

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE SADDEST SOLDIER POEM IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The following poem was written by an Irish officer in the English service while on duty in a city in East India, in which the plague was doing its terrible work. The inhabitants, particularly the foreign residents, were dying every day by hundreds, when twenty officers of the English army, without the shadow of a hope of ever seeing their country or friends, formed a club and sought to drown their sorrows in the wine cup, and by jest and song divert their thoughts from the terrible and the revolting fate which each one knew awaited him. The author of this poem died almost before the echoes of "Hurrah for the next that dies" had ceased to vibrate; and in less than a week every member of the club had crossed the "sable shroud."

We meet to toast the coming morn,
And the walls around the tower,
As they echo our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.

But stand by your glasses steady,
We drink to our comrades eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here in the goblets glow,
Not here in the vintage sweet,
'Tis cold as our hearts are flowing,
And dark as the doom we must meet.

But stand to your glasses steady,
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink,
We fall midst the wine-cups' sparkle,
And mutter as the wine we drink.

So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis this that the people buy,
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned on others,
We thought we were wiser than they,
But let them do as their mothers
Who expect to see them again!

Not stand to your glasses steady,
The thoughts are here the wine,
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a heart that's sore,
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we're drinking.

So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis here the revelled lies,
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass gleaming—
'Tis the hurricane's heavy breath,
And thus does the warmth of feeling—
Turns to ice in the grasp of death!

But stand to your glasses steady,
For a moment the vapor flies,
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who drinks to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shroud?
Where the high and haughty warning
Of the soul shall hang no more.

Not stand to your glasses steady!
This world is a world of lies!
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Out off from the hand that loves us,
Betrayed by the hand we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remains behind.

So stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have to prize,
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

The Prince and the Actress.

A ROMANTIC TALE OF COURTESY.

The announcement of the approaching recognition by the Imperial family of Austria of the marriage of Duke Louis of Bavaria with the beautiful Mile Mendel, the actress of Augsburg, has given a new aim to the theatrical ambition of the ladies of the Paris boards. The visit about to be made by the Empress Elizabeth to the beautiful castle of Lake Starnberg, where the newly married couple resided, has become the talk of every *lady d'etat* in Europe. They saw in the actress here that her Austrian Majesty was the great promoter of the marriage, the story connected with her brother's love and courtship being romantic enough to excite the strongest interest in her kind and womanly heart, and making it forgetful of all distinction of rank when an equal share of love and delicacy had been displayed by both the lovers. Mile Mendel, who had preserved her reputation unscathed amid all the perils and temptations of theatrical life, is considered as the most lovely woman in Germany. Her beauty being of the true German type, of the peculiar fairness befitting no other country—golden hair in softly silky masses, without the smallest tinge of auburn—pure gold—unembellished complexion (debatable as the riper petals of the Bengal rose—pale pink, scarcely ever seen in nature and almost impossible to produce by artificial means, lips of the deepest carmine, teeth small and exquisitely white, and eyebrows of darkest brown, with eyes of the deepest blue. All this made such an impression on the heart of Duke Louis that from the moment he first beheld her at the Munich Theatre he vowed himself to the worship of this one idol. But Mile Mendel was valiant in defence of her reputation, and aware of the responsibility incurred by the possession of great talent, she resisted every overture, even that of marriage, on the part of the Duke, well knowing that it was out of his power to contract an alliance of the kind, as much was expected of him by his family. At that time Mile Mendel was in the habit of wearing a velvet collar with a clasp ornamented by a single pearl of great value, which had been presented to her by the king of Saxony, and in order to quell all hope of success in the bosom of her royal admirer, she declared to him one day that she had made a vow to bestow her heart and hand on him alone who could match this single pearl with as many others as would form the whole necklace. The declaration was made laughingly, for the fair creature knew well enough the Duke, living fully up to his income, which was but mediocre for his rank, could never accomplish this Herculean task, and she laughed more merrily still when she beheld the disconsolate expression of his countenance at the announcement she had made. But soon afterward she heard that the Duke had sold his horses and broken up his establishment—gone to live in the strict

retirement in a small cottage belonging to his brother's park.

