The Democratic Watchman,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE DOORSTEP.

The conference meeting through at last, We boys around the vestry waited to see the gifts come tripoling past, Like snow bifds willing to be mated

Not braver he that leaps the wall By letel musket-flashes litten; Than I, who stepped before them all. Who longed to see me get the mitten

Hug no, she blushed and look my arm! We let the old folks have the highway, and started towards the Maple Farm string a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
"I'was nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped,
Seemed all transfermed and in a glory.

The snew was crisp beneath our feet, The moon was full, the fields were gleam By hood and dippet the terred sweet Her face with youth and boalth was been fler little hands pulside her muff— O sculptor, if you could but mould so slightly touched my jacket ouff, To keep it warm I had to hold it.

to have her with me there alone— Twas love and feer and triumph blauded that we excited the footworn stone of Where that delicious journey ended.

the shook her ringlets from her hood, and with a "Thank you, Ned," dissen But yet I knew she understood With what a darlog wish I trembled.

t cloud passed kindly overhead, The moon was slyly peeping through it, ist hid its face, as if it said.
Come, now or never! do it! do it!"

Us lips till then had only known The kies of mother and of sister, thit somehow, full upon her own Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kies

Perhaps twas boyish love, yet still, O listless woman! wear; lover! To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill, I'd give—but who can live youth over— Exchen

The Brides' Tomb.

AN AWYUL PRESENTIMENT.

The incident which I am about to relate is one of the many evidences of the oft-repeated saying, that truth is stranger than fletion. Science, which has solved riddles harder than the Sphynx ever propounded to the Thebans, looks with silence upon a certain kind of phenomenon which has puzzled wiser heads than mine, and which Webster classes under the nobulous word super-

Quite as lucid is the definition of those who dany the agency of other than physical or natural causes in producing this class of events. Imagination, coincidence, optical illusions, are the wet blankets which these superbly practical people shower upon the heads of all who may be inclined to exclaim with the poet, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are draunt of in your philosophy". That the writer in your philosophy." That the writer was not example and terra ago by one or more of these wet blankets, may be accepted as proof that they are not so potent for the purpose as many good people imagine them to be. I repeat, truth is stranger than fiction, which restition most that I am not expressed. petition means that I am not exercising my imagination. I beg to state that I am too profoundly ignorant for any most mental exercise. I wrote, conscious of but one reason. "Tis the 20th of March, the unniversary of an ever memorable night. Like Coloridge's "Ancient Mariner," my heart a filled

with a woeful agony, and I am con-trained to repeat the tale. Years ago, I was invited to spend the nomth of March with a family with whom I enjoyed the most naturate relations. This family consisted of three persons.—Mr and Mrs. Linder, and their daughter Marie, a lovely girl of

Marie was to be married on the 29th of the month, and it was the desire of both mother and daughter that I should spend as muck time with them as I could previous to the event. It has been so often asserted that there can be no real love between women, that the aving has come to be accepted as truth have no heart to-night to make any attempt at refating this absurd error; but that it is an error my love for Ma-

those who love it, on whom it looks with Jove, is escugh for ordinary wo-Such a face had Marie Linden yet, hearly as I leved her, I doubtiff I can convey any clear impression of it to the reader. Hand eyes, suburn hair, and attright complexion, tell nothing—it was not in form or color that the Perhaps it was because the so sweep and true, or perhaps it was in the eyes, which were serene to the very depths-un inward serenity it imprasble to associate anything akin to serrow with their possessor—I know not, and must proceed with my story.

Mr. Linden's house was situated on

a crest of rising ground, about a mile distant from an old sea-port town. It commanded a variety of scenery, which must have satisfied the most difficult The house faced the north, front ing the broad bay, which swept into the open ses. Between the bay and the house a broad expanse of level ground extended for miles along the coast. On the southern add were michly-wooded slopes, with stretches of anesdow be tween, where, in the season, the ripened grain waved like a billowy sea. The east side commanded a view of the town; here distance lent its usual enchantmen to the picture. Midway between the town and Mr. Linden's house stood the church, which Mr. Linden, with wife and daughter, slways stiended, and where two or three generations of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. Two white columns which marked the graves of Mrs. Linden's parents, and one daughter, who had died young, were, on a clear day, distinctly visible from the house

on a clear day, distinctly visible from the house.

