# WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red,
The birch with golden yellow:
And high above the orchard walf
Hang apples ripe and inclow.
And that's the way through youlder lane
That looks so still-and grassy.
The way I took one Sunday evel
When Mary was my fassio

You'd hardly think that patient face, 1 - .
That looks so thin and juded,
Was once the very Sweetest one
That ever boungt shuffed,
But when I went through youder lane,
That looks so still and grassy,
Those eyes were bright, those check were fair,
When Mary was a lassie.

But many a tender sorrow,
And many a patient care,
Have made those furrows on the face.
That used to be so fair.
Four times to yander c hurch yard.
Through the lane so still and grassy.
We've borne and laid away our dead,
Since Mary was a lassie.

And so you see I've grown to love.
The wrinkles more than roses
Earth's Wintry flowers are sweeter far
Than all Spring's day postes.
They'll carry us through youder lane.
That looks so will and grassy.
Adown the lane I used to go.
When Mary was a lassic.

#### THE STORY OF THE CROSS BONES.

In an obscure corner in the town markably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called "The Cross bones," and its tragical history is as follows.

In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life-an office which was then near ly equal to a sovereign in power and in-fluence. He was reverenced for his indexible rectitude, and loved for his con-descension and mildness. But yet more beloved was his son, according to Chronicle, one of the most distinguish ed young men of the time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, considerate familiarty, which subdues while it seems to flatter-that attaching grace of manner which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft approved patriotism, his high hearted generosity, his romantic cour age, and complete mastery in all war-like exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem, which his first aspect involun

tarily bespoke.
So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had father, although proud of such a son cause for bitter reproof, and far ye more anxious solicitude about the fu ture. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth—as quick to re pent as to err, and who never for a mo nent failed in love and and reverence to Timself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appear ed to him as they did to others, only apots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquilized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfillment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise.

While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the beart of the present object of his love, than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz—for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable scaports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise un worthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the Chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired, "in what part of Galway Ireland lay."

After James Lynch had delegated

his authority to trusty hands, and pre pared everything for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez. towards whom his noble heart conceiv ed the liveliest gratitude.

It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character as well as in external appearance,' enhandsome; but Edward's was the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gon-anlvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose colored knoll, threatened by the the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love, than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gen tle wave gliding over pearls and coral His mind corresponded to such a per son; loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more in ternal than external activity, he preterred solitude to the bustle and tumule the surface, is only seen in the fertility ly overtook him, seized him, and bur-

of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the paim even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's futher had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daugh-The offering was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed, and it was decided that Gonalvo should accompany his future father in law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclination of the young people favored the project, their union should take place the same time with Edward's; after which he should immediately atelyfreturn to Spain. Gonsalvo whn was just nineteen, accompanied the reverjust nineteen, accompanied the rever-ed friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in si-lent and delighted anticipation the va-rying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would comtemplate; the new sort of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him perhaps a too partial descrip

Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dan gers, and required a much longer pe d than now, increased the intimacy Galway, stands a house of extreme an any mutual attachment of the trave tiquity, over the door of which are still lets; and when at length they descried to be seen a skull and cross hones, rethe port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which The unvarying gontleness of the amia-ble youth, would have on Edward's darker and more vehement charac

> This hope appeared likely to be com-pletely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gonsalvo that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their triendship soon ripened into the

varmest and most sincere affection. But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings aroused in Edward's mind to trouble his harmo-Gonsalvo had become the hus band of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He had become the object of general admiration, attention and love. ward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared him for intolerable and restless torments, was the perception which every day confirmed, that Anna. whom he looked upon as his—though she still refused to confess her love—that his Anna had ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards hunself. Nay, he even imagined that in un-guarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighted down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gonsalvo, and s faint blush then passed over her pale cheek; but if his eyes met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered, capricious, humorsome, rest less, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear minded, serene, and equal tem-pered girl she had always appeared. Everything appeared to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion—and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gonsalvo? for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost chords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It had been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to embarrass her; to sting her disdain ful pride by or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torreits of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconcilia-tion followed these scenes, and, as with

