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Select Poetry.

THOUGH CLOUDS OF SORROW LOWER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Though clouds of sorrow lower,
Let not regret lead you;
Midst the darkness and the gloom
Learn thou to be content;
And with firm, unwavering faith,
Hope's bright sunshine borrow;
And recollect though dark to-day,
It may be fair to-morrow.

And give not way to vain regret,
It is no balm for woe;
It is no close, sleep-inducing spring
From whence thy sorrows flow;
Forget not that afflictions deep
Are God from heaven sent,
By God, to teach unto his flock
A lesson of content.

Then in your journey through this life,
If trials you should meet;
If thorns unnumber'd and untold
Sprung up beneath your feet;
Look up, look up above this earth
To heaven's sunny slopes;
And pray that pure and steadfast faith
May warm your soul with hope.

Then ne'er complain beneath your load,
Nor at your lot repine;
But let sweet faith around your heart
Its silken fetters bind;
Let holy feelings of content
Repeat within your mind;
Murmur not at heaven's decree,
And leave to God the rest.

THE HARDEST CASE ON RECORD.

He took the case badly,
And it shook him, shook him sorely;
Shook his boots off, and his toe nails;
Shook his teeth out, and his hair off;
Shook his coat all into tatters;
And his shirt all into ribbons;
Shirtsleeves, collars, hatbands, toothbrush,
Mitten boots, and minute toasters,
Still it shook him, shook him till it
Made him yellow, gaunt, and bony;
Shook him till he reached his death-bed;
Shook him till it shuffled for him
Of his mortal coil, and then it
Having made him cold as could be,
Shook the earth still down upon him;
And he lies beneath his grave-stone,
Ever shaking! shaking! shaking!

A Select Story.

A SCENE IN A JURY ROOM.

A THRILLING STORY.

I once had the extreme felicity of leaving my business to serve upon "the Jury." I pleaded in all manner of ways for release, but to no effect.

I could not swear that I was deaf, nor blind, nor yet non compos; but did tell them that I had already formed an opinion. They asked me if my opinion would prevent me from receiving the testimony in good faith, and rendering a verdict according to it. I replied that of course I should weigh the evidence carefully, and be governed by it. I was then informed that I "would do."

The case to be tried was one of arson—then a capital offence—and the prisoner at the bar was a young man, named Charles Ambold, whom I had known from boyhood, and who was naturally one of the finest youths of the town where he resided. He had a widowed mother who depended upon him for support; and his circle of friends was large and choice. I was morally certain that he did not commit the crime; and hence, I am sure, that those who were friendly to him got me on the panel, and had me retained.

The trial commenced, and we twelve men took our seats in the jury box. I had a very respectable set with me—only there was one man whom I didn't like to see there. This was Moulton Warren. He was a dark-faced sinister looking fellow—at least to me. I knew that young Ambold had one fault. He had recently been addicted to drink, and had been known to visit disreputable houses. It was one of those houses that had been burned, for setting fire to which he had been apprehended.

Now I had often tried to persuade Charles Ambold from the course he was pursuing. He had repeatedly promised me that he would reform, and as repeatedly had he broken away. I was often talked to him of his poor mother, until he had wept like a child; but the effect was not lasting. There was a power of temptation more effective than any influence I could wield. He would fall away into this evil companionship, and for a while his manhood was gone. One or two abandoned women had gained great power over him, and upon them he wasted much of his substance.

And I knew that this very man who was now upon the Jury—this Moulton Warren—was the one who had done more than all others to lead the poor youth away. It was Warren who had drank with him, and who had led him away to those abominable haunts of sin and pollution. Why was he upon the Jury? I could only account for it upon the ground that Charles still supposed him to be his friend. The poor scorching insect was still ignorant of the flame that scorched him. He really believed that Moulton Warren was his friend.

