The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

BY REV. BOXESS Y, SAMPLE." Shadows o'er the vale are creoping,
And the sun sinks to his rest;
Twilight draws her curtains softly,
Golden clouds hang in the west.
Hushed the neiser's busy labor,
Toll has sought its wonted rest;
Whispering trees and murmuring stream
Gweetly soothe each trenbled breast.

Time is fleeting, and I'm drawing
Nearthe sunset of my life;
800a to lend my wear; journey,
800a vill cease all toil and strife.
800a vill cease all toil and strife.
80adows o'er my path are falling,
Earthly visions fade away;
Voicea, soft and sweet, are telling
Of an endless, orient day.

O'er the misty mountains hastens One I've waited long to see; 8oft as night-dew fills on meadows. Has kind bidding. "Come to me." Lo! the purple light of evening, Stealing gently up the sky, Bears me on its wings to meet him, Is this death? "Tis awest to die!

Jesus calls me, and I'm going
Where the shadows never come;
Now the desert lies behind me,
And I hasten to my home—
To my home beyond the sunset,
Far beyond the fay's decline,
Where the glory is unfading,
Where the golden portals etc.

Nearing Hema.

MARY'8 "NO."

BY S. A. LAMEPORD,

She is fair and very pretty,
With a sparkling bright blue eye,
And her cheeks with smiles are dimpled
When ask know it i'm standing by.
Yet she says she does not love me—
Never will be wife of mine;
But those smiles and dimples tell me
With despair I need not pine.

Bo I let her meet my pleadings With her bright and samey smile, And I how before the archness Lighting up her face the while; Listening with a feigned emotion, And a put-on look of woe, And a put-on look of woe,
For I love to hear her secent—
See her lips when saying "No"—

Love to see the graceful action
Of her foot spoh the ground;
As its tiny sole she patters—
There is music in the sound.
And the words come to my hearing
Ewest as marmure of the dove;
For I know their hidden meaning,
Read them in the light of love

Thus, though still she "No" is eaying,
I, at home have named the day;
And her mother smiles while weeping—
'Swiffly wings the hours away;
And my Mary is the foudest,
Dearest of my children three,
Why not wait a little longer?
Why this hurry?" questions she

But my ear is deaf to pleading,
Vainly all excuses flow;
For my Mary listens blushing,
And no more she whispers "No."
So my life grows fair and joyous,
Winning eyer new delight,
Erom the thought that I have won her—
Won my love, my life, my light!
—Chasella Maganne,

A BEAUTIFUL STORY. THE SILVER TOKEN

"There Tina!" Mr. Bruce Medway triumphantly hald up two semi-circles of silver in the air, so that they might be sure to make a sufficient impression on Ernestine Cady's blue eyes, and smiled with the evident satisfaction of one who feels that he has accomplished his mission

He was a bright earnest looking young fellow, with gray brown eyes, and a quare firm mouth—not handsome, but very manly; ard as he sat there on the green woodland bank, with the hair thrown back from his broad forehead, and the sunshine mirrored in his eyes, u feel instinctively that he is one who will make his way in the world, no matter what obstacle might intervene.

Ernestine Cady stood leaning against

the snarled, mossy trunk of an immense chestnut tree, with her little feet half buried in plumes of nodding ferns-a rural picture in blue-muslin and fluttering azure ribbons. She was very pretty with the delicate freekness of a flower - a flower that winds and frosts have never

"Didn't I tell you that I should do it, Tina?"

took up the little file that lay on the bank.

isy on the bank.

"Nothing is impossible," continued Bruce, sententiously, as he passed a bit of blue ribbon through a hole in the broken piece of silver "Will you let me tie it round your neck, Tina ?"

"What for?"

"What for?" But she stooped her pretty head as she spoke, and let him tie the knot beneath a cataract of pale gold

And I shall wear the other next to my heart. They are amulets, Tins-charms, if you choose to so frame it, that silver piece carries my allegiance with it. Tina, if ever any cloud; comes between us—if ever we are separated—" "Bruce !"

