

The Democratic Watchman.

HELLEFONTE, PA.

UNWEDDED.

Oh, thou, beloved, who shouldst have been mine own,
Serenely beautiful and wise and strong,
Conquer whom my life has never known,
How have I missed thee, seeking thee alone
All my life long?

Somewhere upon the wide and misty track
I strayed behind, or did not wait for thee;
And so must always mourn my bitter lack,
For on this weary road we go not back.

Often with sorely burdened heart and mind,
When there were none to aid or understand,
How I have groped with tears, alone and blind,
In the thick darkness, longing but to find
Thy helpful hand!

For I believe that Love is doubly armed
Against all woes, and with unbroken breath
Could pass through pain and suffering unalarmed,
Could take up poisonous things and not be harmed,
And dare even death.

'And how shall Love, immortal and sublime,'
I said, be hindered of its best estate
By any petty chance of space or time?
Alas! my life has lost its sweetest prime,
And still I wait.

How beautiful our mingled lives had been,
Had we but found each other in our youth,
The world had grown despite its sin and pain,
Breeter because we two had lived therein,
Our utter truth.

Then all the myriads which Fate contrives
Wherein to fortify our hearts, to us had been
But notes along the sunshine of our lives,
Naught could have harmed us, since the true
Soul thrives.

By discipline
Then this unending toil and ceaseless loss
Had never marred my life, the lingering loss
Of worldly circumstance, of gain or loss,
Had seemed to us but robes stretched across
Our upward road.

Where art thou, Love? Far as the farthest pole
Hast thou, too, vaguely dreamed of what
I should be,
Or, mated early with some faithful soul,
Hast struggled with thy bonds in grief and dole.

Longing for me?
I had been more than all the world to thee,
So proudly tender, so entirely true,
So true and true in my anxiety,
More dear than any other soul could be,
All my life through.

Alas! the sun's last glimmering has kissed
The highest mountain-top to gold, and now
The crimson west has changed to amethyst,
And all the vale is dim with chilly mist,
But where art thou?

Too late! too late! the darkness gathereth,
And the night falls, pitiless and dumb,
I cannot reach thee and the hope is ebbing,
But when I walk the other side of death,
Will thou not come?

—Scribbler's Monthly

A HUNCHBACK STORY.

Once upon a time, in the merry old days, there dwelt in the town of Lille, in France, a hunchbacked tailor, very little, very deformed, very bad tempered and very jealous. His wife was a complete slave to his whims and caprices, and between his bad temper and his jealousy, her life was a burthen to her.

They lived in a little narrow and steep street, near the river, and the poor wife knew neither peace nor happiness.

Now it happened one holiday, when her lord had gone out to carouse with a party of friends, that she sat disconsolate in the doorway, sighing and thinking of her happy youth time, when with the other village maidens, caroling through the meadows, or at the rustic festivals, she sang almost from morn till eve; and groaning in spirit as she compared it with her present weary existence, it happened that the sounds of singing came to her ears, and looking downward she saw on the bridge that crossed the river three little hunchbacks, fantastically dressed, and very much resembling each other, singing away as merrily as if there was not an unhappy wife in the world.

They were evidently wandering minstrels, who sang for their livelihood, and their songs pleased her for it reminded her of the joyous days of her youth, when she herself, with light heart and cheery voice, sang gleeful songs.

Should she call them in to sing to her and join her voice with theirs? Her husband would not be back for some hours, she thought; she hesitated and longed; and at last she made signals to the hunchbacks to come up to the house.

They promptly and gladly came, the tailor's wife sat a good party before them, gave them a stoup of wine, and then, for an hour they had such a merry bout of singing, and such a happy time together as that tailor's dwelling had never before known.

Then—for the hunchbacks were hearty toppers—she set out to go to the hostelry for another measure of wine, she had hardly left the house before she saw her husband at the foot of the long and hilly street, making for home, and she could see by his gait that he was the worse for liquor.

She fled hurriedly back in the great east diemay, for this hunchback was so furiously jealous, and of so savage a temper, that she trembled for her life if he should find a man in the house. And to discover them there! 'Saints protect me!' she cried.

She quickly informed the three hunchbacks of her difficulty; and they being timid and fearful little fellows, shared her alarm.

What was to be done? To go out of the house by the front door was now too late; and alas! there was no back door to the house.

There was, however, a large cupboard in the room, with three compartments, each big enough to hold one of the men, and they were crammed in by the frightened wife, and hidden by the cloths and garments of the tailoring trade which were kept in the cupboard—she promising to release them as soon as her husband left the house again.

