

# The Democratic Watchman.

BELLE FORT, PA.

## WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH?

In moods sentimental we're apt to ask questions. The best left unasked, if I must tell the truth; And some time ago, in a flush of emotion, I scribbled a poem on "Friends of my Youth."

"Oh, where are the Friends of my Youth?" was the title. Of lines I thought tender, and touching, and terse; 'Twas all very well, but I rather regret it—That bursting into interrogative verse.

You'll see what I mean if you listen a moment—A nice set of creatures they turned out, forsooth; The next time I gush out in poetic rapture, I'll not be so anxious concerning my youth. The letters that reached me were simply astounding; They seemed to pour in from the earth's distant shores; Conveying the tidings I'd rashly requested—The dolings of early and intimate friends.

John Smith wrote to say he was just then in prison, (I couldn't see him at that moment, 'twas plain.) And Jones, who, in youth, had a turn for the drama, Was gallery "checker" at old Drury Lane; And Brown, who, in boyhood, was such a wild fellow, (I often had trouble to keep him in bounds; He dropped me a line, with apologies many, To know if I'd lend him a couple of pounds.

Young Aaron, who had a bend in his proboscis, (We had looked him up when a trifle was left) Down Whitechapel way, is a flaring pawnbroker; And lends out his money at sixty per cent. And young Thomas Tompkins had turned out quite horsey; I mind me he talked of the turf and its ways.

And Green, who we thought would turn out to be none, Was starting about on the "flying trapeze;" And Rinkins—poor doll—was no end of a stud; As shown in a circus, was passing his life, And big Billy Bowles, whom we used to call "Cupid," Had bolted last summer with somebody's wife.

But why go on further? 'Tis but an affliction, Each name as it turned up, presented a blot, I think, on the whole, you'll join in the conviction—The "Friends of my Youth" were a rather bad lot.

## THE BLACK RAVEN.

Among the lofty Carpathians, where they mirror their stern and solemn beauty in the clear waters of the Waag, linked together in a long chain, like the giant guardians of the fair valley at their feet, may be seen a detached and sterile rock, almost inaccessible, totally devoid of vegetation, and laved by the rapid river, which hurries from beneath its heavy shadows to dance again in brightness in the sunlight beyond.

The Count Stibor was as brave as he was highborn, and riches had poured in upon him until he had become one of the wealthiest nobles in the empire. It chanced that one day he hunted with a great retinue among the mountain fastnesses; and glorious was the sport of that gallant hunt. The light-footed chamois, the antlered deer, the fierce wolf, and the grizzly bear were alike laid low; when, as the sun was about to set, he formed his temporary encampment on the pleasant bank of the Waag, just where, on the opposite side of the channel, the lone and precipitous rock we have described turned aside the glancing waters.

The heart of Stibor was merry, for the sport had gone well throughout the day; and when his rude tents were raised, the savory steam of the venison, and the sparkles of the wine cup, brightened his humor, and he listened with a smile upon his lips to the light sallies of the jovial company, as they talked over their fortunes in the chase.

"Hear me," said the magnificent noble, during a transient pause in the conversation. "I seem to be the only hunter of the day to whom the sport has been without a blemish. It is true that all your misfortunes are light enough; but I will have no shadow cast upon my own joy; and, therefore, to compensate to you for these alleged mishaps, each of you is free to form a wish, and if it be within my power to grant it, I pledge my knightly word that it shall be fulfilled."

A murmur of admiration ran through the astonished circle, and the work of ambition soon began. Gold was the first thing asked for—for avarice is ever the most greedy of all passions; and then revenge upon an enemy—for human nature will often sacrifice personal gain to vengeance; and then power—authority—rule over their fellow-men; the darling occupation and privilege of poor, weak, self-misjudging mortals. In short, there was no boon with the reach of reason which had not been asked and promised, when the eye of Stibor fell upon his jester, who was standing apart playing with the tassels of his vest, apparently uninterested in the subject which had made all around him eager and excited.

"And then, knave," said the noble, "hast thou nothing to ask? Thou must bestir thyself, or thy master will have little left to give."

"Fear not, fear not," replied the fool; "the claimants have been courteous, for they have not touched upon that portion of my possession which I covet." They have demanded gold, blood, dominion; the power to enjoy themselves, and to render others wretched; they are welcome to all they want. I only ask for stones."