"Buch things have happened, dearest but, nevertheless, in any event, this broken coin shall be a token and a sum-mons to me, wherever I may be—whatever fate may have in store. look so grave, my little blue bird. Is it so wrong to mingle a bit of romance in our every day life? Where are your flowers? It is time we were, return-

ing."
Through the green shifting shadows of the woods, with blood red streams of sunset light rippling along aft their feet, and delicious odors of moss and of fern and hidden flowers rising up 'round, the two lovers walked homeward. Mr. Bruce Medway never forgot the Dright-

Bruce Medway never forgot the Drightness of that drowsy August afternoon.

"She will come, I am sure she will."
The dew lay like rain of diamonds on the grass and shrubs, as Bruce walked up and down the little pathway by the hidden spring, watching the round, red shield of the rising sun hanging above the eastern horizon. And then he looked at his watch.

the moss."
He stepped forward with a glad, flushed face, and then the chill whiteness of despair blanched every feature, as the bright-eyed little squirrel, whose tiny the pretty hostess leaned coaxingly across treed eyer the leaves ambacorn cups had deceived him glided awishy across the "Do try some of those little cramberry baltrof smahine into the emeraled shadow."

Bruce Medway steed an instant ed a barrel of the most delightful cran-

with his brow contracted and his arms olded on his breast. Was he hidding farewell to the bright sammer that was

past?
The shrick of the coming train sound-The series of the coming train sounded through the blue of the sky, and the last little kinnerhall the of here in other lovers breast did faut.

Tim had not come—she, had so per the hint, Well, and so let it bell.

And what was Time Oddy deing, in the fresh morning brightness?

She was very wore and pretty in her

low in her golden coils of hair-very picturesque as she reached up her hand to break off a spray of spicy honey-

suckle.
"Ewonder if Mr: Bruce Medway has come to his, senses yet?" thought she with a toss of her head. "I shan't measure my actions by the rule and plument of his lordly will, I can assure him. If I want to flirt with Pierce Harbury I shall do it."

I shall do it."
"So you're up, eh, Tina? And as fresh as a rose, I declare."
Tina put up her lips to kiss the bluff face of her father in an abstracted sort

of way. She hardly saw him as he stood there.

"Oh, by the way, Tina, I forgot to give you this note last night. It was left by the hotel porter. Really, I believe my memory fan't so good as it used to be.

Tina caught the note from her father's hand and broke it open with Yevered haste.

"The train leaves at seven!" She saw the words as vividly as if they had been written in characters of jarged fire, and as she read them the clock, half way up the wide, old-fashioned stair

case, struct eight.

It was too late—too late!

The sharp thrill of agony at her heart was succeeded by a passionate feeling of resentment.

'Let him go," she said to herself, while the red pennons fluttered on her cheek. "I would not lift a finger to

keep him."
So when Bruce Medway's carnest, appealing letter came a day or two afterwards, Ernestine folded it quietly within a blank envelop, without breaking the seal, and sent it back.

Verily, women are strange enigmas, even to themselves! Ernestine herself could scarcely tell why she kept the broken silver com—but she kept it.

The short, threatening October day was drawing to a close, the fiery belt across the western sky was flaming suddenly athwart the skeleton woods shodding a sort of sureole around Ernes-tine Cady's slender figure, as she hur-ried through the yellow rustling drifts of fallen leaves, carrying the heavy bas-

ket on her arm.
Just as pretty as the rosy Tina of two years since, but paler, graver, and more sedate. Trouble had besieged the family since their imigration to the great domains of the Far West. Tina had learned the serious part of life's lesson, and she had learned it well. She lifted the latch of a rudely con-

structed log house, and entered with assumed cheerfulness on her face.

"How are you now, father?"

