

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTA, PA.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on—
I looked, and looked, and laughed,
It was so singular that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all,
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love,
And common metre rhymes
She has no manifest but this,
No name floats over the water,
She's too new for the British Lloyd's
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Ring out, old bells—and ring ones too—
Ring out the love's moon,
Ring out the love's worsted socks,
Ring in the love and spoon,
Ring out the music, ring in the noise,
Sing in the milk and water,
Away with paper, pens and ink—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

A LIFE WASTED.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

Nobody ever saw such weather,
First it had rained, then it snowed,
Now it had rained again, a cold, driving
rain, mingled with sleet that dashed
itself spitefully against the windows of
Oak Cottage with every long thunder-
ing gust of wind, as though in a rage
at the comfort and brightness within,
or, perhaps, it was only anxious to get
in, which, indeed, seems to me the
more probable solution of the two. At
even a north-easter could not relent
over such cozy little rooms as were
waiting Guy Whitmore. It was all
most dark, but Alice would not light
the lamp till he came, for she used to
say, that she would have the little
flaming and herself leap into light
and happiness together, so there was
only the firelight burning brightly
enough to show you a piano, flowers
on a stand, one or two pictures, a
lounge drawn up, a work stand, some
book cases, and through the arched
door a table set out, snowy and
glittering with silver and china—
About this was busy a little woman,
not pretty, but so altogether cozy
that you might well be in doubt
whether she was the reflection of the
rooms, a sort of domestic mirage,
or the centre from whence radiated it
all, the guardian angel of the palace.
A little woman of the plump order,
fresh and sparkling with an abundance
of beautiful bright hair, stopping in
log corners about the room at a crack,
where lay a little well, if I should
describe it in strictly everyday style,
I would say it was a baby in good con-
dition, white, fat, blue-eyed, and rosy-
cheeked, as handsomely a little fellow
of one year as could be met with, but
speaking from Alice's standpoint,
should mention that it was a being
that made the existence of old bachel-
ors and old maid subjects of bound-
less wonder and compassion, and en-
gendered a gentle pity for the rest of
the world out from seeing how it
could creep up its lips like papa when
he whistled, and what pink toes and
at legs it had! Said "thing" was
now eating sucking its thumb, quite
regardless of the shocking noise
addressed to it by its mamma, in the
course of which she chattered it as
a dear naughty, funny little puss,
of the mother's heart, and no one
knew to what bitter fancies she
might have proceeded, but not to
long expect to see it at the door
announced that her mamma was home
at last.

Alice rushed toward the door, then
stopped, there were voices, Guy was
not alone, he had brought some one
with him, a lady for that was a wo-
man's laugh. She could not but feel a
little disappointment. Guy had been
away three days, and she had so much
to say, but this was only her first
thought, her second, a good wife
should meet her husband always with
a smiling face, and his guest with
cordiality, whereupon she went into
the hall.

Guy returned rather to hesitate,
and shrink from her kiss, glancing
uneasily at his companion, as he in-
troduced her.

"Alice, my dear, Miss Harleigh,
Marian Harleigh, of whom you have
heard me speak so often. I found her
at the depot, utterly forlorn. She got
out for a moment's refreshment, and
the train left her. I trust, however,
we shall give her no reason to regret
still further her detention."

"Oh, I had repaid already," answered
the lady, smiling down in Alice's
face. The having to tell that I have
seen Guy at home as a married man,
is compensation enough for all my
 vexations, if I don't incommode Mrs.
Whitmore.

"Oh, not in the least," said Alice,
of course, as she led the way into the
parlors; and yet she was incommode.
She remembered the name of Marian
Harleigh well enough. Guy's betrothed,
with whom he had quarreled and
parted before he ever saw Alice. She
was not likely to forget it. It was an
accident, of course, and all quite nat-
ural; as much so as that she should
call him Guy; but she only half
liked the nature of either of these
cases.

The baby looked up into the hand-
some face bent over him in real ear-
nest; at first with calm attention, as if
resolving whether this face had any-
thing to do with his dinner, or the
final extinguishing of him in the bed
up stairs; then pleased with the glitter
of a steel ornament that fastened back
the waves of her hair, relaxed from
his austerity into a smile. He was so
lovely then that Marian was charmed.
She began to coquet with him. She
lowered her head till the shining comb
was just within his reach, and pulled
it away; she tickled his fat cheeks
with her slender fingers, all the while
and more shapely for the diamonds
that sparkled on them, the color
deepened in her cheeks; a soft light
shone in her eyes, and just at that
juncture, baby grew audacious, seized
the comb suddenly, pulled it out,
brandished it triumphantly, and down
fell her long, thick hair about her
shoulders of her slender waist, making
altogether, a pretty picture—a very
pretty picture, thought Guy.

