The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

ROBIN, THE REAPER, IS COURTING

Rich is the grain to the summer yield On the sunniest side of the hill, Brown eyed Jess has left the field, And holding her hat her eyes to skield, She is looking over the style.

She is building those eastles so frail nd afair,
Where unidens delight to dwell;
You can tell by the roses she wears in her You can tell by the roses she wears in her hair,
And the song that she sings, to the old, old air, That she "wished her true heart well."

The son of the Mayor from the neighboring On his horse's speed has slackened the

rein;
His eyes are black as the raven's down,
And he changes his face to a smile from
frown,
And south carresses his horse's mane.

"By the light of my eyes, fair maid," quoth he As low on the horse's neck he bent, "No other but thou my bride shall be, So give me the roses from your hair, prithee, As a token of love's consent."

She leoked at his eyes so bold and free, And sho dropped him a curtesy low— "You favor me much, good sir," said she, "But Robin the Resport is courting me," And sadly he turned him to go.

Gravely the Judge is wending his way, Slowly along from the neighboring fair— The Judge and his favorite dappled grey, Drinking the scent from the new mown hay, And sipping the sweets of the summer si

"Riches and honor and fair renown
Are dear to the heart of man," thought he
"But a face so fair and an eye so brown,
Might purchase the right to a queenly crown—
I wender if she my wife would be "

So the riches of "Ind and of Araby,"
To the pride of his home, at her feet he lay,
"You favor me much, good sir," said she,
"But Robin the Reaper is cour.ling me,"
And the Judge rode sadly away.

Then over the hill-side and down through the grain,
Paster than the Judge or Squire could ride-

black-bird warbled its sweetest While the black-bird warbled its sweetest strain, and the sun looked on from the cloud again—Robin, the Reaper was at her side.

ETHEL ROMER'S MISTAKE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Valentine's day! as soft and sweet a day as any birds could wish for mating in promise of violets in its breath-promise of roses in its sunshine. Though, to be sure, the boughs were bare as yet, and there were no green things growing, save in the pots which Ethel Romer had says in the pois whice Ethel Robert had window aim to catch the sunshings. The thing that savored most of spring was Ethel Romer herself, as beautiful a woman as ever artist painted or poet sang of. Within, near the fire, sat Ralph Romer himself Spring had left him long-be-fore. If winter frosts were not upon his head, autumn had touched it with

Ethel's musings was interrupted. The postman's rap did it. Ethel opened the door. As envelope with a pretty border and fanciful seal, and her name upon it, was put into her hand. At the right she blushed rosyred, knowing well what lay within, and went back to the fire-side with the thing in her hand "For me?" asked Ralph

"No," she said; "for me"

If he had only shown some curiosity then—if he had only looked at her lealously; had there been some shadow of
the lover in his face or mien, all might
have been different, but he wenton with
the thought pursued her with a revenghis book, and she carried her valentine to her own room to read it there in

Yes, it was a Valentine. Three times had that day returned since she married Ralph Romer, and each time had it bro't just such an envelope, with just such passionate lines within, written in the same feigned hand. Again and again she read it over-again and again-just as she had the others, and thought, oh. how bitterly! what a beautiful thing life might have been to her, blest with such glowing love as this—life that must always be cold and wintry, having only the calm, quiet commonplace affection which her grey-haired husband gave her for all the wealth of golden springtime waimth that she felt within her some cause for the springtime waimth that she felt within her some cause for the scident, of which she know nothing? She look:

and an ace.

"An invincible, sir," said Brasher, with a sincer; four kings and an ace!"

And, as Brasher reached for his bag of gold, young Sanford fell to the floor, the blood gushing from his mouth, nose apring the slave. an ardent youth had coveted in her girl-

Could it be the fair-hairest student; violently from head to foot. She sunk who sat near them in church? or the down upon her knees, classed the valendark-eved soldier, with an empty sleeve! time between both palms, and held it sue, he three himself into the dark who passed their garden so often? On thus awhile. Could it be?—could it be?

waters of the Mississippi, and was seen whom she had made such an impression? while he whose life she shared saw in her only a good little woman, who had mossilly ideas on abstract subjects, and jed needed much sage advice and counsel.

