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OLUME VIII.

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BANKERS,

ELENSBURG, PA.

olted States, and a You know I love you, Tim."

SCHOOL STATISTICS.

I was Saturday night, and a teacher sat Alone, her task pursoing; She averaged this and she averaged that, Of all that her class was doing, She reckoned per centage-so many boys,

And so many girls, all counted; And nearked all the tardy and absentees. And to what all the absence amounted. Names and residence wrote in full, Over many columns and pages-Yankee, Tentonic, African, Cult, And averaged all their ages.

The date of admission of every one. And cases of flagellation; And prepared a list of the graduates For the coming examination

Her weary head sank low on her book, And her weary heart sank lower, For some of her pupils had little brain And she could not furnish more

She slept; she dreamed; it seem'd she died, And her spirit went to Hades: And they met her there with a question fair, "State what the percent, of your grade is." Ages had slowly rolled away,

Leaving but partial traces And the teacher's spirit walk'd one day In the old familiar places. A mound of fossilized School Reports Attracted her observation,

As Boston since annexation. She came to the spot where they buried her

As high as the State House dome, and as

And the ground was well built over; But labovers digging threw out a skull Once planted beneath the clover. A disciple of Galen, wandering by,

Pansed to look at the diggers, And picking the skull up, looked through And saw it was lined with figures. Just as I thought," said the young M. D., 'How easy it is to kill 'em;'

tatistics ossified every fold Of cerebrum and cerebellum. It's a great curiosity, sure." said Pat, "By the bones can you tell the creature?" h, nothing strange," said the doctor, "that Was a nineteenth century teacher."

DEATH OR MARRIAGE.

The ancient clock in Deacon Shermer's old-fashioned kitchen was slowly square, solid relic of the past century, looking not unlike a coffin case set on end, in several more. Deacon Shermer cherished | must be getting late." the old heir-loom with a sort of pride which

There was a great, ruddy fire of chestnut logs in the red brick-paved fire-place; and the candles in the bright-polished brass pcd; nor was it wonderful, under the cir- "Father," faltered Mary, rather irrel- with a Canada thistle, which the bright-polished brass pcd; nor was it wonderful, under the cirsticks were winking merrily from the high wooden mantel where they shared the post of honor with a curious sea-shell and a ke more money selling couple of vases, each containing a fresh sything else. Great- osage-orange from the hedge that skirted the clover field behind the barn. At the window a curtain of gaudy chintz shut out | fore the year was out." the tens of thousands of stars that were shining brightly on that frosty autument night, and on the cozy rug of parti-colored rags a fat tortoise shell cat purred away the slowly lapsing minutes. But the tortoise shell cat was not the only inhabitant of the snug farm-house kitchen.

What she would do, Mary did not say : is in the case." the sentence was terminated by a laugh plays across a cluster of red ripe cherries. | gingham dress,

Mary Shermer was just seventeen-a witching expression of surprise to a pair enthere. of melting hazel eyes. She was rather dark; but the severest critic would not have found fault with the peach-like bloom upon her cheeks, and the dewy red of her Mary. full, daintily-curved lips. Evidently Mr. Timothy Marshall was quite satisfied with

Mary's peculiar style of beauty. "Come, Mary!" said Tim, moving his chair where he could best watch the flush of the fire-light upon ber face, and picking self "-"you might promise. It's nine to me in the stillness. The deacon looked

work, and intently observing the effect.

"Nonsense, Mary! You know what very well. Promise to marry me before Christmas! I will tell you what, Mary, it's all Mica for Ising glass very well for you to keep putting a fellow ONS OF CLASS LAMP | romantic Tom Stanley's coming here every

Mary gave her pretty head a toss. "As part of the Uni-

these Lamps and difference in my feelings, Tim !" know; I'm as good a man as Tom Stanley, mortification. if I don't own railroad shares and keep an account at the Hamiltonville Bank; and I while longer," she thought, sitting on the in the feathery flakes. love you, Mary, from the very bottom of my stairs where the newly-risen moon streamed in his, and looked earnestly into the liquid sible."

comeat Louis, and hazel eyes.

