The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, [illegible]

WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with welcome cheer;
Alone with the spectres of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There gloom upon shadow dark and vast,
The shadow of wasted time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Has stalled in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb,
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with Wasted Time

What are we now? What had we been,
Had we but used right with the miser's gold,
Striving our best to meet them to win,
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold,
Shrinking from many that the [illegible] day,
Fearing more [illegible] come;
Laboring [illegible] through,
And with [illegible] me.

Who [illegible] ebbing tide
Who [illegible] and shame, and tears,
[illegible] ings beside?
Who [illegible] eighth when now
[illegible] shiny rhyme,
[illegible] with from heat and brow
And [illegible] with Wasted Time

The years that [illegible] not again,
The things that may be renew,
But even [illegible] chain
A golden truth is shimmering through:
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And makes each year outdo the last,
There is no Wasted Time

Bold Strike For A Wife.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

It was my first visit North since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession in New Orleans.

In the city of New York I had a very dear friend, my old chum and class mate, George Dickson, and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up.

Three years had passed since our last meeting, but ten could scarcely have produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greetings, and friendly inquiries over, I longed, yet forbore, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy.—I felt sure, in due time, of being made the confidant of the secret, provided no motive of delicacy prompted the concealment.

That evening, in my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose graces of mind and person he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned his affection, but her father had opposed his suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter to a nephew of his.

This nephew was a young physician, of puzzling character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice—who had long but unsuccessfully wooed his cousin, to whom his profiers were as repugnant as to her father they were acceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father, had gone south on business, accompanied by his nephew. At New Orleans he had been seized by sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he had executed a will, (which had since been duly proved by the depositions of the attesting witnesses,) containing a solemn request that his daughter, to whom he left the whole of his estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with a proviso that in case she the latter offered, and she refused within a specified period, to enter into the proposed union, the entire estate devised to the daughter, should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation, and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson, than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes, was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her, it is true, for, in their many conferences on the subject, he had never gone beyond the most kindly remonstrance, and had never even hinted at anything like coercion.

Young Parsons had not the magnanimity to forego his unscrupulous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in conscience bound to accept. The brief season of grace, which she had been compelled to beg, even with tears, had already almost passed, and a few more days would witness the condemnation of two lives to hopeless misery.

At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement to which I had previously procured tickets.

When we reached the theatre, the performance had begun, but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in front of the parquette, second tier, the column leaning his arm on the rail," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply.

"The same," my friend answered.

"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was not at a point of inquiring, but just then the manager drew the green curtain right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reason, absorbed my attention.

[illegible] the exact date of Mr. [illegible] asked when he had penned the [illegible] at the close of the performance.

"Yes," said George, "it was the 23d of December. His daughter received a telegram from her [illegible] announcing the fact the same day. But why [illegible] ask?"

"I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one," I returned, and stating that I had business engagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me at the office of Dr. Parsons.

"Dr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the gentleman I had seen at the theatre.

"Yes, sir."

"You may not remember me, Doctor, but I believe we have met before."

"I beg pardon, sir, for not recollecting the occasion."

"You were in New Orleans last winter, were you not?"

"I was," he answered, with some embarrassment.

"I am the gentleman on whom you called to draft a will."

He turned pale, and made no reply.

"I saw a record of that will in the Surrogate's office this morning," I resumed, "and—"

"You speak of my *uncle's* will," he hastily interrupted.

"And yet," I continued, you said it was *yours* when you applied to have it written. You represented yourself as desirous of executing such a document preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instructions, leaving the date to be filled in at the time of signing. Your locks were gray then, and you certainly looked old enough to have a marriageable daughter, but your disguise was not perfect, and I pointed to the mutilated finger.

"What do you mean?" he shouted in a defiant tone, springing to his feet.