Her poor heart ached, as her head did. She felt wicked and ashamed, and vory, vory unsetable; and forgot how time was flying, and how her housewife duties pressed upon her, until the sink-ing sun reminded her of them. Even then she took one look in the

glass, and thought, if she did not say it, that a great deal of beauty had been cast away on quiet, unromantic Ralph

stood beside the pend in the garden, and saw the gold-fish in its depths; and he told her of the general habits of gold-fish. The writer of the valentine would have spoken—so thought Ethel—of her golden hair The stars came out, and he spoke of them, not of her bright eyes.

She wanted to turn upon him, and may, "What are all these things worth, compared with warm and living love?" She longed to ask him why he had given her that worful fate-why he had caged the heart he did not care for. woman could have made your tea, and stitched your shirt bosoms, and listened to your talk of astronomy and natural history," were the words on her lips. "I was made to love, and to be loved again." But she said nothing. He saw her beside him, a little paler and a little

her beside him, a little paler and a little stiller than of yore, that was all.

But from this time ferth, the little happiness that had still lingered in Ethel's life was at an end. She grow desperate, and seized upon the only possible relief to the monotony of her life. Very beautiful, very lively, much courted by the village coterie, she found ny difficulty in becoming that most determine that most determine the still resident in the still resident and difficulty in becoming that most dete table of creatures, a married flirt.

Ralph Romer never sought to keep her at Home, but he seldom went out with her. More than once the golden-haired student or the dark-eyed soldier

had found it the most natural thing in the world to not as escort home after some social meeting, sad no harm, of course, only there were too many blushed too many smiles, too lingering a class of parting hands, when one remembered that Ethel Romer was a wife. Home was no lected; but was a wife. Home was neglected; bu

was a wife. Home was neglected; but Raiph did not complain.
So the long year rolled round, and Valentines day came again. Ethel had watched and waited for its coming—not quite the same pure Ethel. Thoughts she dared not utter had crept into her soul. The soldier with the great black cyes and soft voice, who made his empty sleeve only another charm to win hearts—who had told her all he dared with his tonerue, and more with glance with his tongue, and more with glance and sigh—must, she had long ago de cided, be the writer of those Valentines, so full of love and pathos, so tender, so

different from anything that Ralph Romer ever felt or uttered.

She had given him a hint, and if it were she would surely know it this day. were she would surely know it this day. And if it were he, then Ethel Romer knew that it had been better for her never to have been born; for, the sake of him who wrote those love poems, she was willing to forsake home and husband, and wifely name and fame, and be the scorn and flount of all the village. To be loved for a little while, and then

die, was all she asked. 'It it comes to that," she said answering her own thoughts, "how my name will ring —I shall be blacker than Satan. Do they know—those proper, frozen village women, who will scorn meso—what it is for a loving woman to lead a loveless life? It withers one as neglect and cold have withered those poor nowers there ' For Ethel had set forth no flower-pots in the sun to-day, nor for many days. That morning she had watched her husband ride away on his great brown horse—thinking how grave and serious he was-how old in all his ways-how old manish was his gray over-coat, and his broad-brimmed hat; saying to herself, "If I were to leave him, and he were to find the house empty, he would go on reading, or comfort himself with a new bug or plant. No need to wonder how he would take it." And since then she had watched at the window guiltry and miserably for the Valentino, so sure, she thought, would come.

At last, she saw a figure coming straight and fast towards the house, and the blood flew to her cheek, and her beart beat fast, but it was not the postman—only a neighbor with blanched face and frightened eyes, that told bad

news before his line uttered it. She went out to meet him, and they stood there looking at each other for a moment. Over the hill a little crowd was coming slowly, something in the midst. "Don't be too frightened, Mrs. Romer, gasped the man at the last "It may not be as bad as they think. The horse shied, just before the post-office, and the doctor was thrown He hasn't come too, yet Oh no, no-" for she had thrown herself on her knees, and cried out that he was not deaddead, not dead yet, Mrs Romer " But the wretched woman knew that death was very near, and the flood of agony that swept across her heart told her that she had not ceased to love her quiet hus-

