# The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA

# DAWN AND SUNDOWN.

BY MILLIE W CARPETTER

The rain is drifting down again, It sweeps across the rose pined lawn, It trembles on the window pane. And round the bills its veil is drawn And round the inits his ventisma Oh, cold and long the day will be. No light, no warmth it briags to me. For you, my love! dear love! to day Wait in the sweet South far away

How wait you? In some grassy place,
Beneath an arch of bowery trees;
A smile upon your upturned face,
Your hands clasped dily on your kin
My love! my love! the day is dark
The rain is dull and cold—and hark!
The wind is up—I hear the sea.
That separates you, dear, from me

What happy sun shines in your eyes?
What flowers of France about you bloom?
What rare, sequestered beauty lies
Far in the low hills purplish gloom?
The garden leaves about me hall,
The rines hang loosely on the wall,
And, hish Lacross the storm comes, faint,
The ring-dove's murmuring, low complaint

Dear love! when in some still moonday
Your rapt, high glance you northward
turn,
I catch its light here, far away,
Fanned with she gales of sweet Auvergne,
Your facecomes in my sleep- a star
To guide me through my dreams afar
I feel a kies on check and hair,
And then, oh, then, the day dawns fair

Through summer hours our love was born.
The water shone about our feet.
The fields were green with growing corn,
And June laughed low in lane and stree.
Olove' my love' in days like the se.
When we two watched the birds and bees.
Flash through the flowers about our door,
We asked the world for nothing more.

What if the ship which hears you home took sailing by the simily straid, While weeping here I watch androam. In memory's tender, twitight land? Olove, my love? I watch and wait. The land with rain is desolate. And all the blue tows it the sex.

So, on and on my thoughts are led. I hide my tears against the wall. And, dreaming thus, I hear the tread of unknown feet along the hall, I dare not look! Ah, heaven! If he Should come this rainy day to me, Then all these rain drops, shuning cold, Would turn to hits of burning gold!

The Untold Love of Alice Carey. Alice Carey lived and died a maiden queen in poesy, it has seemed to many impossible that she should have carried her tender and passionate heart through the social and literary thor oughtares wherein she was called to tread unpierced by any amorous shaft And it was indeed impossible. There is a secret page in the history of the deceased poetess which has never been written, and seldom, of late years, been told. To thus Phoebe Carey briefly and indefinitely alludes in the sketch published in the Ladies' Repository of last month, and widely copied. The writer says substantially therein that if over the mouth of the sepuichre of her same length of time at his sad experience she rolled the stone house. This occurred once every week, never by herself temoved. The doubt fut 'il' half conceals and half discloss four days out of the seven.' es the truth. It seems intended to stop the flying rumors, while retraining from an unequivocal and impossible denial As the story can only serve as a foil to the many virtues and amiable qualities of its subject, we need no further ex-cuse for our effort to rescue the fragmentary record from the oblivion to which the mistaken and morbid kind ness of friends would fain consign it. When the Carey sisters made their first merous in New York than at present He was born in Benson, Vt., in 1815, and was, consequently, but about five World, mammoth weeklies, the New tion with others, several works of pop proporators to building No one was better ular biography acquainted with the state of the liter ary market, or with the publishers of the metropolis, than Mr Griswold The two rural devotees of literature from the far West were strangers, and peeded a chaperone. He gave them space in his books, flattered them, en couraged their hopes, and assisted in finding a market for their wares. To ward Alice he more especially inclined.
Their first acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy. and intunacy into love. It was said at last that the parties were solemnly affianced. This was nearly twenty years ago, and Alice had then passed was still older, and would seem to have passed the bounds of ju venile folly, if these bounds are ever passed by men. But he was a blase citizen of the world, and she was quiet. retired, sensitive, domestic, and unas saming. Trouble came between the two in the shape of a woman of society externally more attractive than Alice This liason produced a sepa-The engagement was broken, and Alice, concealing her sorrows, kept herself more closely at home and turned her attention more assiduously to her special labors. The story needs not to be fully detailed here. It has been told over and over again, ever since the world has had a literature. Several years passed, and in 1857 Rufus Wilmot Griswold lay dying of a

which it was not altogether pleasant to look back upon. But the sisters had made many triends, and been reason; ably blessed by fortune. The injured woman torgot her wrongs and forgave the past with a readiness characteristic of her sex. She came again to the bedside of the man who had so grievonaly deceived her, and watched with him day after day and week after week as life slowly sbbed away. The sick room was made cheerful with books, flowers, and all necessary comeforts; and, to defray necessary expenses, the money carned by days and nights of labor with the pen was freely lavished At last death ended the sufferings of the false lover, and the grave closed over the secret of a woman's sorrow, ow for the first time made public.-Chreago Republican.

