionable to have a deep fluted flounce at the bottom of the underskirt.

—A very good skating costume is a dress of dark gray corduroy with fur trimming. The upper skirt is looped on the side and trimmed with a bow. The petticoat is of black velvet with a fur border, and is finished with a black satin sash trimmed with fringe. Thick velvet hat with lace trim. —Among the better wools goods suitable for afternoon dresses at home are French poplin with fine flannel at \$1 50 a yard, grass cloth, Tours, wool with silk face, at \$1 25, silk-wadded serge, double fold, at \$1 25 a yard. Welsh poplins vary in price from \$2 25 to \$1 75 a yard.

—Painters have almost run their course, they are not nearly so much worn as at the beginning of the season, although the lack of the skirt is still made full, and upper skirts almost uniformly looped up at the sides. Spikes are worn much shorter, they are now almost exclusively composed of large fan-shaped bows, or oval bows with wide ends.

—Blue and black are the favorite mixtures for petticoats this season. In trousers, in fact, are coming to be the actual dress, the upper skirt being a more trimming. Blue silk petticoats, with three or five narrow plaited borders, or one blue and one red border, are very general, but scarlet satin and blue satin, and even orange and black striped satin, is quite common. —Bonnet are worn very much higher in front, and much smaller than last season. The hair is dressed so very far forward on the head that there is no room for the bonnet. Three inches is about the usual width, but what is lost in breadth is made up in width. Small feathers are fastened together over the forehead, with bands of roses, jessamine, and the like, to any extent, and the bonnet they look the more a la mode.

—The new favorite shade for full dresses is a warm tint of salmon, known as melon or more correctly, antique color, which lights well and suits a variety of complexions. The latest material and color combination is the elegant antique velvet to be had in antique rose color and velvet blue, for reception dresses, at \$7 a yard. They are to be seen adapted to young ladies, because they have been chosen as a color for the bonnet. Antiquity, violet and lavender are fashionable colors for silks and satins. Black bordered with ecru, crimson, is elegant.

Risibilities.

—A man in a suit of black and white, and in a white shirt, was talking to a lady. "The matter that never hits, the one that you get from a lady." "The lady who took everybody else, and always stand on your own heels."

—A person who is considered handsome is sometimes two or three inches in his nose. "Has your friend expressed his devotion to you?" "Well, dear, I'm very glad you ask."

—A man with a scolding wife on being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot house. "What is the difference between a pig, a sheep and a dog?" "The pig is a swine, the sheep is a mutton, and the dog is a hound."

—Not guilty "said" a Omaha jury, but the prisoner is smart he will leave the pen to be for a night. "He left."

—An old bachelor has been found that the life sustains his favorite hobby. He quotes "If that is likely for him to be still alive."

—Why should I be so mean as to let a woman keep a dog on the earth? Because the earth, as you might say, is the only one left.

—The attempt, says an ex-slave, to start an edition for the purpose of raising money for a building called the "congregation hall" is a monument to the memory of the dead.

—A woman who is in evidence of civilization and the flag that flutters every Monday upon the clothes line is a symbol of progress and liberality. "There is a B. R. R. in Boston who would like to be king of Spain. We object to his station. The cartoon must be put down and kept tight."

—An Irishman recently asked—"Who would give me a money to be laying dead when I know the half of it is gone while you are spinning for from that bast a new in a cent."

—A man who is in evidence of civilization and the flag that flutters every Monday upon the clothes line is a symbol of progress and liberality. "There is a B. R. R. in Boston who would like to be king of Spain. We object to his station. The cartoon must be put down and kept tight."

—An inventive genius has produced an apparatus which he says is a cure for sneezing. He fastens upon the nose a gutta-percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. When over the snorer sneezes the gutta-percha first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and of course reforms. —A city man on a visit to the country, was filled with surprise at the skill of a girl in milking a cow. "I didn't know you did it in that way," she said with round eyes, "I thought they took the milk of the cow's tail, and pumped the milk out of her! What's she got so long a tail for?" —An amateur violinist lately gave as much latitude in choice of tunes as the proverbial cat in choice of mice. He remarked as he rose with his bow, "Well, I can't play but one tune now, which 'you' love? Which they all thought they loved."