"Simply that your uncle's signature to that paper is a forgery! I answered, rising and confronting him. "He died on the 23d of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the 24th, the day before Christmas, that you called on me to prepare the paper now on record as his will. The reference is plain, you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and wishing to clothe your villainy in legal form, you procured from me the required draft. You, or some one at your instigation, simulated the signature of the deceased. The witnesses, who have since perjured themselves in their depositions, were procured in some manner best known to yourself."

"Enough, sir! you have shown yourself possessed of a secret the custody of which may prove dangerous!"

"I am not unprepared for your threat," I replied. "In the first place, I did not come here unarmed, in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed for that length of time to retain it."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage.

"What is your purpose?" he exclaimed.

"To keep your secret while you live," I answered "on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you write instantly, to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretensions to her hand, and absolutely withdrawing your proposal of marriage."

After a moment's pause he seated himself at his desk, and hastily penciled a brief note, which he submitted to my inspection; it was quite satisfactory.

"Be so good as to seal and address it, I said. He did so.

"I will see it is delivered," I said, taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dickson that evening, his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me. The next thing was to take me to see Julia, and it is needless to tell what a happy evening we three spent together, and what a happy marriage followed not long after.

Eldridge Parsons, I have just learned joined one of the late Cuban expeditions, and was killed in a recent encounter with the Spaniards.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE OLD TIME.—A law to prevent drunkenness by prohibiting the public promiscuous sale of intoxicating drinks was by no means original in the State of Maine. The vice is as old as our race. Our ultimate ancestors, the Vikings, drank fire water upon earth and quaffed mead in Paradise; our more recent progenitors in Great Britain drank gin and groveled. A gin shop in Southwark, London, a hundred and thirty years ago had this alluring sign: "Drunk for a penny Dead drunk for tuppence: Clean straw for nothing." What more could man, the image of his Maker, ask? And is it wonderful that Swift, diseased and well frenzied, poured out his profuse contempt in Lapita and the Houyhnhnms? People often died of drunkenness in the taverns; and there was a temperance party, even then, that demanded a prohibitory law, and they succeeded in carrying a bill through Parliament which laid upon liquor a duty that it became too costly for the poor, and which prohibited the retail dealers. Sir Robert Walpole, whose boozing orgies at Haughton are not to his own family acquiesced in the law.—*Harper's Magazine for January.*

An exchange says; "look sharp for men who profess to be better than the balance of mankind." If you see one in any particular danger of drowning, let him be.

Ye Cuban Patriot. — Mark Twain Makes a Calm Inspection of Him.

Just at this time our souls are wrenched with sympathy for the Cuban "patriot" armed with hatred for his inhuman oppressor. Our journals are filled with the struggles, the sufferings and the noble deeds of this patriot, and nothing on earth can get our attention for a moment unless it has something to do with Cuba. The tears that are shed over his misfortunes every day would float a navy, the daily ink that is lavished upon the finishing of his virtues would float another one, and a month of the prayers that are offered for his lifting up, if concentrated upon the world's dead, might precipitate the final resurrection. We are bound up heart and soul in our Cuban "patriot." We have but for him, we should die if he were taken from us. Daily we say, "Holy, holy, holy, and pity Jesus, and Heaven's blessing on the Christ Cuban patriot!"

And how grand a character he is! How gallant, how lofty, how magnanimous! His career, from the moment his heart is first stirred with patriotic emotion, till that heart ceases to beat, is a chivalrous romance. He begins by shouting "Down with the Spaniard!" in the streets of Havana. Then he and a hundred of his fellows are captured by a handful of soldiers and thrown into prison. Here they take the oath to the Government, but cut to it as specks upon other parents, and finish by denouncing a hundred of their personal friends to the government at so much a head. These parties are duly shot, garroted, or hanged in the public plaza, or otherwise made away with according to the peculiar taste of the commandant in the matter of executions.

Next, the patriot escapes to the country and resumes patriotism once more. A few hundred of them band together and then we hear of gallant deeds. They pounce upon a deserted plantation and burn up the sugar crop and the negro quarter, and forthwith our great journals shriek the tidings of "Another Grand Patriot Victory!"

