BELLEFONTE, PA

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR. AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

ing me with a revolver. But this man was so old and so pleasant looking that I had no other fear from him than

that he had come to wheedle some

dollars from my pocket. So I led him into my inner sanctum and asked him

to sit down, and tell me his name and

business. He sat down, but not be-fore making sure that the door was

closed. I could not help gazing at him

rather more earnestly than was quite

consistent with good manners, by rea-

son of his striking resemblance to the statute of Charles II., in Edingburg.

which had long been familiar to my memory, and of the very picturesque character of his noble head and fore-

head. He was clad in a suit of home

that did not appear to have been black

ened for many a day; and had eco

nomically turned up the ends of his

trousers to prevent their contact with

the mud. He carried a serviceable blackthorn stick in his hard hand; a

hand that bore the undoubted marks of manual drudgery; he had a gold

chain of antique fashion, hanging from the antique tob, now so seldom seen;

and are not particularly nice, either in

"My nane," he said, "is of no consequence. My real name I do not care

to call myself by -there's danger in it.

but I am known to my neighbors as Mr. ——"(let us say Blank)
"Well, Mr. Blank, is there anything

I can do for you?"
"Much," he replied; "but I must

who I am. Shall I tell you, or are you

"You may tell me, and I am not raid," I replied, beginning to feel ad-

"I will go right into the matter at nee," he said. "Look at me. I am

once," he said. "Look at me. I am the son of Charles Edward Stuart, who

was lawful King of England, Scotland

and Ireland, and was commonly and unjustly called the pretender; a man who never pretended to be what he was

not, or to the possession of anything

I certainly did start when Mr. Blank

uttered these words; even if I did not

rub my eyes to be quite certain that I was not asleep and dreaming. Being quite certain that I was awake, I look

"Surely, Mr. Blank, you can not be

is not nearly so long ago since my

"He died," I rejoined, "somewhere about the year 1788, being then, if my

memory does not deceive me, he was

born, I think, in 1720?"
"He was," replied Mr. Blank; "you

are quite right as to his birth, quite wrong as to his death. The truth is,

as it might please Heaven to allot to

ley peopled region of Western New

York, on the slope of the Adirondack

mountains, and purchased a farm which

ing lived in America for ten years, he

married a young woman of Scottish ex-

traction; not very young, (she was

two and thirty at the time, and very beautiful. The marriage was a happy

one. Three children were born to my

father before he died. He kept his se-

cret. Even his wife did not know who

he was, except that his real name was

"And how did you come to know it,

"By my father's will, bequeathing to

me certain documents, in which I found

all the proofs of the story I have told

"A very extraordinary story," said I

"But not so extraordinary as true," added he very sharply and perempton

"Do the documents exist?"

"Will you show them to me?"

"Upon conditions," said he, very slowly; "if your courage does not fail

you when you know what the condi-

"Before we go any further." said I

will you tell me for what reason you

have chosen me to be your confident?"

British Government as my father was before me. Because I have no joy in

my life. Because I am beset by spies.

Because I go in danger of poison or a shot-from a revolver. Because I think

that you have the means of causing all

"1? Really, Mr. Stuart, you over-rate my importance. Supposing this persecution to be real, and not imag-

inary, I have no more power to help you than the man in the moon has. You say you have documents to prove

your case. If so, I can only express my firm belief that if your documents

be genuine, you have only to bring them to the notice of the British Gov.

ernment, and that Government, if per

suaded that you are what you represent yourself to be, and as your docu-

only cease to persecute you—if ever

this persection to cease.

Because I am persecuted by the

"They do."

Stewart.

the son of a man who died nearly eighty

years ago?"
"Why not?" he inquired. "Beside,

ed incredulous, and replied :

ditional interest in my mysterious visi-

afrail?"

afraid.

but his own...

father died!

Twas whispered one morning in Heaven
How the little child-angel May,
In the single of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the key and bar—
"Q, angel, sweet angel, I pray you,
Set the benuitful gates alar,
Only a little, I pray you,
I. Set the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping; "I can hear my mother weeping;
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darknoss
Where the gates shut after me
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so lar!"
But the warden answered "! dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar"
Spoke low and answered. "! dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar!"