They brought him in-and from that moment, for long days and nights, she kept watch beside his bed, thinking of ful stab

The gray overcost was hanging on the wall, which she had thought old manish and like him, as he rode away, seemed to taunt her, with the thought that it would never be worn again. It seemed like making this sure to put it away, but she could not bear the sight of it longer, so one day she took it softly in her hand to hang it in a certain closet As she lifted it, something fell from one of the pockets—a letter or a paper. She stooped to recover it, and saw a fancial which she knew nothing er soul—for all the beauty that many of which she knew nothing? She book. The dark with one apring the slave of a the valentine again. It had never started from the table, dashing through odd.

Could it be the fair-haired students violently from head to toot. She sunk 'Hall,' out on the boiler deck, and, with flourish—that peculiar formation of a the winner letter? "Oh, Heaven! make me sure," sobbed Ethel, and found her way somehow to her husband's old brown desk

Within lay envelopes like those upon the valentine, a little box of such gay seals and fragments of vorse—the proofs ast away on quiet, unromantic Ralph that the writer of these passionate poems of those wild protestations of love, was After tea they walked together, and no other than Ralph Romer.

She crept back to the bedside, and kissed his face and his unconscious eyes She prayed God to give him back to her. She prayed to be forgiven, with a sense of remorse and shame such as she might have felt had she been much might have left had she been much more wicked, and God listened to her. The eyes opened on a face pallid with grief and worn with watching, but beau-tiful with holy love and constancy! When one day, her head upon his bo-som, she told him all, he also had a tale to tell.

"I am old and gray, you see," he said "and such love seems only to belong to youth. I could not speak it, but I felt youth. I could not speak it, but I left it, and put my thoughts into verse—and I sent them to you, my darling, with a hope that you would know whence they came some time, though hardly with a hope that you could give me more than child's respect and duty."

But she gave him more—she had givon him all a woman might, and this she told him.

They are together still. I think they have forgotten that one is young and the other is old, in the immortal youtn of both their hearts. After that one long talk they said little more, but their love was an assured thing. He tells her, as of yore, all his scholar's dreams, and talks of the stars and the flowers rather than of themselves. But Ethel is con-

tent. She has but to remember those treasured Valentines which He bound together with blue ribbon in her most sacred hiding place, to feel assured of ber happiness. There is no empty nook in her warm heart, and the angels of the and duty clasp bands beside their hearth-

Gamblers---Their Superstitions

General A. L. S., of Keutucky, per haps one of the best card players in that state, would never play a hand or risk a dollar if there was a black cat in the room! Ex-Governor B., from one of the Western States, an inveterate gamester, would never sit down to a table in a room where there was a look ing glass. Some gamblers refuse to play if, on entering the room, the left foot crosses the threshold first, and no persuasion can induce them to do so, until they leave and return with the right foot foremost. To put your foot on the chair of a player is a sure premonition of bad luck. Some men will never play on Friday.

In 1849, I was a passenger on the steamer Star Spangled Banner, from New Orleans to Louisville! She was crowded with people, and an hour after leaving New Orleans, found twenty card tables drawn out and three or four score of passengers deeply absorbed in the mystery of "old sledge," euchre and pocer. All that night and the next day the game went on. As fortune, however soon singled out and made victims of the poorer and less skilled players, so the number gradually decreased until the fourth day out, when only one table was running. Old Bob Brasher, a negro trader, young Ben Sanford, a horse trader, and two planters from La Four-che, still kept on. Although they had played almost incessantly for four days and nights, yet luck had favored neither party, and they were within a few dol lars of even. The "buckling" had been principally between Brasher and Sanford, but heretofore they had kent them selves within the "gentleman's limit"-five hundred dollars. After leaving Memphis the game was renewed, and the bystanders observed "that hig play was on the tapis," as young Sanford was considerably under the influence of liquor, and when in that condition he was known to be a heavy player. Late at night the two traders came together; both had "backing hands," and Lou-.siana and Kentucky banknotes soon almost covered the table. The margin of five hundred dollars had been forgot ten, and one, two, three, five hundred better! rapelly passed between them. At last Brasher leaning back from the table, unbuttoned his vest, and took from around his body a beit filled with gold pieces. Laying it down upon the bank notes he exclaimed, "Three thous and better!" Sanford became speech less; his face turned deadly pal called for a glass of liquor, which he drank, never once taking his eyes from the belt of gold. He had exhausted his means in the former bets; all his monev lav upon the table. At last a thought

"Ben I here sir ?" he exclaimed "Yes, massa," and Sanford's body servant, a fine athletic pure blood, came to his side.