Then the Government troops capture half the knightly gang and shut them up in a barn and burn them alive, and forthwith our great journals and other Congressmen and ourselves rage about the brutal inhumanity of Spain; and with all our hearts we hate those Spaniards for burning up those poor patriots, and we know we are sincere, for, notwithstanding, we cannot somehow help feeling rather glad they did it.

Pretty soon the great journals tell us in thundering display type how the patriot warrior Don Augustus Jesus Maria Josey John the Baptist Bustamente, made a brilliant dash upon the great plantation of Senor Madre de Dios el Caldron Gewhillikens de Valladolid, and burned up the whole concern, considering it best on the whole to do this, inasmuch as Senor Valladolid's political opinions were exactly of the universal Cuban pattern, and could never, by any possibility, be depended upon to remain in shape two hours at a time, unless the holder of the same were asleep or dead. And further, the papers tell us how the patriot Bustamente and his six hundred followers next marched Valladolid and his family down the road thirteen miles, on foot, and with ropes around their necks for convenience of steering them, and then, while the helpless children knelt and prayed piteously for life, coldly carved them to pieces with bowie knives. And all America shouts: "Hurrah for gallant Cuba!—down with her hated oppressor!" And fiercely we beseech Congress to "recognize" the struggling patriots, and reward the true single-hearted virtue with our appreciative protection.

Right away we hear that the Spanish troops and Bustamente's army have met and fought a terrible battle. We gloat over the particulars. We thrill from head to heel as we read how that the battle raged furiously from 8 in the morning till 6 in the evening, resulting in the complete destruction of eleven barns, two plantations, three saw-mills, one hospital its patients, and the total route of the enemy, with a loss of sixteen wounded, and also one killed by being run over by a wagon. But we grieve sore to hear that the patriot Bustamente was taken prisoner by the brutal Spanish horde, and our hearts sink, and suffer and break when we hear that his captors lassoed him and dragged him three miles to the military prison at the heels of a galloping horse, and then decided that it was just as cheap to be confine what was left of him in a coffin. And how we do abuse the uncivilized sort of warfare those Spaniards wage!

But soon we rejoice once more, when we hear that the unconquerable patriots, from a safe hiding-place in the hills, have sent out emissaries and fomented a conspiracy among the slaves, which resulted in a gentle midnight massacre, by the blacks, of a couple of dozen slumbering families of white people, accompanying the deed with the usual Cuban impartiality as to whether the families were "patriots" or friends of the Government.

And while we are still rejoicing over this victory, we learn how that the patriot instigators of it, being closely pressed, laid down their arms, took the oath to serve Spain, and then, for a consideration, informed on and helped to capture all those slaves, and furnish each of them with twelve hundred trifling lashes, on the bare back with ox-whips, in the course of which entertainment some of the slaves died, and the rest followed suit the next day. But oh! they died in a glorious cause. They died to free their country from the oppressor. It is sweet to die for one's native land. These poor humble blacks will live in history for nearly a year.

In his self-sacrificing struggles for his country's freedom the Cuban patriot make use of every method and every contrivance that can aid the good cause. Murder, theft, burglary, arson, assassination, rape, poison, treachery, mendacity, fratricide, matricide, homicide, parricide, and all sides but suicide are instruments in his hands for the salvation of his native land; and the same are instruments in the hands of the "oppressor" for the damnation of the same. Both parties, patriots and government servants alike, stand ready at any moment, apparently, to sell out body, soul and boots, politics, religion and principles, to anybody that will buy — and they seem equally ready to give the same away for nothing whenever their lives stand in peril. Both sides massacre their prisoners; both sides are as proud of burning a deserted plantation, or conquering, capturing, scalping, and skinning a crippled, blind idiot, as any civilized army would be of taking a fortified city, both sides making a grand school-boy pow-wow over it every time they fight all day and kill a couple of sick women, and disable a jackass born useless, and brag, and bounce, and rob and destroy; a happy majority of both sides are fantastic in costume, grotesque in manner, half civilized, unwashed, ignorant, lousy, stupid, base, cruel, brutal, sanguinary, plantation-burning cannibals, and it is devoutly to be hoped that in all-wise Providence will decree to let them go on eating each other until there isn't enough of the last one of the lot to hold an inquest on. Amen.