But Alice turned up her little nose
mentally.

"It was done purposely; and as
for baby, he was a little traitor, to be
seduced by a steel comb."

And I think she gave him a little
snap on his fat legs, as she tucked him
up in the bed, and then sat down and
cried heartily because she had been
indulging in such hateful thoughts
and tempers. Meanwhile, Marian sat
composely, watching Guy on the op-
posite side of the fire place.

"It seems so odd," she said, at last,
"I am not sure that it is not a dream,
after all. To think that this is your
house, and your baby, and that is your
wife."

It would be hard to tell how, but
something of disparagement sounded
so clearly in the last clause, that it
nettled Guy.

"It is somewhat different," he said,
pointedly, "from the plans we had six
years ago."

Marian blushed slightly.

"I did not mean that," she said,
"I was not thinking of it at all. We
were certainly very foolish and very
hard, especially I; I think now it is
far better as it is. Your wife is bet-
ter suited to you than I should have
been, but there is a proverb some-
where about old wounds, that I think
we should do well to remember."

"Perhaps we had better forget that,"
Guy was nettled once more.

Once more, there was something
like disparagement in what she said,
or rather the tone as if she were con-
gratulating herself, and had never
done otherwise, at her escape. Men
are not in the least vain, but they
have a natural dislike to be dropped
quite so easily. She roused herself,
determined that she should feel and
see in its true light the inestimable
treasure that she had missed. She
began to talk with his old ease and
brilliance. Alice heard them, sitting
in the nursery with the baby. He
had been in the habit lately of falling
a-deep half an hour after supper, but
then it was only natural that he
should wish to entertain his company.
After a while she heard them singing
from memory, evidently, for she
sang only ballads, she had no such
music as that.

Marian's voice was singularly sweet
and powerful, and she executed the
difficult airs that she was trying with
no little smoothness and finish. The
singing made the baby uneasy, and
kept Alice still bending over the crib.
It was not to be supposed that singing
and talking should be stopped, yet
Alice was in no very gracious mood,
when, beated and flushed, at last she
went down stairs. All outward forms
of politeness were observed, but clear
ly there was already a jar in the home
circle—a sense of constraint in the
moral atmosphere. Alice was disap-
pointed with herself, Guy supposed that
he was half angry at Marian, when, in
fact, he was already displeased with
all things around here. Alice, how-
ever, consoled herself with the thought
that this visit, so unexpected to all,
could not be a lengthy one. She
hinted something of this to Guy.

"Are you unwilling to take the
trouble to entertain a friend of mine?"
he inquired, sharply.

"Certainly not, I did not suppose
she came to stay. That was all."

"She did not, but she is expecting
to meet the Trevanions, friends of
hers, who will start in a week or so,
and I invited her to remain till then."

A week or two? It looked an un-
utterably gloomy perspective. Mar-
ian's smile, pointed to Alice, but noth-
ing more, clearly thought her not
worth the winning. She was a bril-
liant conversationalist, and had an ex-
cellent memory, and had a pleasant
way of relating any little incident irri-
tating to Guy, or bearing hard on
Alice, with a vivacity that brought out
the point in the strongest light, yet
always with an air of innocence, as if
entirely unaware of the effect that she
was producing.

In any of those demonstrations which
attended Marian's malicious gratification,
Guy congratulated himself that she
had grown sensible at last. Marian,
now that the fun was over, and a little
weary by her flirtation, availed her-
self of the first excuse, and departed.
The glamour of her presence gradu-
ally wearing away, Guy came back at
last to his senses, and then for the first
time perceived an astonishing change
in his wife.

She was calm, attentive, diligent as
she had always been; but all her
sunshine, her eager confidence, her
clinging trust was gone. Little Alice no
longer, the grave, careful, but almost
smileless and wordless head of the
family. "She is paying me up that is
all," Guy explained to himself a little
uneasily, but if his explanation was a
true one, it is a life long debt.

Once, and only once she spoke out in
answer to Guy's passionate urging,
"I cannot, Guy, I cannot be the
same. I know it was a temporary de-
lusion; but I have no certificate of the
number of these delusions to which
you are liable. When I lost trust and
hope, I lost it forever and cannot re-
gain it. I will do the best I can, but
don't ask me for my former self, for its
dead, and I have no power to bid it
rise."

