### The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA

#### WE BROTHERS BROWN.

BT HIRAM RICH,

We sing no song of camps or kings,
We write no love-lorn story,
We lead no coqueting columns on,
Yet we uphold its glory.
High, brothers, high,
The hanners fly and fly—
We brothers brown— We two bare hands.

In many a boat the hatches fall,
The ship is full and roady—
The craven roof is just a lee,
Look lively, lads, and stondy,
Sway, brothers, sway,
Haul and belay, belay—
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands

In forests deep awaiting us,
The keels to be are growing—
The sea has never salls enough,
The winds are ever blowing
Swing, brothers, swing,
The axes ring and ring—
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands,

The prairies roll and bloom and lure,
As were the world one meadow.
The clouds are only looms that drop
Their rippling wofts of shadow.
Sow, brother, sow,
The grain will drow,—
We brothers brown—
We two bare lands

The sea is kind, thrownet and line,
It cannot well deny us,— It cannot well deny us.—
There's always need upon the land—
The winds are made to try us
Pull, brothers, pull,
Our nets are full and full,—
We brothers brown— We two bare hads

We sow and pull, we sing and sway,
We whirl the wheel of Labor,—
We bring the day when king and king.
Will be but man and neighbor
Sing, brother, sing,
Our song shift ring and ring
We brethers brown—
We two bare hands...

#### WHAT A WOMAN DID.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENNISON.

So old John Dent, was gone, and had left nothing. He had life of a millionaire; he died the death of a beggar. Left nothing, did I say? He had left a helpless Junior-John a creature of twenty, who, since his boyhood, had been busily employed in trying to ruin himself, his intellect, his moral impulses, his naturally no-ble manhood. Junior John had just perfected his genius in the use of gold-headed walking stick, when his father died. He carried it between the thumb and finger of his faultless kids, in a way that struck the fools of both sexes with speechless admiration. The genteel tap of its taper point on the right hand knee of his pantaloons, was exquisite. The way he dandled it under his moustache smote other dandies with envy, and his use of it as a walk ing-stick was simply high art.
Poor John Junior! what would he

do now? The fabulous wealth of poor old papa, all vanished; the splendid furniture to be descerated by the idle touch of the curious mob, the fact horses to be secrificed, and all to satisfy angry and unfortunate creditors. so that not one single penny holikely to fall into John Junior's pocket. What would be do? that not one single penny would be

heart more desolate than any of them. To be sure he had not cared much for the old man. To him he had been very much like a plethoric pocket-book, from which he could draw bank notes at will. As to loving him-he had never seen him fifteen minutes at a time in all his life; he could not, fact, get near enough to love him. He could never climb that horrid mountain of business behind which his father intrenched himself. So the Junior took to loving fast horses, and fast young men, and billiard saloons, and brainless women, champagne, cigars etc. What would they do for him now He walked the empty rooms alone, he read the mocking labels on empty bottles, he felt in empty pockets. Not one of "the splendid fellows of our set" intruded upon his privacy. His father was dead—they felt for him; he probably wished for solitude. If he did he had it—the solitude of the money-

less.
The auction was over, and John Dent, Jr., had no home. One or two relatives gave him a cold invitation to "call and see them." One great uncle, and rich, by the by, sent word that he and non, oy-the by, sent word that he could accommodate him for a week or so, till be could find something to do. John's handsome eyes flashed as he tore the scented billet into infinitesi mal fragments, and ground them into the floor with his heel.
"The old scoundrel!" he cried, with

flashing eyes, "and my father helped

Not long after this there came a letter—a homelier letter than the others, directed in a nest business hand. It found the poor young man in mean lodgings-a meagre little room, in the upper story of a second rate genteel house. On the strength of his goldheaded cane and handsome trunk, the landlady consented to trust him, for a

few days. The letter lay on his table when he came in from a miserable recreation. He had been down to the river, specu lating upon its coldness and probable depth. "At any rate," he had soliloquized, "I would not make a bad looking corpse—unless the fishes bit me.
They would only say 'Poor Jack ine was uncommonly good-looking; and they, 'It was deucedly mean of him to

It is probable that the two "they's" meant not the fishes, but the respective sexes.

