# The Democratic Watchman

RELLEFONTE, PA.

### DEAD IN THE STREET.

Under the lamp-light, dead in the street,
Deficate, far, and only twenty
There she has,
Face to the skies
Starved to death in a city of plenty,
Rpurned by all that is pure and sweet,
Passed by busy and careless feet—
Hundreds bent upon fally and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty of time and leisure—
Leisure to speed of frist's mission below.
To teach the erring and raise the lowly—
Plenty in charity's name to show
That life has something divine and holy.

That life has something divine and holy.

Bonsted charms—classical brow,
Delicate features—look at thorp now;
Look at her lips—once they could smile,
Eyes—well, nevermore shall they beguile;
Nevermore, never more words of hers
A blush shall bring to the sainthest face.
Blie had found, let its hope and tritist,
Peace in a higher and better place,
And yet, deeptie of all, spill I ween,
Joy of some hearth she guest have been.
Bome fond mather fond of the task,
Has shoped to linger the damty curl,
Bome proud father has bowed to ask
A blossing to her, just alguing guil
Hard to think, as we look at her there,
Of all the tenderness, love and care,
All the agony, burning tears,
Joys and sorrows hopes and lears
Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.

Rancy will picture a home afar.

Out where the dasses and buttercups are,
Out where the dasses and buttercups are,
Out where the graing breezes flow.
Fan from those sodien streets, foul and low,
Fancy will picture a bondy beauth,
And an angel couple dead to mirth,
Kweeling be side a hed to pray.
Or lying awake o'inghis to bank
For a fining that may come in the rain and the
dark.
A hollow-eved woman, with weary feet.
Hetter they never know
She when they cherisked so
Lies this night lone and low—
Dead in the streyt

## ROMANCE OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

One of the psculiarities of London is that its houses have no physiognomy; you cannot tell from the exteriors what they are likely to be inside. The strainger who is looking out for a dinner may very likely be attracted by a clean, bright looking window, as gay as plate glass, artificial flowers, and real fruit he enters a low, dingy apartment, di-vided into pows, in each of which is a ter and gravy stained, filthy knives and forks, and a cruet stand which no one would ever use who once haw it in broadday light, here too he is served with abominably dressed viands; whereas, it he had chanced to enter a low, gloomy passage a hundred indesoff, he would have emerged into a bright, handsome, lotty hall, where both essentials and accessories were salutable to the me. adapted to the most refined tastes and more business is done in poky offices than in palatial ones. It is the same

from Oxford street to Leicester Square, and passing through 4 regimere Place, would hardly feel tempted to make his home in that locality, unless economy combined with a central situation were of very great importance to him, or he were a deciple of Mark Tapley, and desirous of testing that great philosopher's method to the utmost. The shops do not seem thriving , there is very little tratic , a plague-like stillness pervades the street. More smuts alight on your nose than in other enten,—as perhaps they are, for it is wonderful what digestions some insects have,-the mortar deficient, the win dows dusty, nor has it occurred to any landlord since the days of Queen Anni that a coat of paint might be beneficial to the outer wood work. Number six was not distinguishable from the other houses by any external attributes, and yet when you opened the front-door and entered the passage you found yourself in a different atmosphere. The oil-cloth and wall paper were of the cheapest description, but tastefully chosen, clean and bright; the stair carpet, again, though of common drug get, had a new, fresh, well-brushed look; and you would not have hesitated to lay hold of the balusters in white kid gloves. But it was in the sitting room on the first floor that the 'con trast between the inside and the outside of the house was most striking. There were three large mirrors with broad gilt frames upon the walls; two highly ornamented and sentimental timepieces pointed to different hours, and were both wrong; the chairs and sofas were of red velvet and gilded nails; the table-cover was gorgeous; and fra gile knick knacks, some funny, others pastoral, but all glittering or prefty, were arranged wherever they could add to the general cheerful effect. This was the home of Monsieur Jules Menars and his daughter Marie, who breakfasted every morning at eleven, off meat, fruit, flowers, and light wine, and used napkins at the meal, like be nighted foreigners as they were.