A loud laugh ran through the circle. "Stones, Betzko?" echoed the astonished Stibor. "Thou shalt have them to thy heart's content, where and in what shape thou wilt."

"I take thee at thy word, Count Stibor. I will have them yonder, on the crest of the bold rock that stands out like a brigat daring the foot of man; and in the shape of a good castle, in which I may hold my own, if need be," was the unlooked-for reply.

"Thou hast lost thy chance, Betzko!" cried a voice, amid the universal

merriment that ensued. 'Not even Stibor can accomplish thy desire.' "Who dares to say that Stibor cannot grant it, if such be his will?" demanded the chieftain, in a voice of thunder, as he rose proudly from the earth, where he had been seated on a couch of skins. "The castle of Betzko shall be built!"

And it was built, and within a year a festival was held there; and the noble became enamored of his own creation, for it was beautiful in its strength, and the fair dames admired its country halls as much as the warriors prized its stolid walls and its commanding towers. And thus Count Stibor bought off the rock fortress from his jester with gold, and made it the chief place of his abode; and he feasted there with his guests, and made merry with music and dances, until it seemed as though life was to be for him one long festival. Men often walk over the spot which afterward opens to bury them.

Little by little the habit of self-indulgence grew upon the luxurious noble; yet still he loved the chase beyond all else on earth, and his dogs were of the fleetest and finest breed.

He was one day at the table, surrounded by the richest viands and the rarest wines, when one of his favorite hounds entered the hall, howling with pain, and dragging after him his wounded foot, which drooped blood as he moved along. Terror seized upon the hearts of the vassals even before the rage of their lord burst forth; and when it came, terrible was the storm as he vowed vengeance against the wretch who had dared thus to mutilate an animal that he valued.

An aged slave flung himself at his feet. "Mercy, my lord!" he exclaimed, piteously. "I have served you faithfully for years; my beard is gray with time, and my life has been one of hardship. Have mercy on me, for he flew upon me, and would have torn me, had I not defended myself against his fury. I might have destroyed him, but I sought only to preserve myself. Have mercy upon my weakness!"

The angry chieftain, however, heeded not the anguish of his gray hairs; and pointing to a low balcony which extended across the window of the apartment and hung over the precipice, he commanded that the wretched old man should be flung from thence into the river which flowed beneath, as an example to those cattiffs who valued their own worthless lives above those of his noble hounds.

As the miserable tools of an imperious will were dragging the unhappy victim to his fate, he raised his voice, and cursed the tyrant whom they served; and, having done so, he summoned him to appear at the tribunal which none can escape, to answer for this his last crime on its first anniversary. But the powerful chief heeded not his words.

"Away with him!" he said, sternly, as he lifted his goblet to his lips; and there was a struggle, a shriek of agony, and then a splash upon the river wave, and all was silent.

A year went by in festival and pride, and the day on which that monstrous crime had been committed returned unheeded. There was a feast in the castle; and Stibor, who month after month gave himself up yet more to self-indulgence, gradually became heavy with wine, and his attendants carried him to a couch beneath the same window whence the unfortunate slave had been hurled twelve months before.

The guests drank on for a time, and made merry at the insensibility and helplessness of their powerful host; and then they departed, each to his business or his pleasure, and left him there alone.

The casement had been flung back to admit the air freely into the heated apartment, and the last reveller had scarcely departed when a raven—the sombre messenger of Nemesis—flew thrice round the battlements of the castle, and then alighted on the balcony. Several of the guests amused their idleness by watching the evolutions of the ill-omened bird; but once having lost sight of it, they turned away and thought of it no more.

Meanwhile, a work of agony and death had been delegated to that dark winged messenger. It rested but an instant from its flight ere once more it hovered over the couch of the sleeping Stibor; and then, darting down, its sharp beak penetrated at one thrust from his eye into his brain.

The agony awoke him, but he awoke only to madness from its extent. He reeled to and fro, venting imprecations to which none were by to listen, and writhed until his tormented body was one convulsion. At length, by a mighty effort, striving to accomplish he knew not what, he hurled himself over the balcony, at the self-same spot where the slave had been flung by his own command; and as he fell, the clear waters of the Waag for a time received the impure burthen, and threw him back shrieking and howling from their depths.