Then up rose Mary the blessed, Then up rose Mary the biesseu, Sweet Mary, Mother of Christ; Her hand on the hand of the angel She hald, and her touch sufficed. Turned was the key in the portal, Fall rinking the golden bar. And for hathe little child's lingers Stood the beautiful gates afar! In the light child-angel's fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

* And this key for no further using, "And this key for no further using,
To myble-seed Son shall be given,"
Sand Mary, Mother of Jeaus—
Lenderest heart in Henven
Now, never a sad eyed mother
But may catch the glory alar,
Sincosafe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates agar,
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
Anti the gates foreer ajar'

RETURNED.

THOMAS DUAN ENGLISH. The wind is whisting out of doors—
The wind has nothing else to do—
The winder rain a torrent pour —
But what is that to me or you.
While we are housed and fed and warm.
While we have all our hearts desire?
But woo to wretchen in the storm,
Who have not house, nor food, nor fire!

Ten winters now since Sara left.

The home that sheltered early years—
Our only child I our hearts bereft,
Found no grile in sighs and tears,
No lenger tears, no longer sighs,
And time has heated that wound of woo,
But where the villian's victim iles,
We never knew—may never know.

The wind is whisting out of doors,
The elms above the deer-porch creak; The elms above the door-porch creak;
The winter rain a torrent poursListen! what's that' a woman's shrick?
Open the door! Some wretch in pain!
A wan worn wanderer through the blastHush, wife! she'll never weep again.
The wronged one finds her home at Tast:
— Old Guard for January

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The world is full of pretenders. But are all pretenders, more or less. it is not of such pretenders as these that I write—nor of real pretenders to thrones, which they or their ancestors have rightfully or wrongtally forfeited, but of the sham pretenders to great historical names, that in all ages, and in all countries, start up, whenever a great heritage is mysteriously vacant. or an ancient family has no accredited representative. Do these pretenders in any case believe in their own claims? Or are they all swindlers and adven For instance, did all or any of the half dozen people, French, Ger man, American and English, who with in the last sixty or seventy years have he was the subject of such persistent pretended to be Louis XVII., the poor and cold blooded persecution on the child who perished in prison under the part of the British Government that a brutal treatment of the cobbler who false story of his death was circulated had charge of him, really believed in 1788, and he emigrated to the New houself to be what he asserted? Were World, in order to pass in peace the rethey all impostors. Augustus Meyes in England, Rev. Eleazer Williams in America, and all the rest of them—im as it might please Heaven to allot to posters knowing themselves to be such! him He settled in the rude and thin the did one or two more act upon hon lev peopled region of Western New est conviction that he really was the erson he represented himself to be? Person he represented himself to be a mountains, and plant I go on with my Dat all the handsome voung tellows in I now occupy. Shall I go on with my Highland garb, assuming to be lineal story?" Highland garb, assuming to be linear "By all means!" and legitimate descendants of King "By all means!" "He was a hale and hearty man at "He was a hale and hearty man at they really knew no other part they could play so well? Without venturing to assert that not one of the many claimants to be the real Louis XVII, or the legitimate representative of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, may have been a true man, it may without want of kindly charity be admitted, that those among them who were not rogues must have been more or less fools; in other words crazy. Perhaps this is the simple explanation of the Mr. Stewart' -correcting myself, I said fact that so many of such characters. • Mr. Blank ?" appeared. Madness often takes this It happened that five or six venra