John's eye brightened a little at sight of the large, round superscrip-tion on the envelope. He seized it, tere it upon, and read cagerly, as if he had found excessive. It was a strange thing for a redsetting gentlement to do; but, when he had bersued it, he let it drop soully from his hand, his lips quivered—he felt blindly for a hand-kerchief in his coat pocket, and deliberately reliand he area with it rested erately wiping his eyes with it, rested his elboys on the table, and covered

moments he sat in that position; then, rising, he walked the floor, exclaim

Tom Dent is a glorious fellow! His father is a glorious fellow. His whole family must be glorious fellows, though family must be glorious fellows, though half of them are girls, I believe. I'll go. That's no half-way invitation; that's no coldly formed spology; that's down right welcome, by Jove. Heavdown right welcome, by Jove. en be thanked! I can't curse him."

The letter ran thus:

"Dear Cousin John-We have heard of your great bereavement, and cannot tell how much we sympathize with you. Father tells me to say that your room stands just where it did.
The girls are all longing to see you.
Mother declares she shall take it hard
of her sister's child if, in your affliction, you do not come to her; and you may imagine us all holding out our right hands, longing for a good grasp of yours. It is my vacation now, and I want you. How goon may we ex-pect you? Shall I drive to the depot at six on Thursday, or come on to the city to keep you company? Write me directly. I shall harness Black Bess on Thursday at five P. M. Don't disappoint us. Your loving cousin, Tou."

"And how I snubbed him when he was here," groaned John, with a ter-rible twinge of conscience. Good Heavens! I wonder he did not knock me down. Well, at all events, that invitation is real; I have it by—by—my feeling so like a confounded baby; and up went the randkerchief again. "I'll go for a couple of weeks. I don't want to sponge on any body, but what can-I do? I wonder if Providence always provides for the lame and the lazy? I believe I'm both—at least morally, if not physically."

So saying, John went to his trunk, and threw back the lid. A dozen pair

of gloves met his eye.
"I can at least give these to my cousins," he said, brightening; "that will pay for something, and make me feel respectable. For the rest—I'm in mourning; I'll give these light clothes to the boys; tell them I can't wear them, and-it will seem something like old times, when I could make a princely present. Egad 1 how much l've given our fellows, and now they don't know me. Pretty friendship! These cigars I'll keep; they don't like 'em there, so I'll go out in the fields and have a smoke to myself. This gold-headed cane—I'll leave it with the landlady in pledge till I come back.
Then I must find something to do."

Alas! a life of mere fashion, a career of dissipating pleasure, how it eats out the muscle and nerve of a man's energy! John Dent dreaded work, because it was something that would tax his dormant energies and, like "Will Wimple," he had almost rather starve

like a gentleman than learn a trade.

At six on Thursday, according to ap nomiment. John was met by a broad shouldered fellow, who lifted his trunk as if it were only an average size car-pet bag, and whose strong, hearty, welcome grasp, almost took the city bred young man off his feet.

"They're al! expecting you," said Tom, his great brown eyes full of a lovely light; "and we hope this is to be a real country visit, and not a mere call of a few weeks."

John said in his heart-"This is glorious!" as the cousins crowded about him, so glad, so hearty in their welcome -as his hands were taken in a motherly grasp by the sweet faced aunt, whose soul yearned toward her dead sister's boy. As he sat down to the table, not covered with silver, certainly, but bounded by honest, loving hearts, and smiles, and gentle words-'yes, this was certainly glorious, "he said again.

"Well, John," exclaimed his uncle -he had been there a month-"I've been thinking about what you told me, and I believe there's a first-rate chance for you; at any rate, a beginning,"
"Ah?" John's heart fluttered and

eank.
"Yes, a first rate chance; you've got a pretty good education, nephew, been through college, and all that?" "I have, sit," said John.