#### Domestic Life of Jefferson.

One of the most interesting books of the day is cuttiled The Domestic Life I Thomas Jefferson, compiled from family letters and reminiscences by his great grand daughter, Sarah N. Ran

Among other traits of Mr. Jeffer son's boyhood, his love for athletic sports holds a prominent place. His father seems to have been entitled to the name of the Virginia Hercules. He was early engaged in combat with wild beasts, and for days at a time was forced to live on raw flesh. So great was his strength, that when standing between two hogsheads of tobacco ly ing on their sides, he would raise or head them both up at once. Young Jefferson inherited the vigor and the manly tastes of his stalwart sire. He was early instructed in all the sports and exercises of his day. While still a school boy, he was a good swimmer, a tearless rider, an ardent sportsman, spending a great portion of his time in wandering after game along the sides of the romantic South West Mountains. He was not more than two years old when his father moved to Tuckahoe, yet he often declared that his earliest recollection in life was of then being handed to a servant on horseback, by whom he was carried on a pillow for a long distance. 'He also remembered that later, when five years old, he one day, became impatient for school to be out, and, going out, knelt behind the house, and there repeated the Lord's Prayer, hoping thereby to hurry up the desired hour

The general mode of life at that time had a decided flavor of patriarchal simplicity. One of Jefferson's grand sons asked him on one occasion, how the men of his father's day spent their time. He smiled, and, in reply, said 'My tather had a devoted friend, to whose house he would go, dine, spend the night, dine with him again on the second day, and return to Shadwell in writer says substantially therein that if the evening. His friend in the course her published works to tell the tale; of a day or two returned the visit and and thus, you see, they were toge her four days out of the seven.'

At the age of seventeen, the future President was sent to William and Mary College, where he became inti-mate in several of the most distinguish ed tamilies of William-burg, in some of which the vice of gaming was car ried to a permicious extent. Jefferson, however, never knew one card from another, and never allowed the game charms of the society into which he was thrown never had the power to dipilgrimage to the Eastern literary was thrown never had the power to di-Mecca, Rufus Wilmot Griswold was vert his mind from his literary pur-among their earliest acquaintances south. The studied litteen hours a day This gentlemen was a prominent liter. During the most closely occupied days the New World, while, as a philoso ateur when men of letters were less in of his college, lite it was his habit to place and the author of "Notes on Vir study until two o'clock at m, ht, and rise at dawn, the day herpent in close application - the only recreation being was, consequently and amount the separation as twilight to a certain stone Having been educated as a printer be which stood at a point a full beyond became successively a Baptist preacher, a journalist, and an author. As an editor he presided over the destinies of those which stood at a point a mile beyond brench capital. Nor were the case and grace of his address, the charms of his eloquent conversation, and the the Brother Jonathan and the New and though he did not cut himself off from the pleasures of social intercourse Yorker, a literary behdomadal, and Graham's and the International Mag- devoted nearly three fourths of his time and of his queen, the lovely Marie azines. To the first monthly mention to his books. He rose in the morning ed he added considerable character as soon as the hands of a clock placed The last rescubled Harper's Monthly, on a mantle piece in his chamber, could and was bought out by the owners of that magazine after a brief existence. In the wider field of letters, he should the Rivanna in a little cance, which he be spoken of rather as a composer than kept exclusively for his own use, and as an author. He published various walked up the summit of his loved Paris with Jefferson, and Mrs Adams collections of the prose and poetry of Monticello, where he was having the pass a graceful tribute to his talents England and America, and in connect specific of the mountain leveled down, and worth in her letters home, and in

At the time of his lowing college, he I must have been one of the most complished young men in Virginia. He an excellent mathematician, and well grounded in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, though he could scarcely have been, as his biographer u 'finished scholar' in either of those languages. John Adams, in his diary, thus speaks of him: Duane save that Jefferson is the greatest rub ber off of dust that he has met with that he has learned French, Italian, and Spanish, and wants to learn Ger-