They were scarcely concealed, and the doors closed, when the husband entered.

'What's the matter with you? what are you frightened about?' he cried, in a high, shrill, angry voice.

'Nothing, my love,' she said, trembling; 'I'm sure I've no reason to look pale!'

'There's a reason for you to look red, then!' said he, giving her a smart cuff on her ear, and laughing hoarsely at his rough wit.

You may be sure the three hunchbacks were heartily glad they were out of this cruel man's way, and they all three quaked, timorous souls as they were, lest he should discover them.

The bewildered and frightened wife vainly tried several little feminine devices to induce her lord to return to his fellow-carousers; but he stopped and stopped, and sipped and sipped, and scolded and scolded, and sneered and sneered, and jangled and jangled, till darkness set in, and the poor wife was almost beside herself; while as to the hunchbacks, shut up in that stifling prison all the time, one trembles to think of them.

At last, after Vespers, Master Tailor struts out again, and when he was fairly out of sight, the distracted woman ran to the cupboard, and with shaking fingers opened the first compartment.

'Come out quickly!' she cried; 'my husband is gone!'

No answer.
'Quick, quick!' she cried; 'are you asleep?'

No answer.
She tore away the cloths and garments and the poor little hunchback, Number One, fell dead in her arms!

Like a woman in a dream, she feverishly opened the other compartments, and in another moment, knew that she was alone in the house with three dead men, of whose murder she might be accused! 'Good Virgin! Holy Virgin! Blessed Virgin!' she screamed, and fell on her knees in terror and supplication. 'What a misfortune to come upon me, only because I wished to hear a little music! What will become of me? The Lord deliver me from hunchbacks! It is this discovered, the Provost, who hangs men and brains women as if they were beasts of the field, will not spare me! Holy Virgin, how unhappy I am!'

And as she lamented, she went to the door, and found sitting upon the step a stout water-carrier of the town, who having nothing to drink, sat stupidly staring at the moon. A sudden idea struck the luckless woman. 'Ho! my friend,' said she, 'will you do me a service?'

'Yes! an' if you pay me,' said the honest fellow.

'I'll give you a silver crown.'

'What must I do?'

'I'll tell you. There has come into my house a villainous little hunchback, to rob and perhaps murder me in the night. He hid himself in the cupboard, and there he has died like a poisoned rat. Now, all I want is to get rid of the body.'

'Is that all?' said the sturdy but simple water-carrier. 'I'll soon do that for you. Give me a sack.'

The sack was found, the dead man packed and hoisted on to the strong shoulders of the water-carrier, and in a very short time the poor hunchback was again on the bridge, where, a few hours previously, he had been singing so merrily; a heavy plunge, and good-bye to the hunchback!

Meanwhile the good dame, inspired by necessity, the mother of invention, had placed hunchback Number Two in the compartment just vacated by Number One! and when the simple minded carrier came back for his crown, 'Oh, no!' she cried, 'you have let him escape, and he is back, through the help of evil spirits doubtless, in his cupboard again!'

'What?' said he, scratching his thick head.

'Look!' said she, opening the cupboard.
'There he is sure enough! Well, to be sure, that's odd. I surely threw him into the river, and it's deep enough by the bridge there. He must have hopped out again when I turned away. Well! I'll drown him this time! and taking up Number Two, he marched off again, not at all pleased with his double trouble.

And now for Number Three. The dame dragged the dead body into the kitchen, and placed it in a sitting posture near the fire; and she had hardly achieved her task before the carrier returned with his empty sack, and demanded his pay.

'I will give it thee willingly!' she cried; 'but first, wilt thou drink a measure of cider?'

'That will I!' cried the water-carrier, who was thirsty with his labors.

'Prithce go into the kitchen and draw for thyself.'

Promptly he went, and promptly enough he shouted with wonder, to see that slippery hunchback back again before him, and warning his obstinate toes, that would not be drowned at the glowing fire.

'Tail of the devil!' he cried, and the dame, with well-feigned fear, ran into the kitchen, and presently added her cries of alarm to his.

At last, recovering his fright, the honest carrier cried out:

'Never fear! it shall never be said that Jean Tresmonillart hath been overcome by an accursed hunchback! I'll drown you my friend, this time, be sure on't, and I warrant you shall lie at the bottom of the river like a dead dog!'