made the acquaintance of a remarkable old gentleman, or rather, the remarkable old gentleman made my acquaintance, and confided to me the secret of his birth, parentage, education and very modest pretentions. He was a very high personage, according to his story; but did not aim at high to be let alone. I was at the time temporarily resident in a great and populous city of the New World, which its inhabitants called Gothern and fortunes, or at anything, in fact, except pulous city of the New Worth, and inhabitants called Gotham, and inhabitants Called Gotham here. What which Whall call Gotham here. took me'to Gotham I need not tell. Suffice it to say that I was very well known in the city, and had the annoy-ance-perhaps, if all the truth were known, it was the honor-of being often attacked in the columns of more than one of the Gothamite journals. In short, I was for the time being the best abused Englishman in Gotham; and my name and business were fami hiar to thousands of people of whom I knew nothing nor cared to know anything. It was a hot, a very hot, day in July, when there walked into my office, entirely unannounced, a venera ble gentleman with long white hair. a countenance so full of dignity and nobility of expression that it would have excited attention anywhere. He have excited attention anywhere. was very careful to shut the door behind him, and seeing a young man in the room with me, he asked (looking very suspiciously around him) ments, you any, will prove, will not whether he could speak to me in pri-

yate. It was a time when men's politi- they did persecute you—but, in considcal passions were violently excited, and it especially behooved me to be on my eration of your being the heir and representative of Charles Edward Stuart, will settle on you a very handsome penguard, lest the Gothamite journals, in their attacks on me with pen and ink, should inspire some lunatic or some ruffian with the happy idea of attack-

The old gentleman shook his head. "I don't want a pension; I have a farm of my own, and as quite independent of any man's favor, or the favor of any the favor of any the continue of the let alone. Let me eat and drink without fear of poison; let me 'turn s corner without risk of a pistol or blud-geon; let me sink down into the common herd of common men, and be at pencer-That is all I ask; I want no pension, no money, no recognition, no anything, from anybody. Peace, and peace alone; that is all. And to you, sit, he added, suddenly, I owe an apol-ogy for having intruded upon you. It will be known in a week to the Court and Government of Queen Victoria that you have received and spoken to me. You will be a marked man, sir, head. He was that in a sun of the spun blue; wore very thick-soled shoes, that did not appear to have been blackened for many a day; and had coo nounce me if you like; I give you full and free permission.

"That would be gross treachery, Mr. Stuart," replied I, "and I shall not denounce you. But if you have in your possession the documents you speak of, should be glad to see them.

'You shall see them this day week," he said, "and withput fail. Mind, I want nothing but to prove to you that and had altogether the air of a well-to-do farmer in a rough country, where people are accustomed to hard work, I am what I say I am; and that when convinced of the fact, you will exercise your influence with the British Government to have me left in peace. You are about to say that you have no influence? I have my own opinions on that subject. You can say for me what I cannot say for myself—I am no traitor, no intriguer, nothing but a poor, forlorn, last remnant of a once royal and powerful race, who asks nothing but a grave, and quiet journey toward warn you, that to do me a service is to meur danger, very great danger; and you shall not incur it, until you know

Mr. Blank, true to his appointment brought me the documents on the day he had fixed. The principal one was a certificate of marriage—it appeared to me duly signed and in all respects authentic—between Mr. Charles Ed-ward Stuart, of the State of New York and a certain lady of the same State, dated in October, 1798. Next to this was the certificate of baptism of Char les Edward Stuart, dated November, 1799; a third document purported to he a license from the State of New York to Mr. Stuart, granting him, on payment of certain fees, the permission to be thenceforward known as Mr. Blank. There was nothing further of

any consequence. I suppose I looked dissatisfied. At all events, I said to Mr. Stuart that I had no doubt his father was married at the time specified, and that his name was Charles Edward bluart.

"Well?" he inquired, somewhat tri

umphantly. "Well, I replied, not at all tri umphantly, but what of that? I, my self, have known two people named Charles Edward Staart, and neither of them claimed descent from the royal family on that account.'

"Of course not," said Mr. Blank, "they would have been impostors if they had, because they would have usurped a position that belonged to me only There may be a thousand Char les Edward Stuarts in the world, for that matter; but there is only one of them the descendant of kings, and that

is the man who stands before you "
"Mr. Stuart, or Mr. Blank," I re plied, "there is one link wanting on your golden chain, and that is a very important one. The link which prove your father to be the son of James the Second, so called; the man who fough and lost the battle of Culloden.