That very night, when about to place the velvet band upon her neck, she found to her great surprise, that a second pearl had been added to the clasp. She knew well enough whence it came, and smiled sadly at the loss of labor she felt sure that Duke Louis was incurring for love's sake. By degrees the velvet band was covered with pearls; all of them as fine as the one bestowed by the King of Saxony, until one evening great was the rumor in Augsburg. The fair Mendel had been robbed; while on the stage, divested of all ornament, in the prison scene as *Bellina* von *Arnsted*, her dressing room had been entered, and the velvet collar with its row of priceless pearls had disappeared from the toilet table. The event was so terrible, her nerves so shaken, that in spite of the assurance of the Chief Police Magistrate, who happened to be in the theatre at the moment, that he was sure he would find the thief in a very short time, for he had the clue already, poor Mile Mendel was so overcome by grief that her memory failed her entirely, so that on returning to the stage not a word could she remember of her part! The audience waited for some time in astonishment at the silence maintained by the actress; the actresses gazed at the audience in piteous embarrassment, until, by a sudden inspiration, and almost mechanically indeed, she remembered that she had the rehearsal copy of the play in pocket of her apron. She drew it forth without hesitation, and began to read from it with the greatest self-possession imaginable. At first the audience knew not whether to laugh or be angry, but presently memory, pathos, forgetfulness of all but her art had returned to Mile Mendel, and in the utterance of one of the most impassioned sentences of her speech she flung the rehearsal copy into the orchestra, and went on with her part without pause or hesitation. The applause of the audience was so tremendous that one of the witnesses to the scene has told us that the great monster chandelier in the centre of the roof swung and drooped with the vibration. But on her return to the dressing room the excitement proved too much, and she fainted away! On coming back to consciousness it was found Duke Louis at her feet, and the head Commissioner standing by her side, bidding her take courage, for the pearls had been found, "Where are they?" exclaimed she. "Are you sure that none are missing? Have none been stolen?" Duke Louis then clasped round her neck the string of pearls complete at last, no longer sewn on to the velvet band, but strung with symmetry and fastened with a diamond clasp. What more could be done by the devoted lover? He had spared neither pains nor sacrifice to attain his end, and Mile Mendel consented to be his bride. The Empress of Austria appears to have been much moved by this story, and suggested the nomination of the bride elect to the title of Baroness de Wallersee, which thus equalizes the rank of the *fiancée*, and enabled them to marry without difficulty. They live the most retired life possible in their little chateau on Lake Starnberg where the Empress of Austria is about to visit them. They say that the Duchess Louise of Bavaria, never puts off, night or day, the necklace of pearls, the clasp of which she has had riveted to her neck, and that in consequence of this peculiarity she is known all through the country around by the name of the Fairy Perla, from the old German tale of the Magic Pearl.

Pleasures of Travel in America.

The philosophical patience with which Americans take those moving accidents by flood and field, reminds one of the Stone of Olden time. For instance, when the roads are bad, it is usual for passengers to get out and walk until the travel becomes better; and in case of the coach getting fixed (i.e. stuck up) the hub in a stiff mudrut or heeled over, the common expedient is to get a fence rail, or three, and by a judicious application of lever power, and a vigorous use of the thong, the passenger and horses commonly get all right again; but frequently the wheels require to be pried out so often, when the stake fence is not at hand, a passenger carries a rail along on his shoulder, as a portable avul against an emergency.

An instance, however, is mentioned of an over-sensitive Hoosier who had to walk ten or twelve miles, with the mud half way up his cowhide boots, and who had done good service with his rail, but felt a little "riled, and kind of disposed to talk right out about the darned thing." And on coming into the village, and proceeding to the coach agents office indignantly, and addressing the functionary, said—

"You're agent, I guess?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here; I'm passenger by that stage, stranger, and I want to go back 'goin' to-morrow; but though I don't object to pay my fare and walk through, I'm consarned if I believe in having to carry a rail."

—A MARRIAGE MAFFER.—When Professor Aytoun was making proposals for his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Prof. Wilson—the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.

"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject; you must just go and tell him my proposals yourself."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he's too diffident to name the subject to yourself."

"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back."

He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing room. The anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words, "With the author's compliments."

SONG.

In the night she told a story,
In the night and all night through,
While the moon was in her glory,
And the branches droop with dew.
"Twas my life she told, and round it
Rang the years as from a deep;
In the world's great heart she found it,
Cradled like a child asleep.
In the night I saw her weeping
By the misty moonbeam cold,
All the while her shuttle clanked
Within sound-throat of gold.
Ah! she wept me tears of sorrow,
Lulling tears so mystic sweet:
Then she wove my last to-morrow,
And her web lay at my feet.
Of my life she made the story,
I mist weep—so soon 'twas told;
But your name did lead it glory,
And your love its thread of gold."
—John Ingelton.