The month passed rapidly, as the months always do when people are absorbed. Marie was to marry the man of her own choosing, and a man that her parents would have chosen for her, could their choice have comprehended the world. The love of Marie Linden and George Percival was a flat contraliction to the old saving, that "the liction to the old saving, that "the

discit had been a clear sky, a bright sinshine, from first to last.

The 20th arrived, and the first part of the programme which had long been arranged, was carried out. The ceremony took place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, only a few intinants friends being present; but there was to be a bridal party in the sysaing, and on the following day the bride and gradin were to start on their bridal tour.

Nine o'clock soon came, when the rooms were affied with the besuty and aristoracy of both town and country.

aristocracy of both town and country. Never was there a more beautiful bride than Marie Percival. Never was there Never was there a gayer company than was assembled that night under Mr. Linden's roof. Yet most of the guests have probably retained only such recollection

party might leave upon the mind.

But for me, it is branded on my memory with a strengh which years have had no power to dim. The almost summer warmth of the night, the blue sky without a cloud, the stars, the full moon, which lit up the old or an obuse of the stars are the column. church, and the two white columns. Within there was the bewildering light, the perfume of the flowers, the music of the waltz, and the rapid whirl of the waltzers, as they floated past the open window, where I stood gazing attentively upon the two pictures-one without and one within. It was there that Marie joined me, chiding me, in her pretty, girlish way, for not joining in the waltz, I told her that I had been better entertained; then putting the lace curtains further back, I drew her close to the window, and we stood there hand chaped in hand, for at least five minutes; she gazing out upon the beautiful night, talking of George, and of her expected trip, with sometimes a towing word for myself; I, gazing upon her, thinking how well her bridal robe became her, when I saw the color slowshe gazing out upon the ly fading out from her sweet face. I thought it was the moonlight, and was going to draw the curtains, when she

Now there never were more "
"I count three," she said.

I turned my eyes upon the monuments, almost expecting to see a third;

but to me there were only two. Yet I felt the hand which was clasped in mine grow cold and rigid, while her face had become like the marble upon which her eyes were so intently fixed I strove to draw her from the window it was impossible. I entreated her to speak to me—it was of no avail. Thorughly alarmed, I said I would call Mr.

"No, no, not him," she answered. while a perceptible shudder ran thro' her

But his name had roused her from her strange lethargy, or trance, or whatever it might have been "I was reading the words, she

"What words, Marie?" I answered. You know the words on the monuand if you did not, you could ments. not read them at such a distance,

who replied, "I am speaking of the third one; it is taller than the other two, and the words are so distinct. Sucred to the Memory of Mario Perai-

teen years and eleven months of Hush, Marie 1. I said, "I cannot hear you talk so;" and, happily for me, Mr. Percival, who was booking for his bride, discovered her at this moment. A few rapid steps brought him to her side.

"Who Marie 1. I said, "I cannot be with for betting purposes. I bet that he can kick a fly off from any man without the hirting him." "Now look here, squire," says Jim. I m not a betting character, but I'm bet you someth."

"Why, Marie, said he, "you are as pale as one of Horaco Walpole's ghost-bah! it is this ghastly moonlight!"

bah! it is this ghastly mountight!

He drew the curtains together, and I saw the color come back to her face as he bore her away. But I knew it had gone from mine. I knew there was an gone from mine I knew there was an unearthly pallor on my own face, as I sat there with my back to the meonlight; and still the musicians played on—it was Weber's walts, and it reemed as if the waltzers would never tire; my but that it is at error my love for Marice Clinden would be convincing proof in my own heart, though I had never loved another within. 2.

nwad another woman. "I husband monor by them all.

A popular wever has said that "to have a face that can look leautiful for bose who love it, on whom it looks hose who love it. is this true? for at that moment it did not seem to me that both could be solve this or any other question, the waltz ended and supper followed. Shortly after the party broke up, and Marie kissed me good night, without making any allusion to the singular episode which had made such an im-

pression on my mind.