So the world says. "What a cold,
hard woman is Alice Whitmore!" and
Marian Harleigh sneers at her where-
about her jealous, and Guy's pleas-
ant life, and Alice goes on the old
story way, and Guy, alternately frets
and curses himself for his folly and
meanness. A sad end for a fair begin-
ning.

Mrs. Prim on Scandal.

No, my dear—goodness, be thankful
no person can say that I ever scandal-
ized any one, not even my worst en-
emy, no matter what he or she may do!
I've had chance enough to talk, if I
had a mind to, as every one in this
town knows full well. Of course, liv-
ing here right in the high street of
the town, I can't help seeing a great
many queer things, and when our win-
dows are open and the blinds shut in
the summer time, I can hear them too!
But I never repeat them—I scorn to
make mischief, I never hear a word,
except when I get hold of some safe
person like you, my dear, that I know
that I can trust. And if a body is
never to open her mouth among her
own intimate friends, why, the world
isn't worth living in—is it? But that
isn't scandal, you know. I hate and
abhor that just as much as you do,
and I don't think any one can say I
was ever guilty in all my life.

But then, as I said before, it isn't
for want of a chance. Why, only last
evening as ever was, who do you think
I saw walking up by here, in the
bright moonlight, as brazen as you
please, but Miss Lennox and Colonel
Parker! Fact, as sure as you sit in
that chair! And they were walking
close together, and talking so confiden-
tial.

I suppose that you know all about
that disgraceful affair with the school
girls? My dear you must really live in
the dark! Why, they have been writ-
ing a lot of anonymous letters to the
people here in town, and the postmas-
ter suspected what was up at last, and
he just kept a quiet lookout, and
caught some of them putting the let-
ters in. I don't know what Miss Lennox
like will do. Expel them, I hope; girls
like those have no business to get so
loose.

There—Mrs. Price going by. I pre-
sume she has been down to cheapen a
bowl, or get a half penny or two taken
off a joint of meat. She's the stingiest
thing, my dear, it would really make
your heart ache to hear of the way
she manages and contrives! And there
is her husband, one of the richest men
in the town, and folks do say that he
can't get a decent meal of victuals in
his own house. Wouldn't you—

What! going? Can't you stay any
longer? Well, do come again very soon,
won't you? Good-bye!

Thank goodness, she has gone! I
really thought she was going to stay
all night. I heard a nice story about
her, by the way, last week—how
shamefully she treats all her servants!
Suppose she thinks I don't know it. I
might make mischief enough in her
family, if I chose. But I abhor scan-
dal!

The Encalyptus, or Australian Gum Tree.

This wonderful tree so rapid in
growth, so towering in height, so mas-
sive in strength, and so beautiful in its
symmetrical dark green foliage, has
been extensively planted in California,
while its culture is rapidly increasing
in the arid Territories east of the
Rocky Mountains. Its special value
to our trans-Mississippi regions resides
in its rapid growth. A tree of this
species in Colorado in five years grew
to a diameter of trunk of fifteen inches.
This quality will enable our fruit cul-
tivators to clothe many arid regions
with a thick coat of arboreal vegeta-
tion, averting excessive evaporation,
and ameliorating climates. A speci-
men tree, in the Botanical Gardens of
Melbourne, Australia, is 480 feet high.
Its timber is excellent for house and
ship building, for furniture, &c. Its
bark is rich in tannin and in medical
properties, promising to supersede the
use of quinine by a product of equal
benefit, without its injurious qualities.
The tree, itself, while growing, is said
to absorb the miasma of malarial dis-
tricts, and to improve their salubrity.
In California several efforts at plant-
ing on a considerable scale have been
commenced. Mr. J. T. Stratton, in
Castro valley, Alameda county, has
planted 500 acres in two varieties of the
Encalyptus, which now average 10 feet
in height, and present a beautiful ap-
pearance. About 4,000 trees have al-
ready been set out in this experiment,
which is to be extended by the plant-
ing of a large number of the better
varieties of American hard wood and nut
varieties.—*Washington Chronicle.*

The New Enforcement Law.

