cording to these terms. TEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE.

D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE.
D. P. GWIN has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
Ever brought to Huntingdon. Consisting of the most fushionable Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen: Black and Fancy Silks, all Wool Delaines, (all colors.) Spring Delains, Braize Delanes, Braizes, all colors; Debaize, Levella Cloth, Alpacca, Plain and Silk Warp, Printed Berages. Brilliants, Plain and Colored Ginghams, Lawns and Prints of every description.

liants, Plain and Colored Ginghams, Lawns and Prints of every description.

Also, a large lot of Dress Trimmings, Fringes, More-Antique Ribbon, Gimps, Buttons, Braids, Crapes, Ribbons, Reed and Brass Hoops, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Neck-Ties, Stocks, Zepher, French Working Cotton, Linen and Cotton Floss, Tidy Yarn, &c.

Also, the best and cheapest assortment of Collars and Undersleves in town; Barred and Plain Jaconet, Muli Muslin, Swiss. Plain, Figured and dotted Skirts, Belts, Marsailles for Capes, and a variety of White Goods too numerous to mention.

SPRING SHAWLS, THIBET SHAWLS, MANTILLAS, &c

Also, Cloths, Cassimers, Cassinets, K. Jean, Cot. Drills, Muslins, Tickings, Nankeen, Table Diapers, &c.
Also a large lot of Bonnets, Flats, and Hats, at low pri-

ces. BOOTS and SHOES, the largest and cheapest assortment in town.
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BUCKETS, CHURNS, TUES, BUTTER BOWLS, BROOMS, BRUSHIES, &c. CAR-PETS and OIL CLOTH. FISH, SALT. SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES, and all goods usually kept in a country

My old customers, and as many new ones as can crowd in, are respectfully requested to call and examine my goods. FF. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange, at the Highest Market Prices. April 21, 1858.

EW STORE !—NEW GOODS!!-FISHER & McMURTRIE having reopened the Methopolitax, formerly known as "Saxton's," take pleasure in announcing to their many-friends, that they have received a new and well selected Stock of GOODS, which they feel confident will satisfy the demands of the public, and will prove unexceptionable in Style and Quality.

The line of Dress Goods embraces Robes A'Quille, in Organdies, Lawns, Percales, &c., Chaleys, Berages, Brilliants, all Wool DeLaines, Cravell., Mohair, Danubian, Tamise and Lavella Cloths, DeBage Lustres, Alpac-

Cas, Prints, Ginghams, &c.
We have a fine assortment of Summer We have a fine assortment of Summer Shawls, Mantillas, Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Antique's, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gauntlets, Hosiery, Ladies Collars, Hamlkerchiefs, Buttous, Floss, Sewing Silk, Whalebones for Skirts, Reed Hoops, Brass ditto, Skirt Cord, &c.

Also—Tickings, Osnaburg, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, all prices; Colored and White Cambrics, Barred and Swiss Muslius, Victoria Lawrs, Nain-

sooks, Tarleton, and many other articles which comprise the line of WHITE and DOMESTIC GOODS. We have French Cloths, Fancy Cassimers, Satinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Linens, Denims and Blue Drills.

Tweeds, Cottonades, Linens, Denims and Blue Drills.

ILats, Caps, and Bonnets, of every variety and Style. Also, a large assortment of all kinds of Straw Gossls.

A Good Stock of GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENS-WARE, BOOTS and SHOES, WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, which will be sold Cheap.

We also deal in PLASTER, FISH, SALT, and all kinds of GRAINS, and possess facilities in this branch of trade unequalled by any. We deliver all packages or parcels of Merchandise free of charge at the Depots of the Broad Top and Pennsylvania Railroads'.

COME ALL, and be convinced that the Metropolitan is the place to secure fashionable and desirable goods, disposed of at the lowest rates.

April 14, 1858.

FOR EVERYBODY.

TRY THE NEW STORE,

On Hill Street opposite Miles & Dorris' Office.

SUGAR and MOLASSES, COFFEE, TEA and CHOCOLATE, FLOUR, FISH, SALT and VINEGAR, CONFECTIONERIES, CIGARS and TOBACCO, SPICES OF THE BEST, AND ALL KINDS, and every other article usually found in a Grocery Store

Drugs, Chemicals, Dve Stuffs. Paints, Varnishes, Oils and Spts. Turpentine, Fluid. Alcohol. Glass and Putty, BEST WINE and BRANDY for medical purposes. ALL THE BEST PATENT MEDICINES. and a large number of articles too numerous to mention.