"Better, I think. Come to the fire,

Tina: you must be cold. "Not a bit. Has mother come back

yet? "No it's very strange she stays so long, I suppose Mrs Ebbetts has a

great deal to say though I don't won-der your mother is glad to get away from a sick room for a while He spoke a little bitterly, and Tina winced as she listened, knowing that her mother made an excuse of some neighborly errand to dispose in the nearest village of such poer little odds and ends of gold chains, pins and rings, as yet re-mained to their diminished estate. Was

there anything wrong in this pious fraud? Tina almost felt as if it was. It was not pleasant to be poor "She will be home soon, father," said Tina, "only see what a basket full of cranberries I have gathered out in the swamps. This will make the barrel full,

money will buy you a new coat "
He smiled faintly.
"I think it had better buy my little girl a new dress. Shall I help you to nick them over?"

"I had rather do it myself, and you must try and sleep a while "
Half an hour later Tina came through

the room with a scarlet shawl thrown over her head, and a wistful, scared look in her eyes

"You are not going out again, 'my child?'

"Only up to the cranberry swamp, father; it isn't dark yet; I—I have lost

something "

"A ribbon or collar, I suppose," said Mr. Cady to hinfself, as he lay watching the crimson glare of the October sunset; while Tina putting aside the low tangled bushes, and searching bits of rank swampy grass, was repeating to herself, in quick, nervous words; "How could I lose it! Oh, how could

I be so careless !" But the search was all in vain, and

the chill twilight sent her home, dispir-ited and unsuccessful. And Bruestine Cady cfied herself to slepp that night, just because she had lost the broken sitver coin. "You'll be sure to come, Mr. Mod-way? I want to introduce the success-

ful author to my friends. You are to be my lion. You will come?" "Yes, I will come, if you wish." Bruce Medway went dreamily on his way, and Mrs. Lyman whispered to one of her fashionable friends that "she was

quite sure Mr. Medway had been crossed in love—he was so deliciously melancholy !"
The table was superbly spread—Mrs. the eastern horizon. And then he lookod at his watch.

"The train will be due in nine minutes; sure Tina will not let me leave
her without one reconciling word!" If
we dould but live the last week over
again? It is that must be her footstep
the must be made to Brummels of the day has said, "It was

like looking at a beautiful picture to dine with Mrs. Lyman." The desert was in its first stages, when

berries from my dear Uncle Signet in

Bruce was idly striking his fork into the little crimson circlett, quite units selous of what he was exting.

"Yes, they are morry nice," he said, mischanically. And thim he bent down to see that extraneous white element will guinmissing through the suby trains.

Bolten blokes silver soin!

He took it out and looked.

Dolera bloken silver doin i. He took it out and looken at the the fresh morning brightness?

She was very very and pretty in her familiar date and die,—all unconscious trim calleo dress, with pink ribbons step of the buzz of voices and the ring of idle her throat; and a pink verbena hanging laughter all around .him, looked at it low in her golden coils of hair—very with a vague, superstitious thrill, stealwhile a vague, superstitions thrill, stead-ing all over his nature—and he almost heard his pulses beat under the soft pres-sure of the other half of this silver piece, for he still wore it next to his

"From Iows did you say, Mrs. Lyman From my Uncle Signet, who lives in

the Far West."
"What part of Iowa is that which produces such a harvest of cranber-

"Datesville, I believe, near the Owasco river; and then the conversation branched off into some different chan-Bruce Medway had found out all that he wished to accertain on that occa

aion.

"A token and a summons to him wherever he might be!"

Bruce remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, and his loyal heart gave a great leap as the memory flooded it with warmth and brightness.

. . . . "Cranberries ? - yes - I remember "Cranberries !— yes — I remember 'em," said old Squire Signet, biting the end of his cedar pencil. "Crop was uncommonly good this fail. Old Cady's daughter brought 'em here to sell by the

"Where do they live-Mr. Cady's family I mean?" family I mean. I' "See that 'ar old blasted pine down in the holler? Well, just beyond there a road leads down past Cady's. Won't stop a little longer? Well, good eveln'

And Bruce Medway walked down through the orange twilight to where the skeleton arm of the blasted pine seemed to point to the light in the far off window-walked to meet the dearest

off window--walked to meet the dearest treasure of his heart.