The following is a synopsis of the
bill, supplementary to the enforcement
bill of last winter, which passed the
Senate on Wednesday and which will,
most probably, become a law without
any material modifications:

The bill comprises eighteen sections,
and it may be briefly summed up as a
measure making the federal election
law of last session more stringent in
every respect, by imposing penalties of
fine and imprisonment regarding the
registration of voters, extending its op-
erations beyond the cities whose popu-
lation exceeds twenty thousand inhabi-
tants, to every county, provided two
citizens shall apply to the judge of the
United States circuit court in whose
district the town or city may be located,
that they desire the law to be enforced
in said place, and requiring said court
to provide for the appointment of fed-
eral inspectors and supervisors of elec-
tion and elections of representative or dele-
gate to Congress, and to remain in ses-
sion while the act is being in force to
transact business under it. Elaborate
powers are given to the inspectors to
inspect at all times on the day of elec-
tion the way the voting is done, and
the way the registry, tally-books and
lists are kept, and to personally scruti-
nize, count and canvass every ballot,
what ever may be the endorsement on
said ballot, or in whatever box it may
be placed or found, and to forward
their report to a chief supervisor pro-
vided by this act for each judicial dis-
trict. Provision is made for the United
States marshal and a number of depu-
ties to protect and assist the inspec-
tors and to arrest without a warrant
any person who attempts to commit
any act prohibited by this supplement
to the act. No one is to be arrested, how-
ever, for any offence not committed
in the presence of the marshal or his
deputies. Any State or local officer,
who interferes, is liable to arrest, with
punishment not exceeding a thousand
dollars, and two years imprisonment.
Any person who gives false informa-
tion about the verification of a voter or
registry list shall be held for misde-
meanor. The twelfth section gives the
marshal power to call on the military
or naval forces of the United States to
enable him to force the law. It is
made the duty of the commanding offi-
cer of these United States forces to
obey the requisition for troops and ves-
sels of war without delay. Provision
is made for the transfer of any suit
brought by an aggrieved citizen against
a federal officer of the United States
circuit court, and to render the judg-
ment of a State court in such a case
null and void. Sections five and six of
the act of last session, to amend the
naturalization laws and to punish crime
against the same, and repealed by this
bill though such repeal is not to affect
pending suits.

A Grievous Wrong.

There is the soundest common sense
in the following paragraph from the
Manufacturer and Builder:

Why is it that there is such a repug-
nance on the part of parents to putting
their sons to a trade? A skillful me-
chanic is an independent man. Go
where he will his craft will bring him
support. He need ask favors of none.
He has literally his fortune in his own
hands. Yet foolish parents—ambition
that their sons should "rise in the
world," as they say—are more
willing that they should study for a
profession, with the chances of even
moderate success heavily against them,
or run the risk of spending their man-
hood in the ignoble task of retailing
dry goods, or standing at the account-
ant's desk, than learn a trade which
would bring them manly strength,
health and independence. In point of
fact, the method they choose is the one
least likely to achieve the advance-
ment aimed at, for the supply of can-
didates for "errand boys," dry goods
clerks, and kindred occupations, is no-
toriously overstocked; while, on the
other hand, the demand for really skilled
mechanics of every description is as
notoriously beyond the supply. The
craving need of this country to-day is
for skilled labor; and that father who
neglects to provide his son with a use-
ful trade, and to see that he thorough-
ly masters it, does him a grievous
wrong and runs the risk of helping by
so much to increase the stock of idle
and dependent, if not vicious, mem-
bers of society. It is stated in the
report of the Prison Association, lately
issued, that of fourteen thousand five
hundred and ninety-six prisoners con-
fined in the thirty States, in 1867, sev-
enty seven per cent., or over ten thou-
sand of the number had never learned
a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of
profound interest to those who have
in charge the training of boys, and
girls too, for the active duties of life.

A STRANGE STORY ABOUT GENERAL
GRANT. A few days after the capture
of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, when
the voice of the whole country was for
war, we had a conversation with a
gentleman who was an officer in the
Mexican war, and who besides, in Ohio
has obtained eminence as a civilian,
that we have often thought of since.
said he to us: "I saw to-day an old
comrade of mine in Mexico, a West
Pointer, but who resigned his position
in the army a few years ago. I asked
him why he was not in uniform, and
expressed my surprise that he was not
already a colonel or general of volun-
teers. His reply was, 'I think you and
I have had fighting enough. What I
want in this war is a place by which I
can make money.' He sought to
get that place here. He made an ef-
fort to be selected by the Government
as a buyer of horses, but failed. He
next endeavored to borrow a few hun-
dred dollars of a military friend of ours
then and now in the regular army, for
the purpose of entering into business
where he would get army patronage.
Being refused, he applied, as we un-
derstand, to Gen. Burns for a position
in the Commissary Department in this

city, but failed also in getting it. There
being nothing here to suit him, he
went back to Illinois, and
became a sort of secretary to Governor
Yates, and everything else being un-
successful, he chose at last to go into
the army. But he did not want to go
where there was fighting at all. It
was money he was after, and money
he has made as General and President
of the United States. If he had ob-
tained the position he asked for, as
buyer of horses, the country would
have had a competent if not an honest
man in that place, and we should not
now have a bad President, who makes
the filling of his purse his principal
business.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Novel Cure.