The Old Maid Miser.

Lechy O'Strom,' the Poughkeepsie miser, died about four weeks ago, worth $30 000, leaving behind no blood relative. Scraps of her early history are daily coming to light. Lechy Ostrom was born in 1792. She met her first and only love, if letters found in her trunk may be taken in evidence, in Poughkeepsie, when she was scarcely 15 years of age. They went together to a ball, the invitation to which was found on a card carefully hidden in her trunk.

A few years later her lover asked her hand in marriage, was accepted by Lechy, but, was turned away broken hearted by her parents. He left for the then far West, Cincinnati. Three years later, in 1818, he wrote her a letter from that place, informing her that he had married a pure and virtuous woman who supported every relation in life with dignity and propriety," and whom it had pleased Providence to remove from him.

After having received this letter the fate of Lechy O'Strom was sealed. She withed forth into the world a disappointed being, and from that time to the end of her life she hardly knew happiness. Her temper became soured; she grew avaricious and grasping; she became a miser in every sense of the word; she earned money, and saved every cent of it, always quarreling herself on her neighbors, seldom if ever buying even the necessities of life, and going down to her grave petulant and fault-finding, wrinkled and gray.

Twenty-six years after the last letter spoken of was written to "Lechy," her old lover visited Poughkeepsie in search of her. Another offer of marriage was made to her, but it fell upon a heart of stone and was rejected. This was the last ever heard of the lover. Through a period of forty years he always loved her.

The inventory of her effects showed the account left behind to be $21,653 54. Add to this the $12,000 she is said to have left in real estate, the grand total touches $33,653 54. In a trunk in her bedroom, an old-fashioned hair trunk, with brass mountings, were found a number of bills, receipts, and two pass-books, one with a silver half dollar in it, $3,000 in bonds and mortgages, $1 200 in United States five twenty coupon bonds, $320 in green backs, $100 in gold, $22 in silver, a silver cup monogrammed "R O," half a dozen silver teaspoons, three silver dessert spoons, one dozen silver tablespoons, and two silver salt spoons.

In a closet were found twenty-five or thirty dresses, five or six of which were of heavy, costly silk, of a pattern at least fifty years old. Canned fruit, preserves, etc were also found, and a shriveled, dried up fruit cake, heavily frosted and ornamented, with a sugar cupid in the centre. It had been untouched for years.

Bonds and mortgages to the amount of over $20,000 were found carefully laid away, and in her bank book was found $53 in greenbacks, her account also showing that she had over $300 in the savings bank.

Beautiful Allegory.

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said,

"What is the matter little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to lie on the ground."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf.

"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go until you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. And so it grew all summer long until October. And when the bright days of Autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"Oh branch, why are you lead color and we golden!"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not dead yet; but your clothes are for holiday because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundred of other leaves, and it fell in a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

A bridegroom in Hartford lost his courage as the fatal hour approached, and took a dose of laudanum that would have killed him but for a stomach pump.

CHINESE WOMEN.

THEIR FRIGHTFUL TREATMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The St Paul *Pioneer* has the following from San Francisco:

Very few of the women brought here are wives, and they live, for the most part, in the most abject manner. When one of those poor unfortunates becomes weak and sick, and a Chinese physician pronounces her case hopeless, she is notified that she must die. She knows very well that protestations and prayers are unavailing, and submits without a murmur to her fate. Led by night to some miserable tenement that goes by the name of a "hospital" (how it gained such a magnificent antithetical name, we do not know), she is forced within the door and made to lie down upon a shelf. A cup of water, another of boiled rice, and a little metal oil lamp is placed by her side. The assassins pass out of the death cell, the heavy door is locked, and the miserable creature is left to die alone. What agonies the poor victims suffer in their lingering death, no one knows. The smothered shrieks of despair, the dreadful moans with which weakened nature announces its sufferings, may be heard by those who live in that immediate vicinity; but they either pay no attention to them, or simply vent maledictions on the suffering cause of their annoyance. No one thinks of interfering with the doomed one; all know the law, and none are brave enough to interfere with the dreadful edicts.