"I am ready for the coffee, my cab bage," said M. Menars, a middle-aged, middle-sized man, clean-shaved with the exception of a bushy moustache, which he wiped as he spoke.
"Directly, little papa," replied the

girl, a graceful brunette; and she trip-ped out of the room. She returned in five minutes with an envelope in her hand, as well as the coffee pot. "O, rapa!" she cried, "Monsieur Victor has given us an order for the Lyceum this evening. There is a new piece which is, O, so beautiful! He says that there has never been que to equal it before! And there is an overture with a solo for him, which he plays all

by himself; only think!"
"Ah, yes," said her father, rolling has talent, and will make his way. As for the play, I dare say that it is very good; but the London plays always seem to me a little sad. The English can paint fine scenery, and accomplish

wonderful effects, but they cannot act like the French, truly not ! If we were going to see a Parisian vaudeville this evening, now—ah!"

"Ah, yes. How I should like to see

"See Paris. Why, so you probably will, either with me or another. Alia! there is the sound of Victor's flageolet; no doubt he is practising the new mu-

"Yes, papa; how soft and sweet it sounds coming through the ceiling!"

"Hum; I am glad that his instrument is not the ophicleide, certainly."

And so M. Menars touched and evaluations of the certainly of the certainly." ed a question which was the puzzle of his daughter's life; why did they live in England? He could not be an exile on political grounds, because he receiv ed a pension from his government, which, together with what he got for giving tencing lessons to a few pupils, and her earnings as a maker of arti ficial flowers, at which she was very skileful, kept their little household in some comfort indeed, but did not go so far as, from all accounts, it would have done in their own country. Since Ma-rie wanted to know her father's rea sons for residing in England, why did she not ask him the question directly? Because there was something about M. Menars which prevented every one, even his favoute child, from pressing a subject which he evidently wished to

Marie was five years old when her mother died, and her father brought her over to England twelve years before, and she had an indistinct recol lection of seeing him in uniform, with a sword by his side. She asked him once it he had not been a soldier, and he replied, "O, yes; he had been drawn in the conscription like the others," and hurried, as ever, from the topic of his former life. Of course the girl had her theory of his reticence, and of course it was a romantic one. He could not recover from the shock of her mother's death, nor bear, even at this distance of time, any allusion to the period, the places, the scenes which recalled her. An improbable solution, at the novelists and dramatists, of Gaul hold the mirror up to nature at all. artistically set out can make it; and so but it satisfied her, and that was the principal thing. Besides, I expect that our neighbors love their wives, occa table spread, with a course cloth, but | sionally, though they are so bitter

against them.

Victor Bernardi was a young Italian mitsician who had come over to England to make his fortune, and who found the meaning of that vague expression expand weekly. A fortune in Italy is not a fortune in London, and a bachelor's competence may be down right penum if he indulges in a wife and family. The young musician, however, had real talent, and would soan in paintial ones. It is the same with churches, theatres and private dwelling houses, you cannot tell their characters from their offisides.

Now, any one taking a short cut from Oxford street to Legendre S. Marie, and the nightmare of his youth vanished, or, it it returned upon him at times, it was as a vague horror belonging to a former state of existence, from which he was now happily free Nothing ran counter to the current of his bappiness now, Mattie returned his love, which was of Italian passion ateness, her father approved it; lack of fortune alone remained, but that was to be remedied by industry and carnestness. In the meantime, the voing people amused themselves with building those castles in the air which the dull sneer at so stupidly; for me not Heaven in the air?

It was a pretty little supper that awaited them on returning from the theatre on that evening. Not an extravagant meal, - a meagre one indeed had plenty of time to put on her finishing touches. Ah, there is a great deal of coquetry in the decoration of a table, it young ladies only knew it ; though some of them do, bless them! that and a great deal more than I could tell them; only they are sometimes too proud or lazy to devote their talents to the decoration of anything but their own fair persons, which is lily paint-

ing.
"Did you notice, papa, how the peo ple applauded Victor's solo?"
"Yes, my dear, and I think that I

could even mention the leader of the

"Oh!" cried Marie, turning away and blushing, "I am sure I did not clap half so loud as—as yourself for example.''