can decide whether it be madness, or the condition of a still accountable On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch, a restless wanderer, it appears that the lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the sub-sequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gonsalvo, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father. At the horrible certhe fury of hell took possession of his soul; his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins; and as a of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friend ship. His immost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano, burned too deep to break out at the strongest affection to those who ing pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger, he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognized him, and vanly fied. Edward instant-

lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to des-

peration; and when he at length saw

enkindled in Gensalvo—so little capa ble of concealment—the same fire

which burnt in the eyes of Anna;

when he thought he eaw his sister ne

glected and himself betrayed by a ser pent whom he had cherished in his bo-

som, he stood at that point of human infirmity of which the All-seeing alone

ying his dagger a hundred times with strokes like lightning in the quivering body gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features, which had robbed him of his beloved and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from be hind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him-the disfigured mass, which retained the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend; the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it—that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at band.

Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city, and the fearful end of the gentle youth; who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger steeped in blood had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showing the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognized as Edward's; and as he with nowhere to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murder ed with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengenace, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with

We may imagine the shouts of joy, ind the feelings of his father, when at break of day Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, hving, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous, would. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd-the feelings of the father we cannot imagine—when re-stored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the mur derer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly im plored instant punishment.

He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market place and the streets, and forgetting the crune of the son in the re entless justice of the father, demand ed with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mobwere withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor, that all resistance would soon be in vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people only the foreign guard held out, and all demanded, with furious cries, the

instant liberation of the criminal. At this, the inflexible magistrate ook a resolution, which many call in human, but whose awful self conquest certainly belongs to the rarest exam ples of stoics | firm ness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a se cret passage to the duageon of his son and when, with the newly awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sank at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? the old man replied with unfaltering voice, "No, my son in this world there unfaltering is no mercy for you; your life is irre-vocably forfested by the law; and at surrise you must die. One and twen-ty years I have prayed for your earth? ly happiness, but that is passed, turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there let us down together, and implore the Al-mighty to grant you mercy hereafter; but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father will at least know how to die worthy of him." With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will.

of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared amidst more wild and furious menances to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window, his son stood at his side, with the halter around his neck. "I bave sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature

must break before it." While he spoke these words, he had made fast a rope to an iron beam pro-pecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last conulsive struggles gave certainty of the

death of his unhappy victim.

As if struck by a thunder-clap, a tu multous mob had beheld the horrible apectacle in death like silence; and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own honse. From that time the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupa-tions and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in the course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scenes of this fearful tragedy.

FRANKLIN OUTDONE .- Ben. Franklin once **wrote:** 

He who by his plow would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive." These lines were very popular in their day, and even now they are occasionally quoted by old fogies. But some person has eclipsed them by bringing out the

following: "He who by his bis would rise, Must either bust or advertise."

-Brownsvile has a "colored hotel."

#### POEMS UNWRITTEN.

There are pooms unwritten, and songs un-sung. Sweater than any that ever were heard— Poems that wait for an angel tengue, Songs that long for a paradise bird

Poems that ripple-through lowliest lives— Poems untouched and hidden away lown in the souls where the beautiful thrives Eweelly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the angels above us, Looking down deep in our hearts may be hold— Felt, though unseen by the beings that love

Written on lives as in letters of gold. Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest, Read me the poem that never was pennul— The wonderful thyl of life that thou givest, Fresh from thy spirit, O, beautiful Lienul

### For You---If it Fits You.

"The times are getting worse and

orse every day."
What then, my dear sir? Will it do any good to draw your face up into ten thousand wrinkles, and vent the bitterness of your spirit upon all with whom you come in contact, on the strength of the above-mentioned fact?

Suppose you had to walk barefoot over a road thickly strewn with thorns and sharp, flinty stones. What would you do? Go aside out of the way to tread on every stray thorn and pebble. nstead of carefully avoiding every needless hurt by picking your way wentily through them? Which course will you choose now?