But he sank at last; and when his parasites sought him on the morrow, they found only the couch on which he had lain, and a few drops of blood to hint that he had died a death of violence and vengeance.

They searched for him carefully on all sides; and then, when they were quite assured that he had passed away never to return, whispers grew of the gray haired slave, and the mysterious raven; until, by degrees, the fate of the famous Stibor was fashioned into form, and grew into a legend throughout the country, scaring the village maiden in her twilight walk, and the lone shepherd in his watch upon the hills.

An Indian schoolmaster lifted a boy by the ear. That reminded the boy of something he had in his pocket. It was a knife, which being of no use in his pocket, he stuck it into the schoolmaster's side. The schoolmaster's heart was so much affected by the cutting reminder that he at once gave ear to that boy, and has never lifted any little boys since.

## The Devil or the Ku-Klux in Berks County.

It seems from the following, that the old gentleman, or some of his family, has made his appearance in our neighboring county of Berks. He stops, for the present, at Reuben Leibspurger's domicile, in Maxatawny township. A correspondent of the Reading Gazette gives the following account of his proceedings:

Before arriving there, when with sight, we could see the excited and eager crowds pouring in from all directions, while hundreds were already on the ground. Several omnibuses were running from Kutztown, and the roads were lined with pedestrians and conveyances. Arriving, I first saw featherbeds, bolsters, chaff bags, clothing and furniture strewn all over the yard having been slightly damaged by fire. Pressing through the crowd, I entered the ill-fated dwelling, which is of modern design and ordinary dimensions, when a sad scene presented itself to my view. In a room on the left I found a silk dress, apparently new, most singularly ripped in the skirt at several places, also ten yards of calico, recently purchased and intended for a dress for Mr. L.'s oldest daughter, which was ripped through the middle of the entire piece. Next I was conducted into the parlor, where I found an album containing quite a number of photographs, some of which were torn in half.

The glasses of the daguerreotypes were broken in small pieces, while the cases were apparently untouched. I then ascended the stairway to the second story, where I found the contents of a bureau burned to a crisp, and the chaff of the bed ticking on the floor, and not so much as singed by the fire. From thence I descended to the cellar, where I was shown some half a dozen molasses cakes with the tops all torn off, and the pies appeared as though a human hand had grabbed them in the centre, and a roll of about five pounds of butter presenting a similar appearance. From thence I went to the garden, where I found the flowers pulled up and the vegetation nearly all strewn on the ground. I then had an interview with Mrs. L., the matron of the house, who made this statement: "I had felt uneasy for some time past, an impression being on my mind that all was not well. Some things about the house were missing, but not till this morning did I realize that all was not an idle dream. Before retiring last evening, my girl who was reading several books, laid them on the table in the parlor, and on rising this morning she could not find them, and upon searching, found them in the yard back of the house. We arose in the morning as usual, our family taking breakfast rather early to attend a funeral in Longwamp township. My hired girl, as usual, cleared off the table and put the things in the pantry in the cellar. After her second return, therefore she was alarmed, stating to me that some one had shockingly mangled our baked victuals. We then churned butter, which we placed in a cedar vessel in the cellar, and on returning found it put in different shapes to that in which we had left it, and all the milk in the cellar, some eight crocks, spilled, and the crocks turned over. This was about nine o'clock. I went up stairs and found everything in our spare room turned upside down, and the carpets on the floor of the lower rooms. I gave the alarm, but the girl and myself quenched it with water and by stamping. I had occasion to go up stairs where I found fire in the drawer of our dressing bureau, in the bed room, when the alarm was given and assistance came. This was put out with water after having destroyed the contents of the bureau. Soon there was fire in another room, and so we continued until we had put out the fire in five rooms. I then dispatched a messenger for my husband. By the time he arrived quite a number of the neighbors were at hand to assist me. Looking in the garden I saw the destruction of vegetation there."

The affair is a profound mystery, as there were no strangers on or about the premises for a fortnight past, and how it was possible that fire and this destruction of property could have happened in the manner and form it did, no one knows, as the family is morally and religiously one of the most prominent in the community; and he who doubts the statements I have made need only visit the place and find the facts as herein described and set forth. I cannot help but look upon the sad scene and distracted family with compassion. Mr. Leibspurger, of whom we have said so much, is a farmer. I shall await further developments and you shall hear from me again.