The public generally will please call and examine for themselves and learn my prices. S. S. SMITH.

Huntingdon, May 25, 1858. THE STATE OF THE BOOK HOTEL.

The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has leased that old and well established TAVEEN STAND, known as the Huntingdom House, on the corner of Hill and Charles Street, in the Borough of Huntingdon.—
He has fitted up the House in such a style as to render it very comfortable for lodging Strangers and Travelers.

elers.

HIS TABLE will always be stored with the best the sea son can afford, to suit the tastes and appetites of his guests.

HIS BAR will always be filled with Choice Liquors, and
HIS STABLE always attended by careful and attentive

AT He hones by strict attention to business and a spirit of accommodation, to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

P. McATEER.

May 12, 1858—1y.

TTENTION ALL!!

JUST ARRIVED,
A SPLENDID STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

For Men and Boys' Fine Boots, call at
WESTBROOK'S Bootand Shoe Store.
For Ladies and Misses Gaiters and Shoes, call at
WESTBROOK'S. * MISSES, BOYS AND CHILDREN. For Children's Shoes of all kinds, call at WESTBROOK'S. For Men and Boys' Coarse Boots and Shoes, call at WESTBROOK'S.

For Morocco Leather, call at WESTBROOK'S. For any thing you want in my line, CALL SOON.

For Ladies' Gaiters at prices from \$1.00 to \$2.25, call of LEVI WESTBROOK. Huntingdon, May 5, 1858. A LEXANDRIA FOUNDRY!

The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. McGILL, and is in blast, and have all kinds of Castings, Stoves, Marchines, Plows, Kettles, &c., &c., which he will sell at the lowest prices. All kinds of Country Produce and old Metal taken in exchange for Castings at market prices. at market prices. R. C. McGILL. COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLES ALE as chosen as they can in the

huy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the gities, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.

Huntingdon, April 14, 1858.

H. ROMAN. ARNISH! VARNISH!!

ALL KINDS, warranted good, for sale at BROWN'S Hardware Store, Huntingdon, Pa. ADIES, ATTENTION !- My assort-

ment of beautiful dress goods is now open, and ready for inspection. Every article of dress you may desire, can be found at my store.

D. P. GWIN.

ARDWARE!

A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at
BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE. THE MAMMOTH STORE

Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods. RRICKER'S Mammoth Store is the place to get the werth of your money, in Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c., &c.

DOUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & McMURTRIE.

Are requested to call and examine the Hardward &c., at BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

ROCERIES,
Of the best, always ready for customers, at
J. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE. WHEAT!

thing."



WILLIAM LEWIS,

VOL. XIV.

---PERSEVERE

Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGDON, PA., SEPTEMBER 22, 1858.

NO. 13.

Select Poetry.

IT ISN'T ALL IN BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in "bringing up," Let folks say what they will: To silver scour a pewter cup, It will be pewter still. E'en he of old, wise Solomon, Who said "train up a child," If I mistake not, had a son Proved rattle-brained and wild

A man of mark, who fain would pass For lord of sea and land. May have the training of a son, And bring him up full grand: May give him all the wealth of love, Of college and of school, But after all, they make no more

Than just a decent fool.

Another raised by Penury, Upon her bitter bread, Whose road to knowledge is like that The good to Heaven must tread. He's got a spark of nature's light, He'll fan it to a flame, Till in it's burning letters, bright, The world may read his name.

If it were all in "bringing up," In council and restraint, Some rascals had been honest men-I'd been myself a saint. Oh! it isn't all in "bringing up," Let folks say what they will; Neglect may dim a silver cup-It will be silver still.

A Scleet Story.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.] THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

It was early in the morning. "Is this the way to Sing Sing?" "Yes," roughly replied a brown-faced counryman, and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat of broken straw; her shoes were much torn; will come back again, and if so, will you the sun played hotly on her tender forehead, send her to me?" She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing?"
"Yes, little girl; but what are you going

expression was.

The dew was falling. Katy had almost hands that were clasped over her face! By the shaking of her frame, the tears were coming too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.

"Why! what is this dear little girl doing here?"