How Smith Asked the Old Man.

Smith had just asked Mr. Thompson's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelordom, and she had said "Yes."

It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old gentleman's permission, so, as Smith said, the arrangements might be made to help the conjugal twig.

Smith said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Thompson's daughters, and his sisters, and his lady cousins, and his aunt Hannah, in the country, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Thompson. But it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied out a speech which he was to deliver at old Thompson's very first time he got a shy at him. So Smith dropped in on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had mandered around to meeting, and found him doing a sum in beer measure.

"How are you, Smith?" said old Thompson, as the former walked in, white as a piece of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Smith was afraid to answer, 'cause he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip from him quicker than an oil-cup through an urear hole. So he blurted out—

"Mr. Thompson, sir, perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of some five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—"

"Is that so, and keep it a secret all this time, while I thought you were tendin' store?" Well, by George you're one of them now, ain't you?"

Smith had begun to think it all over again, to get the run of it.

"Mr. Thompson, sir, perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during the extended period of five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to secure a sufficient maintenance—"

"Sit down, Smith, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there hobbin' your hat, like a blind beggar, with paralysis. I never have seen you behave yourself so queer in all my born days."

Smith had been knocked out again, and so he had to wander back again and take a fresh start.

"Mr. Thompson, sir, it may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

"A which one?" asked old Thompson, but Smith held on to the last word as if it was his only chance, and went on—

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for man to be alone, therefore I would—"

"Neither is it, Smith, I'm glad you dropped in. How's the old man?"

"Mr. Thompson, sir," said Smith, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, it may not be unknown to you, that, during an extended period of a lonely man, I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestow all my earthly possessions on one whom I could determine to be good for certain purposes, no, I mean that is, that Mr. Thompson, sir, it may not be unknown—"

"And then, again, it may. Look here, Smith, you'd better lay down and take something warm, you ain't well."

Smith, sweating like a four-year-old colt, went in again.

"Mr. Thompson, sir, it may not be known to you to present me when you are a friend, for a commercial maintenance, out but—oh, dang it—Mr. Thompson, sir—"

"Oh, Smith, you talk like a fool. I never seen a first-class idiot in the course of my whole life. What's the matter with you anyhow?"

"Mr. Thompson, sir," said Smith, in an agony of bewilderment, but may not be known to you presented a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years, but—"

"See here, Mr. Smith, you're drunk, and if you can't behave better than that you'd better leave, if you don't, I'll chuck you out, or I'm a ditchman."

"Mr. Thompson, sir," said Smith, frantic with despair, it may not be unknown to you that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man, who is not good for a commercial maintenance—"

"The very deuce he is! Now you just get up and git, or I'll knock what little brains out of you you've got left!"

With that, old Thompson took Smith and shot him into the street as if he'd run him against a locomotive, going out at the rate of forty miles an hour. Before old Thompson had time to shut the front door, Smith collected his legs and one thing and another that were lying around on the pavement, arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out—

"Mr. Thompson, sir, it may not be known to you, which made the old man so wretched and that he went out and set a bad terror on Smith before he had a chance to lift a brow; and there was a scientific dog-fight, with odds in favor of the dog, for he had an awful load for such a small animal."

The Sleeping Girl.—Her Death and Strange Prophecy.

Miss Susan Caroline Godsey, the sleeping wonder, died at her mother's home, some eight miles from Hickman, on Wednesday, the 14th inst.

The history of Miss Godsey is well known to the public, a statement of her wonderful condition having been published extensively by the press of the United States. At the time of her death Miss Godsey was about twenty-six years of age, and has been asleep, as described about fourteen years. The existence of this wonderful case of coma, of preternatural disposition to sleep has been doubted by many, but the fact is indisputable. Indeed, some twelve months ago, Miss Godsey was taken to Nashville and other places of exhibition, but we understand many, even the physicians of Nashville, looked upon the case with suspicion.