NEWSPAPERS.—An exchange makes the inquiry: If a young lady wished a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No Spectators, no Observers, but as many Times as you like.

We wish to add that she would like it done with Dispatch, no Register or Journal kept of it, and for him not to Herald it, or mention it to a Recorder, nor Chronicle it abroad. Her lips should be the only Repository, and the Sun should be excluded as much as possible. Should a Messenger get it, the World would soon know it, for News is now carried by Telegraph, where it was formerly done by the Courier, who was always ready to Gazette it. In the act, the Press upon her lips should be light and the Union perfect—that is our Standard of kissing—first assuring ourselves that no Argue eye was upon us, and the only Reflector present the Mirror.

Grocers don't get much credit for charity, although it is well known that they give nearly all their goods a weight.

## Don Platt as a Drummer.

Don Platt in his last Washington letter, says: I went out the other day to purchase some furniture for an office, and having selected my article, I turned to my man and said: "You advertise in our paper, do you not?" "No sir; we never advertise." I then quietly informed him that I never bought furniture, and moved on to another establishment. You will think I am romancing, but precisely the same conversation occurred at the second store. I tried a third, quite a large establishment, standing on a corner, kept by Moses & Sons. They have quite an assortment, in the upholstery line, and I suggested advertising to the senior and received in answer that he occupied a corner, a very conspicuous corner, and had a large sign on it that everybody could read from the street, and with that it was quite unnecessary to go to further expense in the way of advertising. Then I said unto Moses: "Do you know, my Christian friend, that when a man possessed of any amount of money wishes to furnish a house in Washington he goes to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston?" "Yes," he responded, "I know that." "Well," said I, "do you know the reason for it?" "Why, of course I do," he replied, "with some asperity. "Those people come here from Boston and other places, and are interested in the manufacturing at home, and of course won't purchase in Washington." "My Christian friend," I continued, "You labor under a monstrous delusion. These men do not own any manufacturing of furniture at home, and if they did they would not purchase where they would have to pay heavily for transportation if they knew they could escape such taxes by getting their furniture out of you. But they don't know that you exist!" "They read the papers and they see no mention made of Moses, unless it be in a Sunday paper, and then the Moses spoken of is a man dead long years ago; yet, however, no dealer than you are, come to think of it. A man who does not advertise is as dead as Moses. You say you have a sign out there. This is not the sign asked for. Few people see, and those who do can't read it. For one man walking idly down the street who reads, there are hundreds who hurry by with no time to read signs; for one man who does notice your abortion in black and white out there, a newspaper would take your business to thousands."

Anecdote of Webster.

A correspondent at Galveston, Texas, sends the following to Harpers Monthly: "In looking over a note-book of my father's written many years ago, I came across an anecdote, which, if it has never appeared in print before, is too good to be lost. While John Branch, of North Carolina, was Gen. Jackson's Secretary of the Navy, he, Taxwell, and Daniel Webster were walking on the north bank of the Potomac, at Washington. Taxwell, willing to amuse himself with Branch's simplicity, said: "Branch, I'll bet you a ten dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river." "Done," said Branch. "Well," said Taxwell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that one side of the river?" "Yes." "Well, isn't this the other side?" "Yes." "Then as you are here are you not on the other side?" "Why, I declare," said poor Branch, "so it is! But here comes Webster. I'll win back the hat from him." Webster had lagged behind, but now came up, and Branch accosted him: "Webster, I'll bet you a ten dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river." "Done!" "Well, isn't this one side?" "Yes." "Well, isn't that the other side?" "Yes, but I am not on that side." Branch hung his head, and submitted to the loss of the two hats as quietly as he could.

A PLAIN PROPOSITION.—It is natural for a man to indulge an appetite that affords him pleasure. So frequently, in many cases has this been done, that what at first was innocent, by constant indulgence becomes vice. It has been so with Patrick O'Reardon, and he now puts in an appearance before a justice on the charge of habitual drunkenness.

"You will persist in drinking, Pat, said the magistrate.

"Faith, you may well say that; I'd get thirsty if I didn't."