Collections made at "Do you love me, Mary?"

"Then we may just as well-hush! strained to the utmost capacity to catch what's that?"

along the floor. Mary rose to her feet, now; it was actually a snore. cheeks.

"Oh, Tim, it's father!"

"Suppose it is?" Hide yourself somewhere-do !"

I creep away like a detected burglar?"

turned the key on him. It was not a pleasant and look around him. Love is blind, and from within asked: "Who comes?" and the air was unpleasantly close; but | ened shrick as a hand fell softly on her | carefully over ! Tim made the best of matters and shook arm, possessing itself quietly of the key. with suppressed laughter in his solitary cell

"Well, a jolly scrape to be in," thought mer. Tim, "and no knowing when I'll be out of it. Mary's a shrewd little puss, hawever, Mary "and-" and I can't do better than leave the matter in her bands."

said the Deacon Shermer, slowly unwind- clock !" ing the two yards of woolen scarf with an evening.

up her patch-work with a glowing cheek. 'Did you have a pleasant meeting?"

to Mary's consternation—she had hoped he | matter with the old clock, eh?' the hour of nine. It was no smart toy no would have gone to bed at once, according "Yes, sir," said Tim, composedly. "I which is to teach you the three great virtrifle of bronze or alabaster, but a tall, to his usual custom-"it was tol'ably hope I haven't seriously interfered with tues-faith, hope and charity. Faith in ner that I am enabled to assure you that pleasant. Elder Huskier was there, and the works of the clock. the corner-a clock that had lasted through folks pretty much. Why, how red your said the deacon, waxing indignant. "What You will now be harnessed, and in repre- a volley fired into the open window, evi- ead them? I go and it is done. Villain, four generations and, judging from ap- cheeks are, Mary! Tired, ain't you? Well, do you mean, sir, by hiding in my house pearances, was quite likely to last through you needn't sit up for me, my dear; it like a thief?"

cold in her veins. "Twenty minutes past there." Why, land o' Canaan! the old clock's stop- for ?" disturbed. "It never saived me such a in the clock-case, miss?" trick afore, all the years its stood there. "No-but-father! oh, father! I can members arise and sing : of a death or a marriage in the family be- and I--

"How seared you look, child! There ain't wordly-wise arrangements in its tide. "Timothy !" said Mary Shermer, deci- faith in your Aunt Jane's old-time super- think you love each other ?" said the deadedly, "if you don't behave yourself stition. Where in the name of all possess- con, meditatively.

that set the dimples round her mouth in Mary, guiltily, conscious that it was snug-

"No, nor 'taint in my pocket neither.' plump, rosy girl, with jet-black hair, And down went the deacon, stifly enough, Tim, "that the stopping of the clock meant ready to sacrifice themselves for the good brushed back from a low forehead, and on his knees to examine the floor, lest either a death or a marriage.' Of course of their constituents. Do you feel pretty perfectly arched eyebrows, that gave a be- perchance the missing key might have fall- we don't want any deaths; so don't you smart this evening?

strange in all my life," said the deacon.

"I'll have a rag'lar search to-morrow,"

"Yes, it must," said Mary tremulously. "Osly," the deacon went on, slowly re- stop them !" suming his place before the fire, "I kind o'clock, and your father will soon be thoughtfully at the firey back log. Mary fidgeted uneasily about the room, straight- riage, I hope." "Promise what, Tim?" said Mary, de- ening table-covers, setting back chairs, and

As he sat there, his cyclids began to droop, and his head to nod somnolently. Mary's eyes lighted up with a sparkle of something like hope.

off, but I can't stand it. What with your himself up in the stiff backed chair, "you the rabbits with snow shoes that I want to are quarte and ex- father's forbidding me the house, and that had better go to bed. I'll sit up a while longer till the logs barn out."