Marie kissed me "good night," I said, but it was in reality good-by, for me they were to leave by five o'clock the nest morning. I did not expect to see dier again until her return. This would be in about four weeks, and I had promised to remain with her parents until that time. But fate decided otherwise A few lines from an only brother in-formed me that he had just decided to carry out's long-cherlabed wish, which was to go with his wife to Europe. It was their desire that I should accompany a. As we were to start in less than sek, I was obliged to berry home.

a week, I was obliged to many mounts I soft a few lines for Marie, stating her as soon as that I would write to her as soon as possible, and let her know where to address a letter to me.

It is not my purpose to speak of my

ife in Europe—where we went or what we saw—only this; my brother could never understand my dislike to visiting the tombs of the dead.

do not like rummaging im graveyards," I would say to him. So, too, with all moonlight nights; so beautiful to him, but which were, and always

will be, a gleastly horror to me.

I wrote frequently to Marie and her mother, but my brother had no fixed plan, and as we were constantly on the move, it was impossible for me to reseive any replies.

We remained abroad until the following April, a little more than a year. The day after our arrival home, I started for Mr. Linden's. I cannot exactly tell what my feelings were as the cars near course of true love nover runs smooth." ed the old town. Certainly I was not During a two-years' engagement, no ac calm as I would have been without shadow had ever derkened their parathut disturbing vision. But if any one

had naked me if I believed in the possi-shine, from first to last.

he 20th arrived, and the first part of swered, "No."

Is was four o'deck when I arrived a the end of my journey. A few minutes, with thought me to the house. I rang the lift, which was answered by an old Woman whom I had frequently seen

during my previous visits.
"Come in," she said. "Mr. and Mrs Linden are in Europe; you did not know it, perhaps."

1 know nothing, I replied quickly; "I have just returned from Europe my-

I could not ask about Marie; but I arose and went to the window, the one that looked out upon the churchyard, and I saw—yes, reader, I saw the third monument; in ten minutes I stood bemonument; in ten minutes a more fore it. With a brain too much para-

coming alarmed at my long stay, she had come out to find me. learned all that I shall ever know. will tell it in as few words as possi

On that day Marie, with her husband and two or three other young friends had gone out on the bay, as was their frequent custom when the weather was I gathered from what the woman and, that the day had been unusually calm, but that a sudden squall had thrown the boat against a low reef of slimy, weed-covered rocks, which ran out into the water It did not upset the boat, but Mrs Percival was The accident happened on the good swimmer, and remained in the water until he was drawned. rocks, and though Mr Percival was a until he was dragged out by one of the party, yet Mrs. Percival wifound until some hours afterwards.

I have only to add, that Mr. Linden, who was an Englishman, took his wife going to draw the curtains, when and the stopped me. Pointing to the monute to be more than the churchyard, which were as visible as at mid-day, "How many are there?" she said.

"Two, dear," I answered, "You returned to this country.

Kicked by a Mule.

HY ZAC WADDELL

Jack Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the owner of such an animal, but there was something quite peculiar about the mule. He (the mule) could kick farther, hit harder, on the slighest provocation, and act uglier than any other mule on record. One morning riding his property to market, Jack met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He know Boggs weakness lay in bragging and betting Therefore he saluted him cordially

"How are you, Jim? Fine morn

ing.
"Hearty, squire, replied Jim
"Besutiful weather; fine mule you
have there Will do to bet on?"
"Bet on! Guess he will that, I tell

you. Jim Boggs, he's the firest trick mule is this country. Paid five hundred dollars for him. "Great smash? is that so?" ejacula

"Fim, there's no use; don't bet.

don't want to win your money. "Don't you be alarmed Squire, I tak such bets as that every time Well, if you are determined to bes I will risk a small stake; say, five dol.

"All right, Squire, you're my man ut, who'll he kick the fly off? Ther but, who'll he kick the fly off? Ther's no one here but you and I. You try it.
"No," says Johason. "I have to stand at the mule's head to order him "Oh, yass," says Jim, "then probably im the man Wa'al I'll do it, but you

bet ton agin my five, if I risk it."