The history of the case, is, briefly: When about twelve years of age, she was taken with a severe chill, and treated accordingly by her physician. As her fever, which followed her chill subsided, she fell in a deep sleep, in which condition she has remained ever since, except at intervals. It was her custom at first to awaken regularly twice in every twenty-four hours each day; but of later years she awakes oftener, so much so that many considered it an indication of her final recovery. She would remain awake five or ten, or perhaps fifteen minutes, and gradually drop off to sleep again. When asleep it was utterly impossible to arouse her. She never complained of any bodily pain, though when asleep she was very nervous at times, and appeared to suffer considerably by the violent twitching and jerking of her muscles and limbs, and her hands clenched tightly as if enduring severe pain, but when awake she did not appear to suffer, except from a drowsy, gaping inclination and persistent efforts to cleanse her throat of phlegm. She generally passed into sleep through violent paroxysms, which would last perhaps five minutes, and she would then sleep a while as calmly and quietly as an infant. Miss Godsey was of medium size, and her limbs and muscles were well proportioned and developed, and grew considerably after her affliction.

Miss Godsey on the day she died indulged in a little prophesy, which we give as related for what it is worth. She said the "sun would be a total eclipse on the 7th of August," (this is remarkable, because parties state that she could have had no knowledge that she was according to calculation), "and that the sun would never shine as bright after that day. That this would indicate the end of the world, which was speedily approaching." —Hickman (Ky.) Courier.

Love at Seventy.

A Boston correspondent tells the following.—Here is a touching little romance: Half a century ago, two young people—youth and maiden in a country village loved each other. Unkind fate persecuted them and denied the legitimate reward of mutual affection. Both married and lived in widely separated towns, children grew up about each, and the cares of life came upon them but the spark of that early love burned in both bosoms. Once in a great while they exchanged letters. At last his wife died, his children grew up and went to the bad, and he was left a lonely old man, poor but comfortable. This summer his husband died. Soon as the blessed defunct was put combed by under the soil, the widow packed up her goods and started for the home of her first love. She arrived one afternoon, and was directed to the house, but her minister was absent. Nothing daunted, she went in and sat alone till he returned. Imagine the meeting of tender old creatures of seventy, who had been faithful to each other through fifty years. She remained in his house a few days, then they were married, and the neighbors say, that never did humanity afford such a multitude to two very contented little devils as in the wedded bliss of these absurd old people. They are living now, steeped in happiness, it would seem, and no doubt, fully believing in the maxim, "Better late than never."

A SKELETON OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin writes from Paris, July 24: "The imperial family seem to have taken up their residence for the remainder of the summer in the vicinity of Paris, and propose giving a series of matinee and soirees in the gardens of the Palace of St. Cloud, to indemnify themselves and their friends for their privation of Fontainebleau. The Emperor has begun to stroll about the little town and the banks of the river just as he used to do in Fontainebleau and the forest. The other day a friend who was staying at St. Cloud, witnessed a curious scene, highly characteristic of the Emperor's *l'homme* and adroitness. He was walking in a part of the park to which the public is admitted, and was followed by a parcel of troublesome and curious children. He probably did not like to seem ill-natured by ordering them off, so he sought out one of the ginger-bread stalls which are always to be found in the neighborhood, purchased the whole of the stock at a bargain, and then upsetting the entire concern with his own hand, left the contents to the mercy of the hungry crowd ofurchins."

—A USEFUL DOG.—A dog says a correspondent, is a good thing to have in the country. I have one that I raised from a pup. He is a good stout fellow, and a heavy barker and feeder. The man from whom I bought him, said he was a thorough-bred; but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch dog, though the moment he sees a suspicious person about the premises he goes right into the kitchen and gets under the dresser. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out; then we turned him out and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him in the garden, and he howled so that the neighbors shot at him twice before day-break. Finally we gave him away and he came back.

HEARTS THAT HUNGER.

Some hearts go hungering through the world,
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or egoism aggrandized
To hide the pain they truly feel speak.
The eyes may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in giddiest mirth may thrill,
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungry heart be pining still.

These know their doom, and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with fate, nor weep, nor pray—
But sadly reaches with and bare.
Are mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seemings of delight,
Fair to the eye, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks;
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks.
For them no night redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impaled,
O, misdepressed and suffering long,
O, hearts that hunger through the world.

For you does life's dull desert hold
No fountain shade, no date-grove fair,
Nor gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches wide and bare.
The foot may fail, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame;
Yet still ye make no weak complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame.