"But, father, I'm not sleepy." "Go to bed, my child," reiterated the deacon, with good humored authority that brooked no opposition; and Mary crept out "No, but, Mary, it isn't pleasant you of the room, ready to cry with auxiety and

"If Tim will only keep quiet a little

She sat there, her plump fingers interfloor, while all the time her ears were Thild's Treasury.

every sound in the kitchen beyond. Hark! There was a portentious sound of draw- was that the wail of the wind? or was it ing bolts and rattling latches in the porch- something to her literally "nearer and

"Let me help you?" said Deacon Sher-

"Father, I-I found the key," faltered

"Found the key, eh " returned the deacon. "Well that's lucky; and now "So you haven't gone to bed yet, Mary?" | we can find out what's the matter with the

"Not yet, father," said Mary, picking the key and opened the tall door of the cians.

"Well, yes," quoth the Deacon, reflect- as Mr. Timothy Marshall tumbled laugh- will cause you to feel that you are received and the other party must immediately was I by a Dutchman's hand at once desively, sitting down before the fire, greatly ingly into the room. "So you was the at the door on the three points of a pitch- pull out his stomach and disclose the

Elder Hopkins, and-well, all the church "You've seriously interfored with me !"

"Indeed ! indeed ! father," eried Mary, The Deacon glanced mechanically round | bursting into tears, "it wasn't his fault. he hiraself would scarcely have confess. at the clock. Mary felt the blood grow He didn't want to hide, but I put him ness. A dried pumpkin vine is put in his all there is in the coremony of any import-

cumstances. "I wound it up this mornin', evantly, "I love him, and-he loves me !" I'm sartain," said the deacon, very much | "Is that any reason why he should hide candidate is galloped three times around degrees-until then-adien.

Your Aunt Jane used to say it was a sign never marry Mr. Stanley. He is so soft, Mary's tears finished the sentence for

There was a suppressed sound like a her. The deacon looked down (not unchuckle behind the clock case as Deacon | kindly) on her bowed head, and the ten-Shermer fumbled on the shelf for the clock | der arm that supported it. Apparently | tled, and brought standing up before the key. These springs must be out of order | "the course of true love," roughly though | great chief, the most worshipful pumpkinsomehow," said the deacon decisively. it ran, was everwhelming all his own head,

no cause for bein' scared. I don't put no "And so you two young folks really a granger?

ed that key? I could ba' declared I left it "I love her with all my heart and soul, agents. sir," said Tim Marshall, earnestly. "I'm M. W. P. H.-Have your hands been this way : "Isn't it on the shelf, father?" asked not rich, I know, but I can work for her." hardened with toil? "And I can work for myself, too, fath- Candidate-Not extensively; but, then, motion, just as a beam of June sunshine ly reposing in the pocket of her checked er," interposed Mary, with eyes that shone I am not running for office. like softened stars.

"Well, I never knowed anything so is to help on a marriage as soon as possi- on.

"It is strange," faltered hypocritical The deacon laughed, in spite of him- chaw of tobacco. self. "It's late." he said. "Come around | Candidate searches himself thoroughly, to-morrow morning and we'll talk about but as there is no place about him to stick said Deacon Shermer. "It must be some- it. No. Mary, I'm not angry with you, a pocket, tries to explain, but the most child. I suppose young folks will be worshipful pumpkin-head interrupts him young folks, and there's no use tryin' to with :

marriage?

And she in turn whispered: "A mar-

RABBITS WITH SNOW SHORS, -- High up on the Rocky Mountains, where the snow lies deep and white the long year through, "Child," he said, suddenly straightening and the winds blow cold and sharp, live ferocious grasshoppers.

bits as the great long snow shoes are for to your enemies." men, for they keep them from breaking through the delicate snow crust or sinking

.

4 5

Grange Secrets Revealed.

Guide-I have, noble gate-keeper. marks about his person!

Guide-I do. S. V .- What are they !

Guide-The candidate has carroly hair, reddish whiskers and a turnup nese. become a granger!