After a few days the lamp burns out; the light fails for lack of oil; the rice cup and the water cup are empty and dry, and the joss sticks which were lighted when the woman was brought to the cell are nothing but charred splinters of bamboo. Those who have immediate charge of the establishment know how long the oil should last, and when the limit is reached they return to the "hospital," unbar the door and enter, that they may remove the unhappy victim of such barbarous usage. Generally the woman is dead, either by starvation or her own hand; but sometimes life is not extinct; the spark yet remains when the "doctor's" enter; but this makes little difference with them. They come for the corpse, and they will not go away without it. If the victim be not already dead; the circumstance only delays the removal of the remains a few minutes. When they enter the woman is still alive, but they soon come forth bearing a dead body; only a body; the heart has ceased to beat; the breath comes and goes no more; the soul has fled. How the deed is done—whether blood is drawn, the victim slaughtered or smothered, none save those in the secret know. The result is past dispute. A poor, erring woman, helpless and unloved, is murdered, and this in the heart of a Christian and enlightened city. Such is a single chapter in the book of crimes of a metropolitan city. The truthfulness of the recital is vouched for by police officers, who aided the reporters in ferreting out the facts.

A Woman Marries Two Wives

A strange disclosure has been made at Etherly, near Bishop Auckland, by the death of a woman who has for the past fifty years resided in that neighborhood and married two wives. It is said that she came from Scotland fifty years ago in the guise of a young man and obtained employment at one of the collieries, at which she worked as one of the men for some time, and paid her addresses to and ultimately married, a servant girl living at the village inn. After her marriage she relinquished working at the pit, and commenced to make besoms, yellow clay balls and pipe clay rubbers, which she and her partner vended in the surrounding villages. They had lived together twenty three years, when the wife died, and the reputed husband professed to lament her loss very much, but at length the grief wore off, and she married a second wife, with whom she lived a number of years, but not on the most affectionate terms, and eventually by mutual consent they separated. For some time the woman had lain on a bed of sickness, and been dependant upon some kind neighbors, whom, however, she always prevented coming too near her. The other day she died, and then the discovery of her sex was made. The deceased woman gave her name as Josiah Charles Stephenson, and she has often been heard to speak of being heir to some property about Berwick on Tweed, but had no money to go and claim it. Many strange stories are told in connection with this singular individual's history.

Can a Woman Keep a Secret?

The *Nineteenth Century*, a periodical published in Charleston thus treats this much mooted point:

Men say women can't keep a secret. It is just the reverse—women can, men can't. Women carry with them secrets that would kill any man. Women never tells; man always does. Woman suffers and dies; man blabs and lives. Man can not keep a secret; woman can not make it known. What is sport to the man bedeath to the woman. Adam was a sneak. Eve would have kept the apple a secret. Be ye faithful. Who ever heard of a woman talk about her lover *fiascos?* Everybody has heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his fiftieth conquests; woman would cut her tongue out first. Men are curious in their club-room talk; women refined in their parlor conversation. Who ever heard of a woman telling of her lovers? Who has not listened to the dissipation of men? Men boast; women don't. Women never tell tales out of school; men are always blabbing. So down with another old saw. Women can keep a secret, and her ability to do so is proved by the conduct of a St. John's (Newfoundland) girl, who did not tell her lover that she was worth four million in her own right until after the marriage.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—The Sultan has sent the Pope a $6,000 ring.

—Pneumonia is fatally prevalent at Fort Scott, Kansas.

—California manufactures "sweet oil" from the sunflower.

—Dressmakers' bills caused a recent failure in New York.

—New York has a store for the sale of cats of a fancy breed.