"Doubtless you did not. My great flappers are more effective, so far as vol ume of sound goes, than your little flies paws. The goose could express his delight in a way to drown the voice of the bullfinch, but some persons would prefer to hear the smaller bird. And here is one of them." added M Menars, as Victor Bernardi entered the room, bearing in his hand a roll of pink tissine paper, which proved, when unfolded, to contain a bottle of champagne, which he placed on the table with a triumphant air. Marie, the lit tle courdmand, uttered a cry of pleas-ure M. Menars shook his head.

"It is an occasion," said Victor apologetically. "What do yo' the director had to say to me? "What do you think that my salary is to be raised!-Ah but I have not done; there is better still. What do you say to an engagement to play at some concerts in afternoon, which will not interfere with my duties at the theatre! I be gin to see my way; and before Christmas, Monsieur Menars, I may claim "Ah, yes," said her father, rolling up a cigarette; "I have noticed that that is a peculiarity of solos. Victor has talent, and will make his with the solos. The congratulations embracines. congratulations embracings; and the

CHAPTER II.

DINNER AT A FIXED PRICE.

It is a wonderful example of the pow er of early education and habits, that Paris again; I was so young when we strangers should be found in every country who insist upon dining badly, in imitation of the manner of their own homes, rather than adapt their tastes to those of the natives. The rich, indeed dine well, and much after the same fashion, almost everywhere; it is alteration in yout way of life."

among those who have to practice What a happy thing it is t economy that the absurd practice is prevalent, and in every capital enterprising purveyors make their profit out of it. The Englishman in Paris may earn indigestion in an uncomfortable box, with sawdust under his feet, and an ab surd burlesque upon mutton chops and beer before him; and the Frenchman in Loudon can poson himself with bad tion that ever was called wine, at a di was one of these gastronomical bigding off half a dozen nominally differ ed price was half a crown; and a very dear halferown's worth it was, had he been unbrased.

At five o'clock, then, on the day after the little supper, he entered that establishment as happy a man as ever sat down to a dinner. He was excessively in love, and now for the firs time since that accident happened to him had a good prospect of speedily obtaining the object of his desires, so there is no need to enlarge upon his self-was, "The young man is either telecty. He felt, indeed, as if he trod upon air, but had no wish to live upon it; joy had damiged his show that it; joy had daminged his sleep, but not his appetite, and he took his accustomand appeare, and no took his accustomed sent with a most unromantic intention not to cry, "Hold, enough!" till he reached his raism.

The place certainly looked perfectly

foreign; and once past its portals, you might well imagine vourself in the Palais Royal-instead of the heart of London. At the entrance was a comp-tori, it is hateful to use French words, but it is not a counter, nor is it a bar -with a dame from Paris enthroned behind it, amongst flowers and bottles and as the customers entered, they touched their hat ... The e-tablishment was of triple nature, restaurant, -e-ile, billiard room -- the central and large-t compartment being the cate, which waseparated from the other rooms, which the rux in urbe mentioned, and as it ran along either side of it. by arches, was early in the day, found it as desert ran along either side of it, by arches, which, in the case of the restaurant division were glazed. Thus you dined habits. The most solid banks in appropriately have secured a better place in a gallery, along which ran a single pearance are rarely so in reality, and in the race of life by this time, had he row of tables, facing the arches, which more business is done in rocky others. were filled alternately with transparent plate glass mirrors; so that it pended upon your situation whether you admired yourself during the meal, or looked through into the cate, and caught glumpses of the billiard players through the corresponding arches be vond. Victor Bernardi placed himself in the latter position, and commenced his dinner. He sipped his blacking his dinner. He sipped his blacking water as if he liked it, swallowed the wash which was served for soup, without a grimace, ate the tenth part of a fresh herring, with a caper on it, which was ushered in with a long name, and then became aware of an eye which was watching him through the window opposite. We are told that a cat may look at a king, and certainly his, majesty is not likely to be annoyed by the inspection but when a cat looks at a small bird, the case is different, and the gaze which was now fixed upon Victor seemed to exercise a like horrible in fluence upon him. It proceeded from a man, whose long hair, mustache, and beard were so intensely black that his travagant mea; —a meage to to some English ideas, —but most bloodless pasty face looked quite uncian was delayed a little, so that the other arrived before him, and Marie glance by saying that the least imaginative person who met it would have been enabled to understand the Italian superstition of the Evil Eye. He was dressed in black garments, which would have passed muster well enough by candle light but looked shabby and shining in the day; and over his shoulders was thrown a short cloak or cape though the afternoon was a worm one. Directly the man saw that he had at tracted Victor Bernardi's attention, he rose, passed out of the cafe into the restaurant, and came up to his table.