"Hal-lo!" ejaculated Deacon Shermer, My worthy stripling, as you cannot see, I quirer then says: "Let us see," (letter C.) pour Udolpho Wolfe's distillment. Thus fork, piercing the region of the stomach. yourself, hope for cheaper farm machinery, they will wash. tested as to endurance and wind.

imitation plow, by means of a hempen har- off my precious manuscript. This is about month for a bit and bridle, he is made to ance. I must leave the country at onceapplies at the terminus of the spine, the should deem it best to expose the other the room. While making the circuit the

Get up and dust, you bully boy ! Who wouldn't be a granger?

If the thistle's prick don't cause you joy, To feeling you must be a stranger ! After this violent exercise he is rubbed dry with corncobs, beeswaxed where this-

M. W. P. H .- Why do you desire to be

Caudidate (answering for himself)-That I may learn to extinguish sewing-machine

M. W. P. H .- 'Tis well, for our lodges "And you said yourself, sir," went on contain several who are supposed to be

think the most sensible thing we can do | Candidate-Yes, where the bustle goes M. W. P. II .- (savagely)-Give me a

"Never mind, my dear young friend-I And as the deacon re-hung the pendu- am well aware that in your present condiup the thread of the conversation where o' don't like to have the old clock stand lum and set the iron tongue of the old tion you can no more furnish your friends he bad dropped it, when it became neces. still a single night. When I wake up, you clock talking again, Tim Marshail paused with the weed than Adam could be comsary for Mary to bid him 'behave him- know, it seems like it was sort o' talking on the front door step to whisper to Mary: fortable in a plug hat and tight boots. It "What shall it be, Mary ?-a death or a is merely to teach you the great lesson of economy-doing to others as you'd like to have them do to you. You will now be "My darling!" said Tim, "it's worth conducted to the most eminent squash murely, fitting a square of red in her patchthinking—oh, if he only would go to bed! passing a lifetime behind the clock-case producer, who will teach you the grand hailing sign of distress. The sign, my worthy brother, will insure you against many of the ills of agriculturists-amongst others, against drouths and being bit by

The eandidate is now conducted to the They are beautiful creatures. Their fur most eminent squash producer, who thus is pure white, very soft and warm, and says: "My worthy brother, I will now they leap with wonderful quickness over invest you with the order of the Festive the snow; for Ged, who knew just where Ploughman, which you have well won by have to run on top of the deep snow, provided them with long, broad feet on the -may you ever wear it with pleasure to hind legs, which are just as good for rab- yourself, and may it be a means of terror

(The M. E. S. P. then proceeds to invest the candidate with the regalia of the Fes-These wonderful snow shoes which God tive Ploughman, which consists of a long son, Esq., Spring township, Perry county, I.TOONA. PA.
Sand Silver and ade. Monies redemand without to interfere help and me only; no other person in the world ade. Monies redemand without to interfere help and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and me only; no other person in the world and which never to made, which fit each foot and which never to made, w on demand without and me only; no other person in the world sure to go to sleep in his chair. I could nothing can follow them. No dog can have a right to interfere between us. Come sure to go to sleep in his chair. I could nothing can follow them. So dog can have a right to interfere between us. nas a right to interfere between us. Come stead in and release him as quietly as posreach them, for he will break through at side the nose, and violently wagging the Bernheisel, the Mormon, who first repreevery lean and flounder in the snew drifts. while the rabbit runs on a broad, smooth tages are intense. It also has an important pathway over the mountain gorges, where signification which you will be well to the running the bay bull hitchest to the running to the running to the bay bull hitchest to the running to the laced and her eyes fixed dreamily on the the snow lies sixty or seventy feet deep. signification, which you will do well to Governor of Pennsylvania from 1852 to head. The closing of the eye signifies that 1855, still living in Clearfield, Pa."

