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> and Interest Compounded Semiannuay which deir t.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Sept. 10, 1875, -6m,

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1875. "TRE PENNY YE MEANT TO GPE." a-fightin' wi' the sea, which uprises to There's a funny tale of a stingy man,

Who was none too good, but might have been worse Who went to church on a Sunday night, And carried along his well filled purse, When the sexton came with his beggingplate

The church was but dim with the candle's light; The stingy man fumbled all through his

purse, And chose a coin by touch and not by sight. It's an odd thing now that guineas should be

So like unto pennies in shape and size. "I'll give a penny," the stingy man said ; "The poor must not gifts of pennics des-Dise.

Jackets. The penny fell down with a clatter and

ring! And back in his seat the stingy man ran; "The world is so full of the poor," he thought, "I can't help them all—Igive what I can."

Ha, ha ! how the sexton smiled, to be sure, To see the goiden guinea fall in the plate Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrunz

Perceiving his blunder, but just too late ! 'No matter," he said, "in the Lord's ac-

count That guinea of gold is set down to me. They lend to Him who give to the poor; It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried

"The Lord is na chested-He kens thee well : He knew it was only by accident

That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell ! "He keeps an account, na doubt, for the

puir; But in that account He'll set down to thee negotiable in all parts of the coun- Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon, Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

A serious side as well as joke ; A comfort for all the generous poor, In the comical words the sexton spoke,

Savings Deposits Books issued, A comfort to think that the good Lord knows How generous we really desire to be, And will give us credit in his account

For all the pennies we long "to gi'e." -H. H., St. Nicholas for October

BILL WALKER'S WIFE.

near and dear, while heaven seems to be or, I can't live here all alone, so I must

buffet it with mad waves. There's storms as make even a sailor's heart quiet, while | ain't cold yet !' his lips cuss and cuss at the work he's trying |

to do. Who knew more about storms than ain't." Bill and me? We followed the sea for "But don't ve love him."

nigh twenty year, and never separated. I can't tell ye all, for ye'll feel bad." "No, I won't sailor, I like to hear you

talk. It sounds like old times." "Old times, lass?"

"Yes; when Bill used to sit there and tell his awful yarns, and try to make me swallow them. You see, I never believe all I hear."

"You don't think I'm deceiving ye, do ye ?"

"Of course not, sailor. I don't think anything like that. And so you mustn't have that in your noddle. Go on, now." "Well, there comes the storm one day.

The skipper came to us, and says, says he, 'Lads, it's all up wi' us, unless we get out in ten minutes.' 'But,' says Bill, 'where'll we go?' 'Anywhere ye can,' says the skipper, says he. Ye see I can't talk like a book, and I jest tell ye this as it were. The ship had sprung a leak. In fact the whole side were stove in on a rock, and the pumps was no use; and we was going down, and oh !-Bill Walker's wife !-yer

husband wouldn't forsake that ere ship." "That's right in him," she said, "I would not have a man who would forsake his man's voice crying : work when it got troublesome."

"Well-but, lass, Bill was aboard till the very last. He wouldn't go. He got all home ! And he tried to make mammy bethe others off, and there he stayed, looking lieve he was some one else. Oh, Eill out toward home and thinking of ye and oh, Bill ! I knew you all the time, and I the babies." "Good for Bill !" she said, her pleasant you told the yarn !"

eyes sparkling with tears.

sleep, crying : 'Babies ! wake with mammy

sea?' And how I have fixed their little

'Our Father !' yet they said it after me,

world but me? For I've gone to them,

wife, and him a sailing far away. Let me

help you if I can. And if you're sick or

lonesome, come to me.' And how often

this little room has been filled with seafa-

them for the sake of their own little ones

many miles off? And how often I've got

tears from these men, and blossings, till

I've gone down to the wharf, and taken the

children with me, and we've stood and

seen them off, and I've made the little ones

wave their hands to the men, and the men

er's wife ?' and 'God take care of her and

the babies !' I've done all this for love of

Bill! And don't you think he'd like to

The man looked at her, was silent for a

"Yes, he knew it, lass. He thought it

"Well-now don't cry out, and don't

She never said a word, but smiled up in-

"Why won't he come home again?"

"Because he's drowned," he replied.