"The night is dark," he murmured, bending over towards him., "But the day is breaking," replied

Victor in faltering accents. :
"Come to me when you have finish ed your repast; I await you." And he returned to his former place, where Victor soon joined him, for swallowing another mouthful was quite out of the question. The young man had had dime, however, to recover his presence of mind, and there was firmness in his voice when he said, "What do you want with me, Pedro Nero? I cannot be forced into any fresh designs, I was free from that by the task allotted to me; and now I have settled my life, and have other views than yours. Leave me in peace and go your way.

"I seek to force you into no fresh plot," replied the other, "but only to warn you that the task you are bound by oath to perform is yet unaccomplish-

"And is that my fault?" Lasked Vic-

tor. "I say not that it is your fault. No one brother has a right to judge the conduct of another; only to accuse, or to execute judgment. But there is no question of blame or praise. I am sent to warn you that the time has arrived for the performance of your task, and to see that you accomplish it."

"But he is beyond my reach; he is "Not so; he lives. More, he is in England, in London. Hark!" And the man placed his lips to Victor. Bernardi's ear, and his ed a sentence which gasped for breath, the room swam, and tell myself freed from the horrible berror and drukness.

round, and he as nearly fainted as a man can without actually losing consciousness.

"I do not believe it !" he gasped, at length.

"Yes, you do," replied the other; but if you require proofs, you shall have them. Meet me when your theatre has closed. And now, rouse your self; it is time that you should go, and suspicion must not be excited by any

What a happy thing it is that our habits are stronger than our passions. It increases the responsibility of life, perhaps because the former are for the most part contracted of our own free will, and deliberately; but it makes us much more useful to one another socially. How inconvenient it would be if the baker, when jilted, forgot to make his bread; or the chairdlesser viands and the most horrible concoc- chipped my ear off in a state of pecunialy embarrassment; or the doctor could price which would give him a cut from | not attend to his patients when his own a prime joint, floury potatoes, and a child lay a dying. Victor Bernardi pint of excellent stout. Victor Bernar- went to the Lyceum, took his place in the orchestra, played his music cor ots, and because he had been used to rectly, without full consciousness of what he was doing. It was the same ent dishes, with three nuts, a couple of thing the next day, and the next day, raisins, and a shrivelled pear for desser, and a pint of thin wine to mix that he was really eating, drinking, with his water, in his childhood, he walking, playing; but it seemed to him hankered after similar repasts still, and that he must awake presently, and find patronized a restaurant, where the fix all a nightmare. He avoided the Menars, who began to be alarmed for him. Twice he met Marin-on the staircase, and stopped; but he did not seem able to make up his mind to say what he i them; one you wanted; and after gazing upon her perjury to murder."

"I cannot say what I might have up his mind to say what he with an agonized look, he buried his face in his hands, and fled.

"He is ill Your musical men are always highly nervous; and apt to be queer for a while," said M. Menars, to is, he is not a fit husband for my Marie. It is a pity too, for I liked him."