His school and college education was considered by him as only the vestibule to that palace of learning which is reached by no 'royal road.' He once told a grandson that from the time when, as a boy, he had turned off wearied from play and first found pleasure in books, he had never sat down in idieness. And when we consider the vast fund of learning and wide range of information possessed by him, and which in his advanced years won for him the appellation of a "walk ing encyclopædia, we can well understand how this must have been the case. His thirst for knowledge was invatiable, and he seized eagerly all means of obtaining it. It was his habit in his intercourse with all classes of menthe mechanic as well as the men of science-to turn the conversation upon that subject with which the man was lingering disease in the metropolis, in poverty and alone. It is literary venure and inadequate remained atternation, and he had lived a life after having drawn from him all the sons. On riding out with him when a changed the T to D.

information which he possessed, on returning home or retiring to his private apartments, it was all set down by him in writing—thus arranging i

methodically and fixing it in his mind. An anecdote which has often been told of him, will give the reader an idea of the varied extent of his knowledge On one occasion while traveling, he stopped at a country inn. A stranger who did not know who he was, entered into conversation with this plainly dies-ed and unassuming traveler. He introduced one subject after another into the conversation, and found him perfectly acquainted with each. Filled with wonder, he siezed the first, opportunity to inquire of the landlord his guest was, saying that, when he spoke of the law, he thought he was a lawyer; then turning the conversation on medicine, telt sure he was a physician; but, having touched on theology, he became convinced that he was a clergyman, 'Oh,' replied the landlord, why I thought you knew the Squire. The stranger was then astonished to hear that the traveler whom he had found so affable and simple in his maniers, was Jefferson.

After his marriage in 1772, his life at Montreello was a continuation of his hiterary activity at college combined with an ardent devotion to the entiring pursuits of the country. Much time and expense were devoted by him to ornamenting and improving his house and grounds. A great lover of nature a he found his favorite recreations in out of door enjoyments, and it was his habit to the day of his death, no mat ter what his occupation, nor what of fice he held, to spend the hours between one and three on horseback. Noted for his bold and graceful horsemanship, he kept as riding horses only those of the best blood of the old Virginia was very exacting of his groom, in the animal's shoulders and send it back. to the stable if any dust was left on the handkerchief. His garden book shows the interest which he took in all gar dening and farming operations. This book, in which he began to make en tries as early as the year 1776, and which he continued to keep all through life, except when from home, has every thing joited down in it, from the date of the earliest peach blossom to the day when his wheat was ready to sickle. His personal, household and farm accounts were kept with the precision of the most rigid accountant, and he was a rare instance of a man of enlarged views and wide range of thought being fond of details price of his horses, the fee paid to fer rymen, his little gifts to servants, his charities -whether great or small from the penny dropped into the church box to the handsome donation given for the erection of a church all ound a place in his account book

An interesting account of Mr. Jeffer son's life in Paris, when he had succeeded Dr. Franklin as United States Minister, is given in the following par-

agraphs Nothing could have been more con-Paris. At the head of an elegant establishment, as an American and the friend of Layfnyette, his house was the tayorite resort of all the accomplished and gallant voing French others who had cothosiastically taken up arms in detense of the great cause of liberty in ginia," his society was sought for and enjoyed by the most distinguished sav-ants and men of science, who thronged from all parts of Europe to the great on the witty and handsome women who were found at the court of the Automette so sadly preemment for beauty and misfortune. tercourse with them, and the pleasant friendshops formed for many, we dis cover in his gracefully written letters to them

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams were in one of them speaks of him as being one of the "choice ones of the earth." His intercourse with his two colleagues, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, was of the most delightful character, and by both he was sincerely loved and esteemed. The friendship then formed between Mr. Adams and himself with stood, in after years, all the storms and bitterness of political life at a time when, perhaps, party feeling and prejudice ran higher than ever before, When Franklin returned home, load

ed with all the honors and love that the admiration of the French people could lavish on him, Jefferson was ap pointed to take his place as Minister rom the United States at the Court of St. Germains. "You replace Dr. Franklin, 'said Count de Vergennes, the French Premier, to him. "I suc "You replace Dr. ceed; no one could replace him," was Jefferson's ready reply. Perhaps no greater proof of Jefferson's popularity in Paris could be given than the fact that he so soon became a favorite in that learned and polished society in which the great Franklin had been the

hon of the day. We must make room for the descrip tion of Mr. Jefferson's domestic life end habite after his retiremente from public life, written by his grandson. Col. Jetterson Randolph.