"And you would make a pretty fair

"A teacher, sir, I a teacher?"
"Very responsible and respectable position, and a stepping stone, you know, to something better. Many of our best lawyers, doctors, divines, commenced in that way," he added, pretending not to notice John's look of constantiation. "Now, there's an interchange of the state consternation. "Now there's an institution over in Hopeville, not five miles from here, carried on by Miss Bessie Marvin-a woman of splendid attainments, a wonder, a prodigy. She is in want of a teacher, and I can get you the place."

'I accept a situation under a woman-a spinster principal !" exclaimed John, his consternation visible in his face.

"I take it there are some women who could teach you more than you could learn, nephew John," said the old man, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Now you know that you are welcome as flowers in May-that this house is your home; you are too well assured of that, I trust, to require a repetition of the fact. But, John, all my boys and girls work; they are proud of their independence, and not ashamed of honest labor. If you were my son, I would beg you accept this situation until you can find a better one. There is good in you—talent, if you will, and I am anxious to see it brought out. As for Miss Bessie, she is not quite old enough to be your mother, nor perhaps so adverse to matrimony that she would decline an offer of marriage, of the right sort.
The school is worth a fortune to her I don't wish you to go wife hunting, but I do want you to learn that a life of honorable labor, other things being equal, combines with toil the rarest pleasures and most acceptable privi-

eges.
"Shall I write to Miss Bessie?"
"Shall I write to Miss Bessie?" "By all means write to Miss Bessie, uncle," said John, with bitterness in

his face with his hands .- For some his voice. "As you say, it will do, till something better offers—and, as I must apply myself for a time in brushing up ome of my knowledge, I'beg you will excuse me.

"Hopsville Academy," read John, with a great sneer, when his trunk was set down at the door of a handsome building. "Well, here I am," he added, as he was shown into the cool, elegant parlor. "I'll teach the young idea how to shoot with a vengeance, and when I've earned money enough think you have found; now go to to pay my way back to the city, I'll work." shoot off to the cars, and take Lrench leave."

At that moment he heard a rustling

and a whisper.
"Oh, isn't he handsome!" and then

a bevy of girls with fluttering ribbons scampered off. "Not a bad beginning," thought the

blushing John,
Presently a stately lady, tall, thin and ancient, made her appearance John looked at her hands which pre sented the appearance of small carpet-bags, in their square black mits, and then he looked at her face, and inward ly groaned. / "Miss Marvin," he said faintly.

The lady bowed with the precision of

"Shall I show you to your room, sir?" she asked.
"You are expected to merrow you will take charge of Department B. This

way, sir."
"Pleasant," thought John, his spirits falling below zero, "if I wait for her to make a match, the preceptor ship of Hopsville Academy is beyond

my'lifetime."
"I wonder who arranges things here?" he added, as he was left alone; roses, lillies—and not in pitchers either, but regular vases; white dimity, lace curtains, straw carpet, a whole looking glass—everything as pure as snow, and delicate as frost work. Miss Bessie has good taste in spite of vine

gar and ferules.

Department B was the next point of observation. The girls were waiting for him—shy, pretty witches, some of them charming and sixteen. A buzz followed his entrance; blue eyes and black were busy at their books.

"That ancient preceptress must be a splendid disciplinarian," thought John. The duties passed off pleasantly John formed friendships—distant ones "Does your principal never come in this department?" asked John of one

of these. "Oh, yes; she's been away, you know "On, yes; she's been away, you know. She will come this afternoon. Have you seen her? Isn't she just lovely? We girls all worship her; there never was such a woman. If you could only hear her lecture! She can do anything, upon my word she can. On rainy days she takes a text and proch. rainy days she takes a text and preahbetter than Dr. Fossit. Oh, you

needn't laugh.
John pressed his lips together, as he eried sotto voce, "Oh youth, great is thy capacity.
"Does she believe in man's rights?"

he asked faintly. "I presume so, or you wouldn't be here," was the saucy answer. "She believes in all sorts of rights, and eve-

rything that is right finds an advocate "Bravo! cried John. "Recess In

It was four in the afternoon. John had been hard at work, for his pupils kept hun up to the mark, and he only fearful that they might ask him one question too many, and he not ready for it. As the clock struck, there was a flutter through the room; all eyes turned toward the door. Thenwas it an angel that had entered ; John mentally asked, looking dazed, as the white draped figure, with floating curls and liquid brown eyes, came Her rosy lips parted in so sweet a smile, that it made her quite enchant She started as she met the grave, astonished face of John Dent: then meving toward him, she bowed, and with a self-poised, womanly air took her stand at the board, while the

pupils were all attention.
"Whew!" whispered John, under his breath; "who is she? Well she is gorgeous?"