### CHAPTER III.

A CONFESSION IN ST. JAMES'S PARK. On the fourth, Victor Bernardi rewered not his happiness, indeed, but his calminess, his presence of mind. He watched for M. Menars to leave the house, and hurried after him.

"I wish to speak with you privately," he said. "Shall we return?" asked M. Men-

ars, pausing "No, no. Marie might come in.

must speak with you undisturbed. Come with me to St. James's Park."

They walked together in silence to ed as Victor had anticipated. There were a tew nursengaids and children, a pair or two of lovers, a sprinkling o the lower class of criminals, who had been prowling about all night, and had now got over the iron railings, and sleeping on the grave, no one likely to notice them.

"I have a confession to make," Vie tor began. When I was very young, before I left my home, and saw what the real world was like, I was very ro-mantic. I lived in a world of poetry and imagination, and as love had not vet spoken to my heart, it was in triendship that I found vent for my at lections. My triend was a pólitician,

an ardent Democrat, a devout believer man schemes for the regenera and; and he intected me with much enthusiasm. So there came a day when he proposed to me that I should become enrolled among the members of a secret society. mere fact that he belonged to it would have decided me, but the mystery, the secret meetings, the unknown dangers, had an irresistable charm for me, and I embraced his ofter with insane joy; nor was it until it was too late to retract of the traternity died in my repugnance to the means employed; I avoided all participation in its schemes as much as I could from the first, and it was the desire I felt to escape the toils into which I had blindly rushed, which del termined me to come to England Re tore I left, however, I was summoned to a meeting of the fraternity, at which the destiny of my life was healed. Years and years before, a brother had been pursued to the death by some member of the French police whom the chilit had hitherto failed to identity; but a recent political trial, in the course of which the events of a former conspiracy were brought to light, had revealed him; and the present as-sembly was convened for the double purpose of sentencing him to death and deciding by lot whose hand should carry on the decree. For the lapse of time signifies nothing; the veageance of the society never dies. The lot fell

"I was allowed to carry out my intentions of pursuing the musical fession in England, for the present habitation of the condemned man was not known, and it was suspected that he was living under an assumed name in that country; but I was to hold mryself in readiness to seek and slay him at a word or a sign. It was with this horror upon me that I commenced life; it was with the ever haunting thought that I was destined for an assassin, I who could not bear to see an animal in pain, that I addressed myself to earn bread in a foreign land. It was that necessity, and the music, which brought me the relief of opinm, which prevented my going mad during the first year of constant dread and expec tation. At the end of that time, I be gan to hope the signal which had been so long delayed would never be given, and my spirits recovered; and then I met Marie, and loved her. But I did not intimate my love by word or sign, while there was yet a chance that the chain which had bound me, that I sought to win her, and found, to my sought to with intense joy, that I was beloved in re-turn, and that you, her father, approv-ed of me. I will not speak of my hap-piness, of the new life which sprang up within me,—you know it, you have witnessed it. But now my hopes are shattered, my short summer has passed away, for it was a false report which asserted that the man who had incurr and the vengeance of the brotherhood had cluded their grasp and you—you are Simon Sartenes, the man I am bidden to slay!"

Here, Victor, who had hitherto controlled his feelings, in order to tell his story clearly, threw himself upon a sent, and buried his face in his hands. M. Menarshad listened to him without apparent surprise, calmly smoking his cigarette; when he heard that he himself was the denounced man, he took it from his lips, and blew the smoke out through his nostrils. "Aha!" he said, "I was to have

been the victim, then; only I happened to have a pretty daughter, and so my executioner hesitates. There are advantages in being a parent, then, after all. But, come, come," he continued, in a graver tone, patting the young man's shoulder; "I understand something of men, and under no circumstan ces could you have brought yourself to draw knife or pistol on one who was unarmed. Oh f. I know all about your oaths, and how terribly they work upon the imaginations of those who take them; but you would have perferred

done," replied Victor Bernardi, raising his head, "There is but one resource lett me now. Farewell, forever; tell Marie that my last thoughts were for her.