"But I was with him all, all o' the

"I don't believe it, sailor ?"

for a truth. And now comes the awful

little frock she was mending.

moment, and then went on :

part of my yarn !"

"Yes, sailor."

to his face.

"But, why don't ye get excited? Didn't ye care for Bill? Why don't ye get ex- caught, together with their mother, to Bill cited ?'

"Oh, I'll get all that after awhile "But didn't ye care for Bill?"

get married !" "Married ? Why, woman, yer husband

"I can't wait till I'm cold because he

"It would be wrong to love a dead man, and still marry a live one."

"Who will have ye for a wife, seeing ye didn't care for Bill ?"

"You will, sailor ! I know you will." "Bill Walker's widder-I won't! I tho't too much of him for to like the woman as

'ill slight his mem'ry," "Sailor, you shall have me !" "I'll leave this house now."

"Sailor, I'll lock the door. You shan't leave this room till you say you'll have me for your lawful wife."

"That I'll never do! And woman! ye're a bad lot, that's what ye are-a bad, cussed, ungodly creature ; an' I pity poor Bill from the bottom o' my heart-that I do. An' don't believe as these babies ever thought o' him more than ye did."

"Of course they didn't, sailor-of course they didn't."

"Whose babies are they? Who's their father ?" " You are, sailor !"

And then he felt a woman's arms thrown

around his neck, and her kisses and tears pressing on his face, and he heard a wo-"Babies ! children ! wake up and come

to mammy, for daddy's home-daddy's

And the children came running in, stock-Walker's breast, and-That's all!

TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS. BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Take the world as it is ! there are good and

- bad in it, And good and bad will be from now to the
- And they who expect to make saints in Are in danger of marring more hearts

than they'll mend. If ye wish to be happy ne'er seek for the

faults, Or you're sure to find something or other

amiss 'Mid much that debases, and much that ex-

The world's not a bad one if left as it is !

Take the world as it is! if the surface be shining, Ne'er stir up the sediment hidden below ! There's wisdom in this, but there's none in

repining. O'er things which can rarely be mended,

we know ! There's beauty around us, which let us en-

Joy ; And chide not, unless it may be with a

Though Earth's not Heaven we thought

when a boy, There's something to live for, if ta'en asit

Take the world as it is ! with its smiles and its sorrow. Its love and its friendship-its falsehood

and truth-Its schemes that depend on the breath of to-

morrow ! Its hopes which pass by like the dreams.

of our youth. Yet, oh ! whilst the light of affection may

shine, The heart in itself hath a fountain of bliss! In the worst there's some spark of nature Di-

And the wisest and best take the world as it is!

THE STRANGER WITNESS.

A gentleman, followed by a servant in could hardly keep from kissing you while livery, rode into an inn in the west of England one evening, a little after dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained inkless and in their night-gowns, and were in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to occupy

NUMBER 39.

SOLEMN ENTHUSIASM.

HOW ONE OF TOM CORWIN'S SPEECHES WAS RECEIVED IN THE WESTERN RESERVE.

It was one of Corwin's campaign years, way back in the fifties, or may be the forties, and he had been making the circuit of the Stale in behalf of the Whig ticket. He had gone through the sonthern and middle counties, and had been assigned to the Reserve to wake up the Yankees, as he said, and so had lighted down at Painesville. The meeting was a morning one, after the old fashion, and the farmers from all around the country had come to town to hear "the great Mr. Corwine," as they called him, make a speech. When the or ganization had been effected and the speak er introduced, he felt that he must do something worthy of his reputation as "the great Mr. Corwine." He laid down his stock of facts and figures in systematic order, building from them an argument that he thought irresistible, working at it patiently until he thought the structure complete ; but upon looking into the faces of his auditors was muchle to eatch a single responsive look. There they sat, bolt upright before him, dignified and quiet-so silent, indeed, that Tom could hear the ticking of the old clock at the far end of the room. There wasn't a ripple of applause though, nor a smile nor a clap of a Same