HOW INITIATIONS ARE CONDUCTED.

in all your dealings with mankind you are ! bound to have an eye to business. Laying the finger alongside the nose is emblemati-On being brought into the ante-room of cal of wisdom, and places you at once not determine whether he was intoxicated room beyond—a scraping of heavy boots dearer?" Yes, she could not be mistaken the lodge (Greengrocer Temple, No. 101,) among the "knowing ones," This is ex-I was told that I had been ballotted for tremely handy in prognosticating new he was taken in charge as a vagrant. He with a sudden scarlet suffusing brow and Mary rose softly to her feet with renewed and accepted. My informant, who was weather, and saves the wear and tear of was traversing the streets, with folded hope. Surely now was the accepted time. securely masked by what I afterwards almanaes. Wagging the ears signifies and peems. He processed a facility of quo-Noiselessly as the floating shadow she learned was a large burdock leaf, perfora- sublimity of purpose, and is thought to be tation equal to itiehard Swiveller, esq., but crossed the hall, opened the kitchen door, ted with holes for the eyes, told me that emblematical of childhood's happy, hours. he was as reckless about the exactitude of "But he must not find you here, Tim! and stole across the creaking boards of the if I valued my life it would be necessary. It is also supposed by some profound scholfloor. The candles were burned out, but for me to strip. As I did think it of ars to have a distinct reference to apple Cuttle himself. He seldom gave a quota-"What nonsense, Mary !" said the young the shifting lustre of the firelight revealed considerable worth to me, and as he itali- dumplings, but this fact is somewhat ob- tion right, but would break off in the midman, resolutely standing his ground. "I her father nodding before the fire, with cised his wishes by carelessly playing with scure by the dust of ages. In token that dle and satisfactor with some words of his own, haven't come to steal spoons. Why should closed eyes, and hands hanging at his side. a seven-shooter, I withdrew from my gar- you are one of us you will now be brand- or dovetail in an irrelevant piece from "He is certainly asleep," thought she. ments with eagerness. My masked friend ed. This ceremony is very impressive, en authors with interpolations of his own, "For my sake, Tim. Oh, Tim, if you With a heart that beat quick and fast, then furnished me with the regalia of the and consists of two brands. They are both in an inextricable vestal jurable. ever loved me, do as I say. Not in that like the strokes of a minature hammer, first degree—called "The Festive Plough- applied "while the iron is hot," and comcloset; it is close to his bed-room; not she drew the key from her dress pocket, boy"-which consisted merely of one large sist of one letter of the alphabet each. The through that window; it is nailed down and proceeded, in spite of the nervous cabbage leaf attached to a waistband of first is a large letter S, on which you will tight. He's coming—he's coming. Here, trembling of her fingers, to fit it into the potato vines. In this airy costume I was please sit while the other letter is applied lock. So absorbed was she in her task conducted to the door, where my compan. to the stomach. The letter S, my worthy there isn't the devil a doubt of it-that's And in the drawing of a breath, she had that she never noticed the sudden cessa- ion gave three distinct raps. (I was secure- chicken, signifies scooped, and refers to pushed Timothy Marshall into the square tion of the heavy breathing—never saw ly blindfolded by binding a slice of ruta- railroad monopolies. It is also supposed pendulum case of the tall old clock and the deacon start suddenly into wakefulness baga over each eye. A sepulchral voice to indicate the seat of learning-the spot sucks Peter Knight all day. Thou base, inwhere the old-time teacher hunted for place of refuge, inasmuch as his shoulders it is equally true that it is deaf. The dea- My guide answered-A youthful agri- brains with the fernle. The second letter were squeezed on either side, and his head con rose quietly up with a shrewd twinkle culturist who desires to become a granger, is C, and is applied, as I said before, to the Fletcher. flattened against springs and wheels above, in his eyes, and Mary gave a little fright- Sepulchral voice-Have you looked him stomach. It has a double meaning. First, the application is an agricultural one, "corn crib," and has reference to the 8. V .- Do you find any agricultural stomach as being the great receptacle for Bourbon whisky. But, brother, do not be diligent in finding a home market for your corn. The second application of the letter C, my distracted infant, is got hold of as fine in Gotham, here lives a caltiff wreigh follows: When one granger desires to as- who has probably got plenty of it under S. V .- 'Tis well. Why do you desire to certain "for sure" if there is another of the counter. Why should I here conceal the Order in the room, he raises himself Mary's heart, throbbing so wildly a mo- Guide, (answering for candidate.) -That gently by the slack of his -of his unmenwhich he generally sucased his throat of ment or two ago, seemed to stand ab- I may thereby the better be enabled to har- tionables - scratches his off thigh with his clous caitiff, quoth I; thou invisible spirit solutely still as Deacon Shermer turned row up the feelings of the rascally politi- near hoof, and remarks in a voice of thunder: "Are there any grangers about "" S. V .- You will bring in the candidate. The answer is "Jeese wax." The in- a phial, and in the porcer of my throat did