"Bah! Victor; you must not commit suicide to avoid the vengeance of the brothers; that would be cowardly; besides it is not common sense. Eng heades it is not common sense. Eng Voured with Kissis—by his mamma, hand is not Italy, or even France; and — Mr Spofford, the Congressional hatch hand of the assassin falters here: braning, is the man who makes nearly where the arm of the law is so long all the principal speeches in Congress. and strong, and where juries are not used to append the saving clause of extenuiting circumstances to their verdicts."

"But the vengeance of the society extends to the wife and children of the member who turns traitor. Marie can never be mine, and how can I live with out ber?

"Come, be calm if you can," said M. Menars, "Sit down again, Muctor, and listen to me. You have been duped, deceived; I am not Simon Sertenes He is dead, as you were truly informed. It is true that I was formerly an agent present. Looks of police, and that I hved in England the latter place. my duty, I incurred the vengeance of a powerful political fraternity, It is all so true that I worked much in concert with Sartenes, and that we often adopt a little felicit of the family of the late E. M. Stanton ed the same names and disguises, in order to throw our enemies off the track. But all this must be welknown of the Sons of the Morning Star-O, you need divulge nothing, I know more of your fraternity and its members than you do yourself; and believe me it is a private and personal vengeance which has sought to turn

your hand neamst me. "But with what object? I know not of enemy," gasped Victor, whose brain reeled under the sudden transi

tions from despuir to hope.
"If the man who told you that Si mon Sartenes lives, and that I am he, was the villain known as Pedro Nero -ah, you start, and I have guessed correctly. The matter is simple then. Pedro Nero loves Marie, and attempted a year ago to abduct her from her home, sending a false message which purported to come from me while I sas away. Happily, I returned sooner than was expected, prevented the crime, and punished the cowardly that I discovered to what I had really pledged myselt. Then, indeed, I was so horror-struck, that the sympathy I had once had with the ends and aims of the trategratic declaration. Then the sympathy I had once had with the ends and aims of the trategratic declaration. Then the had succeeded to the Rads grumble? in turning your hand against my life!"

'O. I see it all !" cried Victor. him not cross my path, or I shall be tempted to become an anseassin in very truth !

"You can do better than that," Fe-plied M. Menars. "Denounce him to the Central Committee as having attempted to make use of his authority for his own private ends to the mjury of a brother."

"No, never again will I hold any communication with the fraternity, said Victor with a shudder.

"Then leave him to God. And now come home, and set Marie's mind at rest, for she cannot think what is the matter with you."

Victor Bernardi has never heard anything more of Pedro Nero, or of the secret society of which he was so inefficient a member. Soon after his confes sion in St. James's Park, he was in a position to furnish a house in Kensing on, and before a year, had elapsed, he took Marie to it as his wife-a room being appropriated to M. Menars, who lives with them. They give delightful parties, for Bernardi is well known in artistic and dramatic circles, and com-poses a good deal of the light music which is just now in such great demand for ballets and extravaganzas. Some of his children may perhaps take to the lyric stage; there is a small Bernardi who has a powerful voice, but it is not harmonious at present.

FREE AGENCIES .- Man is Free to do right or wrong. The truth has been presented to him error has been pre sented to him; he is free to judge which he will take; but only free inusmuch as Deity is infinite goodness; and as there is no infinite principle of evil, he cannot go in that direction beyond the moral limits, of the souh whilst in goodness he can go onward forever, to Jehovah. He is here to judge which he will take, right or wrong, but at the same time he is not made his blood curdle. He literally that I had swom to murder we deal, it always predominates over ignorance,

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A Chicago negro advertises for a white house keeper. -Giuseppe Mazzini is travelling in Jormany.

-- Ferdinand Freiligrath, the great " Jerman poet, is in very feeble health.