The trial commenced. The indictment set forth that Charles Ambold had "with malice aforethought, and with all sorts of wicked and felonious intent, set fire to a certain dwelling house, thereby endangering human life. This dwelling, as I have already intimated, was a low sink of iniquity, where the abandoned of both sexes were wont to congregate, and where the youthful prisoner had spent much of his time.

The evidence for the prosecution came on, and I was startled. One after another gave in their testimony, some of them very reluc-

tantly, and I was frightened when I saw how plainly it all pointed to the prisoner as the guilty party. Several credible witnesses swore that they had heard him threaten to burn the house down, and others had heard him say repeatedly that he wished it was burned down! Then came several witnesses—three of the prominent citizens—who saw him lurking about the premises on the night of the fire.

With regard to the provocation on the prisoner's part for such a deed, it was proved upon his own admission that he had been ill treated there, and he had sworn to have revenge. And furthermore, it was proved that he had been heard to say that his salvation of soul and body depended upon the destruction of that house. Next came more testimony stronger still.

The fire had been set in a back basement room where shavings and other stuff for kindling were kept. Entrance had been gained through a back window, which had been partly pried open with a stout knife. This basement wall was of brick, and beneath the sash was found the blade of a knife which had been broken off in trying to raise it, (the sash.) It was recognized as belonging to the prisoner's knife. A maker of cutlery had made a knife to order for Ambold only a month previous, and he knew the blade at once, and swore to it.

But this was not all. The fire had been evidently set first to the shavings which lay upon the stone floor, but piled up against a wooden partition. This floor was damp, and some of the outer shavings even were not burned up. But just at the edge, where the fire commenced, lay a piece of paper, rolled up, and about half burned, and from the manner in which it lay, it was very evident that the fire had been set with it. This piece of rolled paper had been ignited by a match, a number of which were scattered around, and as soon as it was on fire it had been laid upon the floor with the burning end just in the shavings. Of course, these shavings were in a blaze instantly; but the paper torch being upon the damp stones, had not burned wholly up.

And the paper was found to be a part of a letter belonging to the prisoner! A letter which had been received from a friend of his (and a friend of mine) only a week before! That friend had to come forward and swear that piece of charred paper was a part of a letter he had written to the prisoner! This friend's name was Stephen Grant. He was a young merchant, and the letter had been written for the purpose of inducing Ambold to reform. Stephen tried hard to avoid testifying, for he knew, as did others, that the fire must have been set with that identical paper; he was summoned, and he could not deny his own chirography.

The case looked dark. Many witnesses were willing to testify to the prisoner's good qualities; but no one could swear that he was not dissipated and degraded. That house had been to him indeed, a region infernal. Its destruction cried out for his bodily life; and its existence had long been eating away his soul. Poor Charles! I had before been sure of his innocence; but now I could only shake my head and pity him.

Finally he was allowed to speak for himself. He said he was innocent of the crime imputed to him. He said that he had threatened to burn that house down—that he had said about all that had been sworn to. And, furthermore, he was around the house on the night of the fire. He was not ten rods off the house when the flames burst forth, and he was one of the first to give the alarm. He had uttered one cry of fire when he noticed where the flames must have originated, and the thought came to him if he were found there, he might be suspected of having set the fire, so he ran away. He also said that three nights before the conflagration, he had been robbed in that house. His pockets had been robbed of everything in them, and his pocket-book, containing forty dollars in money, and some valuable papers had been taken. He had gone there on the night of the fire to try and persuade them to give him back his money and papers—or at least to get back what he could. When he got there he saw a man go in whom he did not wish to see, so he had hung around waiting for him to depart. He was around by the back of the building once—and that was an hour before the fire broke out. He knew nothing—nothing. He clasped his hands, and with his tearful eyes raised towards Heaven, he called on God to witness that he was innocent!

I have told you that I know him well. I knew him so well, that from that moment I knew him to be innocent! I knew his very soul—I knew how free and open it was—ah, how sinfully so! I knew there was no falsehood in the story he had told us.