The exclamation came from a pair of eager young lips. "A curiosity! I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katy, looking up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the pretty

young girl and her most agreeably compan-"What ever you are doing here, little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer

towards the frightened child. "Going to Sing Sing," said Katy, in a seared wav. "Did you ever, George! this child is going

to Sing Sing; why it's ten miles off. Child, did you know it was so far off?" Katy shook her hood, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears one by one.

"Why, yes, you poor little goose. What are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?" Katy shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?" Again the sad child shook her head. "Nor breakfast? Why George, the poor little thing must be almost starved!"

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here; what's your name? Well. Katy, you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Going to Sing Sing on foot; dear me how ridiculous! follow me Katy, and we'll take care of you to-night, somehow, and see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."

Katy followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view! The palace house; the rocks reddening in the low western sun; hand.

They walked up a wide avenue. Elms and oaks threw their pleasant branches on each or, in a low voice: "he's in irons this mornside; here and there a pretty flower bush might be seen; vines grew around the no- serve a little gal as looks like that one, the ble pillars, twisting up to the glittering win- villain. Come, child, I'll go and find your

"Susan, give the child a good supper; she is very hungry, and tired, too, I imagine .-After that, I will see what can be done for her."

Susie wore a mild face. She looked pleastaking her hand, which trembled now, led her into the kitchen.

which we know, was being told in the draw- the heavy tread of the jailor, and the tread ing-room. The sylph figure in white loung- of the warden behind him, echoed through ing gracefully in the midst of delicate cush- the gloom and the space. It was, in truth, a ions, accompanied her narration with ex- great tomb through which they had moved; pressive gestures, and now and then a little | a tomb in which were coffined living hearts,

faugh.
"I should like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for?" she said leaning languid-through this massive door, now through that ly back. "We must get her up something passage-way. Everything spoke of crime, to wear-a bonnet, a pair of shoes; and then maybe, we can manage to have her carried some way, if her mission is of any importance. Oh! such a very odd-looking little ed.

"Who is that, my daughter?"

"Oh, papa, you are come home; why, I was | side with a tender clasp, the warden followshe is going to Sing Sing."

"I met her on my way," said the pleasant faced old man; "she asked me about it, and I would have stopped her but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I "In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking

good care of her I expect, and when she has

A gay trio of young girls came in. The nettings were put up the gas burned brightly; and music and mirth banished all thoughts ther on, and spoke more pleasantly to the bars, the child hid her head in the jailor's arm—it wasn't him.

"We'll try the next one." He was the child hid her head in the jailor's arm—it wasn't him. of care. Suddenly, Nell Maywood remembered the little odd figure, and clapping her hands, cried, "Oh, I've something to show

you, girls," and disappeared. Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry in the kitcken. "Where is the child, Susy?" asked Nell

Maywood. "On the door-step, Miss," Susan replied, picking away.

"Why, no Susan, there's nobody here; no one to be seen. "Yes Miss." Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the gooseberries, and walked deliberately to the

"Why she sat here some time after support I turned, and came in; she was sitting there looking up at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child; but she's deep, Miss Nelly; she is gone. Let me see—there ain't any silver around—I should be afraid she would took something they are mighty

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there, to spy her if possible.
"Yes, Miss Nell; and told her what a

good bed there was over the woodshed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers and never seemed to hear."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell Maywood, quite sorrowful that she could not further relieve her necessities. "I would have given her something to wear, and we could ragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was have sent her to Sing Sing; but, perhaps she

"If she do, I will Miss," answered Susan going at the berries again.

But little Katy did not come back again.

She had been watching her opportunity to The child trudged on, her lip quivering, but not deigning to answer the pleasant-faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as its

"Mr. Warden, there's a queer case over fallen too. A rough stone by the way im- at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, bedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so wearied and aged, sitthands. She looked so wearled and aged, sit-ting there, her tangled hair falling on the way place, and nothing would do but wife hands that were clasped over her face! By must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it is Katy, and I expect she wants to see somebody in the prison.-But we can't get anything out of her; where

she came from, or anything about it." "Bring her over here," said the warden, "my wife is wanting a little girl for help; maybe she's just the one." So Katy stood, trembling more than ever, in a few moments. in the presence of the warden and jailor .-Katy was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been nicely combed and curled, and some one had put a pair of shoes

"Well, my little girl," said the warden kindly, for he was prepossessed in her favor, where have you come from?"