"All right," quoth the Squire, "now there's a fly on your shoulder, stand still." and Johnson adjusted his mule. and Johnson adjusted his mule

"Whist Jarvey," said he.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Mr. Boggs rose into the air like a bird, flew through a briar hedge, and alighted on all fours in true. Just as I was losing the power to a muddy ditch, bang up against a fence. Rising in a towering rage, he exclaimed, "Yans, that is h-ll! I knew
your d-d mule couldn't do it. You
had that all put up. I wouldn't as been
käcked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them are stakes for

it any way."
Not so fast Jim; Jarvey done just what I said he could; that is, kick off a man without hurting him. You see the mule is not injurned by the operation. However, if you are not satisration However, if you are not fied we will try again as you wish

"The d-Ptake your grammar ketches," growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than let that oarn law on me at once then let that critter kick me again. Keep the staker, but don't say anything about it," and Boggs tredged on in bitterness of soul murmuring to bimself. "Sold, by thunder! and kicked by a mule."

VERY WELL TOLD .- The next morn ing the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially: raid he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me was a promising young man and all that.
Then he offered a tosst—"Guilty or not guilty?" I responded in a brief but eloquent apeach, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought as together. After the usual ceremonies.

was requested to lead the city \$10.

Ond heas our wives,
They fill our hives
With little been and hoasy!
They care life's sheeks,
And mend our socks,
But—don't they speed the mensy? When we are sick
They heal us quick—
That is, if they love us;
if not, we die,
And yet they rry.
With just one eye,
And with the other on the sty,
At some young man above us.

WEDDED BLISS .-

A PRESIDENTIAL INTERVIEW.

A Detroit Severeign and his Meeting With Frank Plercei

In the happy days of Democracy Detroit bosseed many an adept at pulling the wires, and making up the State in the interest of those who generally arranged things at "Ten Eyck's add at and." Prominent among her ward politicians stood Alderman John Hall, pointicians stood Alderman John Mult, a butcher by profession and a Democrat by faith, whose carneatness knew no faltering. The "b'ys" all swore by him, and the ambitious for political spoils all followed him, so at last the Alderman came to be the central luminary in Detroit politics, around which the lesser lights revolved with deferential precision. Among the distinguished Democrats who were honored with the support and firm friendship of the managing Alderman, was the ex-Secretary of the Interior, Robert Mc-Clelland. In return for the energetic support which he received at the hands of his butcher friend, Robert, of course, could do no less than to treat him with the most gracious smiles and favor, and it came to pass that after McClelland was well established in the Secretaryship, Alderman John, having never visited the Federal city, determined to honor that famous city with a short sojourn, and to test the steadfastness of his friend McClelland's friendship, now that he bore blushing honors thick upon him.

Carpet baggers were not in such dis-repute in those days; so, packing up a clean shirt and a bottle of venerable rye, in due time John was ushered into the presence of the urbane Moses Kelley, at that time the smooth and polished chief clerk of the Interior Department.

"Where's Bob?" quoth Alderman John.

"Who, sir?" replied Mr. Kelly in bland tones. "Bob, Bob McClelland, sir, ' replied John.

"The Secretary is engaged, sir, just wants to see him, and by ---, I guess that'll fetch him."

In the meantime Governor Mc., having recognized the voice of his Michigan friend made his appearance at the door, and of course received him with

the most distinguished consideration. After brief inquiry after friends and matters in Detroit, the Secretary explained to Mr. Hull that a Cabinet meeting would claim his attendance during the afternoon, and after making an engagement to present him to the President the next day, he turned him over to a messenger to show him about town.

The next morning, punctual to a minute, our friend was on hand at the office of the Secretary to make the promised call upon the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

In the meantime, Mr. McClelland had announced to Mr. Pierce his in-t nied call with his Michigan friend, and begged him, so far us he possibly could, to bury the dignity of the Presi dent in the cordulity of the citizen, assuring him that Mr. Hull would feel highly flattered with any familiarity that might be extended to him by the

President of the United States.

The twain were soon at the White House, and while, at the request of Mr. Pierce, Mr McClellan went for a mo-ment to the President's private office, Mr Hull was seated in the reception room to await his return. Mr. Pierce desiring to act upon the point of the Interior Department, suggested to its Secretary that if he would remain there a few moments to examine some official papers requiring his indersement, he would go down and entertain Mr

Upon entering the room where our Alderman was seated, Mr. Pierce made his politest bow and said: "Mr. Hull, of Detroit, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," graffly responded that distinguished individual—evidently not aware that he was saluted by the President

"Anything new in Detroit, Mr. Hull?" interrogated Mr. Pierce. "No," replied Mr. Hull, shorter than

'When did you leave home?" continued Mr. Pierce, not a little amazed at the grumness of his visitor

Without deigning a reply to this last question, Hull, in uncontrollable wrath at his supposed neglect, broke out in a loud request, spiced with an eath that "If Bob McClelland intended to introduce him to the President, he wanted him to do it d—n quick, as he didn't come up there to sit around like a stoughton bottle.