My boy is innocent! My boy is innocent!

I heard the cry—and I saw an old woman sink back into the arms of a male companion. It was his poor old mother! Her heart was well nigh broken! Yet I saw that all this had but little effect upon the mass of spectators. The prisoner's course of dissipation; his many threats against the house—and the very fact of his having been robbed and abused there, were heavy against him.

The counsel for the prisoner made his speech which was labored and hard. He was foolish enough to intimate that if his client was around at the back part of the house more than once he must have been intoxicated. In short his plea had better been left out. The evidence he could not shake, and he did all he could to suppose evidence, some of it most absurd and ridiculous. I afterwards learned that Moulton Warren engaged that lawyer for the youthful prisoner! The government attorney made his plea. It was plain, straight forward and very conclusive.

We—the jury—were conducted to our room by an officer, and there locked up. A silence of some minutes ensued. Moulton Warren was the first to speak:—
"Well," he said "I s'pose there's no need of our being here a great while. Of course we all know that the prisoner must have set fire to the house!"

There was something in the manner of that man as he said this that excited my curiosity—I won't say it was suspicion then—only curiosity. He spoke with a forced effort at calmness which I at once perceived. The more I looked at him the more I became strangely nervous and uneasy, wondering why he should be so anxious to be rid of the case, and have Ambold convicted. I knew that he had done much toward tempting Charles to dissipation. I knew that he was in that house on the night on which the prisoner was robbed—for Charles told me so when I visited him in his cell. I had then asked the unfortunate youth if he was sure Warren was his friend. O—he was sure of it. He should have hunted him up on the night of his robbery, only they had told him Warren had gone.

By and by, the foreman proposed that we should each take up a piece of paper and write down our opinion, and then compare notes. I went to my hat, which I had placed upon a table with a number of others, and took out a sheet of paper. I had got half way back to the table when I found that I had made a mistake. I had got part of a letter from another man's hat. I was about to turn back when the name of the letter arrested my attention. I looked more closely and read—"Stephen Grant." Next I caught this sentence—
"And now, dear Charles, if not for your own yet for your mother's sake, let me hope you will do better."

I started as though a shot had struck me. I held in my hand the other half of the sheet which had been used to fire the burned house! I went to the table and found that I had taken it from Moulton Warren's hat! I looked to see if I had been observed—and I had not. I put the paper back, and then took one from my own hat, which was of the same pattern as the other, and placed by its side.

I returned to the table and sat down. Warren was by my side. He had written his opinion, and took a knife from his pocket to cut it from the large sheet.

"Let me take your knife a moment, if you please," I said to him.

Without hesitation he did so. I took it—it was Charles Ambold's knife—the large blade was gone! With all the power I possessed I restrained my deep emotions, and having cut my paper I handed back the knife.

Why should he have the knife so boldly about him. I afterwards learned. He had not worn those pantaloons before since the night of the fire; and now he used the knife, probably, without the least remembrance of the loss it had sustained, during a very peculiar piece of work, to the execution of which it was made subservient.

We talked some ten minutes, and I found that eleven of the jury were bent on rendering a verdict of guilty; though most of them were in favor of recommending the prisoner to mercy, Moulton Warren was decided. He had no mercy at all.

Presently I started up and pretended to be faint. I said I must go out a few minutes. I kicked at the door and the deputy sheriff came. He heard my plea and let me out.

As soon as we had gained a safe distance I told him all. He was astonished. He went away and when he came back, he brought the district judge and the sheriff. I told again what I had seen—that it was no mere suspicion. And I explained, too, Warren's manner in the jury room, his former connection with the prisoner, and his known character.

The officers went away, and at the end of ten minutes, they returned with a constable added to their number, and this constable had a freshly written instrument in his hand. The sheriff bade me point out the hat to them as soon as we entered the room.