And, angrily seizing him, he strode off for the bridge, and for the third time cast his enchanted burthen into the flood, watching the waters to see if he re-appeared.

As may be readily credited, he did not come up again, and our water-carrier returned to the house, growling but contented.

'There is your crown good man,' said the dame; 'and well have you earned it.' And indeed, 'twas with a thankful heart she paid him, glad to be freed from her perilous plight.

The water-carrier went lumbering down the street, musing as far as in him lay, on the strange adventure that had befallen him, and crossing himself repeatedly, as he thought of the impish hunchbacks.

He had just reached the foot of the long street, when, whom should he spy coming jauntily toward him, in the best of humor, and singing lustily, but the tailor husband of the good dame on the hill!

'Horns and nails of the devil!' suddenly stopping to stare at the apparition. 'Three times hunchback of hell, have I thrown thee into the river, and three times hast thou come up again! I thought thou to float and defame me like this? If I do not finish thee this time, call me not Jean! I'll break thy villainous arms and legs, we'll see then if thou wilt swim!'

And leaping upon the astonished little tailor, he did belabor and maltreat him with so much fury and vigor, that very soon, there was no life in him, and so quickly was he dispatched by the angry Jean, that he had not even time to cry for help. Up he went on the sturdy shoulders of the water-carrier and in a moment more he splashed into the dark and rolling waters.

'For the fourth time thou accursed goblin!' cried Jean, who had never in his life so wrestled with the Evil One, as he thought.

Again he wended his way to the house.

'What dost thou want?' said the dame; 'did I not pay thee thy crown?'

'That dost thou; but he came back again!'

'Who?'

'The demon hunchback! I met him at the foot of the street, coming here, as it seemed; and I knew then that he was an imp, and that if I did not vanquish him, he would destroy me! so I fell upon him tooth and nail, and beat him, and broke him, and strangled him, and drowned him—drowned him over again; and I swear by my patron saint that this time he is done for, and that he will never trouble thee again!'

Then the dame comprehended that it was her cruel little husband who was thus disposed of, and in her heart she grieved out, as indeed why should she?

'My friend,' said she to Jean, 'I gave thee one crown for thy trouble with the first three hunchbacks; I give thee three crowns for thy trouble with the last one! and she gave him the money, which well contented him, and very well contented was the dame.

In three days after that time, she was happy again in her own village, and in another year she had no villainous, but tempered hunchback for a husband, but a good-looking, straight-limbed peasant; and they bought a hide of land and a cottage with the tailor's savings and lived happy ever afterward, though the new husband always wondered why his wife would never cross a certain bridge, when they sometimes journeyed to and from the ancient town of Lille. And the cliffowler testifies that this is a true story.

A SAD LITTLE STORY.—A very curious incident, illustrative of the power which can be exercised over the animal creation by kindness and careful training, occurred but a few days ago at Scottsville, Kentucky. The sister of officer Harry Mansfield, of this city, had raised a mocking bird which she taught to go and come to her call, and in return for all the kindnesses bestowed upon it, exhibited a peculiar fondness for her. Last Monday week Miss Mansfield was taken ill, and, to witale away to bed in the sick room, she had the little pet brought to her bedside, and day and night it cheered her with its sweet carols, bringing to mind many happy thoughts of field and meadow, sunshine and song. As her illness grew more alarming, and day after day brought no relief from suffering, the warblings of the little songster rather served to annoy than please her, and, so, turning on her pillow, she said to him, 'Birdie, birdie, you worry me.' Strange to say, the words seemed to be understood, for immediately the song was hushed, and the bird retired within itself, as it were.

On the next day the lady died, leaving it would seem, a command of silence upon the bird, which will never be broken, for, although several days have elapsed since, and every effort has been made to induce him to sing, he refuses to respond with song to any lips but those of his once loved mistress. —Nashville Banner.

DISCONTENT.—The immediate causes of discontent are numberless. Some of those who seem to have all that earth can bestow—wealth, station, education, friends and talent, are the least satisfied. Trifles discontent them. A wet day, an ill-fitting garment, a broken engagement, a slight disappointment, are sufficient to destroy their peace of mind, and render them slaves to vexation and chagrin. The main cause of discontent, however, is always to be found within. It has its origin in selfishness. Threptely we forget ourselves in our efforts for others, we strike at the very root of all discontent. The truly benevolent, loving man is seldom troubled by vain regrets at his own circumstances, and he who inwardly repines and chafes at his situation, and who is harassed by the spirit of discontent, can in no surer way free himself from the chains that enslave him, than by turning his thoughts and energies to some good work of others. There are no blessings, however rich, that discontent will not convert into evils, and no trials, however severe, that serenity and virtue may not transform into blessings.

