The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

INCONSTANT.

(The name of the woman, (if woman it was), who wrote the following, should not be allowed to pass into oblivion. It will strike a chord in many a heart

INCONSTANT*

Inconstant! Oh, my God!
Inconstant! When a single thought of thee
Sends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in thrills of ecstacy!

Inconstant! When to sleep
And dream that thou art near me, is to learn,
So much of heaven, I weep
Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah! too true!
Turned from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as, to the skies above,
The fickle summer cloud,
But not to thee, Oh, not to thee, dear love!

I may be false to all
On earth beside, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
The weary life of mine, may be a lie

But true as God's own truth,
My steadfast heart turns backward ever more,
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore!

Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which holds this will between our lives,
On its cold shadow grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives

God knows that I would give
All other joys, the sweetest and the best
For one short hour to live
Close to my heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark,
The sunlight gladdens many a hidden slope,
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope

I yet shall be possess
Of woman's meed — my small [illegible] apart
Home, love, protection, rest,
And children's voices singing thro' [illegible] heart.

By God's help, I will be
A faithful mother and a tender wife
Perhaps even more, for He
Has chastened the best glory of my life

But sacred to his loss,
One white sweet chamber of my heart shall be,
No foot shall ever cross
The silent portal sealed to love and thee

And sometimes when my lips
Are to my first-born's clinging, close and long,
Draining with bee-like sips
And its sweet lilly heart, will it be wrong—

If, for an instant wild
With precious pain, I put the truth aside,
And dream it is thy child
That I am fondling with such tender pride?

And when another's head
Sleeps on thy heart, if it should ever seem
To be my own instead
Oh, darling, hold it closer for the dream

God will forgive the sin
It sin it is, our lives are swept so dry
So cold, so passion-clear
Thank Him death comes at last—and so good bye

CUPID ASTRAY.

Bob had no idea that the doctor was behind him as he poked the valentine under the front door. Had he not been too illustrated to look round he would have seen him, and had not the doctor been deep in a medical reverie about Jane Todd's collar bone, he must have spied the dapper figure at he turned away. But as it was he fumbled for his key a minute, and then rang the bell, and while doing so, spying something white under the door, he picked it up and tore it open! To it open! that letter! that letter which Bob had sat up till two a. m. rounding and curling the tails of his P's and Q's. Was it for this that he bestowed so many slaps on his forehead? O Fate.

Bridget, that faithful survitor, answered the bell, charged with a message which she was bent on delivering with the least possible delay. "If you please, sir, Morton Jones's wife's sister a been here, and little Johnny's astoil through the loft and took up for dead, and they'd like you to come this minute, an' two Irish women ca'led and a baby. theer's a little boy with a favvor it is in Long Lane, and Miss Usher's sent this note

"Long Lane must wait," muttered the doctor, as he threw his instrument case and the letter on the table, and took the note Bridget held out "Morton Jones, hey? He's that man on the Flats, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll go at once. Hum! skimming the dainty notelet in his hand, "Dear doctor: so nervous and depressed, my old foe neuralgia is upon me again—come as soon as you have leisure, and meantime send that prescription which did such good last year." "Prescription! Yes, of course, she longs to be dosing herself—all females do." 'Yours, sincerely, Madeline Usher." "That comes of being alone and fancied ill. If she had one earthly thing to do she'd be a well woman. I'll see she gets nothing to hurt her." And tearing a scrap from a pocket book, he penciled some cabalistic signs

"Here, Bridget. Fetch a sheet of paper, will you? or, stay, this will answer." And seizing Bob's valentine, the unconscious doctor wrote upon its back as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND, I send you something which will suit you better than the prescription you ask for. It isn't exactly medicine, but will do you more good than if it were, and be a great deal better for you at this season of the year. Be sure to take a brisk walk after it. You know I always told you that half your bad feelings came from loneliness and want of occupation. I wish I could make you feel this half as strongly as I do. I'll drop in this evening if possible. Yours faithfully,

L. RAYMOND."

Miss Usher, sitting in her parlor by her bright fire, pale, dejected, wrapped in a shawl, was not a little amazed when, two hours later the missive was put into her hands. Dr. Raymond had written her notes before, half professional, half friendly, but this was something unexampled. Silver doves, a smirking cupid, with one pink wing and one blue one, roses, eglantines, and wat-not round the edges, these flowery lines enclosed:

"Oh say not it is wrong to love,
To love, to worship thee;
The sea yearns for the star above,
The stars look on the sea.
The hot moon woos the scented gale,
The parched flower the dew—
Their love, their loving does not fail,
And why should mine for you?