Will you snap your wife up at the breakfast table when she asks you for a "little change?" Would you suggest to her the probability of your all going to ruin in a short time through the prodigal outlays made for household needs, and then throw the money across the table as you'd throw a bone to a dog? You know very well that her den and is perfectly reasonable; and you know, too, that you would be just as much offended as you are now if she did not ask you for money for household ca-penses when it is needed; but you are not willing to miss the opportunity of selfishly venting your unpleasant feelings on this convenient domestic scape-

And if she should (wonderful to think of!) pluck up enough courage to ask you for money to buy a new dress -- though it may be only six months since she committed this mortal sin-don't ask her ironically if she thinks a thousand dollars will do her for this time, or make some cutting remark about her ruinous extravagance and the slave life that you lead, but if you can afford it, give her the money cheerfully and a kiss into the bargain But if you really feel too poor to in-dulge yourself in the pleasure of seeing your wife in a new dress for the first time in six months, give her the kiss any how and explain the matter kindly to her, and the kind explanation will go nearly all the way toward making her ferget the disappointment

And, above all, don't bring your business home at night with you. Don't sit in soitary misanthropy, or snarl and poke the fire. Your wife hasn't had a chance to talk with you all day. She has a thousand little chering items to communicate but while you ait there communicate, but while you sit there looking so cold and repellant, she has no ourage to begin.

Your children are eager for a game of romps; but they are "afraid of papa," when he looks as he does here to-night; so they congregate in a half-awed man-ner in the corners, until it is time to go to bed. No pleasant chat, no merry laughter, no game at romps, no musicnothing but gloom and constraint, be-cause "father has come home in bad hu-mor"

leeberg ! to behave so in the bosom of scoters to behave so in the bosom of your family. To turn away from the pleasures and privileges still left you, because you can't have everything just as you want st! Think of the loving, clinging hearts that your coldness shadows—of the bright faces over which your frown has cast a reflected gloom. Are you not ashamed of yourself?

Again, your burdens may be so heavy that you can not smile. But, oh! be kind. Because your own soul is dark, don't pierce another heart with a needwound by your coldness and sullonness. Because there are some thorns in the path of another with you own hand.
If you cannot be cheerful, be kind.

# Second Marriages.

Custom tolerates this abominable ocial evil, if it does not approve it. It cannot do less, when the lax state of public morality makes divorces even not only possible, but easy of accom-plishment. Marriage by many is no onger regarded as a divine institution, but simply an alliance to be entered into, and disolved, at the caprices of folly, lust or convenience.

There are but few persons, comparatively, but that believe in the immortality of the soul; and that those who have gone before us to the spirit land will be recognized, and hold the same relation to us, when we meet them there, that they did here—therefore to such, a marriage for all eternity. A plurality of wives or husbands, in the world to come, must excite the same horror which it does in all right minded persons when such a state of things is contemplated. In the light I view it, I cannot divest the idea from my mind that the contraction of more than

one marriage by the same person is no less than a kind of polygamy.

How agonizing and terrible it must be to a devoted and tender wife when separated from her partner, in the halcyon days of her wedded life, after waiting many long years in the spirit land for the dear one left behind, to find perhaps two or three later wives of her husband sent to her before his arrival; and when heat length comes, to have her claim disputed, or at least receive only a moiety of that love which her priority should claim as a whote.

Aside from this there are other considerations connected with second marriages which not less repelling.

First marriages are usually contracted when youth, love and romance cement the union with a tenderness and sacredness which no later periods can approach. The human heart pours out its best and purest oblations upon a first union, and all other connections of the kind are in comparison only riselections.

diculous burlesques upon the institution of marriage. The heart can never yield but to one the divine glow which distils the true clixir of wedded life. When this one is removed, the foun tain is dried up in this world, and no rod yielded by a second-love can again make it flow with its original abundance and sparkling purity.