He watched her with new and strange emotions as she stood there—those beautiful eyes alight with the fire of genius, her white arm raised, the cloud of delicate muslin falling grace fully away from it. What power there was in every movement of the wand she held. The difficult problems lost their stateliness, and seemed to fall humbly before her, as in the presence of a conqueror, conceiving themselves vanouished.

"And she a woman," thought John. drawing his breath hard; there are

few men that could match her."
"Well, that's our principal," said
one of the girls, as the queen of beauty and science left the room, taking more than her smiles and sunshine with her 'that's Miss Bessie! Isn't she beauti

ful?"
"That—that—" stuttered John, "oh no, you must be mistaken. I—I saw Miss Bessie—that is, Miss Marvin, when I first came, a very tall woman with-

"Oh, dear, no, that's her aunt," cried the girl, laughing; "poor Miss Marvin —that's a good joke—she only sees to things; but Miss Bessie! we worship Poor John!

"Well, John," cried his uncle, one pleasant winterday; "going to give up teaching, I suppose; found it a great

hore, eh?"
"No sir," replied John, "its—it's a glorious occupation."
"Oh, it is; and how is the spinster

principal? Did you find her glorious, "More than that," replied John, look-

ing humble on the instant.

You did not consider her quite old enough to be your mother."
"Uncle--" his cheeks cr

his cheeks crimsoned. "Nor such a terrible female as you

mat, uncle Tom," responded his neph-

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ew. "Well, yes, I rather flatter myself I should. I comprehended your good qualities, you see, from the first. A little spoiled, or a good deal, maybe, but, thanks to a gracious Providence, enough man in you to make something of. I fancied you possessed some noble traits of character, and executive ability, that you yourself knew not of. I saw also that you needed some motive of sufficient power to push you shead —to raise you to your level. That I

work.."
"Uncle Tom," cried John with energy, "how can I thank you?"
"Go to work," was the terse reply, and shaking his hand, with a hearty grasp of a hard fisted farmer, the old

man left the room.
That night John wrote a letter to Bessie Marvin; the next day he went to the city. Months passed—John Dent was winning a name; a year— John Dent had won a case. No name by pambyism about him now; no gold-headed cane nursing; no folded, kid-gloved hand; John had found his lost manhood-he was earning a home. Up he went, steadily—his frame growing brighter and brighter, and one day he actually married.

"Yes, to Bessie, the beautiful princi pal of Hopsville Academy—not to take her from the duties which Providence had fitted her for, but to aid and bless her by his energy and love peer'ess among all bright and beautiful women. It could not be said now that John Dent was dead, and had left nothing He had left -- a man, a noble man whose upright character and shining talents were to reflect lustre on his name that would never grow dim .- Demorest's Monthly.

#### HUGGING THE SHORE.

Do you think you will him the shore, captain? Asked a saucy young fire with a simile; With crimson flush was dyed her check. And over her brow awest the roseate his, While the eyes revealed, in their dancing blue, All the lips declined to speak.

The captain glanced at the distant shore, And then at the mum awhite—
The shore was distant and she was near And the rose tint deepened, as he said "Dear, I'll neglect the shore to-day"

And around her waist crept the captain's hand it was so much better than hugging dry land? And he said, glancing over the ressel's bow, "The Ahlp is hugging Cape Hattersa now, But I'll hug the Cape of May."