"Incredulous as St. Thomas!" he ex claimed; and then folding up his pa pers suddenly, and outting them car fully into an old and well worn pocket book, he added, "I have lost my time, and you have lost yours! I beg your their royal pedigee; or did they play the time and learly man a land you have lost yours I beg your the part to get money out of it and gain consideration by it; or out of the love of hoaxing, or because in life love of hoaxing, or because in life love of hoaxing, or because in life love of hoaxing. Or because in life love of hoaxing or because in life love of hoaxing or because in life love of hoaxing. Or because in life love of hoaxing love of hoaxing love or because in life love of hoaxing love or because in life love of hoaxing love or because in life love or because or because or you taken any steps in my behalf with the unsurping Government of the "wee, wee German lairdie" that came from Hanover to sit in the seat of a better man than himself, you might have been a runed, and you certainly would have been a marked man. You have had a narrow escape. Good morning t

He was gone before I could say a

word to detain him. When I went to the door to make an effort to brung him back and put him in a better humor. I heard his heavy steps on the stairs, and the clump of his thick cudgel as he descended. I never saw or heard

I have often wondered what put the notion into this old gentleman's head whether he were crazed on that score and on no other; and whether his undoubted resemblance to the published portrait of Charles II., and the remarkable profile on the crown pieces of that reign, added to the strange coincidence afforded by his name, first gave him the idea, which was to color the whole course of his life, and infuse the little drop of poisonous gall into a cup of experience, that might otherwise have beensweet. I think he believed his own story. And it is just possible that as much may be said of a great many other pretenders of past and present dened with a heavy delusion, and mean ing no harm -All the Year Round.

-The Detroit Free Press contaius this melancholy announcement: Washawiam pantovenun poos, a chief of the Arizona Indiane, is dead. Poor Washawfampantoveumpool There are no Washawfampantoveeumpoos left who possess the good heart of this Washawfampantoveumpoo.'

"Why don't you trade with me?" asked a close-fisted dealer the other day. The reply was characteristic You have never asked me to. I have looked through the town paper for an invitation, in the shape of an adverdisement, and found hone. I never go where I am not invited.

"FINIS."

Here our paths diverge forever— Parting now can give no pain, Fare thee well and if we nover Chance to meet in life again; Some day, mark me, thou'lt remembe When youth's roves scattered lie, In thy lie's cold, bleak December— Him you spurned in days gone by.

Go thy way! Thy smile bewitching
May ensure some other swain,
But the hand, once burnt while touching,
Never "plays with fire" ngain
Fare thee well! then hast deceived me—
Well indeed did at act thy part,
Once I trusted and believed thee—
Now I cast thee from my heart.

A Radical Editor.

The Turf, Field and Farm does up GEORGE WILKER, editor of the Wilkes Spirit, a rampant radical sporting paper, in the following style:

"Unlike the famous author of pol-

ished epigrams, the second Sampson is an editor and not a popular orator .-He opened his infant eyes on the earth, Heaven knows how, when or where,— He grew to manhood, loving Gov. Seward much because he refused to par-don a youthful indiscretion. For a while he made his home on the Pacific coast, teaching the adventurous men of that golden land the value of law and order; winning immortality as the friend and heir of the murdered Broderick, and then returning to New carrying out a tremendous war by speculating in substitutes, has furnish ed the Government and Congress with ideas of practical importance; has be come a moral censor; has purified and clevated the turf; has ably represented American character abroad; has demonstrated the generosity of his nature by riding through the streets of Paris in an open carriage with the Menken; has grown merry at the courtezan's wine table and then nas shown his gratitude to the 'profes sion' by making it the subject of a sen eational newspaper article. Recently he has amused himself by slaughtering the entire English nation; Queen and all, and has knocked the Harvard Four on the head, simply because they had the manliness to confess that they had been fairly beaten in the late international match on the Thames.