O, eager eyes which gaze afar!
O, arms which clasp the empty air!
Not all unnumbered your sorrows are,
Not all untried your despair.
Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb—
When life's frail tent at last is furled,
Ye glorious recompense shall come,
O, hearts that hunger through the world.

Mrs. General Gaines.

It seems that Mrs. General Gaines, who is regarded as the richest woman in America, has not yet succeeded in obtaining possession of her property in New Orleans, to which the Supreme Court of the United States declared her entitled about a year ago. For nearly forty years Mrs. Gaines prosecuted her suit with unflinching patience, and the estate of her father, Captain Daniel Clark, to which she was finally declared to be the rightful heir, is estimated to be worth about \$30,000,000. The land is occupied by nearly the whole city of New Orleans, and the decision of the court, therefore, is a serious inconvenience to a great number of persons.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, Mrs. Gaines offered to arrange with some of the present holders of her property on equitable terms, but more than eighty persons have combined to bring suit against her, and have compelled her to go into court again. These suits will come up for trial before a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In anticipation of an early trial Mrs. Gaines publishes a card defining her position. She says it is thirty-six years since her first husband was thrown in, to prison in New Orleans, during the most afflicting period of the cholera, for nearly a month, on the false charge of fraudulently attempting to obtain property belonging to her as the heir of her father, Daniel Clark, and also for charging the pretended executors of his estate with corruptly administering it.

Since that period the Supreme Court of the United States has most emphatically declared her to be "the only legitimate daughter of Daniel Clark, and entitled to his estate." This decision of the highest tribunal in the land, from which there can be no appeal, she claims sets at rest forever her legal status and her rights. Independent of this, it is argued the civil code of Louisiana provides that the judgment of the Supreme Court of the State in her favor, acquiesced in for thirteen years has become final. Mrs. Gaines has secured the services of one of the most prominent lawyers of the country as her counsel. She will probably succeed in the end in fully perfecting her title to the property. —Exchange.

The sanctum of the editor and proprietor of the *Public Herald*, a sheet on the line of the Pacific Railroad near the Rocky Mountains, presents sometimes strange sights. "Last week," the editor says, "upon two occasions, from our office we witnessed the playful pranks of several antelopes; and again, a spotted red fox came up near the enclosure, but cut and ran when *Forbes* came in sight. A nice race they had, and both made good time, but *Richard* the best. A week ago, two grayly leas and three large wolves howled in sight, and played round on the prairie, at a safe distance from our little game chaps probably, that made a tender meal from a good sized calf of ours, that had been running out. The bullocks have been frightened away by the cats, and for two weeks have not troubled us."

Charles, Godfrey Evans, who is now making some noise in the literary world, is a very handsome, manly fellow, six feet two inches in the stockings, but so finely proportioned, and so graceful in manner, that one doesn't notice his stature. His "Hans Breitmann" papers are said by Lowell to exceed anything which this country has produced in the way of humorous writing. He is a regular professional with his pen, ready for a song, sketch, essay, or story, and will do it in forty-three or three hundred and eighty-one precisely as you order it.

—Geo. C. Scott, of Fulton county was burglarized and robbed of \$28 and a gold watch Tuesday evening last a week while driving on the Bedford turnpike four miles west of McConealsburg, early in the evening. The highwayman escaped.

—"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week."

"Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey. "I—I know'd it jest de same time it occurred."

—The editor of the Wisconsin *Banner* says:—Wednesday's mail brought to us a letter addressed "Rev., another of the 'Hons,'" another "Col.," one "Mr." and the last "Esq." On the way to dinner we accidentally stepped on a woman's trail, and she addressed us thus: "You brute."

—At a late printers' festival the following toast was presented: "The master of all trades, he beats the farmer with the Hoe, the carpenter with his rules, and the mason with setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and the doctor in attending to his cases, and he beats the parson in his management of the devil."

—A little boy in Danbury, Ct., was recently engaged in throwing stones at an empty tin can, which suddenly flew into the air with a loud report, and the little boy lost no time in getting out of the neighborhood. It had contained nitro-glycerine, and the last stone had struck a portion of that dangerous stuff adhering to the can.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—The French cable cost \$6,400,000.
—Thirty cents a day will keep a Texas family.

—John C. Heenan, the "Benecia Boy," is dead.
—Time is money—of course it is or else how could you spend it.