"New York," said the child, faintly. The men looked at each other incredulous-

"Do you mean to say that you have come to Sing Sing, from New York, on foot?" "Yes, sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?" "To see my father," the child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked the warden, kindly.
"He is Mr. Lloyd," said the child, as soon

is she could speak for her rushing sobs. The warden looked at the jailor. "Lloyd-there are three Lloyds here: Jim, Bondy, and Dick," said the jailor.

Those may not be their proper names," responded the warden. "That's so," said the jailor, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name

Jim ?" The child nodded her head, or they thought she did; she was so convulsed with the reacthe shining river; the signs of luxury on every tion brought on by the termination of her

journey. "If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailing, for 'tempting to break jail; he don't defather."

He took Katy's shaking hand; with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness, to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the great key; and the antly down at the poor, tired little one, and stillness of the long stone passages, the dimness thrown over all, and the constant succession of bars and bleak black walls, was Meanwhile, her story, or that brief part of terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How whose throb could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control; everything, from the grim face of

> Then they turned, and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his room stood a pleasant faced old man,

talking about a mite of a child; she can't be more than ten, if that. I saw her sitting on to a stand still. The jailor rapped at a cell moss-rock; the most forlorn object. She says door. Slowly the figure of a man with a harsh, hair-covered face appeared. "Here's your little girl come to see you,"

said the jailor. "Little girl! hem! you're green, said the man, in grum accents; I've got no little girl,

or you wouldn't catch me here." "Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prishad a good hearty supper we will talk with on. But, as the scowling face came closer

"We'll try the next one." He walked further on, and spoke more pleasantly this time.
"Well, Bondy, here is little Kate; don't you him, and God has forgiven him. want to see her?"

"Little Katy"—there was a long pause.-"I had a Katy once-not a little Katy-I broke her heart-God pity me. Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out "Father." a face in which the blue eyes looked inno- brightening of her heavenly hopes. cent; a face that it seemed a sin to couple

man had probably just awakened.

"Your little daughter !" for the child. With a loud, convulsive cry, she exclaimed, "Father! Father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailor.

"Katy!" exclaimed the man, and there eternal bliss. was a nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth, "What in Heaven's name has brought her here?"

The jailor was calling the child to consciousness. "Shall we let her in the cell?" asked the

warden. Jim was dashing his hand across his face. A smothered "yes" issued from his lips.—
They opened the ponderous door and put the child within." Her arms were outstretched; his were wide open, and they came together with a clanking sound, about the form of that poor little child.

"Oh, Father!" "Oh, Katy, Katy!" and then there was a never make a command without seeing ing on his shoulders, and oh, what a sharp rattle of the chains smote on the ear, and looked in her face. After a moment's irresounder her earnest, loving look. "Katy, what made you come?"

"Wanted to see you, father," and the head was on his shoulder again. "How did you come, Katy; never mind the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again, and let you out; how did you

come, Katy?" "I walked here." "From New York, child?" "Yes, father!"

There was no sound, save that of the chains, as he strained her closer to his "And how did you leave-her-Katy-

your mother?" The question was fearfully asked, but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her little lips were quivering.
"Katy, tell me quick!"

"She died, Father!" A groan, a terrible groan followed; the convicts head fell in the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries. The jailor and the warden said that they never saw a sight so woful. And the child tried to comfort him till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps.

"Oh, Katy, when did she die? Oh, my poor Mary! my poor girl!" "Ever so long ago, I guess, ever so many weeks," replied the child; "but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."

"Oh, God!" this is hard; she always forgave me." "She told me to pray for you, too; she

told me to ask you would you be real good after you come out, and meet her in heaven." "In Heaven! I in Heaven," groaned the man, giving way again to his agony. The child was angel guided. Her soft touch was

better for his soul's good, than the strifes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love had melted down the adamant; had found the locked-up-good of his nature, and she had sent her sweet smiles through its the lap of his beautiful, quiet child. None dared distrib him; jailor and warden walked to and fro.

"Father, when you come out I'll take care He lifted his head; his eyes, red with weeping, were fastened on her face.

"Mother said I might." "God's blessing on you my angel child you may save your miserable Father. "I will save you, Father."

spoke roughly to one of the prisoners it was duel. to hide his emotion. "You had better come "Katy, you must go; will you come again, my child?"