His manners were of that polished school of the old Colonial Government, so remarkable in its day-under no circumstances violating any of those

lad, we mes a negro who bowed to us; he returned his bow; I did not. Turning to me, he asked:

"Do you permit a negro to be more

of a gentleman than yourself? Mr. Jefferson's hair, when young, was of a reddish cast; sandy as he advanced in years; his eyes, hazel. Dying in his 84th year, he had not lost a touth, nor had one defective; his skin was thin, peeling from his face on exposure to the sun, and giving it a tettered appearance; the superficial veins so weak, as upon the slightest blow to cause extensive suffusion of blood--in early life, upon standing to write for any length of time, bursting beneath the skin; it. however, gave him no inconvenience. His countenance was mild and benignant, and at-

tractive to strangers. While President, returning on horse back from Charlottsville with company whom he had invited to dinner, and who were, all but one or two, riding ahead of him, on reaching a stream over which there was no bridge, a man asked him to take him over. The gentleman in the rear coming up just as Mr. Jefferson had put him down and ridden on, asked him how it hap-pened that he had permitted the others to pass without asking them.

replied:
"From their looks, I did not like to ask them; the old gentleman looked as it he would be would do it, and I asked him." He was very much surprised to hear that he had ridden behand the President of the United

States Mr Jefferson's stature was com manding six feet two and a half inches in height, well formed, indicating strength, activity and robust health; his carriage erect; step firm and clastic, which he preserved to the stock. In the days of his youth he last, his temper naturally strong, under perfect control; his courage cool having his horses always beautifully and impassive. No one ever knew him having his horses always beautifully kept, and it is said that it was his to exhibit trepidation. His moral habit, when his riding horse was courage was of the highest order his brought up for him to mount, to brosh his will firm and inflexible. It was remarked of him that he never aban doned a plan, a principle or a friend.

A bold and tearless rider, you saw at a glance, from his easy and confi dent seat, and he was master of his horse, which was usually the fine blood horse, which he subdued to his will by a fearless application of the whip on the slightest manifestation of restiveness. He retained to the last his fondness for riding on horseback; he rode within three weeks of his death, when, from disease, debility and age, he mounted with difficulty. He rode with confidence and never permitted a servant to accompany bim; he was fond of solitary rides and musing, and said that the presence of a

servant annoyed him.

He held in little esteem the edu cation which made men ignonant and helpless as to the common necessities of life, and he exemplified it by an incident which occurred to a young gentleman returned from Europe, where he had been educated. On riding out with his companions, the strap of girth broke at the hole of the buckle; and they perceiving it an accident eas ily remedied, rode on and left him. A plain man coming up and seeing that his horse had made a circular path in genial or delightful to him than the the road in his impationce to get on,

"Suppose you let it out a hole or two on the other side," said the man. His habits were regular and syste-matic. He was a miser of his time. rose always at dawn, wrote and read until breakfast, breakfasted early, and dined from three to lour \* \* \*, redined from three to four 💌 🤻 tired at nine, and to bed at from ten to eleven. He said in his last illness, that the sun had not caught him in bed for fifty years.

He always made his own fire. He drank water but once a day, a single glass, when he returned from his ride. He ate heartily, and much veg etable food, preferring French cookery, because it made the meets more tender. He never drank ardent spirits, or strong wines. Such was his averhis last illness, his physician desired the cot where his two children lay him to to use brandy as an astringent, he could not induce him to take it strong enough

THE RICHEST BOY IN AMERICA. - The papers are telling about a boy in New England, now fourteen years of age, who is supposed to be the richest boy in the United States, because he has a great deal of money. To our mind, the richest how in America is the one who is good hearted, honest, intelligent, ambitious, willing to do what is right. He is one who loves his mother, and always has a kind word for her: who loves his sister or sisters, and tries to help them with true affection. He is the boy who does not call his father the "old man," but who loves him, speaks kindly to and of him, and tries to help him as the signs of age gather fast upon his brow.