Like bird all spent in wandering
An weary must I roam,
Until I rest my restless wing,
In the dear nest at home.
But what were home without thy face,
O faithful love of mine?
Then deign that humble home to grace,
And bless your Valentine."

It was re[illegible] that but [illegible] passed over [illegible] something ba[illegible] been [illegible] round the corner, which he hoped some day to adorn as a partner. Whether the doctor would have admitted it as addressed to Kitty—that baby, as he called her—is questionable. But Miss Usher quite glowed as she read. It was so poetical, so sweet. The little confusion of pronouns in the first verse escaped her notice altogether. She read and re-read, and then turned to the more prosaic second page.

"Not *exactly* medicine"—O that funny man! Much better suited to this season of the year, *Oh! very much*" Dear, dear! What could it mean? But there was no doubt about *that*—it could mean one thing! Lonely! Yes, indeed. Dear delicate little Miss Usher had often felt so, but there seemed no help for it. There was nobody in particular she wished to have live with her, and no one to marry suited to her taste. Dr. Raymond, to be sure—he was so superior—so good; but then she had never thought he would marry again—he was so devoted to his first wife. And thinking how fond she still was of that little Kitty and Will and what a lovely life it was, after all, for a man to try and keep house for himself, Miss Usher felt her cheeks flushing, and a glow and a stir coming into her heart, which quite made her forget how ill she had fancied herself just before.

"Well! this looks cheerful. Women certainly have a knack of making things cosy which men never get. Now, I found out at once that I was cold as I sat in my office, and I don't think you have felt it at all in this snug little bower of yours, and how are you to-night?"

The doctor was shaking hands all the time he said this.

"Take this chair, doctor, it is a comfortable one."

"Well, did you take the prescription?"

"The walk? Oh! yes, and feel much better for it, thank you."

"That's right, I knew you would. And how did you like the other?"

"The other?" with deepening color, "oh! I liked it very well, that is, very much."

"I am glad to hear it. It was a simple thing, but I thought it would suit you. I scribbled a line to go along with it, because I wanted to ensure your getting out to-day, and now I want a little plain talk with you on the same point. Let me ask, to begin with, don't you think you have lived alone long enough?"

"Perhaps so," replied Miss Usher, with maidenly hesitation, "but—"

"You see," interrupting, "if we could make an arrangement by which you could have some young person with you, a bright, lively girl of Kitty's age, for instance, who would be a companion, and not too much of a charge, it would be the very thing. It's sitting here forlorn and solitary, and having nobody to keep you company or urge you to go out, which is playing the mischief with your nerves and making you fancy yourself an invalid. You are no more sick than I am. You only need rousing. Now don't you think so yourself? Couldn't you bring your mind to like it?"

Miss Usher fluttered, looked up, turned scarlet, and looked down again.

"It is easy enough to find the person you want," went on the unconscious doctor. "I'll see to that. Only say the word."

"I have been so used to living alone," *faltered Miss Usher, "that I'm half afraid to try the experiment.* But if I had you to help me, doctor—"

"Of course you'll have me," said the hearty physician, "that's business, you *know*."

"Business!"

"Oh! well, pleasure, too, of course, but it is business after all. What's a great, strong man good for if he cannot look after little delicate souls like you: to say nothing of my being your doctor, and your school friend. 'Tis an agreement, then? In that case I'll look about me at once, and begin to make arrangements."

"But," interposed Miss Usher, timidly, "are you sure as to Kitty's and Willie's feelings, doctor?"

"Kitty and Willie [illegible]

"Yes. Because you know, even if you meant every word of that sweet letter this morning, it would depend a great deal upon that. I couldn't do anything to grieve their dear little hearts."

"My letter! What was my letter?" mused the puzzled doctor. Do you *happen to have it about you?* I want to see if I made any mistake in the quantities.

With deeper blushes, Miss Usher drew it from her pocket.

"Here it is," she said. "I think a great deal of it, I assure you."