and charity for the lightning-rod peddler. I was here interrupted, Mr. Editor, by his red-haired highness and by informing sentation of the horse, Pegasus, will be dently intended for me. Fortunately I es. here's at thy heart! His name, your Honcaped without a scratch, and, which is of The candidate is here attached to a small " more consequence, succeeded in fetching

From your sacred friend,

B. Pour. Notice. - This ceremony of initiation is away? used during the absence of the lady members. Their initiatory ceremonies are entirely different, being much simplified, as they should be .- Enterprise.

REYMES ON THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE .-The woman's movement has brought out the poets. There is one specimen which

concludes: Rouse thee! O despendent brother,

Cheer with hope these days of pain; When this whisky war is over, You but we'll all get drunk again.

The Brooklyn Argus man's attempt is in Obio's ransom speeds apace-Is daily growing surer,

The praise of Anna Para Proud State! a pitying nation prays For some assuring token: Thy nose bleached to its native hue-Thy whisky vessels' broken Rev. Thomas K. Beecher thinks that religion suffers about as much as the liquor msiness by the sidewalk prayer-meetings. "The specially bad feature," says Mr.

Since woman's duicet voice essayed

Beecher, "is the prostitution of prayer, making of it a sidewalk pastime." then he asks how the following would do as an additional stanza to Montgomery's "Prayer is the Buckeye woman's dodge

To stop the rum-shop door. They hear her prayer and run away,

And never drink no more.

What will not woman do for the man she loves : Her hand was first to reach and drag The bettle from the shelf-"It is your curse, dear John," she said,

And drank it up herself. A victim of the new crusade gives vent to his pent up feelings thusly ! They have ruined me atterly, Mary; All day long I do nothing but growl,

And sit up half the night, dearest Mary, In my desolate bar-room and howl, This from the Commercial Advertiser, New York : There was a refermer named Lewis : Christened Dio (my marrative true is).

Providing folks paid Fifty dollars to "see" Dio Lewis. Another warbles : I saw the tear drop on her nose, Prismatic glories shed; I saw the bow of anguish bend

Who led a crusade,

O'er her curl-tangled head. I saw the conflict of her soul-The pain that writing her brow : "Take back the bottle, John," she sobbed, "I cannot smash it now." .

in the house now occupied by Francis Gib- derstand the change.

THE BARDS IMPROVED.

NUMBER 9.

Peter Knight was found wandering in arms, talking to himself odd bits of plays his extracts, and jumbled up his authors

Clerk - What's your name? Prisoner - Peter Knight : um a native to the "marrow bone"-that's Shakespear. Clerk - Was you intoxicated yesterday? Prisoner - "Tis true, "tis pity; pity 'tis

Clerk-Where aid you get your liquor? Prisoner-Where the bee sucks, there glorious slave, 'think'st thou I will reveal the noble name of him who gave me wine? No sirver, Bob-that's Beaumont and