Through the uncurtained panes he could see the tiny room all bright and rudy with cherry fire-light; the slender, drooping figure sitting all alone on the hearthstone with the golden shine of its neck. And he opened the door and And he opened the door and neck went in.

'Tina! She put back her hair with both hands, and looked at him as if she funcied herself under the delusion of some spell.

"You summoned me and I have me Tina, my love, shall the old come times return to us once more? Shall we be all the world to each other once more 1

was nine o'clock by the silver studded time-piece on the stairs before Bruce Medway ro to take his depar-

"But tell me one thing, Bruce." said Ernestine, laying her hand lightly on his, as they stood protracting their leverlike adieus on the door-stone, in the frigid moon light, "what did you mean, when you, said I summoned you?"

He drew a little box from his broast

pocket, and smilingly held up a bit of

"And I wear its mate close to my heart, Tina. "Bruch-surely that is not my half of

"It was your half, Tina." "And where did you find it?" "One of these days I will tell you dear, it was not a very romantic juxta-position, however. You remember what I said to you when we divided the

silver piece between us
The iron hand of time has swept away all those tokens of lang syne now. Mr. Medway is a middle-aged, bald-headed member of society, and Mrs. Medway has white hairs mixed in the swamps This will make the barrer runt, and Mr Signet has promised to send it to New York with his. Don't they look like red jewels, father? And the in true love and romance. brightness of her braids; but she keeps

Stopped His Paper

The following anecdote of the late Mr. Swain, from the Philadelphia Press, not without its moral in other lati-

tudes than Pennsylvania.

Many years ago, Mr. Swain, then editor of the Public Ledger, was hailed at the corner of Eighteentn and Chest-nut streets by a very excited individual, who informed him in the most emphatic terms, "I have stopped your paper, sir' wherefore, all the time gesticulating wildly. "My gracious, sir, you don't say so! Come with me to the office, and let un see if we cannot remedy the matter. It grieves me that any one should stop my paper," Down Chest nut to Third the two proceeded. Arriving at the office, Swain said: "Why my, dear sir, everything seems to be going on here as usual; I thought you stopped my paper." Then and there the excited gentleman, whom the long walk, by the way, had partly cooled, said that he had stopped taking his one copy of the Ledger. Mr. Swain was profuse in his apologies for having misunderstood the meaning of his late subscriber's words, and regretted that he had given him the tramp from Eighteenth street to Third, down Chestnut, The gentleman went on his way home, a wiser if not a better man, marveling at the stupidity of editors in general and Mr. Swain in particular. Before he left, however, he ordred that the Ledger be still sent to his address.

A Mississippi editor and a jus tice of the peace, married a couple in 1858, divorced them in 1860, married the man to another woman in 1861 married the woman to another man in 1862, and last week he again re-married the original couple.

A clergyman being requested to address a weary meeting, at a late hour, won the hearts of the audience by saying: "Speech is silver, silence is golden." I don't happen to have any small change for you this evening, and so will let you off with the gold."

For the WATCHEAN. GOOD-BYE.

Dedicated to Miss J. C. R. The mode from depths of melting blue, Smiles, from the tranquil sky; All mature's robed in golden light, All swift the moments dy;
All swift the moments dy;
Yelfieldips beverign the all,
Abripping school life,
Another up will lang return to speak ernfulwords Good Buc.

The heart that swells with fondest love That earth has ever known The vice witges accents all betray Its arder in its tone-The eves whose passion-glance reveals What secrets 'neath it, lie,
All speak their message in the words, These saddest words, Good-Bye.

I ask not yows of sternest words, To pledge love's truth to me, Nor smiles to prove a hundred hearts
Would not from mine be free,
But dearer yet, those treasured words, As droops the trembling eyes, And whispered then, of all most sad, Yet sweetest words, Good-Bys. GARDNER B. CHAPIN,

CEDAR GROVE. PA., April 10th '89. John Surrett.