Doctors by dint of long practice, acquire great command over the facial muscles. Our doctor was master of his. He surveyed the flowery page, with outward composure, but within *his soul* was rent with a *convulsion* of wonderment and mirth which was terrible.

"*How in the world did I come by that nonsensical farrago?*" he asked *himself, "and how ever am I to explain to this poor little soul?*"

And suddenly it popped into his head, "Why not?" "With the blue ribbins, the flushed cheeks, the pleasant little room, *his full knowledge of her sweet* temper and lady-likeways, the idea was not unattractive.

"Not a bad thing for any of us, "he muttered half aloud.

"What did you say?" inquired Miss Usher.

"I say," responded the doctor, with a great presence of mind, "that you have heard enough, quite enough for to-night. You won't sleep a wink if I let you go on. Go to bed at once, please, and to-morrow I'll come and discuss it thoroughly." And after a gallant leave taking, he stole out on [illegible] sional [illegible] toe, sa[illegible] sleep over [illegible] at all events [illegible] [illegible] wid- ower [illegible] de- sles [illegible] settled beyond [illegible] [illegible] not Mrs. Raymond know to this day exactly how it was though the doctor cleared himself sometimes later of the responsibility of the verses. And I shall never believe to my dying moment that the idea would ever have entered this head had it not been for this accident to Bob's little adventure. Poor Bob! That cupid, with parti-colored wings, failed in his duty as far as he was concerned; but then he turned round and wove a spell for two other people, and perhaps that is as much as one can expect of a cupid.—*Hearth and Home.*

The Josh Billings Papers.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage iz a fair tran-action on the face ov it.

But there iz quite too often put up jobs in it.

It iz an old institushun, older than the pyramids, and az phull ov hyroglyphics that nobody can parse

History holds its tongue who the pair waz who fust put on the silken harness, and promised to work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote

But whoever they waz, they must have made a good thing out ov it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hev nessed up since and drov out

Thare iz a grate moral grip in marriage; it iz the mortar that holds the sooshul bricks together

But there ain't but darn tew pholks who put thair money in matrimony who could set down and give a good wrieen opinyun whi on arth they cum to did it

This iz a grate proof that it iz one ov them natral kind ov acksidents that must happen, just az birds fly out ov the nest, when they hav feathers enuff, without being able to tell why.

Sum marry for bauty, and never diskover their mistake; this iz lucky.

Sum marry for money and don't see it

Sum mary for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum to the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skimmilk

Sum marry to please their relashuns, and are surprized to learn that their relashons don't care a cuss for them afterward.

Sum marry bekauze they hav bin highseted sum whare else; this iz a cross match, a bay and a sorrel: pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, *but it iz the strength of the game*,

If marrying for love ain't a succes, then matrimony is a ded beet

Sum marry because they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live tew wonder how the *crop holds out*.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves and discover that the game waz one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up

Sum marry tew be happy, and not finding it, wander where all the happiness goes to when it dies

Sum marry, they can't tell why, and live they can't tell how

Almost every boddy gets married, and it is a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit and down think it careful over

Sum think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This is like buying a poor farm, heavily mortgaged, and working the balance ov yure days to clear off the mortgages.

Married life haz its chances, and this is just what gives it its flavor. Every boddy luvs tew phool with the chances, bekause every boddy expekts tew win. But I am authorized tew state that every boddy don't win.

But, after all, married life iz full az certain az the dry goods business.

No man kan swear exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico.

Kno man kan tell just what calico has made up its mind tew do next.

Calico don't kno even herself.

Dry goods ov all kinds iz the child ov circumstansis.

Sum never marry, but this iz just ez risky; the diseaze iz the same, with no other name to it.

The man who stands on the bank shivering, and dassent, iz more apt tew ketch cold than him who pitches hiz hed fust into the river.

There iz but few who never marry bekause they *won't*—they all hanker, and *most ov them starve with the bread before them (spread on both sides)*, just for the lack ov grit.

Marry yung! iz mi motto.

I hev tried it and I kno what I am talking about.

If enny boddy asks yu whi yu got married, (if it needs be,) tell him *yu don't recollekt.*

Marriage iz a safe way to gamble—if yu win, you win a pile, and if yu loze, yu don't loze enny thing, only the privilege of living dismally alone, and soaking yure own feet.