-That queer proud King of Bavaria ttempted to kill himself the other day. -New York has a home for frail wo. men. It has always been the abode of

-The Queen of Madagascar has accepted Christianity and burned all her

-As a man drinks, he generally grows reckless, the more drams, the fewer

--Beecher propounds a severe conun-drum in his paper "Should Gen. Butler be hung.

-In Lafayette street car tickets are a legal tendor for everything but church ontributions.

-Plymouth Church has voted Henry Ward Beecher a salary of \$20,000 for the present year.

-St Louis is getting up a "Mississippi Valley World's Fair Association," with \$1,000 000 capital. -On Friday afternoon the Ohio Sen-

ate ratified the fifteenth amendment by a vote of 19 ayes to 18 mays. -Chicago issued 5,000 marriage li-

ensed inst year, and then hardly kept up with its divorces. -- Half the town of Cheyenne, on the

Union Pacific Railroad, was destroyed by fire on Thursday last.

-At Sailsburg, Md., a negro girl quieted the crying of a child by giving it kerosene oil with its milk. -Minnesotians are growing rich on

musk-rat skins. The Scanseem to be the most fortunate. The Scandinavians -A little child in Allentown, Pa., was sailly eaten by rats and then de-

voured- with kisses-by his mamma.

-Ristori has returned from South America to Paris. She made over three hundred thousand france by her trip to

-The rumor that the Emperor, Napoleon the Third, will abdicate next pring in favor of his son, is gaining strength through Paris.

-La Marmane, the secret Radical society, is said to number one hundred thousand members in Paris, and fifty thousand in Lyons

-The clerical elopement scandal pars New York ahead of Chicago, for Look out for a stunner from

-The Springfield Republicasks, "will

the coming woman be a man ably, if her wishes be consulted abouthe matter -It is a very pleasant thing to see

the reses and filler upon a hady's cheek, but a very bad sign to see a young man's face break out in blossome -The editor of the Elton (Louisigna)

Eagle has to go to a neighboring town for his letters and exchanges, be there is no post office at his place of pubheation. -The negroes of Iowa want "cman-

ipation day " changed to just before election, so that the white folks who want their votes " will join in the pro--It is the custom in Radical bureaux

in Washington to send pet clerks to examine trifling matters in some State and let hun bag the mileage -Vermont ladies think the divorce

laws of that State need tinkering. They have been used so, much, perhaps, they are all out of repair

-"Congressman" advertises in the N. Y. Herald an appointment as cadet in the Navel Academy, for "parties of meana," "Congressman" will hardly find any meaner than himself.

-An old lady being in a store at —An old lady being in a store at Waterburg, Conn., recently, deliberate-ly sat down, and reaching out her half-frozen feet to the safe, remarking, "she always did like these air-tight stoves"

-A gentleman once asked, ",what is voman?" when a married man replied She is an essay on grace, in one ume, elegantly bound. Although it may be deaf, every man should have a copy of it."

-The Natural History Society of Pittsfield, have a button found at Per-ry's Peak, which is supposed to have been dropped by Ham, the son of Nosh, while leaning over the taffrail of the ark in a fit of sea-sickness.

-Amiable mother: "Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange-peel In it." Doctor: "Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy ; leave some for me." Tommy (who has been there before): "Doctor's a nice man, ma, give it all to the doctor."

-The precise period at which the unmarried female is willing to confess that she is an old maid, has at last been as-certained. Miss Jelf, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, who has just passed her one hundred and fourth birthday, admits that she was an old maid at least four years ago.

-Two old gentlemen were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance.

"Did you ever, neighbor," said one,

see me with more than I could carry?"
"No, indeed," was the reply, "not I; but I have seen you when I thought you had better have gone twice after

-The South Carolina carpet-baggers and loyal negroes are determined to en-joy the luxury of drawing wages with-out work to its fullest extent. Before hand which would fain have chaped free to make the wrong permane thy they acted to continue the per diem pay triumphant, for it can never be so.

It was not until I heard that the man tha But perhaps that is the best way they can carn their money.

it."