Alexander Dumas published, some
time ago, in a daily Paris paper, a
novel, in which the heroine, prosper-
ous and happy, is assailed by consump-
tion. All the slow and gradual symp-
toms were most naturally and touch-
ingly described, and the greatest inter-
est was felt for the heroine.

One day the Marquis Dalomieu called
on him.

"Dumas," said he, have you compos-
ed the end of the story now being pub-
lished in the—?"

"Of course,"
"Does the heroine die in the end?"
"Of course; dies of consumption.
After such symptoms as I have de-
scribed, how could she live?"
"You must make her live. You must
change the catastrophe."

"I cannot."
"Yes, you must, for on your hero-
ine's life depends my daughter's!"
"Yes," she has all the various symp-
toms of consumption which you have
described, and watches mournfully for
every number of your novel, reading
her own fate in your heroine's. Now,
if you make your heroine live, my
daughter, whose imagination has been
deeply impressed, will live, too."

"Come, a life to save is a tempta-
tion."
"Not to be resisted!"
Dumas changed his last chapter.
His heroine recovered and was hap-
py.

About five years afterwards, Dumas
met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah Dumas," he exclaimed, "let me
introduce you to my daughter; she
owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman, who
looks like Joanne d'Arc?"
"Yes; she is married and has four
children."
"And my novel four editions," said
Dumas, "so we are quits."

A COURT SCENE.—William Look,
tell us William who made you.

William, who was considered a
fool, screwed up his face, and looked
thoughtfully and somewhat bewildered.
"Moses, I s'pose!"

"That will do," said Counselor Grey,
addressing the court. "The witness
says he supposes Moses made him,
that is an intelligent answer, more than
I thought him capable of giving, for it
shows that he has some faint idea of
Scripture. I submit that it is not suf-
ficient to entitle him to be sworn as a
witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ax
the lawyer a question?"
"Certainly," said the Judge.
"Well then, Mr. Lawyer, who d'ye
s'pose made you?"

"Aaron, I s'pose," said Counselor Grey,
imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat sub-
sided, the witness drawled out, "Wall,
now, we do read in the book that
Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a
thought the darned critter had got in
here!"

The Judge ordered the man to be
sworn.

AN EFFECTUAL REBUKE. On his
way home from his last tour in Ire-
land, Rev. Rowland Hill was very
much annoyed at the reprobate con-
duct of the captain and mate, who
were greatly addicted to the ungen-
tly habit of swearing. First the
captain would swear at the mate, and
then they would both swear at the
wind.

"Stop, stop," shouted Hill, "let us
have fair play, gentlemen, it is my
turn now."
"At what is your turn?" asked the
captain.

"At swearing," replied Hill.
After waiting till his offence was
excused, the captain urged Mr. Hill
to be quick and to his turn, for he
wanted to begin again.

"No, no," said Hill, "I can't be hur-
ried; I have a right to take my own
time and swear at my own conveni-
ence."

"Perhaps you don't intend to take
your turn," responded the other.
"Pardon me," said Hill, "but I do as
soon as I can find the good of doing
so."
The rebuke had its desired effect;
there was not another oath on the voy-
age.

"Allow me," said an American host,
in his most persuasive tones, to a
friend dining with him, "allow me to
help you to a piece of Washington pie."
"Sir," replied the gentleman, oratorical-
ly waving his hat, "George Washing-
ton was first in war, first in peace, and
first in the hearts of his countrymen. I
admire him for his purity, his piety,
and his patriotism, but I detest his
pie."

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable
to bring out a traveler's horse, but
not knowing which of the two horses
in the stable belonged to the traveler,
and wishing to avoid the appearance
of ignorance in his business, he saddled
both animals and brought them to the
door. "That's my nag," "Certainly your
honor, I know that very well," said
Pat, but I shall not know which was the
other gentleman's.

—An abbe-ration—a monk's dinner.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—To protect the chest—put a lock on
it.
—Parental acres—The old man's
corns.
—Soundings on a bar—Rapping for
drinks.