Mr. Pierce greatly amused at Hull's misconception of the situation, pleasantly remasked: "My name is Pierce." "What!" interrupted Hull, in amazement. "Fank Pierce, President of the United States?" "I have that homes! United States?" "I have that honor,' replied Pierce. "Well! well!" ex claimed Hull, grasping the President's soft hand in his vice-like grasp, "I'll be d-d if I didn't think you wasa waiter.' -Kalamazoo Telegraph.

A California Heiress.

Mrs. Ellet, in her recent book on Famous American Women," makes "Famous American Women," makes mention of a California lady remarkable for her ability to entertain twenty gen-tlemen at once by her vivacious conversational powers. If this were the only or chiefly remarkable thing about Miss Hitchcock, she would be a far less re-markable personage than she is. But she is a public character—an actress requiring a far broader stage and larger house than other actremes of the time. house than other actresses of the time. She is an only daughter, and only child, I believe, of a wealthy and most respectable family, her father, Dr. Hitchcock, having come to this coast. As any army surgeon during the Mexican war. He is now a San Franciscoan Williams and danglets has long been war. He is now a Ban Franciscoan. His accomplished daughter has long been one of the belies of this city, without whom no special gathering of the ton was complete if she was in the country. When a child she was rescued from a

burning building by some members of the Knickerbecker Engine Company, No. 5., since which time she has never for-

gotten them-wearing conspicuously a ill times, and in all places, a neat gold an times, and in an piaces, a neat gold "5" upon her dress, and st all times making the Company of which she is a duly elected member costly presents, ranging from the cherished "5" to a barranging from the enerstance of an observed of brandy, now by staking a thousand on a favorite horse at the races, again by riding on the cowcatcher, the the entire length of the Napa Valley railroad, to which ride she challenged ain engineer, and still again by some of

the noblest deeds of philanthropy and charity. has upwards of fifty thousand dollars in her own right, and of course is expected to inherit the hundreds of thousands of her father's estate. From her own purse the supplies the wants of many needy objects of charity, being generous in the extreme and of noble impulse. She vibrates between neisco and Puris, taking New York and London on her way, and astonishing the natives of each of these quiet (?) intermediate cities by what she does and what she does not do.

She defies all rules and conventionalities of society, dresses and acts as she pleases overywhere, selects her company from all classes at will, and yet commands the confidence and good will of all. Shois conspicuous at the Tuilleries, attends annually the Derby in England, where it is said she amuses horself by uinning or losing a few hundred a day it the hands of the young springs of no bility A few days since elfe started in com-

pany with her parents overland for New York, and thence to Paris Two days atter, her marriage notice appeared as evidence of the latest of her eccentricities, she in a quiet way, with the personal knowledge of but two human beings beside herself and the fortunate groom having suddenly experimented in the role of bride. Another admirer was with her all the afternoon of that day, until 6 P M. when she went as they supposed, to dinner. At 8 P M. he met her again by appointment, and went with her to the theatre, after went with her to the theatre, after which he accompanied her and the family as far as Sacramento, on her over-land journey, quite ignorant of the fact that from 8 P. M. he had been in company with Mrs Howard Coit instead of Miss Hitchcock This is the same youth bankment at the Cliff House road a few years ago, which she did at a small of \$1,200.

Her hasband is left behind, she not having seen him, it is said, *ince they left St James' Free Chruch Doubtless, ere this she has informed her loving pa and dearest ma of her late romatic experiment, and is now enjoying some other innocent amusement. But while this heroine is thus eccentric and romantic in her composition, and thus reckless in her domeanor, as before remarked, there are in her character many of the noblest traits pos-essed by any She speaks evil of no one, but has a kind word and a warm heart for all

A STORMY NIGHT.