"Get upon the table, sir!" Not daring to disobey-as he knew well in that moment of frenzy his young master would send a bullet through his brain, did he refuse -- the slavetremblingly stepped on the table, crushing the bank notes and gold be

neath lin feet. 'For the good Lord's sake, massa Ben, don't bet dis nigger off! What will the old missign say when you go home? Oh massa Ben, please don't,

the same time laying down four queens

and care. With one spring the slave thus awhile Could it be?—could it be?

—oh, could it be?—could it be?

—oh, could it be?—sold it The

more more. Death prevented Brasher

from claiming his spoil. Sanford for

more hopeless, telling of love unreturn
ed. The same measure in the same

frequency hand, yet not at all unknown

Had she never seen before that little

frequency have been before that little

ever, the money worth of the negro to

frequency for the Mississippi, and was seen

a crum to spare, or the dog needs one.

The dog knows the hour of twelve as

well as any man in Sootland.

Bobby has a pantry near the grave,

in which he places what he does not

wish to eat at once. He hides his food

a crum to spare, or the dog needs one.

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and the places what he does not

wish to eat at once. On Friday he

> А Рину Sermon → Many a sermon has been spun out to an hour's length that dil not contain a tithe of the sound moral instruction and counsel to be found in the following brief and raths

sermon from the pen of that good man and-racy writer, Rev. John Tood.
You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto of body and soil. Take for your motto Self-reliance, Honesty, and Industry; for your star, Faith, Perseverance, and Pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; stay at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourselves. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position.

Don't practice excessive humility. You can't get above your level-water don't run up hill-put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy, invin-cible determination, with a right mo-tion, are the levers that move the

The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the world Civility costs nothing, and buys everything. Don't drink : don't smoke : don't swear don't gamble; don't lie; don't deceive or steal; don't tattle; be polite; be gen-erous; be self-reliant; read good books; love your fellow man as well as God; love your country and obey the law; love truth; love honor. Always do what your conseience tells you is your duty, and leave the consequences to God

-The most startling essay of manwoman attempting to marry him.

WHO LOVED HER BEST?

Quiet and nale and sweet and fair They strouded her for rest, Wreathing the lillies around her hair, And the giolem over her breast.

Pure as the ross or the milk white flower, Was the heart of that maiden dead; Penesful and calm as the funeral hour Was the soul that afar had fied.

Into the room where the maiden lay,
Three men drew softly near,
Three-fine who had loved her, all, well-a-day,
For many and many a year.

And one, whose eyes were black as night, Made wildly a desolate moan "Norer to me shall the skies be bright, Or peace to my soul be known!"

And one whose eyes were bright and blue As the clouds in the spring tide air, Stooped lowly the pale, still tips unto, And lovingly kissed them there. And one whose forchead was white and Whose eyes were stern and gray, Gazed long and sadly her face upon, Then silently turned away.

They buried her deep where the grass grow And the birds sing a bilithsome song, [green Where over the headstone bright blossoms ar Nodding the whole day, long.

Notiding, still nodding when the sun In the summer with shimmering glow For the maiden died and the wail was do Many long years ago.

The days were dimmed with the dark-eyed in a tempest of misery and strife, [mai And wild with sin were the years that ran The course of his stormy life And the blue-eyed one, his pulses heat Quick, when he heard her name, Until to his heart with rapture sweet A new love softly came

But the wan-browned man went forth that da With a new born light in his soul, To guide his footsteps over his way The shadow of death should roll

Ne'er to his lips came sinite again, Nor yet to his eyes a toar, But never the reafter or guile or stain To the ead strong heart come near

The Gray Friars Dog.