How ridiculous, farcical, iniquitous then, are all marriages save the first! How abhorress the bare idea of a connection of this kind must be to all such as are basking in the happy fruition of a union! To think for instance. a some future day that a beloved wife or husband may be removed and others step into their places; at their boards other hands to preside; at their firesides new faces to smile or frown upon them; the arms that embrace them and the kisses they receive to be bestow ed by mercenary and selfish interlopers

When death takes away a beloved wife or husband, the bereaved instead of easting their eyes around for one to fill the place, should live on the memory of their loved ones; look upon the affliction as only temporary; bear the lost one ever in mind; shape every act as though their eves were upon them and as they proceed onward, bearing the gods, their love should be constant ly increasing so as to be fully prepared for that remion which will be final and eternal.

#### Proverbs By Billings.

It is human to err, but devilish to

Blessed are the single, for they can

louble at lessure.

Blessed in he who had a good wife,

and knows how to sail her. Blessed be be that haz a good pile,

and knows how to spread it.

Blessed in them who have no eye for

He that will follow good advice iz a

greater man thun he that gives it. Blessed iz he that can pocket abuse. and feel that it is no disgrace to be bit by play of advertisements." Quite a novel a dog. a dog. .
The minds of the young are ensity

trained; it is hard to get an old hop vine to travel a new pole. Happiness consists in being perfectly

catisfied with what we have got and what we haint got.

If you want to learn a child to steal

oats in the bundle, make him beg out ov yu everything yu giv him.

Just in proportion that a man is thankful to heaven and his neighbor, just in that proportion iz he happy.

I never knew enny body yet to get stung by hornets who kep away from where they wuz-it is just so with bad

It is a dredful fine thing to whip a young one just enuff, and not any more. I take it that the spot is lokated just where their pride ends and their mad I think every man and woman or

earth ought to wear on their hat band these words in large letters: "Lead us not in temptashun."

I have seen those who were as full

of all sorts of learning az the heavens are of wind; they are jist the things to cut up into weathercocks.

If we take all the hard sledding o this life, and make four times az much it won't amount tew the affliktions that men pile on to each other.

Yon kin judge of a man's relijun very well by hearing him talk, but you can't judge of his piety by what he sez enny more than yu can judge ov his amount ov linnen by the stick out ov his collar and wristbands.

It iz alwus a good purchase tew pay out our last surviving dollar for wis dum, and wisdum iz like the misterious hens egg—it rint laid in yure hand, but iz laid away under the barn, and yu hav got tew sarch for it.

## Influence of Newspapers on Children

of newspapers; that is, nearly every body likes to read them. Occasionly to be sure, we meet with a crusty indi vidual who appears to think light of newspapers; but taken as a whole, the world at large entertain a good opinion of them. There are, however, comparatively few who estimate them in their proper value. They subscribe for and read them, without reflecting on the immense influence they exercise upon themselves and families, and more especially upon the children

An experienced and observant school

teacher says of them : "I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes, and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not, are better readers, excelling in punctuation and consequently read

more understandingly.

'They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the most important places, nations, their governments and

doings on the globe.

"They are better grammarians; for having become so familiar with every variety in the newspaper, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accura-

---Cumberland county is hunting for buried treasures. In that part of the country that bord rs on the Tennessee line, an old man recently found, near some aborigine graves, a roll of dilapidated parchment containing a number of old Spanish coins. A good deal of excitement prevails in the locality, and a party has been organized to hunt for this hidden treasure.

A person who keeps a gentle-men's furnishing store is now called a

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

-Charleston lays claim to the author. hip of " Shoo Fly." The man who tore his coat think,

cuts are increasing.

—Civility costs nothing; therefore misers are a civil race.

The blowing of advertisers is what makes the trade winds.

-Our grandmothers' gold beads are

coming into fashion again. -A drunkard is a bad accountant He generally overbalances

-Fans were not fashionable in Paris an theatres till after 1820.