The richest is the one who has pluck to fight his destiny and the future. He is the one who has the manhood to do right and be honest, and is striving to be somebody; who is above doing a mean action; who would not tell a lie to screen himself, or betray a friend. He whose young mind is full of noble thoughts for the future, who is determined to win a name by good deeds. This is the richest boy in America. Which one

-"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to a stingy old aunt, proverbial for her meanness. "Why no?" "Because," said he, " you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it."

-A trunk factory out West was lately superceded by a saloon. The old sign, it is reported, was retained by the new proprietor, who economically

### The Democratic Party.

The rise and progress of the Democratic party in this country, says an extriumphs over apparently insurmoun table obstacles and its present formid able proportions and flattering pros pects, constitute a part of our political history that is both gratifying and renarkable. Parties by the score have utterly vanished out of existence, and are almost forgotten. They were founded on mere temporary issues. The Democratic party has lived and will live. It is founded on vital principles -fidelity to the supreme law of the land and the rights of the States. To these, as another has eloquently said, it owes its greatness in the past, its prospects in the future. Driven from power by a revolution which no human wisdom could have done more than postpone for a brief season, it retained its organization and its influence in the midst of political and social convulsions which threatened to uproot and destroy the Government itself. Hopelessly in the minority, with both purse and sword in the possession of reckless and fanatical enemies, the Democratic party never deserted their standardnever utterly lost heart. Neither the clamors of war nor the terrorism of triumpliant factions; neither the perse cution of hereditary foes nor the treach ery of former friends were able to shake the allegiance of the masses in those eternal truths which are not for a day. but for all time. They knew in what they believed, and no amount of flattery on the one hand, or intimidation on the other, availed to change their creed. Faith less fixed, determination less firm, would have sealed their doom long ago; but the Democratic party has drawn from that faith and a determination a vitality which no blunders or defeat can quench, a vigor which neither age nor adversity can overcome. It has survived the war, survived the changes which the war produced, and stands to day with unbroken front, banners full high advanced and as ready to fight as in years gone by, when the very name of Democracy was a synonym of victory. Our opponents have pronounced our party dead and buried a hundred times, and sung Te Deums over the corpse which they fondly hoped was beyond the reach of resurrection, but again the canonized bones have burst their cerements, and the uneasy ghost strode forth clad in complete steel as of yorc.

The Democratic party is still a ing example of the eloquent truth that principles found in right and justice, though trodden under foot and forgotten for a little while can never die, and that an honest and intelligent people, however misled by prejudice and pas-sion, will sooner or later abandon their talse gods and worship at the shrine of constitutional freedom -liberty regu lated and controled by righteous, im partial law.

## Thrilling Incident.

The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an inci-dent which marked the life of the late Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister of the village of Waterford, N. Y.

Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about midnight, preparing a discourse to deliver to his congregation, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that some one was in the room Mr. Lee exclaimed :

'What is the matter?' and turning around in his chair, he beheld the grim face of a burglar who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered by a side window, supposing the occupants were locked in slumber Give me your watch and money, said he, 'and make no noise or 1 fire

You may put up your weapon, for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the money and valuables that I possess,' was Mr. Lee's calm response

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said 'I will conduct you to where my

most precious treasures are placed.

slumbering in the sweet sleep of timo cence and peace.
'There,' said Mr Lee, 'are my most precious jewels. Will you take them?'
He proceeded to say that as a min

ister of the gospel he had few earthly possessions, and that his means were devoted to one object - the education of his most eitess children.

The burgers was done, and visitor a good office cat? He has already reaffected by these too ake. Tears filla good office cat? He has already received 248 felines, with the Southern most sorrow at the act he was about

After a few remarks by Mr. Lee, the would be criminal consented to kneel and join in prayer; and there, in that me at me a smid the silence of mid mgat, the offender poured forth his re morse and printence, while the repre sentative of religion, of peace and good will, told him to 'go and sin no more." Such a case has lew parallels,

-Forney in his "anecdotes of

public men," reminds us that Balti-more was for many years the chosen spot for political National Conventions. It was in Baltimore that Martin Van Buren was first nominated It was in Baltimore that Marand renominated. It was in Baltimore that Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, thrilled the nation by an electric speech in vindication of Richard M. Johnson,

in 1840. It was in Baltimore that James K. Polk was nominated in 1844, as the Democratic candidate. It was in Bannessee, in 1848, that Lewis Cass was nominated. It was in Baltimore that Franklin Pierce was nominated by the Democrats and Winfield Scott by the Whigs in 1852. It was in Baltimore that John C. Breckenridge and Stephen A. Douglas were nominated by opposing factions of the Democracy The in 1860. It was in Baltimore that President .- Fort Wayne Democrat.