The door of the room was opened, and I pointed them to the hat. The sheriff took it, and asked whose hat it was. Warren leaped to his feet and seized it, but was held back.

Word was instantly sent to the judge that the jury could not agree. They were discharged, and then Moulton Warren was searched. The knife was found upon him, and his behavior at once exposed his guilt.

The presence of that letter was accounted for by him in a dozen different ways within an hour.

A new jury was impanelled, and Charles Ambold was acquitted. Shortly afterwards Warren was tried, and it was plainly proved that he had set fire to the house, and that the woman who kept it was to have been burned up in it, as he had contrived to lock her into her room shortly after setting the fire. She had incurred his displeasure in various ways, and this was his revenge. Not only she, but two of her girls had suspected him from the first, but they dare not complain, for fear he would not be convicted, and would then be sure to murder them.

The hardened villain confessed his guilt after he had been condemned, and then it was that he told how he happened to be so careless in regard to the knife. It was he who had robbed Ambold, and when he took the old letter from his hat to use for a torch in setting the fire, he did not notice what it was, and even when that partly burned half had been exhibited in court, he had entirely forgotten that he had torn off the other half, and put it back in his hat, as he must have done. The letter had been found in Ambold's pocket-book, and he had kept it because in the old youth was warned against his influence. He confessed that he had held a slight idea of calling the writer to an account when it should become convenient. With regard to the knife, it was as I before stated. He took that from Ambold's pocket, and put it in his own; and on the night of the fire he used it to pry up the sash, and when he had broken it he put it back in his pocket and forgot it.

Thus was Charles saved—and saved from more than an ignominious death, too. He was saved to be a noble, virtuous man, and his mother once more took ample delight and joy in the love and tender care of her only child.

When Charles Ambold knew that Moulton Warren had expiated his crime upon the gallows, he sat down and pondered upon his past life. The thought of his old companion being hanged, sent a strange thrill through his frame. But he was able to trace out, clearly and logically, this terrible result from the course of life the ill-fated man had pursued. He shuddered as he remembered how far he had gone in the same course himself; and he was able to see the only safe path for any youth.

Not only must he shun temptation—not only keep clear of even the appearance of vice, but above all, he must shun evil companionship. A youth may make all the good resolutions thought can afford, but if he continues one evil companionship, he is not safe!

Interesting Miscellany.

A Word to the Girls.

We never expect to tire in interest or in labor for the girls. We see so much to hope for in relation to the young females of our country and so much that is defective in their education, that their interest—their good lies upon our heart like a perpetual inspiration. When we see girls educated in the schools of folly and fashion, selling themselves body and soul to the blandishments of the shop-keeper and mantua-maker, idling their young lives away in gossip and nonsense, taking early lessons in rouge-daubing and toilet gilding, talking seriously of matrimony in their early teens, looking forward to making a fortunate match, as their only hope and care in life, forgetting all that is greatest and best in their minds and hearts, ignoring all womanly aspirations and aims, giving no heed to the preparations for life's great duties and joys, my heart bleeds within me. How many good people are trying to improve the homes of the world. How many are seeking to awaken in human hearts a better sense of home life, a truer estimate of home virtue, a more thorough insight into home duties. How limited will be their success unless the hearts of the girls can be warmed with a burning zeal for improvement. Woman is the mistress, the presiding genius of home; and she must become true to herself, true to her womanly qualities of mind and heart, ere the homes of this world can be what they should be. She must cease to worship at the shrine of folly; she must cease to place her sole good in marriage; she must cease to regard herself simply as the doll or plaything of man; she must cease to desire to be his pet, or anybody's pet; she must cease to lean on father, brother, husband for support, for instruction. She must feel that she has a mind to be educated, a soul to be taught the way of duty. She must learn to be independent in her opinions, her actions, her duties and aims. Every girl should have some aim in life, and educate herself for some place and duty. Her education should be solid and thorough. Why should the boys be sent to college from fourteen to eighteen and the girls to a seminary or academy only as many months. Why should the boys be three or four years learning a trade or profession, and the girls never learn to do anything? Why should the boys be all their minority learning agriculture with the best books, instructions and experiences they can get, and the girls that are to be their wives be ignorant of everything that pertains to their future duties and trials? Why should it be the province of the boys to know much and the girls so little?