-Crocodiles may or may not weep, but whales certainly blubber. -Paris ought to be a funny place, for

has nineteen comic papers. -A grocer notifies his customers that he has "Knew Syder" for sale.

The best way to get a sweet hus oand is to marry a confectioner.

-Mayne 'Reid's Onward has gone packward, and finally gone up.

-A common article of divorce can be

procured in Chicago for five dollars -- A Frenchman has taken out a patnt for "stockings with garters attached

-Josh Billings has long been trou-bled with bad spells, but is now really sick

The "Improved Order of Red Men" are about creeting a national

wigwam -A negro clerk if one of the Southern Legislatures, managed to get five hundred errors in spelling into a single bill Shade of Noah Webster where art thou

-A clergyman moved from New York to Chiengo, on account of its "su-perior moral tone," and had his over-coal stole while he was preaching a ser-

-A Radical journal wants to know Blessed is the that always carries a lits management out of Radical bandbig stun in his hand, but never heaves, and put it into those of honest Demo-

cruts -The Indianapolis Mirror has been reduced in size, in order, as the publisher states, " to give more room to the dis-

-Gov. Fairchild, of Wisconsin, recommends the abolition of grand juriein that State "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law.

-The New York World says that the temperance societies of Virginia are being thinned out by delirium trement This we hope is a libel on the Good Templars.

—When Mrs. Lincoln, widow of the late lamented," gets a possion, would it not be well to repeal the tax on the hand-organs that crippled soldier-grind for a living?"

-In Elmira the fashionable way of inviting a friend to take something is by propounding the inquiry: "Will you scent your breath?" To which the proper answer is "I do."

-A bill passed by the Alabama Legislature makes drunkenness a penitentiary offence, except on the part of the members of that body. Self-preservation is nature's first law.

—An lowa widow argues in favor of life insurance. Her first husband wainsured for \$20,000, and the money thus obtained will set her second husband up in the grocery business. -One of the womans' rightists and fe-

male suffragoists says of her sisters, that "they would take a man who had money, if he was cross-eyed and parroted." Of course they would.

-A man in Trenton tore a dress off his wife, which had been presented to her by another man. The law was appealed to, and the Judge divised them to patch it up between them." -Fifty thousand New York needle-

women do not earn on the average fifty cents a day. Will Beecher or some other \$12,000 a year brother, please sing to them Hood's. "Song of a Shirt?"

-A nervous Ohio householder was waked up the other night by an slarm of burglars, got out his gun, fired from trowsers that were flapping on a clothes-

-A Chinese theatrical company in California have just concluded a three imonths' engagement, which covered the performance of one historic drama in ninety acts, each act occupying one evening.

—A public meeting was dissolved in Paris, because one of the speakers com-pared one of its members of the Cabinet to Judas Iscariot. In this country such a comparison would be very hard

-A member of the date Woman Rights Convention in Washington, said, "woman wants bread, she wants work, she wants clothes." We have a feeling sense of her last want. On that point our head is round.

—A song that is just now very popular in London has the following choru-

# I naw Easu Missing Kato, And the fact is we all three saw; For I saw Easu, he saw me, And she saw I saw Easu. Paddy's description of a fiddle can

not be beat: "It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its back, and rubbed its belly wid a sthick, and, och! St. Patrick! how it did squeal!"

-The house of an old miser damed — The house of an our miss; shows Maud, on Long Island, caught fire last week. The firemen shouted, "Come into the garden, Maud," but he did not come, and consequently fell a victim to the devouring element.

-One of Mr. Holme's newest fests in to make brandy disappear from a glass tumbler. However novel and wonderful this may appear to the people of Paris and London, it is nothing but a tricks which is dextroasly practiced by hundreds of persons in Bellefonte every

day. -That was a profound philosopher —That was a profound philosopher who compared advertising to a growing crop. He said: "The farmer plants his seed, while he is sleeping the corn's growing." So with advertising, while you are sleeping or eating, your advertisements are being read by thousands of persons who never saw you or never heard of your business, nor never would had it not been for your advertising.