Yesterday's number of your worthy remarkable document respecting Surratt and the relations of that Pontifical Souave and the United States to the Holy Roman See. I have not time nor room for a full translation, The summary of it is as follows: It is communicated to the editor of the Tribune by a member of the Zouave regiment to which Surratt belonged, who, as will appear, speaks with absolute knowledge for an essential part of the narrative "After being concealed for some months by the Bishop of Montreal, that prelate secured a passage for Surratto France, recommending him warmly to Monsignor Chigi, the Papal Nuncio at Paris Chigi!provided Surratt with a passport, and sent him on with strong recommendations to the Director of the American College at Rome, whose recommenda-tion, backed by that of Antonelli, secured him admission to the Pontifical Zouaves. So soon as Antonelli, who preliminarily denied all knowledge of the criminal and his works, promised the United States Consul that Surratt should be delivered up to the surrant surratt should be delivered up to the surrant su should be delivered up, he dispatched a military almoner, the Abbe D., who has since became a Monsignor, two hours in advance of his official order, to warn Surratt, who was supposed to be at Veroli. By accident the Abbe missed him, but communicated the object of his visit to a Lieutenant of Zouaves. When Surratt was taken, a few hours later, and put under gnard to be sent to Rome, this Lieutenant planned with an Irish Zouave one of the means of escape for Surratt, which was executed. This had for first result an order for the court-martialing of McCrossan, who chose the present narrator for his defender. Looking into the case then, the defender was told by the Licutenant that his client need have no fear; that after condemnation he would be par-doned. The defender arming at acquit-woman was hanged and burned, said to tal, not pardon, went to the Colonel of be a witch; another woman was flogged the regiment, who, the Lieutenant had most cruelly for the same offence, the told him, had been cognizant of the son of the latter figuring among those whole business up to and inclusive of who flogged her. The mere annunclawhole business up to and inclusive of who flogged her. The mere annunclative Abbe D.'s visit. To the defender's tion of this deed needs no comment, fill-application that the trial should be squashed, the Colonel at first said: squashed, the Colonel at first said: "Whatever I may have known as a squashed, the Colonel at first said:
"Whatever I may have known as a private individual, as Colonel I only received and transmitted an order for the seizure of Wasson (Surratt's assumed name as per Chigi passport). Who ever has enabled him to escape must answer for his conduct before a court-saked to reveal the whereabouts of the saked to reveal the saked answer for his conduct before a court-martial. Make no application to minister or cardinals or I will have you put under arrest; and remember that at the trial you are not to mention the name of Surratt; a prisoner named Wasson has escaped, those who aided him are responsible; say nothing of the Minister, nor of the visit of the Abbe D., nor pronounce the name of the fugitive; we do not know who he is, and any at that he might be made to share the same tempt of yours in that direction would fate. The Mayor of the city had not be useless; you would have your mouth stopped." When after this the defenstopped." der showed Colonel McCrossan's written deposition, he changed his tune. The trial was put off, and McCrossan afterward released. Meantime the facts of the affair transpiring, some of the officers of the regiment, holding the

A LIVE MAN IN A DEAD MAN'S COF-FIN.—The latest attempt of a congict to escape from prison occurred at the Joilet Penttentiary last Tuesday morning. On the evening previous a colored con-vict had died, and his dead body was placed in a rough coffin for burial. On Tuesday morning, when the remains were about to be conveyed to the burying-ground, which is a short distance from the premises, one of the officers perceived a slight movement of the coffin lid, which had not yet been acrew. ed down. The lid being raised, lo and behold, instead of a dead black man, a ive white convict was found-lying in the coffin, he was hustled out summarily and required to give an explanation. It appears that early in the morning, while the other convicts were at breakfast, he sniuggled himself into the room where the coffin was, removed the corpse of the colored man, deposited it in an empty barrel, and got into the coffin himself, expecting that he would be carried outside the walls, and before