In the city of Edinburgh the old chap el of the Gray Friar Monks stands in the churchyard where some of Scotland's noblest sons and daughters are buried. Nearly seven years ago a man was buried in the old churchvard. Among the mourners was a small terrier dog. He laid hunself down on the grave of his master, and did not retire when the funeral procession moved out of the yard. The sexton saw the dog, words—if he knew them. and left him to sleep on the newly-made grave till morning. Morning came, and the dog was in his place. When people walked around his master's resting place he paid no attention to them But if one visitor attempted to tread on the soil, to him so sacred, the growl of the dog indicated his displeasure. He would at once fly at the throat of a person who did not heed his growl. More than six years, in cold and rain, in snow and storm, this affectionate an imal has slept in Grav Friar's church yard on the grave of his master. All attempts to seduce him from his chosen bed have failed. On dark and stormy nights the kind sexton has tried to coax the dog from his cold couch, at least until the storm had passed; but in vain. Once or twice the dog has been fastened up in the vestry when the rain beat violently, but, on each occasion, the httle fellow had broken through the windows and made his escape. At one time he was tied up; but he mouned so piteously, and howled so terribly, that he was allowed to go out into the tem-pest and he down over the spot where

No one knew where the dog came from, nor who his master was name given to him is "Gray Friars' Bob-

the friend he loved rested in his nar

Many things about this wonderful dog are quite as marvelous as his remark able affection. The manner in which he lives, how he counts time and num-bers days, is really quite marvelous groaned the boy, but in vain.

"Call you, sir," shricked Sanford, at He goes out for his breaktast at a given hour each morning. He has his morning meal at the same place. A kind baker has fed him each morning for many years. At noon his dinner comes from another place. Bobby remains on the grave till the great gun of the castle booms out the hour of poon churchyard. He goes some blocks away At the restaurant of Mr. John Trael the dog finds his dinner. Mr. Tracl has given Bobby a good meal at midday for six years, and will as long as he has a crum to spare, or the dog needs one.

under a tombstone. On Friday he saves a part of his dinner and hides it in the pantry. On Saturday he also saves a part of his dinner. Bobby can count. He knows when Friday and Saturday arrive. He never miscounts. Only on those two days does he put away a part of his food. He knows that Sunday is coming. He knows that Mr. Truel, his good friend, is also a friend of the Sabbath, and will not keep open on that day, even to give him a dinner. If he does not save some thing to eat, he will have to go hungry. On Sunday Bobby does not leave the grave of his master. The Castle gun ounds out the midday hour on the Sab bath as it does on other days of the week, but Bobby does not stir. He hears it, as he always does, but he knows that it is the Lord's day. He does not go forth to seek food. He eats his frugal meal that he laid up on Friday and Saturday, and keeps quiet all day on the lonely grave of his master.

A CURIOUS STORY. -- Michigan papers state that a young man named Denslow, living at Romp Centre, in that State, dreamed on the night of March 13th that he was deaf and dumb, and on awaking was horrifled to find that he could neither speak nor hear. From that time till the 4th of May, 58 days, he remained totally deaf and dumb. On the evening of that day, while returning from the field where he had been working, an odd feeling came over him and he was obliged to lean against the fence for support. Presently he heard a bird sing, and he found also that his voice had returned to him. During this sus-pension of voice and hearing he had en-joyed uncommonly good health

Two Women Cisim one Man

In 1866 Adam. Kinzman, being then bout to leave his native land, to seek his fortune in the new world, deeming the trip across the ocean would be flat, stale and unprofitable, concluded to enter the holy bonds of wedlock with Miss Maria E. Tenner. The lady was also on the point of seeking life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness beneath the broad pinions of our national buzzard.

The twain went before the United States Consul at Altona, Germany, and there beneath the star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave, were made one

Arrived in this country Adam proposed Pittsburgh as his future residence, and the bone of his bone said, as a duwhere we go. Where thou go'st I'll go'st," &c. Shortly after moving to Pittsburgh a child was born to them and Adam became tired of her he had sworn o love, cherish and protect, and one bright morning his Raradise was made wilderness, for there was no Adam there. He had "lit out."