"Can't I stay?" "No dear, but you shall come and see me They took her gently from the dark cell she sobbed very quietly. In the warden's "I have come after that little girl," he

"She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her; I've heard her story; and when her Father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do.-Besides that, I'll bring her up once a week to see him. What say you, little one, will you go with me?" and good old Mr. Maywood stroked her hair, as he said, pityingly, "poor child! poor child!"

ed so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prison. But, as the scowling face came closer to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailor's arm—it wasn't him.

Reader, ten miles from Sing Sing, there is a little cottage occupied by a laborious man and his one daughter. Little Katy is fulfilling the commands of her dying mother.—

The Empty Cradle.

The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like the dew on a plant, from which a bud has just perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morn-The prisoner came close to the bars; a ling light; so the mother's soul gathers, from youthful face, framed with light wavy hair; the dark sorrow which she has passed, a fresh

As she bends over her empty cradle, and with a foul deed, looked out. It saw the fancy brings her sweet infant before her a child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes; a ray of divine light is in her cherub face. It dark expression rolled like a wave across his is her son still, but with the seal of mortality brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and on his brow. She feels that heaven is the with a low moan he staggered against his only atmosphere where her precious flower bed, crying, "take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything pure like that."

But the anniversary of his departure seems Katy had hidden her face a second time, to bring his spiritual presence near her .as she feebly cried, "it isn't him;" so they kept on to the third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl, little Katy, your passages and cares of life. The world to her daughter, wants to see you."

A stupid "what!" came from the bed; the in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy; she has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never There was a sound of rattling irons that conceived. The bright fresh flowers with made the child shiver. Dimly appeared the which she decorated her room, are memenface and outlines of a well-made man—countoes of the far brighter hopes now drawing tenance handsome, but evil. He seemed not her day-dream. She thinks of the glory and to comprehend. But as fast as his chains would beauty of the new Jerusalem, where the little permit him, he came forward and looked out foot will never find a thorn among the flowat the face below. It was almost too much ers, to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanted for the dear reposing on the breast of a kind Saviour. And she knows that her infant is there in the world of

She has marked one passage in that book, to her emphatically the Word of Life, now lying closed on the toilet table which she daily reads:-" Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of hea-

Duties of a Mother.

She should be firm, gentle, kind always ready to attend to her child. She should never laugh at him-at what he does that is cunning, never allow him to think of his looks, except to be neat and clean in all his habits. She should teach him to obey a look, to respect those older than himself; she should quiet crying. By and by the man lifted up is performed in the right manner. Never the little head whose glossy curls were fall- speak of the child's faults or foible, or repeat his remarks before him. It is a sure way to spoil a child. Never reprove a child when excited, nor let your tone of voice be lution, he kissed her, and then his head fell raised when correcting. Strive to inspire adjusting lock closed the lid upon him, and love, not dread—respect, not fear. Remember you are training and educating a soul for eternity. Teach your children to wait upon themselves, to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget that you were

once a child. JUVENILE PROFANITY .- We know of no vice which needs a more thorough reformation than the low and vulgar practice of profane swearing. It seems that boys labor under the mistaken idea that it looks manlythat it adds to their ephemeral importance, and if they can place themselves behind a cigar, and blaspheme their maker with impunity, they are acting like men! No one who walks the streets of our town, in the evening especially, can fail to perceive the prevalence of this abominable wicked practice. It appears to be on the increase. Our in the house for years, without any unpleasschools for moral or religious instruction ant consequences. The practice, indeed, is seem to have done little towards the suppres- not uncommon. Some have not the means seem to have done little towards the suppression of a habit, the great extent of which argues a laxity of morals which does no great credit to us as a people.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain top, waves its sombre bough

and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, Jackson, is a wooden pitcher, remarkable, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun."

So God sits in Heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creatures so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence, and say, "My Father thou art mine." A thousand acts of thought, and will,

and deed, shape the features and expression

of the soul-habits of love and purity, and truth-habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness-silently mould and fashion it, till prison door. Long he sat there, his head in at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One. "I believe that mine will be the fate of Able," said a wife to her husband one day. "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Be-

club will kill me, if you continue to go to it every night." Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said The warden cleared his throat; the jailor that it only required two seconds to fight a

cause Abel was killed by a club, and your

The Boston Post says that the tobacco chewer is like a goose in a dutch oven-always on the spit,

A man recently walked two days running and was weak a fartnight afterwards.