"Then you don't drink when you are thirsty, but only in fear that you may become so?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you think whiskey is better than water?"

"It's stronger, sir."

"But do you think it's as good?"

"O, yes, sir; because you can mix them, and the whiskey kills the impurities in the water."

"But what kills the impurities in the whiskey?" asked the Justice.

"Nothing! at all—it does all the killing itself," he replied, triumphantly, very much as if he had established a proposition that admitted of no denial.

A physician in Vermont was recently thrown from his carriage, breaking one of his legs. A lady hearing of the accident, remarked, "I am glad of it. Every doctor ought to meet with such an accident once and a while, so that he can bear an occasional groan from a patient without laughing at it."

## A Gigantic Bird.

A Calcutta correspondent mentions an anecdote of that singular bird, the adjutant or gigantic crane, which may be a novelty to some of our readers. He says that his attention was called one morning by an unusual turmoil in the "company," or out door premises of the house in which he lived. Looking out of the window, he saw an adjutant, evidently unable to remount on his wings, standing helplessly amid a company of about two hundred crows, whose loud vociferations seemed to express anything but delight at the company of their gigantic fellow-piped. The adjutant, from his uselessness as a scavenger of all-work, is a gentleman very much honored about Indian households; and this one in particular, as was his wont, had been lingering outside for any unconsidered trifles which the servants might see fit to throw out. A few crows, however, getting wind of the affair, with the sagacious notion that they might be able to pick up a few chance scraps on their own account, were soon on the scene of action. Hunger was up and compunctions; and at last, more venturesome than the rest, approaching more closely than actual prudence dictated, one ventured to dispute the possession of a bone with the adjutant. The question was not long in abeyance; for, in a few moments, the adjutant—leaving the bone for subsequent discussion—seized the crow hip and thigh and swallowed him at one gulp. This summary act seems to have aroused the indignation of the other crows, who by their cries soon brought together numbers of others from all quarters; and for a good two hours they never ceased—some from the ground, and others from a neighboring wall—to badger their voracious foe, scolding him to the top of their lungs, and tantalizing him by approaching him as close as they dared, extending a claw or wing to almost within his reach, and suddenly withdrawing it as he attempted to seize them. And this unequal contest continued for two or three mornings. The adjutant is one of the most voracious and carnivorous birds known; and the enormous quantity which it can devour may be judged by its size. From tip to tip of its wings, when stretched out, it measures about fourteen or fifteen feet, and it is five feet high when standing erect. Well-founded stories of its voracity, however, are by no means uncommon. With the adjutant all is fish that comes to his net. Everything is swallowed whole. In the stomach of one, a land-tortoise ten inches long, and a large male black cat have been found entire. A skin of beef broken asunder, serves the adjutant for but two morsels; and a leg of mutton of six or eight pounds weight, if he can purloin it—for he is a great thief—is no more than a mouthful. Fortunately, the courage of the adjutant does not equal his greediness; for a child eight or ten years old can scare it with a common switch.

Long Sermons.

"So you came to hear me preach last Sunday, did you?" said a minister to a little boy whom he met while visiting at the house of one of his church members. "I saw you at church sitting in the pew with uncle," and he lifted the little fellow to his knee.

"Yes, I went," said the child, "and I never was so tired in all my life. I thought you never would get done preaching!" and the clear, truthful eyes were raised in full confidence, while the child's accents seemed weighed down with weariness he had experienced, and so well remembered.

The minister listened in surprise.

"Is that so?" he said; "did I preach too long a sermon?"

"O yes," said the child; "I was so very tired."

The minister could not forbear smiling at the simplicity and sincerity of the criticism.

"You come next Sunday," he stipulated with the child, "and I won't preach so long, I promise you. Will you come?"

The boy promised, and the minister kept his word. The sermon the following day was shortened just fifteen minutes, to the satisfaction of the whole congregation.

The Man "Without an Enemy."

Heaven help the man who has enemies he can dodge "enemies" by trying to please everybody. In such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions—so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you less for maintaining it—or respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs.

Wear your own colors, spite of wind and weather, storm or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to win, and shuffle, and twist, that it does honest, manly independence, to stand its ground. Take what time you please to make up your mind; but having made it up, stick to it!