A dismal round of beating rain is beard against the window pane

The heart of Nature throbs with wee, Her dreary tears nuceasing flow

The naked branches tone and eigh No star-gleams in the clouded sky

The glies is of buried flowers moan. And streams reply with willing tone Draw up your chair, shut out the night Home never seemed before as bright

We are of not care for outside gloom, Within this cheerful lighted room

The wind may roar with gusty mirth-A fire is blazing on the hearth What right across my vision swept? A sudden vision o'er me crept

I saw, from out the embers rise, Dim, shadowy forms, in ghastly guise A crowd of faces, white and gaunt, And worn, alse, with sin and want

Their eyes gave forth a hungry glare, And yet were hopeless with despair.

Their scanty garments, thin and old, Could not keep out the damp and cold. And oh' they looked so pinched and blue; The chilly storm had pierced them through

The vision vanished; what is meant I know too well, and why 'twas sept. In household cheer and warmth secure We never should forget the poor.

This lesson God would have us learn, And part of what He gives return

- Ecchnon A Continental "Dam."

A correspondent in Atlanta, Ga., offers the following plausible explanation of this term. He says: "I do not claim to be versed in slang phrases, but I must confess that my knowledge of them is sufficient to explain the origin of an expression of this nature, of which Mr. Richard Grant White admits he can give no account. In his article en-titled, "Words that are not Words," which you recently published, he says, with regard to the combination of words,
"Not worth a Continental damn, I am at a loss to assign a scource, etc."

Those who are familiar with Ameri-

can history will know that during the Revolution of 1776, the Continental currency became of ittle value. This currency was counterfeited to such an extent, that it became necessary for the Government to take some steps to ascertain which was genuine. To this end they required that it should all be brought to the common treasury. Here the spurlous were distinguished from the genuine notes, and such conserfeit notes had the word dam—an abbreviation of the Latin word damnatus, condemned— stamped upon their faces. When the very small value of the genuine Continental Notes, and the utter worthlessness of those marked dam. is considered, it will be easy to assign a source to this phrase. The addition of the letter a to phrase. The addition of the letter a to the abbreviation requires no explana-

said the lander of one of those articles. "Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower. "Don't you see I am going out with it?"

"Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such an outrageous impudence, "yes, but—but—but what am I to do?"

This, That and the Other.

-Rise early and be an economist of time = North Carolina down to 1866 had produced

A New Hampshire lady of 80 is cutting her third set of teetle.

Gophers are said to be fond of corn. but n man who has corns doesn't like to "go fur" -Franklin, Kentucky, ships to Louisville one thousand dozen of oggs per week.

"No, but I have seen my sister Bet on an old mare!"

-A woman named Welch, fatally shot John Dovine, in Alton, Illinois, for attempting to outrage her. -If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought

neveer to speak. -If Mrs Lincoln can dispose of her old clothes, it is said she will go upon the singe as a gay ballet girl.

A girl in Paris who has neither arms no legs, sews very nicely, embroiders; and writes with her lips and teath.

-Brigham Young has fixed the legal length of Mounon ladies' dresses. They may extend to the top of their shoes

-A doctor in Meriden, Conn., visits his pa-tients on a telecipede. It is so gentle that he leaves it without hitching.

-Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody and everything with some.

-Part of the trial of a pending libel suit it New York, consists of reading the whole of the novel "Griffith Gaunt" to the jury.

—Captain Scott and Lieutement Small, both Union officers during the war, have committed suicide in San Francisco, within two days.

"The attempt," save an exchange, "to start an asslum for uscless young men failed, as no building could be constructed large enough." —An old lady, when her pastor sald to her, "God has not descried you in vour old age," replied, "No, sir I have a very good appeths still."

-Fligh, ways that gold is so plenty in Ore gon, that brass keitles and tin purs will be made of it before the last fourth of July comes a rain

-A clinion of Orange, Vermont, has a gnossion years old that thised over 150 goaling-Here is a chance for some one's thank-giving

—An exchange says: A physician at New Atheny, Ind., specitivelye hours last week in taking an eight-foot taps-worm from a boy two years ald.

—I never listen to calumnies because, if they are unitrie, I run the risk of being deceived and, if they be true, of hating persons sor worth thinking about.

—Whatever God has intended you for, you may safely trust him to bring you to; he may lead you round, but he will guide you right see the history of Joseph -The build that killed Nelson at Trafsico is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It is set in predicus stones, and enclosed in a golder case shaped like a walnut.