conduct of the Lieutenant dishonorable

and unmilitary, asked his removal from

the regiment, which, after great resistance, and on the threat that they would

resign, was at last effected; but he is

still in emment office and favor in a dif-

ferent department of the Papal service

The Paris Rag-Picker.
The wife of one of the most eminent

The wife of one of the most eminent bankers of Paris, went some days since, to one of the most fashionable manual makers to try on some dress. As she was leaving, she complemented, the manual maker upon the contrest, goodnitude and skill of the sedmetress who nation and skill of the sedmetress who taked on the apparel. The manual maker replied, "she is out of the most valuable work women, and I should like to be able to pay for a higher shars so very heavy I am obliged to cut are so very heavy I am obliged to cut down everybody to the lowest figure; besides. Louise is not strong, and is able to give me only half a day, which reduces her wages fifty per cent. I believe how-ever, she works at home." At midnight the banker's wife returned from the Italian Opera, where Mile. Patti had drawn an immense audience. As she was entering her door she saw from the carriage window a girl rag-picker, hunting carefully among the rufuse house, thrown in a heap before the door. The girl had the usualrag picker's basket on her back, a lantern in her left nand, and a curved pick in her right hand. She was wretchedly, very wretchedly, attired, but the meanness of the habit was almost redeemed by its cleanliness. She was in rags, but she protested they were not her fault, for they were clean rags. The banker's wife instantly recognized Louise. She said to her: "Mile. Louise, come with me, I must speak to you." The girl hesitated, but losing self-command her embarrasment at being discovered, she followed the banker's wife into her houdoir. Pressed with questions, she related her story, which was as follows: I am the eldest of five children; my father died suddenly three years ago my mother some months since became paralyzed, and is unable to move hand or foot without assistance. To support her and to give my brothers and sisters trades. I am a seamstress in the morn ing and a rag, picker at night. It may seem incredible to you, but it is never-theless true. I make more money as rag picker than as seamstress. Therefore I have than as seamstress. fore I hasten at four o'clock to quit my mistress, to return home and disguise myself as a rag-packer, in order to go my rounds in Paris. I have been ny rounds in able, by dint of economy, to lay by some seech you madame, to keep my secret until then, if you would not ruin a poor girl whose battle of life has been any hing but easy." Tears trickled down the cheeks of the banker's wife at this tale of misery honorably and gallantly combated. She took Louise's hand in hers, and told her henceforward would support the mother and other children, and that she would set be Louise, up as a mantua-maker. She kept her promise.

Witchcraft

The Brownsville Ranchero says that one of those burbarous sets, the execution of witches, was recently consummated in the town of Ahualtecco, Dis-

anunal, which she failed to do, she was taken and hung to a tree, shot at, and only authorized this proceeding, but had also been the principal perpetrabr. According to the second narrative, which emanates from the Governor of Puebla, a man by the name of Manuel Rojan anxious to know if Maria Clara Augusta was a witch, took her out to the out skirts of the town and beat her severely. Here he was joined by four other individuals, and to make the unfortunate woman confess her supposed crime, hung her to a tree, at first by the arms and then by the neck. Being thus tor-tured, Maria Clara soon expired. The perpetrators went in search of the other two women, but one of them was bravely defended by her husband. The other was taken out and flogged by the party. and among the number was her own son, Manuel Rojan The Governor of Puebla has taken the necessary measures to have the perpetrators of this horrible crime punished.

GUARD AGAINST VUIGAR LANGUAGE. -There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and actions. The latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word, has not only shown there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that apot, and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will polute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words and of your

thoughts.

If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the be carried outside the walls, and before reaching the burying ground jump out and escape. Being almost smothered, he raised the lid slightly to get a breath of figsh air, and was thus discovered in bursting into language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be the most refined female, or the most refined female, or the most refined female, or the most responsible to speak in the presence of the most refined female, or the most refined female, or the most responsible to speak in the presence of the most refined female, or the most two longer, the lid would have been succeed down, and he would have prohably been smothered to death.

The cause of laguage.

The cause of laguage at so much an earlier stage of life than the other sex, has been usually attributed to the friction produced by the constant action of the tongue. It has, however, been suggested, with more gallanting and perhaps with equal truth, that it is nowing to the sweetness of their tips mand of yourself.

This, That and the Other. The oldest woman's club The room-bill.