A WESTERN preacher explained the passage through the Red Sea by saying that the Israelites crossed the ice. An auditor interrupted, remarking there is no ice under the equator.—'Sir,' said the excited preacher, 'this happened thousands of years before the age of geographers, and before there was any equator! I think, brethren and sisters, I have answered the gentleman completely.'

There is no need of praising the present style of ladies' dresses, for they are 'puffed' enough already.

A Child Mangled by Dogs.

In the tan yard of Ernest Bleresch, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, of August 9th, thirteen dogs, some grown and some half grown, have been harbored for some time past. Fed upon the offal, which is plentiful and foul in such a place, these animals had become fiercer even than their breed—a cross between the powerful Newfoundland and the brutal 'bull'—would have made them, Red mouthed, gaunt, and horrible, it is a wonder that such a pack could have existed in the midst of a civilized community so long as they did and not have been sooner heard. Last night at six o'clock Willie Bleresch, a bright seven year old son of the well to do owner of the tan yard, and, criminally careless master of the hounds, left his grandfather's and started homeward, intending to call for his father en route. He entered the tan-yard unmindful or unaware that the employers had left it to the care of its night guardians, thirteen dog harpies. He had nearly reached the centre of the place, and had called for his father, when long, keen fangs were thrust into him from behind, and he was dragged by a large dog literally into the loft of one of the sheds. Other dogs coming to the assistance of their fellow. At the taste of blood the fierceness of the huge mongrels caught fire. The boy was dragged again down the steps, and rolled in the filth of the yard until all semblance of humanity had left him. Black, bleeding, and dying, he still clung with his face downward to the earth with the energy of despair. It was at this moment that the neighbors became aware of what was transpiring. A bold man sprang over the fence to the rescue, but was immediately driven out by the now maddened and terrible dogs. The men went in with pitch-forks, and people driving along the avenue stopped and went to the rescue with knives and pistols. It was brief and bloody work. The dogs were slain to the last puppy, but not before a strong man had carried what was left of Willie to his grandfather's. Here he was received by his grandmother, who washed him to the likeness of a boy. The flesh had been chewed from his scalp; there were great, ugly gashes in his forehead, cheeks and lips. Great pieces of skin and flesh hung from the back of his head. Ghastly holes, their edges lacerated with tooth-marks were under his arms; his legs and other parts of his body bore wounds beyond description. And yet he lived. No vital had been reached. He could even tell brokenly how the attack had begun.

A True Story.

TRAGIC FATE OF A MINING SUPERINTENDENT.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writing from Nevada, tells this story: 'On the southern outskirts of the village of Grass Valley is a well-worked and prosperous quartz mine. It was first owned by a company that employed as an agent for its development an Irishman of rare intelligence and integrity. He spent tedious and anxious months in 'prospecting' for the mine, sometimes elated with the unmistakable indication, and again, depressed and discouraged at the lack of success. Thus he labored until he had exhausted the funds of the Company and his own private means, and it became necessary to make a new assessment upon the stockholders, or abandon the enterprise. Morbidity sensitive to the natural suspicions which either they might awaken as to his judgment or honesty, he resolved to work for a few days longer, when, if no better indications appeared, he would make for himself a quick exit out of the world. He had the resolution before his wife, who fully approved of it, and agreed to share his destiny. The time elapsed without satisfactory results, and the man and wife accepted the alternate without a question. Poison was obtained and administered to the three children and the wife. The husband and the father calmly watched them through their death struggles and affectionately closed their eyes; then deliberately sat down and wrote out for his business associates a clear and full statement of his operations and final resolution. He expressed unflinching faith in the ultimate success of the venture, its sufficient means and energy were used, but acknowledged that he had not courage to call for further contributions. After finishing his statement, he adjusted his papers, books, took his quieting draught and followed his family to that country where it is presumed there are no quartz mines, and no joint stock companies to work, them. Of course the story has a sequel, and this is it:

After decently burying the bodies, the company went to work at the mine, following the hints of the deceased agent, and within a week the lead was struck, and the mine proved to be and is now one of the richest in the State. The best part of the story is that it is literally true.

'Mary, dear, are you not well? Why don't you come down stairs?'