I repeat it, in italics, *marry yung!*

Thare iz but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that iz—*a second marriage.*

—*The next Texas Legislature will have two negroes in the Senate and seven in the House.*

WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?

BY DR. HOLLAND.

[illegible]
Over the cradle a mother hung,
Softly cooing a slumber song;
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my babe again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low,
A murmur into her music broke;
And she paused to hear, for she could but know
The baby's angel spoke.

"Cheek or chin, knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When I awaken your babe again?"

Silent the mother sat, and dwelt
Long in the sweet delay of choice;
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with a pleasant voice

"Not on the limb, oh angel dear!
For the charm with its youth will disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harboring smile will fade and flee,
But touch thou the chin with an impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

Angling For a Dog.

AN OLD STORY, BUT DECIDEDLY A GOOD ONE.

We were *traveling on ground* we had no right on. The only excuse was like that of a military necessity—it was far better fishing through the farms where the trout had been preserved than in open lots where all could fish.

It was early in the morning. We had risen at three, ridden ten miles and struck the creek as the trout were ready for breakfast. Looking carefully for a sheltered place to hitch our horses, we slyly crept on behind fences, etc., till we reached the part of the stream not generally fished. A farm house stood not a quarter of a mile away. We saw the morning smoke curling lightly from a stove pipe; saw a man and two boys come out to do chores; saw a woman busy about the door, and a ferocious bull dog wandering about the yard.

If ever we fished close, it was then. Not a whisper to disturb the birds or the owners of the land. We crawled through the grass and dodged behind clumps of alders, lifting large speckled beauties out of the water until our baskets were full

This was the time to have gone; but the trout were so large and bit so readily that we could not withstand the temptation, so we decided to string and hide what we had, and take another basketful. So at it we went. No sooner would the hook touch the water than we had a trout. We forgot the house, the man, the boys and the dog. Suddenly there was a rushing through an oat field as if a mad bull was coming. We looked toward the house, and saw the farmer and his two boys on a fence, the woman in the door, and the do bounding toward us. We saw it all we had been discovered! The well-trained dog had been sent to hunt us out, and as the matter appeared, it was safe to bet that he was *doing* that thing right lively!

To outrun a dog was not to be thought of. There was no time to lose. He cleared a fence and came for us just as we reached a tree, and by great activity took a front seat on a limb above his reach. Here was a precious go! A vicious bull dog under the tree, and the farmer and two big boys ready to move down upon our works. It was fight, foot race, or fangs.

The farmer yelled to his dog. "Watch him, Tige!"

Tige proposed to do this little thing, and keeping his eye upon us, seated himself under the tree.

Then spoke this ugly farmer man, "Just hold on thar, stranger, till we get breakfast; then we will come and see you! If you are in a hurry, however, you can go now! Watch him, Tige!"

We surmised trouble; quite too much, for thrice had that bold man of bull dogs and agriculture elegantly walloped innocent tourists for being seen on his suburban premises! His reputation as a peace man was not good and there arose a large heart towards our throat.

Time is the essence of contracts, and the saving ordinance of those in trouble. We had a pound of cold ham and a large, thick slice of bread, for stock base, if we failed to take trout. And as good luck would have it we had got a nice sandwich and a piece of boiled corn beef in our other pocket.

We waited till the dog got engaged [illegible] wasn't a 'ast! [illegible] tried to move down—when he'd move up! At last we trebled our bass line, fastened the great limerick to it, baited it with the corn beef, [illegible] the [illegible] limb and angled for a dog! [illegible]

Tige was in earnest. He smelt of the beef, it was very nice. He swallowed it, and sat with his eye on us for more; but with no friendly look beaming from his countenance. Not any!

Then he pulled gently on the line—it was fast! Tige yanked and pulled, but 'twas of no use!

We quickly slid down the tree—almost blistering our hands doing it—seized the pole, and straightway went thence somewhat lively.

We found our string of fish, and reached the buggy and in a commanding spot in the road, in time to see the sturdy yeoman move forth.

We saw him and his cohorts, male female, move slowly as if in no haste. We saw them look up the tree. We saw an anxious crowd *engaged about* the dog. We came quickly home and kindly left the bass line and hook to the farmer.

