WATOTES and CHOCKS repaired in the rest workhad-like manner.

It is stock of JEWELRY is of the best. Also—Portmon-naies, Fancy Articles, &c., &c.; all of which he will dispose of at reasonable prices.

The public generally, are requested to give him a call and examine his stock. [January 5, 1859.]

THE PRESBYTERIAN PSALMIST.

A collection of tunes adapted to the Psalms and Hymns of the Pre-byterian Church in the United States

of America, For sale at LEWIS' LOOK STORE.

CTRAY BUCK.

Came to the residence of the subscriber in Union township. Huntingdon country, some time last December, a Buck, supposed to be half south-down, with both ears cropped. The owner is reage-ted to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, otherwise, he will be disposed of according to law.

ABRAHAM WRIGHT.

A new 61 oct. sliding desk iron frame Hallet

THE JUNIATA FLOUR AND PLASTER MILLS—one mile east of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., have on hand at all timps, the best quality of Grouxs PLASTER, for which Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange at market prices.

SAMUEL HATFIELD.

of the whereabouts of JAMES GROOVER, who left Huntingdon on the night of the 5th January, 1859. Said Groover hails from Harrisburg, has been fireman on loco-motives, is between 25 and 50 years of age, small built, black hair, and goes well dressed at the expense of these

has swindled. Any information of the whereabouts of said Groover, will be thankfully received by the andersigned.

CALDWELL, LEWIS & CO.,

January 12, 1859-if.

Iluntingdon. Pa.

AT LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY AND MUSIC STORE.

RESH GROUND PLASTER.

NEORMATION WANTED,

AND FOR SALE,

January 26, 1859.*

change at market prices. January 12, 1859-St.

DOOK BINDING.

FALANK BOOKS

THE MAGAZINES.

Godey's Lady's Book.

DAPER! PAPER!!

The Great Republic.

Harpers' New Monthly Magazine.

Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine.

All the above Magazines can be had regularly every month, at Lewis' hock and Stationery Store.

OUM SHOES, cheaper at D. P. Gwin's

DLANKETS, PLAIDS, LINSEYS.

Flannels, at all prices, at the mammath store of FISHER & MOMURTLIE.

AUKEREL of all Nos'., Herring, &c., can be had of the best quality, by calling on FISHER & MCMURTRIE.

A large assortment of the most popular and interesting books of the day, just received and for sale at LEWIS NEW BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

Tor sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE

OF VARIOUS SIZES, for sole at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

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A superior article of Note Paper and Envelopes, suitable for confidential correspondence, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

Dy the box, pack, or less quantity, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

ONTHLY TIME BOOKS,

For sale at

LEWIN BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

ACKREL—No.'s 1 and 2, at reduced prices, at LOVE & M'DIVIT'S.

DRAFTING AND DRAWING PAPER

TELEASE YOUR CHILDREN!

EDOOKS FOR EVERYBODY!

MARIES FOR 1859.

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TUST RECEIVED

WILLIAM LEWIS,

-PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., FEBRUARY 9, 1859.

NO. 33.

Select Yoctry.

THOUGHT.

BY RODOLPH. All scarching, secret, magic spell In dark recesses hid, What human vision e'er did dwell Upon thy mystic bed? Or what quick eye could ever trace 'Mid worlds thy pathless way? Or mark with wond'rous ken the place

What chains can bind? What prisons doors Impede thy rapid flight? The tempest's force that round us roars-The fleeter wings of light-

Where thy deep wanderings stray?

E'en time's swift pinions cannot vie With thy unequalled speed, Through realms remote, o'er regions high, Through realms of darkened deed.

But thou immeasurable power, Unfettered in thy sphere, When struggling pangs bespeak the hour Of dissolution near: When life gives o'er the parting gasp, And dust to dust is brought-When nature yields to death's cold grasp,

Where art thou then? O Thought!

Scleet Story

THE TORN NEWSPAPER; --OR,--

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY OLIVAR SINCLAIR. CHAPTER I.