# Egyptian Temple of the Sun.

On the banks of the River Nile, near the Second Cataract, in a wild and desolate portion of Nubia, remote from the habitation of men, stands the grand old temple of "Aboo Simbel." This remarkable relic of antiquity was created during the time of "Remeis the Great," who ruled over Egypt 1, 311 years before the Christian Era. Its exterior is composed of solid reck, preserved in its natural shape, and for many hundred years the entrance has been completely covered by the sand

of the desert.

It is only within the present century that this temple has been reopened; since which time repeated efforts have been made to arrest the progress of the sand, which persistently returns with the frequent Khamseen winds to hide the narrow portal.

The changed topography of the country enables the elements to protect this strange monument of the past; and it is not improbable that so long as Nubian rocks and mountains last, so long "Abog Simbel" stand. At the entance are two immense collossi, repre-senting Remesis the Second. They are seated on massive thrones cut into the rock in such a manner as to present the appearance of grim guardians to the sacred temple. Their total height is about sixty six feet without the pedestals. To form an accurate idea of their size, it may be well to state, that the ear of each Collossus measures three and a half feet, the fore fingers three feet, and the lower portion of the arm, from elbow joint to finger end has a measurement of fifteen feet.

The height of the facade of the temple is estimated at one hundred feet; but as a portion of the base still re mains hidden, it is impossible to de termine the precise distance with accuracy. The interior of the temple is adorned with works of art peculiar to the period, with carvings and hieroglyphics of an historical character. Th principal hall is supported by eight Osiride pillars, while beyond it is a second hall, from which diverge numerous corridors leading into ten side

rooms and the advium. In the centre of the adytum is an altar, and at the upper end are four statues in relief. Attached to the columns in the great hall are eight Colossi, each seventeen feet in height, without the cap and pedestal. Upon the walls are numerous pictorial illustra-tions, in colors, of battle scenes and conquests of Remesis the Second. A portion of the space is also occupied by a large table containing the date of

by a large table containing the date of this monarch's first year's reign.

The coloring of the figures still remain bright and beautiful, although more than thirty five centuries have character of the animals is faithfully maintained, but in the human form there appears to exist a failure in true representation. This is attributed to the fact that the Egyptian artists were forbidden by religious prejudice to deviate from fixed and ancient rules.

In a niche over the entrance to the audience chamber is a statue of "Re (the Sun), who was the god of the temple and the protector of the place. this statue the king is represented as offering a figure of "Truth." The Theban trial also occupies a prominent place here, as well as Osiris and Isis.

From the outer entrance to the innermost chamber of this temple, the total depth of the excavation is about two hundred feet, and not a ray of sunlight ever penetrates the darkness which prevades the place.

To visit "Aboo Simbel," we were

rods up hill. Crawling on hands and knees through the narrow hole which admitted us into the interior, we soon found ourselves in the gloomy recesses of the temple.

Following our Arab guides, who led the way with flaming torches, we passed through the corridors and rooms already described. In the prosecution of our archieological investigations we were greatly interrupted by myriads of bats, who, disturbed by the flaming torches of our guides, flew at us around and about us, occasionally striking us in our faces, and exhibiting unmistaka-ble signs of disapproval at having the precincts of their sacred sauctuary so unceremoniously invaded.

# A Hunting Party Stricken Down by Diphtheria in the Woods-Only One Man Left Alive.

The Boston Post has the following

from Bangor, Me.:
The particulars of a shocking case of suffering and death are reported here by one of the survivors of a hunting and fishing party, consisting of five in-dividuals (French Canadians), who were stricken down by disease and per-ished in their camp on the Canada side, not many uniles from the American border. A party of five persons, of which he was one, set out with two horses and a pung about Christmas, upon a hunting and fishing expedition in the wilderness near the American line. The party were well equipped with guns, traps, fishing tackle, and provisions, intending to spend a month or two in that uninhabited region. Re turning to camp one evening, one of the men complained of a sore throat Not much was thought of it by the rest of the party, till toward the middle of the night the man gave evidence of ex treme suffering, his throat being swol len. He had been attacked by that loathsome and fatal of diseases aightheria. Without medicine of any description, and nearly fifty intles front any human habitation, before night set in the man was a corpse. Before the first victim expired, however, an other of the party began to complain of the same difficulty, and on the second day died of strangulation + or from the filling up of the throat. The three survivors took the two bodies out of the camp, and covered them over with snow, for the purpose of preserving them till they could carry them out of the forest. Determined to break up camp the next day and return with their dead comrades, they were doom-