We want to see the girls of this age wake up to a new life and every one of them fix up some great attainment that they will secure. First of all let them aim to be true women, intelligent, self-reliant, virtuous, high-minded, sober, affectionate, thoughtful, loving, all that is truly lovely and nothing that is not, demanding of all their associates that they shall be honorable and respectful. Secondly, let them determine that they will know the most they can about the practical and useful duties of life, that their hands shall be taught to be useful and their minds active come what fortune may. Thirdly, let them learn how to preserve their health, to care and do for the sick, to be judicious managers of households, sick rooms, nurseries, gardens, dairies, and whatever falls to the common lot of men and women. Fourthly, let them learn to do something by which they could earn an honest and comfortable living were they thrown upon their own resources. Fifthly, let them read and acquire useful knowledge. With such efforts the girls of to-day may be glorious women for the next forty years.—*Valley Farmer.*

"TIME IS MONEY."—So says the good old adage. Those who squander it, therefore, squander money. And if a person has no moral right to waste his substance or spend his money in a way that neither profiteth him or his kind, he certainly has no moral right to spend the precious moments which God has given him, in a like profitless manner. Least of all, has the person who has no disposition to improve his own time, a right to rob those who are inclined to make the most of a brief existence. And yet how many robbers of this class there are in the world. Men who would scorn to defraud a neighbor of his property, but who will enter the study, the office, or the work-shop, and detain the occupant from his business, by trifling and profitless conversation, when they know, or might know or should know, that they are inflicting as serious an injury upon that individual and the community, as the highwayman. The latter takes money forcibly, against the will of the possessor, the former takes TIME in the same way, under the same circumstances. Morally, is not one just as bad as the other?

Fortune may often defeat the purposes of Virtue, yet Virtue in bearing affliction can never lose her prerogative.

A Mournful History.

We gave the particulars yesterday morning of two attempts of a woman, residing in the region of the Miami canal and Twelfth street, to commit suicide by throwing herself into the canal, but was dragged out both times by a party near at hand. A party conversant with her history, gives us a few incidents in her past life that are rather interesting. At the age of fifteen her father died in a village in Western New York, leaving a snug competence for both mother and daughters, sufficient to protect them from want for many years. Time soothed the grief of the widow and in a year or two she married a second husband, who soon appropriated all of the avails of the property, and left the orphans to work their own way in a cold and unfeeling world. At seventeen she would be the suicide of yesterday married an old bachelor, more for a home than affection, who in a year left her a widow with \$10,000, deposited in money and securities in his brother's hands, and depending upon his honor to pay it over as it should be needed. In a year the brother reported the estate exhausted and bankrupt. Two or three years after the lady again married a widower, who left her at his death some \$30,000 in money, stocks and property.

She was then wealthy enough, lived in good style; was a gay and beautiful woman in the prime of life. Honest and confiding, she trusted others to do her business, and as a consequence found herself houseless and penniless in a brief period. With little courage or energy she sought relatives at the West, and after buffeting about from one city to another, for a season, disheartened at the trials of the world, she married again in Cincinnati—not as before, with happy surroundings, but she wedded far beneath her former position, and year after year carried both deeper in the scale of degradation. The husband indulged daily in liquid potations that made him a brute; the wife attempted to drown present care and remembrance of the past in the bowl. From a decent home to a less comfortable one was a natural consequence, and from that to a shanty a necessity. Hard times came on apace; poverty and want made life a burthen, and sick, tired and desperate, she attempted destruction, as before related.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Nov. 13.*

A Passing Incident.