—The gizzard of a California goose yielded $6 worth of gold.

—The fashionable folks of Henderson, Ky., eat peanuts in church.

—Mr. and Mrs. McFarland were married by Theodore Parker.

—Three paper in Paris are now publishing a "Life of the Devil."

—There are upward of five thousand practicing physicians in Illinois.

—California laborers have mostly abandoned the eight-hour system.

—There are thirty slate quarries in Lehigh county, worth $2,000,000.

—Philadelphia complains of too many mad dogs. Forney is one of them.

—The Germans in Chicago are about to build a theatre to cost $80,000.

—General Sherman has been elected a member of the London Army and Navy Club.

—"Carletta Will Recover," is the title of a pamphlet just published in Paris.

—Why is a prisoner's time like an abominable joke? Because it's past in durance.

—The fire in the Gold Hill mines, Nevada, which broke out last April, still rages.

—Texas has a large crop of pecan nuts, which are worth $3 gold per bushel.

—A Bates College student, out of employment, abates his poverty by sawing wood.

—They are talking over in Jersey of removing the State capital from Trenton to Newark.

—Shade trees should not be planted close to dwelling house. Let in the sunlight.

—Connecticut has raised a pumpkin that furnished material for two hundred pies.

—The Canadian press contemptuously calls Winnepeg-dom the "Half-breed Republic."

—The fashionable material for wedding gowns at present is said to be "white uncut velvet."

—Traupmann is the champion confessor. No two of his confessions agree, except in atrocity.

—A Governess, advertising for a situation, says that "she is perfect mistress of her own tongue."

—Mormon missionaries East telegraph to Brigham Young that they can't make many converts.

—A Parisian fortune-teller has accumulated a fortune of 700,000 francs during the past eight years.

—South Carolina has a colored legislator named Thistle, and Southern papers are down on him.

—Eugenie's hair dresser charges the ladies of the court $1,136 each a year for his valuable services.

—A woman in Chicago recently seized a man, and before he could secure assistance, brutally married him.

—Miss Muhlbach is contemplating a series of historic novels on the Presidents of the United States.

—The melancholy days have come when overcoats mysteriously disappear from the rack in the front hall.

—Emma Webb has wedded a Frenchman named Navarre, though everybody thought she would Na-varre do it.

—A Chicago restaurant keeper found the head of a young Hyson in a chest of tea; which was a chop he didn't bargain for.

—George D Prentice, the veteran editor, has been quite ill at Louisville, and confined to his room for several days.

—An eastern editor notifies correspondents that if we should desire stupid articles, we can write them ourself.

—A handsome girl at Utica went crazy the other day, because her pa wouldn't let her marry a man six feet high and red headed.

—Sixty new buildings of different kinds have gone up at Culpepper Court House, Va., within the last twelve months.

—Ladies who wear the shortest skirts somehow have small feet and nice fitting boots. We suppose it happens to happen so.

—Six British detectives are said to be prowling about New York reporting the departure of suspected Fenians for Ireland.

—The Empress Eugenie ran short of funds at Alexandria, and borrowed $50,000 to get home with, just as any of us would have done.

—The Atlanta *Constitution* says that a man came to that city recently with 15 pounds of gold, mined near Grantville, Georgia.

—A drunkard was found lying in the Pottsville grave-yard, and when taken in charge by an officer he claimed to be a petrified giant.

—A Virginia preacher pounded his Bible with such efficacy, on a recent Sunday, as to break the marble slab which formed the pulpit desk.

—A young woman in Newark, New Jersey, is emulating Ida Lewis, having already rescued three persons from the raging waters of the canal.

—Frederick S. Cozzens, of New York, author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," and many other pleasant gossipy works, was buried the other day.

—A Louisiana planter progressed finely in taming a young panther until the animal got large enough to lunch off his owner, one night, when hungry.

—An Alabama wife, wishing a divorce remarried and board, gave her lawyer her, thenceforth superfluous counterpane as a fee to recount her pain in court.