"His ambition is boundless. Like Alexander, he continually nighe for new worlds to conquer. Having killed off everybody of importance with his sledge hammer critisisms, he now de signs, with a single stroke of his pen to wipe out of existence the Turf, Field and Farm. We are extremely sensitive, and it is not to be presumed that we can withstand these ferocious attacks. Already we are wounded to the heart, and have written to Mr. Conner. 'able Maurius,' to prepare our obituary, or, if we have not time to get cut a first class obituary, to at east furnish us with a brief but touch ing epitaph."

To Consumptives Everywhere

A correspondent of a Georgia paper rites as follows:
"Having seen much suffering from

onsumption, and knowing that thousands of dollars are yearly spent by in valids traveling for their health, and on medicines and physicians, we pro-pose a simple recipe by which patients may become their own physicians, and if not too far gone, will guarantee a perfect cure if made and regularly taken according to directions. The ingredi according to directions. The ingredi lasses, ingredients that are within reach of all, the mullen growing wild in every field, the hoarhound in every garden, and the molasses can be had at any grocery. The directions for making are, to take a large handful of hoarhound and boil as strong a tea as can possibly be made. Take up and then boil an equal amount of mullen in the same way. Take a teacupful each of the tea of mullen and hoar-hound, mixed together in a suitable vessel; then add a cupful of molasses and stew to a syrup—the quicker the better. Take a tablespoonful three times a day. Be particular in following directions as to making, and also as to taking it, and we shall guarantee reliefan all cases not too far advanced The writer does not claim this recipe as original with himself, abut has recommended it in many cases with good result. As the ingredients are common and easily obtained, it is not best to make more than a quart at a time, particularly in warm weather, as the fresher it is the better effect will be produced. Papers of the country will confer a blessing on this, alas! too numerous class-north, south, east and west -by publishing the above recipe."

KISSING WITH AN APPETITE. -There was a certain religious society, one of whose peculiarities was to greet each other with a kiss at their meetings. Among them was a young man and a very pretty girl, "whose lips." probably, as the poet has it, "were like strawberries all smothered in cream," and when they met, they of course sa luted each other with the regeneration

After some weeks at one of the usual meetings a staid and venerable brother remarked:

"That while they regarded kissing as very proper, it had been observed by him, as well as by some of the venerable and unmarried sisters present, that the young brother and sister when they met were in the habit of kissing with rather too much appetite, and they thought with such young people who were not always considerate of the feelings of the maiden sisters, that hereafter the accostomed calutation might very properly be omitted, else it might create unpleasant feelings in the socie-

Gop liveth and reigneth.

įυ,

Hair Blanching from Fright.

The question of human hair blanching in a single night from the effects of fear or great trouble has recently been investigated by Dr. Austin Filnt, an experienced writer on physiology. This gentleman does not consider the cases of Henry IV., of France, Marie Ancoinette or Sir Thomas Moore, sufficiently well defined by the historians to be ntirely dependent upon, but scientific observations recently made by Drs. Laudois and Lohmer, two German Physicians, show that a head of hair of jet or golden hue may be silvered in few hours by the action of fear upon the nerves and brain. The patient was a compositor, hair light, and blue eves, who was brought to a hospital in Leipsic, suffering with delirum tre mens. He was in great terror when approached by any person, imagining that he was made of thin glass, liable to be smashed to atoms by the slightest toucht Landanum was adminis tered, and after a sleep of twelve hours duration, he was well enough to sit up. About thirty hours after this his, hair and beard began to turn gray so rapid ly as to completely astonish physicians, patient and friends. The whiteness in this instance did not result from the absence of coloring matter, as is the case with old people, but from the pre sence of minute air bubbles in the hair. York with the spoils of friendship to and it was only by reflected light that establish a sporting paper, gaining the hair seemed gray; by transmitted fresh laurels by driving the genial Willight it seemed as dark as ever.

liam T. Porter, a ruined man, into the grave. Since then he has figured at many a prize fight, he has been, an be perfectly white, for it remained so honored guest of St. James without the at the patient's discharge two months knowledge of the Queen; assisted in meer. Another similar case, lately reported to the Royal Society by Mr. Erasmus Wilson, showing the same kind of change in a microscopical ex amination. In this connection we find a report in the Archives de Physiologie the celebrated French surgeon, Dr. Brown Sequard, a curious observation on himself, which may be easily re-peated by others. Finding four white hairs on one cheek and several on the other, in a dark' beard, he carefully plucked them, and two days later he found two such hairs on one side and three on the other, all white from end to end. This was repeated several times, with the same result, and he concludes that there is no doubt of the possibility of "a very rapid transformation (probably in less than one night) of black hairs into white."