This discouraged Corwin a little, but ho thought he could wake them up with some of his oratory. So he sailed in with some of his impassioned flights of thetoric, and no orator that America has produced had a more glowing fancy or could utter more elequent things than he. Still there was no response. There his audience still sat upright, unmoved as so many gate posts. Then he concluded he would try the virtue of his funny stories, and told a string of them as only Tom Corwin could tell a story Selecting a particularly dignified old fellow in front of him, he directed his budget of side splitting yarns at him, but ne'er a smile broke from his lips or those of any one present. Then he went to making faces at them, the funniest faces that ever a man made, faces such as only Tom Corwin could make. Still not a smile, not a hint even that anybody enjoyed the performance. There they sat before him, giving that dignified attention which the thought the occasion required ; but no onopened his mouth or moved hand or foot in the way of response. Finally Mr. Corwin sat down disgusted. Then a tall, lank, cadaverous-looking individual, sitting off in one corner of the room, slowly rose to his feet, and clearing his throat very leisurely, said: "Mr. Chair man, in view of the fact that we have had the great Mr. Corwine here with us to-day, greatly to our edification, I therefore move you, sir, that we now proceed to give Mr. Corwine three cheers." So saying, he say down. Then another lank, cadaverous individual. on the other side of the room, rose, to his feet slowly as the other, and said : "Mr. Chairman, I second that motion." And he sat down. Then the Chairman with due solemnity assumed a perpendicular to put the question. "Fellow-citizens," said he, "it has been moved and duly seconded that this town meeting proceed to give three cheers to the Honorable Mr. Corwine for the able and masterly address he has delivered in our presence to-day. All who are in favor of that motion will signify the same by saying aye." A dozen or more voted in the affirmative. "Those of a contrary mind will say no." There were none. "The motion is adopted." Then he sat down, and silence again reigned. Presently a little, dried up, weazen-faced old man in the back part of the hall got up, and in a cracked voice called out. "Mr. Chairman, hooray for Mr. Corwine !" And he took his sent. And then the dignified party in the middle of the audience, at whom the jokes had been directed, rose in his scat, cleared out his throat, and, in dignified tones, said Mr, Chairman, hooray for the great Mr. Corwine," and sat down again. Finally, an old, gray-haired veteran, who sat up in the amen corner, got on his legs. and, leaning on his care, called out, in the uerulous voice of age : "Mr. Chairman, hooray for Mr. Corwine !' The three cheers having been thus given for the speaker, the meeting adjourned with due solemnity, and Corwin went to his room at the hotel, vowing that he'd never make another speech in the Reserve. And he didu't. "Still." said he, "I never blamed them much. That was their way of showing enthusiasm. They'd never had any missionaries among them."- Cincinnali Enquirer. - - -- + How CAME You So ?-From the New England Farmar we gather the following list of words and phrases, which have been in popular use, at one time and another, to signify some stage of inebriation. The list was published a few years ago, and the Farmer very sagely concludes that the word Drunk is incomparably richer in synonyms than any other word in our language. Our readers may not be equally well versed in the vocabulary of the run meries, and the list may enable them in a great many different ways, to say the same thing : Over the bay, half seas over, hot, high, corned, cut, cocked, half-oocked, shaved, disguised, jammed, damaged sleepy, tired, discouraged, snuffy, whipped, how came ye so, breezy, smoked, topheavy, fuddled, groggy, tipsy, smashed, swipy, slewed, crank, salted down, how fare ye, on the lee lurch, all sails set, three sheets in the wind, weli under way, battering, blowing, boozy, sawed, snubbed bruised, screwed, stewed, soaked, comfort able, stimulated, jug steamed, taugle ber ged, fogmatic, blue-eyed, goggle eyed, aassenger in the Cape Ann stage, stripped, I tin the neck, bamboogled, 1 jointed, tig ', got a brick in his hat. To the accountable list we may add, spring, steaming it, collapsed, caved in, balmy, O-be-joyful, exhibitated, elevated, slightly

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NEVER-FAILING AGUECURE DR. C. HOWE, SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

a servant in livery, the servant who fol-"Ye know five months ago Bill sailed "Because I was washed ashore. But ing also in good measure, the negroes sang

Some one knocked at the door. It was a wild night-the snow falling drearily

around, the air dying away and then com- you say, so well, and you don't know that? ing in swift twirls down the chimney, bring- Didn't Bill ever know of the many weary ing with it a burden of snow which hissed times when I sat here all alone in the night as it touched the roaring fire. Quietness -when the snow was falling and the wind within. A comely matron was sitting alone screaming, and the little ones tucked up in by the hearth, meuding a child's frock, bed? Didn't Bill ever know that at such