An Irishman recently sollicquized. What a waste of money to buy mate when you know the half of it is bone, while you can spind it for rum that have t a bone in it."

—An Ohio lady, of no "prejudices," has late's sued a negre for seduction under promise of marriage. Away with "easte". She le a tru-Radical, and practices what she preaches.

A feilow during a storm at sac, concluded a prayer with the following words: "O Lore I beseech Thee to hear my prayer at this time for Thur knowest I trouble Thee but seldom. The Court, not being able to get a lury of the trial of James Grant, the assassin of Buy Pollard, at Richmond, has been compelled it summon citizens from Norfolk and Alexan

A "ragrant in the workhouse" writes a let-fer to a New York paper, criticising a segmon-cutogistic of Washington, in which he shows: clinetical knowledge not often found in such place.

- to English girl has obtained as damage from a sweetheart who, while courting her squeezed her hand so hard as to break a finger After marriage he might has a troken her best with impunity.

"During a trial in which the Court had repeatedly ruled against the late James T. Brady, he blandly said. "May it please your hone who's engaged on the other wide of the case besides the Judge"."

—A Chicago fournal alluding to Garrett Datis' resolution centuring Butler suggests that "In case Butler is found to deserve severy punishment be be sent to the Senato to hear one of Davis' speeches."

The negroes in South Carolina are bothered to understand how it is that a sheriff elected by themselves, should collect taxes of them. They will never be pole to work the justice of that thing through their wool.

The Lafuvette (Ind.) Courier unnounces that a patent for making brick is offered to sale there and adds. "A first-rate notice will be found in the telegraphic column—the fall of a thurch, steeple built of that kind of materials." —A new law in Cincinnati prohibite the or-eration of commercial agents or "druminer" in that city A traveling agent of a New Yori-hat and cap establishment has just been fined \$50 and costs, and another agent double shat amount.

—A relocipedist in New Haven, while crossing a street, ran into a horse and knocked him down. The horse was so injured by the fall that the owner was obliged to Mill him, and he now holds the velocipede-rider responsible to the extent of \$300.

-THOSE TERRISLE BOYE -Reverend Doctor-leyour paper in, my little man? No! Well tell him I called-you know me-Blimber. Dr. Blimber! Frank Boy-O, ah! I know, you're the gen tleman that pa says is such a stick in the

—A Missouri editor speaks thus of one of his hierthren of the press. "The poor old dishipituted piece of flesh and hones who hancs himself out every week in the Jackson Standard, and who by common cohsent, was considered the fackson of the Editorial Union, has sattled his old skeleton at us."

—It is said that before the establishment of light-houses on the northern extremity of Scotland, the Orkney Island farmers and wreckers used clared wine instead of milk in their bariey porridge, and femced their farms with Houtras malogany. They bitterly opposed the erection of light-houses.

—Some of the Quakers of Pennsylvania and advising their brethren to resist paying the militia iax. But the rescale hounded on the negro war. It was all right for the youth of the country to spill their blood to turn the darker loose, but it is all wrong for the Quakers to pay the taxes which have come from the soor.

—A Pittsburg paper says: "The other day s little girl was playing near a well, when she alipped and began to fall into it. But fortu-nately a cat was sitting on a log close by the wall, and the girl grasped the cave tail and held on, screaming all the time, until some body came out of the house and saved her.

-Not long ago Carl Schurs, in a public conversation, said: "God is only an imaginary gentleman who dwells beyond the clouds" Carl Schurs is an inside; and yet so-called Christians who short, or profess to, that which is un-Christian, praise God for his election to the United States Senste. Comment unce

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long, and so thick that you could not see the sun through if Don't believe it, "was the reply. "Wal," said the marrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to higher a distinguishment, and I don't want to higher a quarier of a mile from the thin next part.

Algerian "Is" that little 'Sky-terrier yours?"

yours "Tes it is."
Leonors. "Tes it is."
Algernon. "Do you know the saying, 'Love
me, love my dog?"
"Leonors." "Yes."
Algernon. "Do you agree with its philoso

dence, "yes, but—but—but what am I to do?"

"Do?" replied the other, as he threw up the top and walked off, "do as I did love your dog awfully!"

He was accepted.