SALT RIVER.—Hon S. S. Cox found a "Salt River" in his "Search after Winter Sunbeams" along the northern and southern shores of the Mediterranean. When in Algeria he says:—"We follow the meandering of a stream whose foam is not amber [illegible] whose gravel is gold not; but we find it bed incrusted with—s[illegible] of our divers, we fi[illegible] are nearer [illegible] I ha[illegible] that stream [illegible] of de [illegible] where in [illegible] Andes had [illegible] My companion, who is slightly [illegible] the fanatical, suggested playfully that I ought to go up to the source of Salt River—'I should find some friends.' But as a few choice friends still remained absent I refused."

Badgering an Irish Voter.

"You're a Roman Catholic?"

"Am I?" said the man.

"Are you not?" demanded the agent.

"You say I am," was the answer.

"*Come, sir, answer—what's your religion?*"

"The true religion."

"*What is that?*"

"My religion."

"*And what's your religion?*",

"My mother's religion."

"And what's your mother's religion?"

"Her father's religion."

"Come, now, I'll find you out, cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wit with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd, "you bless your self, don't you?"

"*When I am done* with you, I think I ought."

"What place of worship do you go to?"

"The most convainyant"

"But of what persuasion are you?"

"My persuasion is that you won't find it out."

"What is your belief?"

"My belief is that you are puzzled."

"*Do you confess?*"

"Not to you."

"Come, now I have you. Who would you *send for if* you were likely to die?"

"Doctor Growlin."

"Not for the priest?"

"I must first get a messenger."

"Confound your quibbling! Tell me then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean?

"They are the same as my landlord's."

"And what are your landlord's opinions?"

"Faix! his opinion is that I won't pay him the last half year's rent, and I'm of the same opinion myself."

A roar of laughter followed this answer, and dumbfounded the agent for a time; but, angered at the successful quibbling of the sturdy and wily fellow before him, he at last declared, with much severity of manner, that he must have a direct reply. "I insist, sir, on your answering at once; are you a Roman Catholic?"

"I am," said the man

"And could you not have said so at once?" demanded the officer.

"You never axed me," returned the other

"I did?" said the other

"Indeed you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me—you wor drivin cross words and craked questions at me, and I gov answers to match them—for sure I thought it was manners to cut out my behavior on your own pattern."

The Ear of Dionysius.

In the neighborhood of Syracuse, in Sicily, is a cave of great depth, which is said to have been built by Dionysius the Elder, a tyrant, or usurper, who was born about B. C. 430, and died B. C. 366, in the sixty third year of his age, and the thirty ninth of his rule. This cave was two hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet high. It was fashioned in the form of a human ear, and the faintest sounds were carried from all parts to a central chamber, which corresponded to the tympanum or drum of the ear. In this remarkable whispering gallery Dionysius imprisoned all who were the objects of his suspicions, while he himself was in the habit of passing entire days in the innermost chamber, listening to the conversation of his victims, in order that he might ascertain for himself who were really his enemies. Ancient writers tell us that the workmen who constructed the cavern were put to death to prevent them from divulging the use to which it was to be put, and that whole families were sometimes confined in it at once. Modern travelers relate, that even at the present day notwithstanding the changes which have been wrought by time, the echo is such that the tearing of a sheet of paper at the entrance can be distinctly heard in the remotest part. Pieces of iron and lead have been found in making excavations, and they are thought to be the remains of the chains and staples by which the prisoners were confined.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

A Premium Recommended for Murder.

General Sully, in his official report of the massacre of the Piegan Indians recommends that a brevet appointment be conferred on Colonel Baker. Here is what it is for:

Of the 175 killed, *thirty-three* were men; of these *fifteen only* were such as are called by them young, or fighting men. These were between the ages of twelve and twenty seven; the remaining eighteen were between the ages of thirty-seven and seventy; eight of the latter between sixty and seventy. NINETY WERE WOMEN. THE REMAINING FIFTY WERE CHILDREN, NONE OF THEM AGED TWELVE YEARS, AND MANY OF THEM IN THEIR MOTHERS ARMS. * * * * *At the time of* the attack this camp were suffering severely with small-pox, having had it among them *for two months*, the average rate of deaths among them having been six daily.