# All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Advice to fast men. To run an unbridled career.'

If you are out in a driving storm, don't attempt to hold the rains.

Beauty is worse than wine-it intoxiates both the holder and beholder,

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and it s soap that is next to charity.

A paper out West is called The Paters of Hen. It will be laid out before long.

Women do not talk more than men They 're listened to more, that is all The man that takes a dollar iz a thief, but if he steals a millyun he is a genus.

The Chicago Republican calls this an explodemical season for kerosene lamps.

A man being asked what kind at wine he preferred replied, "other peo-

At Niagant Falls, in the hotel wine ists, lager beer is called "Vin de Bimitrek.' A Milwaukeo debating society is fry.

ing to work out "Do hackman po-souls?" Saloons in Cilaforniahave been trans-

formed into "dispensaries of medicine Some tectotalers would prefer a wa-

ery grave to preservation of spirite In time the mulberry tree becomes a silk gown, and a silk gown becomes a

Grant's relative multiply at a shocking rate. Nearly every body you meet is anti-Grant

It is said Grant cuts a figure at Long Branch. It is the same old figure Number One.

In writing a hymn don't be too partie. ular about the matter you uso- its hyan material.

Mr Guizot is 86, and still vigorous a hard worker, and in confident expecta-tion of reaching 100 If men are honest they will tell you

that their success in life 12 more ov a wonder tew them than it is to you When a Kansas City saloonist taps a

fresh barrel of whisky, he calls it erecting a new clevator. When an Australian asks a friend to take a glass of wine with him he say, 'Let us kiss the baby "

Why should a spider be a good baseball player? Because naturally, it man excellent fly-catcher.

A learned German theologian has found out that there are a few more than forty-four millions of devils. A settler in Minnesota , was recently

attacked by two Indians, but gave them a "settler with his lutle rifle Miss Frances Power Cobbe has just

published an essay on "The Devis. We trust she understands her subject The N. Y Standard's "fashion man" apeaks of a recent funeral on fifth avenue as "the finest private affair over witness-

ed. One who wishes the world to know what he knows about farming, says that the best way to raise straw berries is with

a spoon. A rolling-pin with which a loving wife had knocked her husband down seven times, came in as evidence in an Indiana trial.

Patents issued To the Counter les Etats Unis for "carhomicidomanie to the Chicago Post for "splitaferriboatassassinsonity

In Toronto, recently, a man had his wife's coffin carried through the back window, for fear of scratching the paint off his front door

into the air by a steamboat explosion, are spoken of in Arkansas as atmospheric phenomena." The boy who wished he was a foun-

Fragments of human beings, blown

tain so that he might play all the time didn't reflect that a fountain dosen't play unless it works well

In Chicago the police are complained of as untidy, with uncombed har, unwashed faces and hands, dirty boots, and very faulty uniforms

Sad A child up town having its none cut off by an accident, a sympathizing neighbor thought it a sad case of being supped in the bud

A shrewd confectioner in Bangor has taught his parett to say "pretty resture to every hidy who enters the shee, and his business is rapidly increasing.

counties yet to here from

The hotel in England with the longest name is the "Quopunimapassakessons gog" House at Hampton Beach It has one letter less than the whole alphabet

A young man in camp meating asked the prayers of the assembly because he "could not sit down to a meal without eating three times as much as he ought

A Brooklyn mother advised her daughter to oil her have and fainted flat away when that candid damsel replied, "Ob, no, me, it spoils the gentlemen's vests!'s

They have a newspaper it India, called the Punjaub Bird of Good Omen A newspaper could never feather its nest in this country with such a name as that

In Wilmington, Delaware, within the built the hulls of one hundred and thirty iron steamers and steamships, and anothor has done nearly as well

Woman was ton-ted in the following style at a resent military dinner. Wo-man-pure as a snowflake that falls on the cold peaks of the Eactian Alps; beautiful as the houri that bathes herself factories of paradise; in the crystal fountains of paradise; gracoful as Pearl affoat on her shell skiff over the dark blue sea; vain, worse Abraham Lincoln was nominated in 1864, with Andrew Johnson as Vice President.—Fort Wayne Democrat.