As a man of generous heart, from the country, was guiding, a few days since his load of hay to the market, we saw following him, and gathering the wisps of hay which dropped from the load, a poor woman and two lads, the latter of perhaps the ages of seven and nine years. Our attention was drawn especially to them, by observing that the man frequently took pains to throw whole handfuls of hay down the side of the load, in order, as was quite apparent, to convey in as quiet a manner as possible, sentiments of comfort to the hearts of these suffering poor. As our walk lay in the direction of the market, we were determined to witness the conclusion of this exhibition of sympathy and generosity. By-and-by the gleaming became so abundant, that the poor woman could refrain from her expressions of gratitude no longer; and, bursting into tears, she beckoned to the man to stop, and then in a manner which indicated both intelligence and a delicate sense of her wretched condition besought him to permit her to express a single word of thankfulness for his kindness. "Madame," said the man, "I too, have been in the vale of poverty and seen the time when a lock of hay has been considered a treasure. I feel, by an act of kindness, less value in itself than the one I have done to you, saved me from despair, and made me hopeful for better days. Years have passed now, and a kind Providence has blessed me with a good farm and happy home. For years, as I have waked each morning, I have seemed to hear a sweet voice whispering, 'This day remember the poor.' As he said this he raised the fork, and threw in the woman's arms as great a quantity as she and the lads could carry, and then drove onward, with a countenance expressive of the truth—"It is better to give than to receive." We turned from the scene to read again, and with greater profit than ever, the story of Ruth gleaning in the fields of the generous Boaz, and of the kindness of the reapers to the destitute and successful gleaner.

A RELIEF AGAINST CELIBACY.—In parts of France there is, among the female sex, a holy horror of being regarded as old maids; and as want of money is considered there the chief difficulty in obtaining a husband, resort is had to a novel expedient to relieve them of this disability. A late letter from Paris says that several female clubs have been formed in the departments of the Var and the Gironde for mutual relief against celibacy. The original club, after which the others were modeled, has been in existence for four years.—Each member pays 10¢ monthly to the treasurer. These subscriptions produce annually 24,000¢, to which is added the amount raised by two half-yearly lotteries, of which the prizes are composed of valuable articles, the gift of the members. The original club is composed of two hundred young ladies. At the end of the year the society is enabled to dispose of thirty or forty thousand francs, which serve to give a marriage portion to two or three of the members chosen by ballot. If the fortunate candidates are not married within a year the money returns to the common fund, and additional candidates are portioned the following year.

The members of the club continue to pay their subscriptions for ten years after their marriage, and are bound to facilitate by all means in their power the marriage of their former associates. The members of the association, married or single, are bound as long as they live to aid and succor their fellow-members under all circumstances. How it would shock the sensibilities of our American ladies to resort to such means as this to obtain husbands!

It has been finely observed by Mrs. S. C. Hall that "Men sacrifice others' women themselves!"

A Variety.

Farmers, read the address of the Hon. Edward Everett, on Agriculture, on the fourth page of this paper.

WORTHY OF NOTE.—That the *Huntingdon Globe* contains a large amount of useful and interesting reading matter than any other paper printed in the county.

A Shocking bad husband.—A man was arrested in New York, a few days ago, on the charge of biting off his wife's nose in a family fight.

A poet of a neighboring county thus immortalizes our beautiful river, the Juniata:—

"Roll on loved Juniata, long hast thou ran, giving eels to old Huntingdon and freedom to man!"

A new-laid egg, broken into a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, and well beaten up, is an excellent ingredient in the breakfast of a person having a deficient appetite, and will be found very substantial.

"PAYING ATTENTIONS."—This is getting to be dangerous 'Out West,' the law gives damages for apparent breach of promise. The bachelors, however, obviate the difficulty by labelling their cards, "Good for this call only!"