The base kinsman came to Wheeling and shortly after settled in Ritchietown. He was not happy. He had violently snapped the ties that bound him to his wite and child and could not be happy. During a trip to West Alexandria, Washington county, Pa, he saw Mar garetta Cole - Putting behind him the laws of God and man, he determined to make her his wife.

And he did. On the 27th day of March last he led her, confiding and bathed in blushes, to the altar. Immediately after be brought his bride to the shady of Ritchietown. Since then he has hy ed in such fear and trembling as a man must with the knowledge on his soul that he had committed bigamy.

Yesterday Mrs. Kinsman the First appeared before Squire Johnston and lemanded a warrant for the arrest the faithless, Brigham Youngical Adam. Her prayer was granted, Adam was arrested by officer Sevring, and accompanied by Mrs. Kinsman the Second, he appeared before the Squire. There he sat, a wife on either side of

"How happy I could be with either Were yother dear charmer away"

Failing to give bail in the sum of \$1000, Adam, deprived of the society of both his Even, is locked up in juil to answer a charge of bigamy before the next term of the Circuit Court.— Wheeling Register, May 18.

A Champion Duelist.

New Orleans is the home of a remarkable character in the person of a European Spaniard named Pepe Llulla, who publishes a card "to the Cuban reingees and those who evimpathize with them, setting forth that he is dearous of responding on the field of honor, and in any way they may indicate, to those who, in their meetings and processions in that city, have shouled "Death to Spain," "Death to the Spain naids!' A response to Llulla's pla-caid, which was posted about the streets, and even upon the door of one of the vice presidents of the Cuban meeting, was received on Thursday of last week. The name of his antagonist was Carlos Mayer, akurtive of Cuba. The wea pous agreed upon were postols, and the terms were that the distance should be twenty live paces, the principals to tire at will

The preliminaries having been ar ranged, the parties repaired to Carrol ton on the following Sunday morning and settled the difficulty Liulia, with his cont buttoned up, and his hat well pulled over his eyes, was placed with his back to the river, and Mayer at twenty sive paces distant. The terms of the cartel were thereupon explained to the principals—each to advance (if) he cho-en and fire at will The seconds having further intimated that the pain er, "We all know that a. b. c, are sew cipals would be responsible to them if els, but we want to know why they are either fired before the command, the words were pronounced, "Are you ready?—fire." For more than a minute after, weither party made any move ment, but stood with arms raised, watch ing what the other would do At the expiration of that time the Cuban, who had been standing in the attitude prescribed by the code, made a step for-ward. As hi did so Pepe Lluffa's pis-tol was di charged. Mayor halted, made an ato mpt to raise his pistol, and rolling his eyes take one who had to ceived a mortal wound, tell heavily backward. The ball upon examina tion, proved to have penetrated the breast upon the right side, and to have

breast upon the right sade, and to have come out the back.

Pepe Llulla is a gentleman fifty years of age, who has been residing in New Orleans for the last twenty-five and the damsel, "of a codfish dying of a codfish dyin venrs. For the last ten years he has injoyed the reputation of a quiet and prosperous citizen. His previous his tory was, however, of not so quiet a character. The last of the bull fights ever given in that city came off under his auspices. At one time he taught fencing, and has the reputation of his ing the strongest wrist of any man in the profession. His skill in fencing, or with the "white weapons," is, however, no greater than with firearms. He has been known to shoot the pipe out of a man's mouth a dozen yards off, and has frequently shot nickles out of the hands of his friends. He has received some half a dozen challenges, of one sort and another, since his combat of Sunday. One of the challengers pro-posed that two pills should be prepared, one of them containing poison, and that he should take one and his antagonist the other; another proposition was that both of the pills should contain poison; a third was that pustols should be the weapons and only one of them to be loaded-the parties to stand near that death would inevitably result to one or the other. It is not yet known to one or the other. It is not yet known which of the challenging parties has rereived the preference, and what are the terms.