The three pair of little shoes lying to dry times my heart left these pretty things, before the flame told that the quietness was and went far over the cruel sea hunting for only a temporary peace to be broken after him? Didn't he know how I clung to the little active brains were recuperated by every hope-to every dream of him-to sleep. Sitting there alone, the woman every prayer for his good that I learned heard the knock at the door. Hurriedly over and over again? And how I used to

rising, she unlocked and opened it. A go to the little children's crib, when the man's voice said : "Do Bill Walker's wife live here?" "Yes," she answered. "I am she. What have waked them up from their happy

do you want with me?" "Lass, may I come in? I've news from and pray for daddy, on the wild, wild B40.22

"From Bill ! Come in, sailor, for the hands together, and we four kuelt down, love of heaven, and tell me what you and, though they only knew the one prayer, 10111110 113

Out of the wintry darkness into the light and heat of the pungent wood-fire stepped were praying for their poor, storm-tossed a big brawny fellow, dressed in the rough garb of a common saflor. He shook the snow from him, and looked down into the little woman's face in close inquiry. She

returned the look with a startled expression, as of one bewildered ; and then a new look came into her face as of comprehension. "Sit by the fire," she said to him. "You

must be chilled." "I am that, Bill Walker's wife. Are ye and I've said : 'Ho, lads ! I'm Bill Walker's all alone ?"

"No," she said, pointing to the three pair of little shoes.

The man looked at them and drew his hand roughly across his eyes. "Now, sailor," said she, "what's your

news ?" "Bill Walker's wife, I can't tell ye much just now. You must bear with me. I'm

but a rough sailor, and I don't know how to commence my yarn." "Oh, it's a yarn is it? Well, wait'till I

put some wood on the fire-then commence." She suited the action to the word, sat down on a low stool in the red light from the hissing fire, and took up her have called : "Three cheers for Bill Walkwork. "Now," she said, "I am ready." The man seemed a little confused.

"Arn't ye a little nervous ?" he asked. "I've got over that. I was a little afraid before you came. Now I'm steady like." "Bill Walker's wife, I've that to tell ye

which 'ill not make ye easy in yer mind. Bill's been gone three years. When did ye hear from him last ?"

"Five months ago he was sailing by Madagascar, and hadn't time to write much." "Lass !" said the man, solemnly, "ye'll

not hear from Bill in a hurry again !" "I expect not. There ain't much use of again !" his writin' seeing I never can answer his letters, as I don't know if they'd find him."

"Lass ! he'll never write to you any more." "That's a pity for Bill, for he likes me, I know."

The man looked at her in astonishment.

SUNDAY READING. "Now look here, sailor ! You knew Bill, The whole family climbed out of the wagon and went into the Atlanta book store. They were father, mother and six-

cen year-old daughter. "Mister, we want ter sorter git somethic'

good to read on a Sundays, which is nowaful lonesome in the country." "Shall be glad to serve you, sir. What will the ladies like ?"

"What d'ye want, Sofy ?" "I'd chose somethin' 'bout the new fashions, pa !"

"Of koarse, I mought a know'd thet! wind grew stronger, and stronger, and the Kin you fix her out ?" storm grew wild and awful, and how I "Oh, yes," replied the store keeper ; "we

have here Godey, Leslie, Harper's Bazar, Peterson's. Demorest's and numerous other magazines."

the old man. "Oh, yes?" was the reply.

and I knew that God understood that they "Well, centennial snakes and cross-barred breeches ! W'y, old 'ooman, don't ye daddy far out at sea, and that He would mind ye thet we hed our wedden' close listen and have pity? Didn't Bill ever know fixed up arter his plan? Gody ! Of koars, how I continued days, then weeks, then Sofy, ye'll take Gody, and I'll bet the bobmonths, and then years, longing for him, tailed mule an' the black shoat that what waiting for him-always true to him, in he sez is the fashion can't be discounted." word and thought? And how I loved all "What will your wife like?" asked the sailors, and pitied the lonely men who merchant, as the old man paid for the magcame to port here without a friend in the

> "Somethin' that's got good church readin' in it- some religious paper, ef ye please," replied the old lady.

> "Here is the best we have-the Christian at Work."