ed to cheappointment, in consequence of two of the remaining three being prostrated by the same terrible agent. The last two survived about forty-eight hours, when they, in turn, were carried out by the only one remaining, to be buried in the snow. The sole survivor resolved to start for the abode of civilization with his freight of pulseless hu-manity. During the night the deadly contagion fastened upon himself. In his own words he "felt the monster at his throat,", and resigned himself as well as he could, to his fate. He lay, as he thinks, some four or five days before he awoke to consciousness of his fearful situation. The mildness of the weather and a good supply of blank ets and bought, saved him from freez ing, in the absence of a fire, which he was too weak to kindle. As soon as he could crawl, he went to the hovel and to his amazement and grief, found both of the horses dead. They had died of staraction. Returning to his camp, he thought he would take a look at his dead companions. Judge his horror, when he found their bodies nearly eaten up by the wolves and other wild beasts that inhabit that wild and desolate region. Nothing now was left for him to do but to make his way, alone, out of the forest With a pair of anow-shoes upon his feet, and much provisions as his weak and fee ble frame could bear, he started forth and on the third day reached an Indian camp, where he rested till he was able to proceed on his journey. He gave his name as Le Roix or Le Broix, and states that he was born near the River de Loupe. Twice Mistaken.

Captain A \_\_\_\_\_, of Missouri, is known all the way on the Mississippi from New Orleans to Dubuque, as a big-hearted, jovial fellow, who does not stand on the ceremony of an introduction before commencing an acquaintance. The Captain is fond of a drink, and moreover he does not like to drink alone. It so hap-pened that business called him to Washdoes not like to drink alone ington, and he had as a companyon de voyage, a stout, thick set man, well up in years, who wore a wig, and who presented a striking recemblance of the late Lewis Cass. To beguile the tedium of the voyage, they chatted together and they drank together.

Captain A——, one evening after his arrival, thought he spied his companion in the densely crowded office of Brown's Hotel, and stepping up to him, he brisk-lv slapped him on the back, and re-marked, "Come, old fellow, let's take a drink."
"You mistake your man," replied the

other, with great gravity. "My namis Cass, Senator Cass, from Michigan." The captain, it is hardly necessary to say, was greatly disconcerted, and slunk laway.

In the course of the evening, however, oaxist a failure in true
This is attributed to
Egyptian artists were
igious prejudice to deviHe t he! he! Capital joke to tell you. He! he! he! Don't you think, L met old Cass, and took him for you! He! he! he! Clapped the old fellow on the back, he! he! and when he told me I mistook my man, didn't I slope, het het he!" The Captain cherved, however, that his companion did not appear to appreciate the joke, but für a time preserved a rigid countenance, and then Cass, as I told you before, and I can-not allow you to indulge further in these familiarities."

The Cantain made no further attempts to hunt up his former companion. He is yet hale and jovial, but he is not fond of boasting how he made the acquaintance of the late distinguished Senator xpected, eh?" a | compelled to wade knee-deep through tance of the late distinguished Sens "You would make a splendid diplo-s and for a distance of about a hundred from Michigan.—Western Monthly.

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

To keep out of it-never go in. -Small pox is prevalent in New York

City. -Something put by for a rainy day-

an umbrella. -Hot dinners are furnished in Lon-

don for a penny. -The blessings of Radicalism are debt and taxation.

-Be contented with your lot. espec. ially if it be a corner lot. -Wales' last baby is called Maud

Charlotte Mary Victoria. —Seuthern negroes develop great tal. ent for robbing hen roosts.

-Society, after all, is but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries.