—A favorite tune of the "milkman"—"Shall we gather at the river?"
—In Iowa, a man recently broke his neck while climbing over a fence.

—Fifty-dollar parasols, with wateles in the handles, are the latest agony.
—A Hinglishman wishes to know if the children of 'Am, were Hiamericans.

—Ann E. Dickinson is called ox-eyed by a California critic. The Homeric beast.
—The Radical plan to protect the currency against thieves is to make it not worth stealing.

—Jeff Davis' nieces, two young ladies from Vicksburg, are bellows among the visitors at Paris.
—Garibaldi is gradually dying, and within four months the obituary of him will be in order.

—Pennsylvania is the banner State as to railroads, having four thousand four hundred miles of track in operation.
—An industrious carpenter in Terre Haute, has completed a two story frame house by doing all the work after night.

—Sheridan gives the following humorous definition: Irishman—a machine for converting potatoes into human nature.
—A little girl, named Katie Pitt, has received a premium in Platte Co., Mo., for committing to memory 13,055 verses of the Bible.

—The Chicago *Times* says: "One reason why the Erie railroad does so much business is, that it has a 'dead sure thing' on passengers."
—An Irishman writing from the West to a friend, remarked, "Pork is so plenty here that every third man you meet is a hog."

—Every young couple who desire to make a good start in life, must keep two bears in the house and feed them well—bear and forbear.
—If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents worth of flour, how much will it take to raise another barrel? Answer may be handed over the fence.

—The rod of the Prophet brought forth sweet water from the rock of Horeb; affliction sanctified by Deity, softens the heart to the flow of the gentler affections.
—If this should reach the eye of John Smith, send an enraged man, doubling up his fist and shaking it as he spoke, "he will hear of something to his disadvantage."

—Tom asked an old "ten per cent" what he wanted to accumulate so much money for. Says he, "You can't take it with you when you die, and if you could it would melt."
—There was once an independent and lady, who, speaking of Adam's name all the animals, said she didn't think he deserved any credit for naming the pig—for any one would know what to call him.

—That chap who was "lonely sized his mother died," is all right now. His father married the "head" of a large family of girls, and they keep house for him and give him a party nearly every night.
—An intelligent gentleman from Germany, on his first visit to an American church, had a contribution box with a hole in the top presented to him, and he whispered to the collector, "I don't get it in my papers, but can't you?"

—A New Jersey paper contains the item of a distinguished arrival at that place. "C. Morbus along with B. C. C. plant have arrived here," and complimentary remarks as long as the best—berry and cucumber families are best.

To WASH CALICO WILLOW FABRICATION.—Infuse three gills of salt in half quart of water, put the calico in hot water and leave it till cold, and in the way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

—Stomach, the New Jersey horse that was smothered at Newark, Wednesday, to ten years' imprisonment on each of his offenses, making 150 years in all. He thinks that is a head of anything the life insurance companies could do for him.

—Jones, a hard drinker in Massachusetts, had a fit, and was laid. A neighbor hid the candle, and another warned him not to set fire to the bed—Jones heard the remark, "There's no danger," he growled, "it's Smith's turn."

—Miss Ida Lewis, the young woman who saves shipwrecked mariners at Newport, R. I., has become such a lioness that last week she had, one day, a hundred vittors, and another day a hundred and fifty. The *Tribune* suggests that she charge a fee.

—The vigilance committee of Bran, Wyoming Territory, called upon a desperate character for a short time since, and gave him fifteen minutes to leave town. He mounted his mule and said, "Gentlemen, if this d—d mule don't ball, I don't want but five."

—There is a man living in Northampton, within three miles of the railroad, thirty-eight years of age, who has been in but four different towns in his life, has never been made of a railroad car, has never slept in any house except the one in which he was born, and has never kissed a girl nor never been cutting.

—At a late printers' festival the following toast was presented: "The master of all trades, he beats the farmer with the Hoe, the carpenter with his rules, and the mason with setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and the doctor in attending to his cases, and he beats the parson in his management of the devil."

—A little boy in Danbury, Ct., was recently engaged in throwing stones at an empty tin can, which suddenly flew into the air with a loud report, and the little boy lost no time in getting out of the neighborhood. It had contained nitro-glycerine, and the last stone had struck a portion of that dangerous stuff adhering to the can.