—We are told by the Albany Argus that "Gen. Sherman's father died when he was a lad, leaving a large family of children." This, if true, is a very remarkable circumstance. The lad may have died and left the children, but we never can be made to believe that they were his own.—Louisville Courier.

The difference between a fisherman and a lazy school-boy is, one baits his hook and the other hates his book.

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Bonds irredeemable—Vaga-bondo. A pretender to the crown—A chignon.

The spring time of life—our dancing days.

A sure way to stop a woman's mouth—Kiss it.

Of what trade are bees? They are comb makers.

Young ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake.

What is the worst sent a man can sit on? Self conceit.

The favorite pitcher of the coming season—the ice pitcher.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay—Because the cat'll eat it.

Alaska is well defended—there is a shiver do freeze all around it.

Never chaff old men. It is bad in age, says the New Orleans Times.

A sugar-house is not only a good place to sweeten up, but also to get refined.

When people invariably find themselves "too fast"—When they get married.

A carpenter is seldom as handsome as his wife, because he is generally a deal-planer.

Why is your elder brother like a field of grass? Because he's past your age (pasturage).

When you find grounds in your coffee, are they good grounds for quarreling with your wife?

An iron bar used in a Chinese fight was classed as a "sedative" by a San Francisco paper.

Query for persons in advanced life: Are large eyes more apt to be rheumy than small ones.

Man may be a worm; but a glance at the dandies proves that he is not the worm that leaver dies.

After reaching Darwip, monkeys should always be spoken of as members of "the oldest families."

Mr. Shea, of Illinois, drank a half keg of beer on Friday. They tied crapes on his door-knob, Saturday.

Why are poor relations like fits of the gout? Because the oftener they come the longer they stay.

Connecticut men always marry small wives if possible, so that seven yards of calico will make a dress.

Never owe any more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

The woman who hasn't seventeen buttons on her gloves is a being whom it were gross flattery to call an angel.

No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her, but many a woman hates a man for not being a friend to her.

If a hair of a dog is good for his tale, that explains why sulphur, which comes from Vesuvius, is good for eruptions.

A sign in a western city, reads "Boots blackened inside." Most persons prefer the old way of blacking their outside.

The reason why the farmers down South plant so little corn is because the negroes steal it all as soon as it is fit to roast.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart maketh nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert.

A Missouri paper says it always prints marriages and deaths together as an intimation that misfortune never comes singly.

An exchange says, "General Grant has two ideas." This is, by far, the largest number we have ever seen attributed to him.

When Rowland Hill gave a present of a sovereign all round to his children, some one said "He tipped the little hills with gold."

A humorous apothecary in Boston, exposes a cake of soap in his shop window, with the pertinent inscription "Cheaper than dirt."

The language of flowers: We often hear of the pink of propriety. Can we not, with equal propriety, speak of the "he-lak of truth."

When Senator Wilson calls Chandler leaky, he prepetrates, a gross libel. Chandler holds liquor more securely than any man in the country.

Animals have power to express their feelings as well as human beings. It is no rarity to hear a horse laugh or to see a cow turn pale.

An Illinois widower has been tarred and feathered for playing croquet to while away the tedious interval between his wife's death and burial.

Composition—A musical author, being asked if he had composed anything lately, replied, "My last work was a composition with my creditors."

An Iowa school teacher has been dismissed for kissing the big girls. The girls say the schoolboard has no right to interfere with their studios in that way.

Julia Ward Howe insists that women are too small and the places for them are too small, too. Does she wish to out grow the fat woman in the circus tent?

A Chinese photographer in San Francisco, being upbraided by a lady customer because the pictures didn't suit her, briefly replied: "No half hand some; how can?"

Females intending to commit suicide are informed that it is fashionable to poison or drown one's self. So sixteen out of twenty-three women, who have tried it, declare.

Just now people are inquiring how to make hat beds. About a quarter of a pound of cayenne pepper sprinkled in just before retiring, will probably make it warm enough.

A snail has a right smart chance for a toothache. He has one hundred and ten rows of teeth, with one hundred and eleven in each row, or twelve thousand two hundred and ten teeth in all.

A parson, reading the funeral services at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emerald, "Is this a brother or a sister?" "Nathor," replied Pat, only a cousin.