'Oh, don't bother me, ma; I've got one eyebrow blacker than the other, and can't find a pencil, and it won't wash off, and I don't know what to do at all.'

'I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?'

'What makes him stop, then?'

'Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say whoa, and he shan't hear it.'

—An Oregon toast, over a glass of the ardent: 'Here's what makes us wear old clothes.'

—A Georgia paper offers to publish original poetry at nine dollars a line.

—The following sensible remarks are from the World of the 12th inst. Ten days ago two little boys placed obstructions on the Erie Railroad to throw a train off the track, but fortunately the rascally attempt did not succeed. The two young scoundrels were arrested, but made their escape on the way to jail, in Pike county, in this State. The paragraph we reprint is part of the World's article in review of the offence:

Possibly the highly stimulating life we Americans lead is at the bottom of that juvenile depravity which finds so signal an illustration in this railroad case. Our girls are little women, and what sad little women in too many cases no man whose business takes him at night into our streets can fail to painfully testify. Piteous young faces that should be quietly at rest with a smile of innocence upon them leer invitation through haggard eyes. Our boys are little men, and what ruffian little men everybody has had frequent occasion to know. Childhood, we say, is out of date, and with too much reason make that complaint. The spirit of the age leaps from the cradle to maturity. To-day it is a toddling wee thing and to-morrow one of ourselves, and often worse than the worst of us. For this depravity there is but one just rule, and that the one we have quoted. Were it only wrong to themselves that the criminal young did it might do to talk moral suasion, reformatory measures, and so on; but when the bad boy touches the trigger the pistol will kill as certainly as if held by a man. On the private side let philanthropy, commiseration, long suffering, do as they will, but when touching the public welfare the punishment of crime must fall impartially on all able to conceive and execute of fence.

There is, unfortunately, too much truth in what the World says about the 'highly stimulating life Americans lead' being at the bottom of juvenile depravity. American life is not only stimulating, but it is intensely artificial and false. Everything is forced. Boys and girls are forced into men and women before they have got ten half way through their boyhood and girlhood. Seemingly, children are becoming fewer and fewer every year. We meet but few boys and girls, but an abundance of little men and women. Children are taught to dress as grown people, and to ape their manners and habits without regard to their being good, bad, or indifferent. They are pushed into society before they are barely in their teens, and attend parties, balls and picnics at an age when their mothers were in their pinafores. There are no domestic nurseries now a-days, in fact they are not required since children are brought up in the world for the world. Young misses often are gallanted on the street and at public assemblies by young gents of twelve with quite as much sang-froid as persons of mature years. Boys and girls are wise beyond their day and generation, and some of them can instruct their seniors in the way of the world. There is no doubt that our mode of life stimulates crime, and develops the evil in the young at a much earlier age than in the last generation. On no other hypothesis can we account for the great increase of youthful depravity. This has increased to a really alarming degree of late years, among both sexes. All our reformatory institutions are full, with a constant demand for more. Children are now found committing every kind of crime, from simple larceny to murder. Parents should take notice of this condition of things and satisfy themselves whether the false and stimulating life which Americans lead does not lie at the bottom of it.—Ez.

CURIOUSITIES OF LITERATURE.—A PRISONER'S LETTER.—Not a great while since, says the New Orleans Picayune, one Daniel Lockburg was committed to the Parish Prison, charged with brutally ill-treating his wife. The evidence in the case certainly developed a very strong case against the accused, and the court, in consequence, was but little disposed to be lenient with him. The prisoner, however, bore the punishment heroically, and not until yesterday did he show signs of contrition. This was evinced in the subjoined note, addressed to the Recorder:

'Judge, Your Honor.—I am at your service. At least these remarks leave me no prison. Judge it as you wish, you know, for I've been here and man can't keep a man Judge; you never could, then let me out, Judge, to go and see my wife; she needs a husband's kindness, and nobody but your honor or me can do that. Judge, forgive me; have mercy on my soul, or the good Redeemer will never have mercy on yours. It ain't much to count, I know, Judge, but it's all I've got. Judge, how would you like to have your wife wantin' you, and you can't come? Just think of that, Judge, and turn me out.

Your affectionate friend,
'DANIEL LOCKBURG.'

—The eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, was once stopping at a hotel in New York, kept by a man named Bush. Among the guests was a General Root. They occasionally made themselves merry at Lorenzo's expense. One day General Root began upon him thus:

'Mr. Dow, you tell us a great deal about heaven. Now I want you to tell me plainly, what sort of a place heaven is.'