Significance of a Wink.

Smith, the anctioneer, 18-a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his enyings. He was recently engaged in the sale of venerable house-hold furniture and fixings. He had just got to "going, going, and a half going," when he saw a smiling counte. nance, on agricultural shoulders, wink

A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse or a sharp-sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked, and the man winked, and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of stove pipes, glassware, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down. "To whom?" said Smith, gazing at

the smiling stranger.
"Who?" Golly, I'said the stranger,

"I don't know who."
"Why, you, sir," said Smith.
"Who, me?"

"Yes; you bid on the lot" said Smith. "Me? Hang me if I did!" insisted

the stranger.
"Why, did you not wink, and keep

winking?" asked Smith.
"Winking! Well, I did, and so did you at me. I thought what was winking as much as to say keep dark. I'll stick somebody in this lot of stuff, and

tales out of school" to print the following, which we find in Muss Logan's new book, "Behind the Scenes !:---

The stage arts of make-up are so con fusing to our perceptions that many a young man passes for a tottering veteran, and vice versa.

The following ages of well-known players will be found ; retty correct. Buckstone, 67; Mrs. John Drew, 45; A. W. Fenno, 55; John Gilbert, 60; Joe Jefferson, 40; Mrs. Fanny Kem-ble, 58; John Lester Wallack, 49; Ed win Forrest, 63; Macready, 76; Murdoch, 57; Mrs. Lander, 43; Mrs. Eliza Logan Wood, 39; Mrs. Prior, 42; J. B. Logan Wood, 35; Brs. 1 rior, 42; J. D. Roberts, 50; Mrs. Skerrett, 52; Williams, 45; W. J. Florence, 35; E. L. Daven port, 48; Mrs. Mowatt, 41; J. H. Hackett, 69, Mrst Farren, 49; John Broughan, 53; Laura Keene, 46; Miss Rich ings, 40; Helen Faucit, 52; McKean Buchanan, 51; Fanny Ellsler, 76; Geo. Buchanau, 51; Franny Ensier, 10; Oeo. Vandenhoft, 54; Dion Bouncicault, 55; Mrs. Dion Bouncicault (Agnes Robert son), 37; Miss Lotta, 21; Maggie Muchell, 33; Kate Bateman, 29; F. S. Chanfrau, 4Q.

-The South Carolina Legislature adjourned the other day to see John Robinson's circus. A motion to that effect was made by Mr. De Large, the colored leader in the House, in these words:
"Mr Speaker, de circus hab arrove, and darefore I moves dat we adjourn;" which was done.

--- A sign in front of a fashionable store in Brooklyn states that "Duble brested jakets" can be bought there. Evidently spelling isn't fashionable at that store.

--- A chap in Cincinnati was engaged to two girls, and married one. The discarded miss values her blighted affections at \$20,000, and has entered suit for damages.

The fire bells of Pittsburgh were tolled on the day of Stanton's funeral. Was there a fire anywhere? or did somebody want a drop of water "to cool a parched tongue?"

All to of Paragraphs.

-A two legged colt is the sensation in Chicago.

-Divorce is called "Chicago bliss" in -A nig in Chicage wants a white

housekeeper.

-John Smith was drunk in Louisville the other day.

-Somebody gave Grant a present of a coon the other day.

-Josh Billings is recovering from his illness. It's a boy.

—Galena has 600 cases of measles. Why ain't Grant there Japan, is shipping silk worms to France by way of the United States

-A man in Virginia has married hu father's widow-his own step-mother-—The Empress Eugenie has a pet monkey. The monkey has the measles.