And, for this horrible butchery of women and children [illegible] the United States Army, the Government is requested to honor him with a Brevet! Justice demands that he be *dismissed* for "murder and cowardice" instead of being "Brevetted for gallantry in the attack on the Piegan women and children."—*Canton (O) Democrat.*

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A NAP-SACK—A pillow-case.

DRY groceries—Cod fish and red herring.

ACADEMY of design—a female boarding-school.

"WHAT are the wild waves saying?" Let us spray.

A DEAD reckoning—calculating one's funeral expenses.

A GROCER resembles a highwayman when he lies in weight.

THE *procuring of a divorce* is called courting after marriage.

THE best hand at the trick of "inserting natural teeth," is the bull-dog.

PROCURE not friends in haste; *nor*, procured, part with them in haste.

WHY is a pig's tail like a carving knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.

A CONCEITED young lady remarked that the young men are a very covet-us set.

THE street which old bachelors particularly shun in New York is Maiden Lane

LAZINESS is a good deal like money, the more a man has of it the more he wants.

THE most proper kind of food for funeral dinners is lamb and 'taters. (Lamentators) See it?

WHENEVER theatrical managers make money they may thank their luckey stars for it

MRS PARTINGTON wants to know what them "rheumatic railways" are that people talk about.

THE most popular edition of the Young Woman's Guide—young men from seventeen to twenty-five.

THE Alaskan Mekutoucutzocoats live in Arcadian simplicity on the Atutoncoolakuchargut river.

WHEN a *Fifteenth Amendmen* is engaged to do whitewashing, the contract should be made in black and white.

THE English people work life at a *high boiler pressure, but the Yankees* do *more—they sit on the valves.*

AT Prof Rogers' Star Lecture, a few *evenings* since, the audience were so *quiet you could hear a bed tick*

WE do not believe that it is impossible to arrest the flight of *time for* who is there that cannot stop a minute?

A LIBRARIAN arranging his books according to their subject manner, put "Irish Bulls" under the head of agriculture

THE public executioner in Paris has been by turns a surgeon, a bill-broker a commission merchant and a [illegible] First he lanced, then he shaved, then he scalped, then beheaded

"DID it rain to-morrow?" inquired a Dutchman of a Frenchman "Me guess it was," replied the Frenchman

WE hear a great deal more of persons "dead in love with each other," than we do of their living in love with each other

ANNA DICKINSON proclaims that she does not entertain any anna-mosity towards the men. Who ever said she did?

THIS is what I call capital punishment, as the boy said when his mother shut him into the closet among the preserves

AN exchange paper says "Truth is in type, but it is crowded out by more important matter." We believe you, my boy

A BOSTON lady took arsenic because "tired of this cold world," but was pumped out just as the weather had turned colder yet.

CAN you tell why this earth of our is like a blackboard? Give it up? Because the children of *men multiply* upon the face of it.

OUR navy is *fast going to ruin*. Not *content with selling off neatly* all the iron-clads, they are now disposing of the cadet-ships.

A PLAIN girl always has one consolation. If *she's not a* pretty young lady, she will, *if she lives long enough*, be a pretty old one.

THALBERG, the pianist, is said to be worth half a million, and does not play at concerts any more, or at least not so much as formerly.

THE Lydia Thompson-Storey cowhiding affair at Chicago was alluded to by a Southern editor in an article called "The Flax and the Flail."

Punchinello asks the question: "Frankly speaking, can Senator Revels' letters be called *blackmail?*" [illegible] will have to be reconstructed.

THE Georgia darkies are fond of raising *garden seeds*. They raise them out *of their white neighbors' gardens,* as soon as they are planted.

A BOTHERED housekeeper thinks that servant girls, instead of being "subject to a hire law," are a law unto themselves, and quite lawless at that.

OVER a hundred young ladies are at present studying law in this country. One of these days they will probably all become mothers-in-law.

MAINE travellers rendered hatless in passing from car to car, supply the deficiency at the next station by unroofing a bystander as the train passes.

GEN. SHERIDAN says that the Stantee Indians sing Watts's hymns at their scalp dance. Imagine a festive brave driving a stake through his prisoner, building a fire on his chest, and then waltzing around to the tune, "I want to be an angel."

AT a late printers' festival the following toast was given: "The printer—the master of all trades; he beats the farmer with the Hoe, the carpenter with his rules, and the mason with tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his cases, and beats the parson in the management of the devil."