-Truth is mighty, and will prevail. So goeth the ancient saw. But it is mighty slow sometimes in prevailing.

This, That and the Other.

-Can dealers in coarse fabrics ever be said to do a fine business.

-Esteem is the mother of love, but the daughter is often older than the mother.

-It is useless to roast a pig of lead. It can never be cooked so as to make a light diet.

-The man who made a note of hass. ing events could not get it discounted at the Bank.

-Age before beauty." That is why in these latter times children are ahead of their parents.

-- Hoops surround two things which are now commanding great attention girls and whiskey.

—Being positive in judgment to-day is no proof that we shall not be of differ.

ent opinion to-morrow. -Blue looks much better on a lady's

person than on her face. It adds grace to contour but not to countenance.

-Wicked men stumble at a straw in the way to heaven, and climb great mountains in their way to hell

-Mr. Joshua Billings says, "One of the funniest seenes I ever see, waz two old maids waitin on one sick widower?

"I say, Pat, are you aslape?" "Divil he slape." "Thin be afther lendin me the slape." "Thin be afther lendin n a quarter" "I'm aslape, be jabbers"

-If you would make yourself agrees. ble wherever you go, listen to the grievances of others, but never relate

-The gentleman who stretched his fancy has had a feeling of soreness ever since, and has gone freely into the limment like

— Which is the cheaper—a bride of a bridegroom? The brides—she is always given away, the bridegroom often regularly sold.

Mr Short says the only thing he can make pay these times is his address to the ladies and these he never allows to get overdue. ... "How long did Adam remain it,

Paradise?" asked a viven of her loving husband "Till he got a wife," answered the husband. - A dancer once said to Socratis "Yes cannot stand on one leg so long as I can "True," replied the philosopher but a goose can."

-A beggar woman coming into a house where Nellie was sitting alone, asked for charity "Charity!" said Nellie I guess we are most out."

-- The man who got wise by enting age cheese has a brother who proposes to become skillful in the fashionable dances by dieting on hops. .

--- "Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a geltleman in search of a house "It ought to be," was the reply the painter gave it two coats, recently --- The peculiarities of the English by

guage permit us to state that a my standing in Newark may at the sand time make a speech on the Pacific ratroad - Where shall I put these papers so

as to be sure of seeing them to-mor-row?" inquired Mary of her brother Charles, "On the looking glass, "was the brother's reply - - 1 man who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire, plead in excuse for extenuation of his conduct, that he ba been in the place but a few days at

hadn't learned the rules. -- Little Johnny was being catechise; by his brother, who asked him of what he was made. Johnny replied, 'You and me and papa are made of dust, and mamma and sister are made of men

A party of young fellows found to with the butter on a boarding-house ble "What is the matter with it" quired the mistress, "Just you ask it said one, "its old enough sto speak for iteelf

-- A shrewd but unenlightened school director, out West, used to say, on et nmining a cadidate for the post of teach--Little three year old Mary wa-

playing very roughly with the kitter carrying it by the tail. told her that she would hurt pusse "Why no I won't," said she, "I mean rying it by the handle." -At a young ladges' seminary, pecently, during an examination in hetery, one of the most-promising page was interrogated "Mary, did Matter Leibert and Mary, did Matter Leibert and Mary, did Matter Leibert and Mary, did Matter and Matter

Lather die a natural death ?" No was the reply, the was excommunicate by a bull "Don't you think my eyes look quie ing this morning?" said a dands to

toothache." -Ulysses the First complains that the people who don't want office, but merely to pay their respects, annoy him, and that he intends to close the doors to the public. He wants peace but don't want to be bothered will

common people. --- There is nothing purer than hones ty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mine. form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most steadfast hapit ness.

-- "Is my face dirty?" remarked a young lady to her aunt, while seated at young lady to her aunt, while seated state dinner table on a steambeat running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dort!"

No. Why do you ask?" Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another before me."

-At Peckskill, New York, a man is in jail for murdering his little daugh ter. He attempted to chastice his wife with the poker when the child inter It stuck in her head, and she ran screaming into the street, where a pass ing man pulled it out. She died in a few days afterwards.