-Life without love is like an old maid without a cat-very lonely.

-A sunflower weighing 57 pounds has been grown in California. The man who wrote, "I'm saddeat when I sing," was a fool to sing much.

-Marriage-an altar on which man lays his pocket book, and woman her ove letters. -Hulbert of the world, says he'd

rather be married a month than have the cold a week. -Trouble.-If you let trouble sit

upon your soul like a hen upon her nest, you may expect the hatching of a larger brood. -Mr. Johnson asks; "Whose ass nave I taken?" No prominent memhave I taken ?"

ber of the radical party is militing that we know of. The city bill poster at Lowell, stuck the notices to milk-men on the public pumps the other day, certain they would

be seen there. A schoolmistress advertised lately for a amistant accustomed to confinement She received an answer from the mother

of twelve children. —A child last week was born in Indiana with wings. The little angel took its flight after three hours' stay in

this wicked world. -A Portuguese inventor has recently presented to the Cabinet of Lisbon a murderous little engine, firing eight

hundred shots in a minute. Some people like to walk three abreast and move so slow that people in a hurry must either go between or get into the gutter. We often see this on our streets

-The friends of Fred Douglass are discussing the propriety of adding his status to the others to be placed upon the Lincoln monument, at Washington.

-A citizen of Middletown, Connecticut, has used printer's ink to protect his fruit trees from canker worm and other nsects, and has found it very efficacious -A new reading of the old mw, "A,

the twig is bent the tree's inclined," is now current in Washington, to wit 'As the twig is Dent the chief's inclin--A fellow out west advertises a wife, who, he says, "has left him just as his

summer's work is beginning, notwith-standing he has had the expense of wintering her." -A man in Detroit has a snake in his stomach which he can quiet only by drinking large quantities of whisky Queer, but that kind of snake seems to

-One of our artists has recently painted a picture of Patience—a shopkesper waiting upon ladies who don't know exactly what they want, but expect to before the season is over.

-The Journal of Health advises us to "stick to our flannels." The weather is hardly warm enough yet. In about six weeks we shall be able to follow this advice without making an effort.

-A lady was urged by her friends to marry a widower, and as an argument they spoke of his two beautiful circus. "Children," replied the lady, "are like toothpicks. A person wants her own."

-An unpleasant person says, it is a great convenience to have women for Postmistresses. They can not only in-form an applicant if there is a letter for him, without locking, but can also tell him what's in it

—At a printer's festival on Frank lin's birthday, the following was one of the regular toasts: "The editor and the lawyer-The devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the A gentleman was one day arranging

music for a lady, to whom he was paying but attention "Pray. Miss. D.," said his attention "Pray, Miss D he, "what time do you prefer?" she replied, carelessly, "any time will do but the quicker thebetter. A down-east girl being bantered one

day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover who had the misfortune to have but one leg, replied "Pooh, I wouldn't have a man with two legs—they are too common!

—A darkey gives the following reason why the colored race is superior to the white race. He reason's thusly — That all men are made of clay, and like the meerschaum pipe, they are more valuable when highly colored

-Tell me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled prin ters here below have any redress above? The shining angel band replied, to us is knowlebge given; delinquents on the printer's books can never enter Heaven —A cat i Waterbury, Conn , several weeks since, had a litter of three kittens

and one black and-tan torrier pup. The latter is a perfect specimen of the terrier breed with the exception of his feet, which are genuine cat's paws. What որսթե —A lady having accidentally broken a smelling bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her? "I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," re-

plied the lady, "for even you are a little Sunday Under the Shawl.—A woman forgot to send home some work on Saturday. Sunday morning, she teld so little girl who lived with her to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house "Nobody will see it," she said.

"But is it not Sunday under my shaw!, aunty?" asked the child.

Calming Effect of Flowers.—It is reported from the Michigan State Lunatic Asylum that some of the severest cases of insanity in men brought to the institutional section that tution in irons, and manifesting the most violent symptoms, have been sud-denly calmed down to a condition bordering on sanity by the presentation of a boquet gathered from the green-house.