A NOISE-LOVING CONSTITUENCY.—The people in one of the upper districts of Wisconsin, were represented in the last Legislature by a Mr. Gunn, but he not making noise enough, they have this year nominated a Mr. Cannon.

A widow said one day to her daughter: "When you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless little hussy, "for the second time."

SWEET SOUNDS.—The sweetest sound in nature is said to be the voice of the lady we love. Next to this is the man who cries "lobsters!"

LOTS OF PIGEONS.—Four sportsmen of Clarksville, Tenn., killed 2,000 pigeons one day last week, at the pigeon roost, 14 miles from that place.

COMING DOWN.—Sugar is said to be selling now in the New Orleans (La.) market at 4¢ cents per lb., and molasses at from 18 to 20 cents per gallon.

A Lady in Holmes county, Miss., hung herself a short time since, from mortification on account of her husband having been caught playing cards with a negro.

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a chairmaker? Because she got a little propped from the rushes on the banks. So is a broker like Pharaoh's daughter, then!

Old King Lear, in the play, when he was out in the storm, said in his apostrophe to the rain, wind, thunder and lightning: "You owe me no subscription."

Wish we could say as much to all our readers.

Strong doses of coffee have recently been successfully administered in New York, (as an antidote to poison,) to a person who had taken four ounces of laudanum. He was aroused to consciousness from a deep sleep on the first application, and on repeating the dose was soon out of danger.

CLERICAL WIT.—The Rev. Dr. C—, of New York, is as noted for his wit as his eloquence. One of his friends recently remarked to him that the "currency was deranged."—"I should think it was," replied the doctor, "for we hear that ten mills do not make one cent."

A countryman took his seat at a hotel table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be a common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the other gentleman's glass.—"That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," said the other, very solemnly, "I should think there was ice in it."

SINGULAR.—There is a curious fact said to exist a few miles south of Greencastle, Putnam county, Ind., where there is a family of six, all having the same birth-day. The father and mother are each thirty-five years old—the children respectively, fourteen, eleven, eight and five years old. Their birthdays all come on the 17th of May.

Only one-tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body weighing one hundred and twenty pounds was dried in an oven till all moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to twelve pounds. Egyptian mummies are bodies thoroughly dried.—They usually weigh about eleven pounds.

GRIS FOR THE WEST.—The Cincinnati (Ohio) Gazette says:—"The great want in the West is of domestics. Send us the girls who are willing to work in the kitchen—tidy, handy, willing girls, and we will find employment as fast as they can come; but of the class of girls with trades, who want waiting on, we have quite enough in the West already."

PUNCTUATION.—That is, putting the stops in the right places—cannot be too sedulously studied. We lately read, in a country paper, the following startling account of Lord Palmerston's appearance in the House of Commons: "Lord Palmerston then, longed for his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well polished boots upon his brow, as dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his ciao, a meaning glare saying nothing. He sat down."

It is stated that Dan Clark, one of the New Hampshire Republican U. S. Senators, has purchased a second hand revolver to aid him in the discharge of his official duties at Washington. We do not know whether or not this fact had any influence upon the city authorities at Washington; but we notice that, since the announcement of Clark's purchase, the councils of that city have passed an ordinance imposing a fine of not less than twenty dollars upon any person convicted of carrying deadly or dangerous weapons.

A HOUSE FOUND EIGHTEEN FEET BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE.—During the excavation of a street in Lovensville, Indiana, last Tuesday, the workmen came across the remains of a cabin eighteen feet below the surface of the earth. This wonderful subterranean house was about twelve feet in length, formed by upright posts set in the ground, and boarded up with oak puncheons, secured by wooden pins. The posts, puncheons and pins were partially decayed, but still stuck together. Within the wall were found portions of an old fashioned spinning wheel, a wooden maul, several pairs of boots and shoes, and the identical charred stick which the former occupants of the house had used to punch the fire with.—*St. Louis Republican, Nov. 14.*