-It costs a dollar in Connecticut to call a man a "muttonhead" -In New York ten thousand people

go to bed drunk every night. —Dancing is like new milk—it strengthens the calves. -Opening a dead letter is styled,

making a post mortem examination. -When you buy, pay down, and you won't have to pay up afterwards.

-Kitchen girls call themselves young ladies of the lower parlor." -The color of the Rev Spurgeon's nose is becoming exceedingly rubicund

tective tariff Who's the next custo---Three bundred and fifty American

-The pen-nut growers' want a pro-

families are now living in Dresdeh. St Petersburg has a hospital for in-valid coach horses belonging to the Cznr

-The Woman Question "Husband, ean you let me have \$20 this morning? -Catching at straws is a good thing when there is a mint julep at one end of them.

-The latest discuse prevalent among handsome young girls is firthtion of the

-NewAlbany has a ghost that rejoices in a blue swallow-tailed cont and brass buttons. -Poor Richard has been thus im-

proved on .

"He who by his biz would rise, Must either hust or advertise." The King of Sweeden lectures in public The Queen delivers certain lec-

ures in private. -" Bosh" is a pure Turkish word. Boshder" translated into English means "it is nothing "

-Railway, station sandwiches it has een ascertained, weigh exactly a quarter of an ounce. -When you are sick, take an old hen by way of nourishment. It will

lay well on your stomagh. -A good motto for a rejected suitor. "He wood and she wouldn't; he coold but she couldn't.

-Eight of the London theatres are managed by ladies. Why not? They manage everything else, .

-The Queen of Prussia invested one hundred dollars in a lottery, and drew a brass breast-pin. -A Utica paper advertises for a boy

who is not older than his mother nor wiser than his Maker. —A Hoboken editor being challenged, sent word in reply "When I want to die Locan shoot myself.

-Harper's Forry has a population of 200 souls, not including John Brown's, which is "marching on."

—A Wisconsin chap writes to the New York Ledger for information con-cerning the "Kuban gunta."

—Hon Charles Sumner is finding his level. His deep chest voice and impos-ing stature cannot save him.

--" Pure" bears oil is now manufac-tured out of lard and goose grease. Wonderful are the works of nature. -Nerwich, Connecticut, is in danger of being burned up by "fire bugs," the

newest name for incendiaries. -ASt Louis husband has applied for a divorce, because his wife makes him fast continually for religious pur-

poses. -The Marine Hospital at Washington, N. C, which cost the Government \$40,000 was sold at auction last week for \$4,900

—Mr. A.iT. Doty, of Santa Barbara county, California, raised some corn last season, weighing one pound five ounces to the ear. --One of our subscribers has been

caught by a not It was a handsome brumette. When last heard from he was still living. -A gentleman in Petersburg, Va., the other day, for a wager, ate one gal-lon of fresh oysters, minus the shells and

brumette

liquor, at one sitting. -The Wyandotte Gazette learns that corn is used for fuel in Johnson county, Kansas, being cheaper at 26 cents per

bushel than wood or coal. -Miss Fanny Ingram of Norwigh, Connecticut, a most estimable young lady, died last week from the effects of running a needle in her band.

-A soldier in Maine, having regained his health, caused his name to be stricken from the pension list. Such cases are rarer than a white crow.

-At a festival in Chicago, to the St. Andrew's Society, when the toast "The Bench and Bar" was announced, the band struck of "The Rogue's March."

-A jealous husband in Pittsburg, saw his wife meet a man one evening ran up and thrashed him, and afterwards found out that it was his brotherin-law.

—It is said that a small plaster cast of Ben Butler, which was taken out to Africa, is in high repute among the natives of Timbuctoo, who worship it as a god. -John Francis Rollins has Been ar-

rested at Montpelier, Vermont, charged with the murder of his two-months-old child, in Swanton. He was married last May. The child was found buried in the cellar, partially eaten by rate.

-W. H. H. Hogan, a clerk in a grocery in Montgomery, Ala., was shot on the 18th Inst., by Mr. E. J. Belsel, whose daughter he had seduced, and sf-terwards married another woman. The avenger of his child's honor gave him-