-Darkey marketers are furnishing Albany with skinned cats for rabbits. -111 New Yorkers changed their places of residence last year, by suicide.

-The first civilized word that Chinamen learned in this country was damn. -John Brown stopped marching on long enough to get drunk in Detroit.

-Macon, Georgia, hasn't even one small piece of coal to warm itself with. -A fellow who has been to see Grant

says he has one strong point-his breath. -A young man of Cleveland, who slandered a young lady, had to pay \$5,-000 for it.

-Wisconsin whisky feels like a torch-light procession marching down the threat.

-The latest dodge with butter is to make the rolls hollow and fill them with water.

-A county in Iowa is to be sold out by the Sheriff to pay its subscription to a railroad.

—A Baltimore papa caned a young man who courted his daughter without his permission. -Victoria, Texas, having had enough

circus, calls for an organ grinder, with a monkey. -Ladies may always be willing to

have their ears bored for jowelry, but not by stupid men. -Boston is in raptures over a female

jig dancer whose feet twinkle like stars of evening." -A lot of feeble-minded strong-winded old women up in Boston have start-

ed a right's paper. -The King of Sweden has written an ode. A great many King- are capable of writing oweds.

-Joe. Hooker is regaining his health. Whisky dealers are holding for a rise in the market -The Daniel Webster homestead

farm, in Franklin, N. H., was sold the other day for \$15,000. -Gold is declining; but we havent heard of it having declined about Bello-

fonte -New York spends \$70,000 per eek on amusements. Paris goes \$96,-

000 for the same purpose. —The real estate in Richmond is set down as worth \$25,000,000; personal property \$10,000,000

—Banks has returned to Boston—Hadidn't make as quick time as when in the Shenandonh Valley.

—A man went up in a balloon, at Atlanta, Ga. The thing collapsed and let atm downin a briar patch

-A St Louis man wants a divorce because his wife used "love powders" to persuade him to marry her.

- Boston is holding religious meetings at a theatre, in order that the saintly may see what a theatre is like.

-Noah has turned up as editor of a Washington newspaper. He ought to make a good marine reporter

-A Cincinnati woman has tried six I winked as much as to say, "I'll be times to suicide it, but some dunce al-hanged if you don't mister."—Dayton ways brings her back to life.

PLAYER'S AGES.—It is surely "telling with a double bladder, one being filled with air, like that of a fish. -Mrs Coors of Indiana vorce because her husband's temper

doesn't suit her. Of course she'll get --- The Grinchuckle is the name of a

Montreal newspaper. It professes to be funny, but no body would discover it if they were not told. -600 marriages in Montgomery, Al-

abania, last year, which put \$1,000 in the pocket of the man who issues licenses -New York has a lawyer named

Burdseye. In arguing he is supposed to give the court a birds-eye view of his ca--Cleveland shows its appreciation of

its horse railroads by throwing whisky bottles at the heads of the conductors. -There are always more marriges in

May than in any other month—proba-bly because that is the ma-ting season.

---The Chicago Times thinks it a great misfortune that the Radicals spoiled a good tanner to make a bad President.

- Ma'am Stowe, is stow-e-cal. She bears all the abuse her dirty scandal has

called forth and cooly pockets the

---California has sent a band of negro-minetrels over to China, to give the Ce-jestials "Shop Fly" and a breakdown. ---Ii Ho, Chinese carpet-bagger, is a Sacramento Radical. At least we think he is a Rudical, as he is accused of stealing.

--- The heads of the African M. E. Church South, repudiate any connection with the M. E. Church North. What ails Pomp?

---A"loyal" man in Pittsfield, Mas-sachusetts, beat a child to death last week, for eating a piece of cake given it by a playmate. ---Alaska has had its first ball of the

season. There were some roses and some negroses present. The dancing was "rushin."

--- Boston has dominion over 9.978 acres of land---Boston Advertuser. Oh! is that all? We thought it was over the whole country.