Officer (in a whisper)-If you don't tell you'll have to go to jail. Prisoner-I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts he dwells-no he don't he lives over in the Bowery-Lut in his needy shop a colfish bangs, and on his shelves a beggarly account of en pty bottles. Noting this penury to myself, I said if any man did need a brandy panch, whose sale is \$50. my fault? Wine, I cried. The call was auswered. I have no wine, said he, but plenty of whir --- Silence! then, perniof wine, since we can get thee by no other name, why, let us call thee gin and sugar. He brought the juice of cursed juniper in patched-not drunk nor sober-sent into tight, with all my imperfections on my head. The fellow's name? My very sent rebels. But whether is it nobler in the mind to suffer the cuffs and bruises of this bloody Dutchman, or to take arms against or, is Bob Blesnoffkin, in the Bowery, That's Shakespeare mixed.

Clerk-Have you got a home? Prisoner-My home is on the deep seathat's Platacch's Lives.

Clerk-How do you get your living? nine-why, it must be later than that! "You did, ch! And may I ask what get down on all fours, the guide seizes the armed men are at my heels-they know doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth bridle, and urged on by a granger armed that I am writing to expose them. You to be a liar; but never doubt that I'll get a living while the oyster sloops don't have but one watchmau-that's Billy S, again, Clerk-Do you pay for your oysters?

Prisoner-Base is the slave that pays; the speed of thought is in my limbs-that's

Clerk-Do you steal them and then run Prisoner-I've told thee all; I'll no more though short the story be; let me go back where I was before, and I'll get my living without troubling the Corporation-that's Tom Moore altered to suit circumstances, Justice (evidently at a loss) in a whispe . to mystified clerk-I think he's erazy;

what do you think it's best to do with him? Prisoner overhearing -- Off with his head; so much—that's Shakespeare curtailed. Justice-Will you promise to dispense with the brandy and gin if you are dis-

charged? Prisoner-Ch. I could be happy with either were t'other dear charmer bottled up and the cork put in-that's Dibdio, with a vergeance Judge-What do you suppose will be-

come of you if you go on in this way, living as you have done? Prisoner-Alas, poor Yorick!-Peter I mean. Who knows where he will lay his bones; few and short will the prayers be said, and nobody'll feel any sorrow; but they'll cram him into his clay-clod bed, and bury somebody else on top of him tomorrow; the minister will come, put on his robe, and read the service; the choir'll sing a bywn; earth to earth and dust to gravel, and that'll be the last of Peter

Clerk-Peter we'll have to send you up

Prisoner-Fare the well, and if forever

all the better-that's Byron revised and corrected .- N. 1. Graphic. THE "PATENT INSIDE" EDITOR.-The amisville Courier-Journal tells the follow ing: The editor of a newspaper which wears a patent inside should be very careful about writing screasm for his outside. At Nashville there is an establishment which prints the insides of a great number of the weekly journals of Tennessee, and the editor of the sprightly Lebanon Herald, Dr. R. C. White, receives his inside from the Nashville concein. Dr. White, having seen in the dails Union and American, of Nashville, the peem called, "All Quiet Along the Potomac," sat down and wrote for his ontside a very sarvalle daily in publishing such verses. Mr. Bell, of the Union and American, read Dr. White's sarcasm. Instead of snatching up a pen and writing down Dr. White a howling idiot and malnight assessin, Mr. Bell quiet-ly picked up a pair of seissors and ent "All Quiet Along the Potomae" from the Union ad American containing it, then leisurely walked down to the establishment where Dr. White's inside is printed, and, gave that poem to the editor of the patent insides, requesting its publication. The verses were accepted, and when Dr. White got his next inside from Nashville it lad "Ail Quiet Along the Potomac" in as conspicuous a position as his worst enemy could have wished to see it after reading his sareasm. In Wright's History of Perry county is resumed the control of his own inside, his the following paragraph: "There is a room friends in other parts of the country will un-

This is the latest song of the granger pol

The hickory berry vine entwines The brown nuts of the turnip tree:

The eashmere heifer skips and plays To the tuneful bleat of the feathers bee On all the boughs 'mid the buckwheat bulls

sorthe Husks out the golden clover."