An honest man is the noblest work of God; a woman is the prettiest.

How a Prince's Fall made a Blacksmith

Among other historical obscurities with which Paris is filled at this moment, may be quoted Herr Baron G—, who, enriched and ennobled by the King of Prussia, rose from the humblest origin to a position of high consideration in the world.

While the present Prince of Prussia, there an infant some three years of age, was staying at the Palace of Babelsburs, by some negligence of his nurse, he was left alone for a few minutes in an apartment on the third floor. With the marvellous instinct of mischief peculiar to children of that age, the little Prince took immediate advantage of the absence of the nurse to accomplish a feat, of which he had, doubtless, been for a long time ambitious, and which consisted of an agreeable walk outside the window, upon the narrow ledge of the coping-stone, whence he could conveniently climb up the back of the lion rampart which supports the entablature of the frontispiece that adorns the build-

ng. A poor blacksmith's workman, who

had been sent for to execute some repairs in the palace, was just coming up the garden, and beheld with horror the situation of the child. With true presence of mind he hastened gently to the spot beneath the window, following every movement of the urchin with the keenest anxiety, and extended wide his leather apron as he gazed upwards to watch the first symptoms of giddiness which should occur to the bold little adventurer. As the child drew nearer to the lion, the ledge no. longer afforded such firm footing, and presently, with a loud cry, he pitched over from that terrible height, right into—the leather apron of the blacksmith, who sustained the shock without falling, and, in another most ment, the little prince was restored, safe and well, to his royal parents, who, in token of their gratitude, took immediate charge of the fortunes of the brave young workman, and bestowed upon him a handsome pension, with the title of Baron, to both of which he has done honor during a well-spent life,-Court Journal.

"I Did as the Rest Did."

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indgulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education-has giventhem great advantages-but, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man; he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteely. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance and several other useful matters. In time they marry, their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. "Tru-ly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the examples of others,. puts off repentance and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

SMOTHERED IN A TRUNK .- The "story of Genevra" has been ré-enacted in Brooklyn, New Yook, by a little German boy named George Pickner, the son of a widow who suddenly disappeared on Friday last, and was missing until Monday morning. dead body was found in a large trunk or chest in the house of his mother. On Friday when the mother was absent, the deceased was at play with a companion, and evidently got into the trunk to conceal himself, when a self he was smothered. During Saturday and Sunday the friends and neighbors looked in every direction to find the boy, but without success. On Monday morning the mother was induced to open the chest by a strong smell which seemed to emanate from it, expecting to find the body of a rat, but to her astonishment she found the body of her miss-

CONFINED DEAD IN DWELLING HOUSES.—In point of fact, the corpse is buried in China, when it is laid in its coffin. The coffin is made of very thick heavy timber, and the joints are all carefully closed by pasting layers of paper over them, so as to make them perfectly air tight. For greater security a little lime is general put in with the corpse. In this way it is possible to keep the confined corpse at hand for burying in such style as they would wish. They must wait for better days. Some do not find a place to suit them. Thus it sometimes happens, that on entering a Chinese gentleman's house, a coffin is one of the most prominent objects seen among the articles of furniture.

CURIOUS PITCHER.—Among the curiosities at the Hermitage, once the home of General both on account of the artistic skill displayed, and the celebrity of the tree from which the wood was procured. It was made of the wood from the elm tree, under which William Penn made the celebrated Indian treatv. The pitcher was presented by the coopers of Philadelphia-and, although it is no larger than a common cream jug, it contains seven hundred and fifty staves. The hoops, lid and handle are of silver; the bottom is a magnifying glass, by looking through which, one is enabled to see the joints, which are invisible to the naked eye.

Toilet for Gentlemen .- For preserving the complexion, temperance. To preserve the breath sweet, abstinence from tobacco.-For whitening the hands, honesty. To remove a stain, repentance. Easy shaving soap, ready money. For improving the sight, observation. A beautiful ring, a family circle. For improving the voice, civility. The best companion at the toilet, a wife.

MUST HAVE BEEN AN IRISHMAM, -"I never shot a bird in my life," said some one to his friend, who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell in the river and was drowned."

What is the difference between a ship and a hen? The hen lays one egg and the ship lays to.

The shortness of life is very often ow. ing to the irregularities of the liver.