"Hold up, thar ! Is thet got any of thet ring men, who came for comfort and the Beecher an' Tilting bizness in it?" little kindnesses I could do for them? And "None o' yer bizness, anyhow ! S'pose how they kissed the children-for they said they were a sailor's babies, and they loved

there is ?" fired up the old lady. "Taint, hey !"

"No, 'taint ! So's it's church readin' it don't bother you, sir ; so dry up !"

"Well, mebbe that's so ; an' what I read don't bother you, too? All right, mister ; jist hand me out half a dozen 'lustrared papers full of pictures of legs with striped stockin's on an' fifty-dollar garters, and

The old lady chucked the Christian at Work under the table, grabbed the old man by the ear, and if he had worn striped know it?" And she wiped her eyes on the stockings, about eleven inches of them would have been seen between the tops of his shoes and the bottoms of his pants' legs, as she made him walk Spanish out to the wagon. - Atlanta Constitution.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke employed an excellent man named Clopton to preach to his negroes in a chapel on his plantation. flop down-Bill will never come home One cold Sunday while Clopton was giving out his hymn, two lines at a time, he observed a negro put his foot with a new brogan on the red hot stove. Turning to him he said in measured voice, "You rascal you, you'll barn your shoe." As this rhyme was in exact metre of the hymn, the negroes chimed in and sang it. The

the time that he was not busy. He was informed by the landlord that it was their race and assize week, and that he therefore would have plenty to occupy his leisure moments. On the gentleman's making aaswer that this was fortunate, as he was foud of hearing trials, the host informed him that a very interesting robbery trial was to come on the next day-that the evidence was very strong against the prisoner, and the people's opinion was greatly divided.

as the man insisted that he was in another part of the kingdom when the robbery was committed. The gentleman expressed considerable

anxiety to witness the trial. Accordingly the next morning the host procured him a good location through his influence with the court officers.

While the evidence proceeded against him, the prisoner's eyes remained fixed on the ground ; but on being called upon for "Gody? W'y you don't tell me he's live his defence he looked up, and seeing the an' figurin' out fashions yet, do ye ?" cried stranger, fainted away. At first this was supposed to be a trick to gain time, but being questioned on his recovery, he asserted that that gentleman could save his life if

> he might put a few questions to him. The eyes of the whole court were now turned upon the stranger, who seemed somewhat embarrassed, but stated that although he could not remember the prisoner he was willing to answer any questions that might be proposed. The court granted the prisoner's request, and he asked the stranger if he remembered being at Dover on a certain date. To which the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover shortly before, but could not positively affirm that he was there that exact day. "Don't you remember that a man in a

blue jacket and trowsers carried your trunk to the inn ?" asked the prisoner. "I remember that a man did carry my

trank, but I do not remember his dress," "But," asked the prisoner, anxiously,

"don't you remember that the man who carried your trunk told you a story about his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead ?"

During the last part of the speech the stranger's face changed, and he said that he did remember the sear. The prisoner pushed aside his hair, displaying a scar on his forehead, and the witness affirmed positively with great emotion that he was the very man,

A buzz of satisfaction ran through the court, for the day on which the witness had met the prisoner at Dover was the very day of the robbery.

The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but stated that be sometimes made memorandum of dates in his pocket-book, and turning to that found that the date of his landing corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove an alibi, the prisoner was immediately acquitted amid great applause and congratulations.

The above trial occurred in 1852, and "Then why wasn't you drowned, too? preacher smiled and mildly explained, "My inebriated. "Bill Walker's wife, I'll commence my Price, \$1. Sold by Druggists. within less than a month the gentlemanly 8500 REWARD IF IT FAILS TO CURE. If you were so much with him why wasn't colored friends, indeed you're wrong ; I varn." witness who came to the inn attended by you drowned ?" "Sailor, I'm waiting," didn't intend that for the song." This be-

A woman in Minneapolis recently asonished a crowd who were trying to start a balky horse by thrusting a handful of dust and sand into the animal's mouth, ex brought back to the same jail for robbing claming, "There, he'll go now." To the the mail. It turned out that the elever surprise of every one, the horse started in mediately without showing the least stub-THE great water wheel at Saxey, Islo of Man, said to be the largest in the world, is seventy-two feet six inches in diameter, six feet in breadth, and weighs ten tons.