With imperturbable gravity the preacher replied: 'Heaven, gentlemen, is a smooth, rich, fertile country; there isn't a bug or a rool in it, and there never will be.'

The Root and Bush subeided, and Mr. Dow wasn't further troubled.

—Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi me? as the fellow said when he was trying to steal a goat.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A blighted bee-ing—an empty hive.

The best thing out—out of debt.

'Husband, I must have come change to-day.'

A social glass to which ladies are ad-dicted—the mirror.

The newspaper compositors' business is 'picking up.'

Fairy-nacious food for children—'The Arabian Nights.'

Sugar of lead—A very complimentary after-dinner speech

How to make both ends meet—ask the butcher to take out the bones.

When may a man be considered a book?—When he is a tome

The earing of green corn does not always render the voice husky.

You can't get blood from a stone, but you can get money from a brick.

'Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough.'

Marriage—an altar upon which man lays his pocket book and woman her love letters.

Good resolutions are like ladies who faint in a lecture room—they should be carried out.

It has just been discovered that nothing will make a woman so mad as looking for her nightgown after the lamp is put out.

A man sent his son to study law, because he said he was such a tricky little rascal, and he wanted to honor his chief talent.

At Long Branch the other day one young girl asked another to wait with her. 'Indeed I won't,' was the reply, 'what do I want another girl hugging me for?' A glorious, sensible girl that.

Mrs. Jones, a farmer's wife in Connecticut, says: 'I believe I've got the tenderest hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of 'em to fetch a pail of water but he'll burst out crying.'

'I wish you had been Eve,' said an urchin to a stinging old aunt, proverbial for her meanness. 'Why so?' 'Because, said he, 'you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it.'

A young gentleman who had just married a little beauty says she won't have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that nature couldn't afford it.

An exchange says: 'It is not good taste for young men to stay after ten o'clock when visiting young ladies. Our devil says he never noticed any difference in the taste after ten o'clock. He says it's good any time.'

A Virginian who put his faith in a fortune-teller, chopped up a valuable calf to find a ring supposed to have been swallowed by the animal. The family have since lived on vegetable soup of about \$3 50 a pound.

A Western paper, in reply to the query of a subscriber, why it don't have more 'snaps in it,' says: 'We don't desire to go through the world like a rabid canine, snapping at every thing and every body.'

A certain caravan orator at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what is to be seen inside, generally winds up with 'Step in gentlemen, step in. Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out.'

When the Providence Journal discussing the question as to how soon and should be fired on, says: 'We think that under such circumstances (patience ceases to be a virtue, after a second brick, and is not much of a virtue after the first.

Simple habits. A gentleman from Boston, on a visit to his friend in the country, speaking on the times, observed that his wife had lately expended fifty dollars for a habit. His friend replied, 'Here in the country, we don't allow our wives to get into such habits.'

One Sunday recently a Methodist preacher in Iowa advised the sisters to mortify Satan by giving their jewelry to the church the following Sabbath evening. The result was a galvanised watch and three brass finger rings. 'They are a mean set of sinners,' said the parson.

Mrs. Paulina Burnham, a rich English lady, lost by the wreck of the steamship Anglo Saxon, near Newfoundland, in 1861, a valuable and very much cherished ring. The other day it was found in the entrails of a fish by St. John's fisherman, who received from the owner \$250.

A multitude of counselors. A young lady said a pretty good thing the other evening. She has many admirers among the limbs of the law, and on being asked how she had escaped heart-ache, supposed it was owing to the fact that 'in a multitude of counselors there is safety.'

His purpose. A fellow who was caught recently with a bag full of pinnies, centerbits and other burglarious implements, was asked 'what he was doing with such a kit as that? He replied that he was only going to 'make proposals for some government bonds.'

During a fine starlight evening lately a three-year old philosopher, after a silent and apparently profound survey of the heavens, asked his mother, abruptly, where the stars came from. Mamma replied: 'I don't know where the stars came from.' Well, you bet I do. The moon laid 'em 'em.'

John Smith is as ubiquitous and many-lived as ever. In looking over our exchanges, we discover that John was recently drowned in New Orleans, died in a fit at St. Paul; was hanged for stealing in Little Rock, was scalded to death in Cincinnati, broke his neck by a fall in Charleston.

A dandy of twenty-six having been termed an 'old bachelor,' appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age.

'Twenty-six!' said the elderly gentleman, 'it is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old.'