—The pound of flesh—Making tough
steak tender.
—A woman's pride and sailor's guide
—the needle.
—A common difference—matrimonial
squabble.

—The quietest thing in a theatre—a
reserved seat.
—Of course all the florists in Japan
are Budd-hists.
—How to keep your head clear—
Shave every hair off.

—A word to croakers—When the
whine's in the wit's out.
—It's a paradox, but no young lady
is in society till she comes out.
—Economy is no disgrace; it is bet-
ter living on a little than outliving a
great deal.

—The bachelor has to look out for
number one, the married man for num-
ber two.
—A man who says he will sub-stantiate
anon, very often proves to be a non-sub-
stantioner.

—An Eastern paper calls a colored
centenarian of its vicinage, "one of
the dark ages."
—A man may be a Minor Canon in a
cathedral, and yet be a big gun in the
church.

—True heroism—Sifting the ashes at
five in the morning with the thermo-
meter at zero.
—What trade affords support to the
greatest number of the population?
The blues-trade.

—When is Bridget like the kitchen
fire? When she goes out; and likewise
when she flares up.
—Hint to mothers—When a child
will creep rather than walk, it's a sign
of an on-keensy disposition.

—Little fish have a good notion as to
the commencement of life; they always
begin on a small scale.
—Physicians recommend ladies to
form walking clubs. This is a matter
in which steps should be taken.

—Why are the candidates who fail to
get elected like the world? Because
they are depressed at the polls.
—Daniel Webster once said of Ben-
Butler, that he had the "impudence of
the devil and a conscience to match."

—Because a tanner takes skins—and
hides, it is not safe to infer that he can-
not be found as easily as any one else.
—None but the brave deserve the
fair," as the rough said when he col-
lected the conductor and declined payment.

—Just like him—Old Singleton says
that he only knows of one thing better
than a wedding present—a wedding
present.

—An English urbraut declares that
a woman's voice can be heard two miles
up in the air, and a man's only one.
—Miss Emma, Dill wants a clerk-
ship in the Wisconsin Legislature, and
the places being all filled, the members
are in a Dill-Emma.

—A pawnbroker having joined a
temperance society, it was remarked
that there need be no fear about his
keeping the pledge.
—"The good are taken first," does
not apply to photograph establish-
ments or barber shops. Each must take his
her turn, good or wicked.

—Naval intelligence—Landlubbers
may be informed that the nautical ex-
periment of boxing the compass, is
usually attempted upon the spar deck.
—Somebody suggests as an appropri-
ate motto for the servants' hall of a
fashionable mansion, "They also serve
who only stand and wait."

—An Ethiopian barber out west,
drawn as a juror, was asked if he was
a voter. He aptly replied "Ise black
enough, but not old enough."

—Mrs. Burnside, of Michigan, rub-
bed her boy's head with kerosene. The
treacherous fluid took fire, the boy lost
his hair, and Mrs. B—lost her hair.

—A shoddy woman, who returned
from Europe with some paintings, was
asked if they were landscapes. She
said "No, over one-half of them are
water-scapes."

—They take affairs coolly in Vermont.
With the thermometer ranging at will
from eleven to fifty degrees below zero,
they call it simply a "coolish turn."
—Railroad managers are perhaps not
to be blamed for the conduct of those
they employ, but it is not strange that
none of them ever hire a civil engineer
to run the engine.

—Mr. Benecke, of Chicago, left a note
for the coroner explaining that his suc-
cided was an act of consideration for his
wife, who was "in great want of another
husband."

—Miss A. what is your opinion of
the weather? "I think it intends to
clear, and I wish some folks would fol-
low the weather's example and clear
too?" Mr. B. seized his hat, and has
not been seen in that street since.

—A wag, observing on the door of a
house the name of two physicians, re-
marked that it put him in mind of a
double-barreled gun, if one missed, the
other would be sure to kill.

—It is the irrevocable law of Mam-
moth College "that no gentleman shall
kiss a lady student except in cases of ne-
cessity, and then only under the imme-
diate supervision of the faculty."

—An eccentric citizen of St. Louis,
died recently, and left in his will \$1,000
to a man who, ten years before, had run
away with his wife. One of the last
things he said was that he never forgot
a favor.

—Which side of the street do you
live on, Mrs. Kipple? "asked a counsel,
cross examining a witness. "On either
side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the
right side; if you go the other way, it's
on the left."

—A gentleman in this city throws
dice with himself whenever he wants a
drink, to decide whether or not he shall
indulge. He has had a run of poor luck
lately, and is unpleasantly affected by
the consequent draught.