"I will never consent to your marriage with William Appleton, Ida," said Charles Redington, with flushed look and angry

your friend! You have paid me a compliment I shall always be grateful for, in offer-ing me your hand. I feel deeply your preference of me over other fair maidens of your acquaintance, and who I know would be made happy by such an offer. Nay, do not look displeased! Because I refuse to be your wife, is no reason that I cannot esteem you

as a friend!" . Thus calmly and gently and sensibly, spoke Ida Boyd, a sweet, beautiful girl of eighteen, the daughter of a poor widow, to a rich young man of uncontrollable passions, who had fore his death through the failure of a bank | which is possessed by my rival!"

D. Old Books. Magazines, or publications of any kind, bound to order, if left at LEWIS' BOOK & STATIONERY STORE. in which he had invested all he was worth. They were standing at the garden gate, to which he had asked her to accompany him, dozen steps, but seeing he paid no attention after having called to see her, saying that he to her pursuing feet, though he must have Of any size or pattern not upon our shelves, will be furnished to order at City prices. Call at LEWIS' BOOK a: STATIONERY STORE. wished to say a few words to her alone.— These few words were the offer of his hand and clasped her hands together upon her and fortune. Her reply was that she had bosom and sighed heavily, and said: FOR SALE AT LEWIS' BOOK STORE. been a month engaged to William Appleton. His angry exclamations of disappointment.

beginning of our tale.
"Love or hatred!" he replied, almost (as a friend) though William is to be my fiercely. "I must either love or hate you, husband!"

Ida Boyd! There is no medium with me!-

As for William Appleton, may the dev-" "Charles-Charles! Stop where you are! This conduct is unworthy of you, and painful to me!" she cried, laying her hand upon his arm, which he pettishly withdrew from her she said, as she turned slowly to the gate. touch. "If I cannot love you, why will you OUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & MCMURTRIE.

"Ida, talk not thus! My love for you-Note, Post. Commercial, Foolscap and Flatcap—a good assortment for sale by the ream, half ream, quire or sheet, at
LEWIS NEW BOOK & STATIONERY STORE. would have made me die for you! Yester- and the bell for nine will soon ring." day, if you had bidden me do any deed, involving the risk of my life, I would have marched with a smile upon my lips to death, | tenderest, having also pledged him her hand, so that I felt that you approved !"

She looked in his face. The moonlight, sifted through a lattice of leaves over their heads, fell in soft splendor upon his fore- of the bell she expected to hear blended the Call at LEWIS New Book Store, where you will find a choice selection of new and interesting books for head; for his forehead was uncovered as he sound of his footstep. Half-past nine came, spoke to the fair object of his worship. and her mother came out to her and said-There was a momentary silence. She broke

it by saying: Charles, I am very very sorry for you!

INON'S Improved Sausage Cutters and Stuffers, for sale by JAMES A. BROWN. "Pity me not! Your pity adds poison to the barb you have so completely fastened in DUSINESS MEN, TAKE NOTICE! my heart! A heart that so loved you that, if, like chamomile, you had trodden it under your fect, it would have given out from its am surprised you should have selected the opes, call at LEWIS BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE. bruised leaves sweet fragrance to regale you. | poor one."

Hate me, Ida! hate me! This will be the "He selection." most grateful return you can make me; for

robbing me of yourself! "Charles," said the lovely girl, as she took his reluctant hand in hers; dear Charles, my rich. I could not trust myself. I feared I friend, how can you blame me! How can might be thinking of his fortune, so I let one you feel so! Love is a mystery! I do not who offered first have my hand." know why I chose William, rather than

"He has known you but ten months, while I have known you from a child!"
"I know it Charles! I have always liked you! Do you not remember how I have so often gave you flowers; and how we have

blackberried together; and how you used to love to carry my heavy satchel of books home for me, and how you gave me birds and rabbits for pets, and I named them after you, and how you used to do all my hard sums for me, a fearful temper, which might have made me and what good friends we used to be."

"Yes, I remember it all, Ida; and we were very happy, and when I grew up, and you grew up and became so beautiful, I resolved you should be my wife; but then came

this stranger, and—and——" Here the emotion, if not a gush of tears of the young man choked his utterance, and he to him. He was to bring me a weddingturned away without finishing the sentence. ring." "As I said, Charles love is a mystery. I "Well at ten you must come in. Tie your married! The 'Evening Star!' Stay there, loved him as soon as I saw him. I don't handkorchief over your head, Ida, for I feel bit of paper," he added, "until I look furknow how it was, but our eyes no sooner met than our hearts seemed to fly together and

embrace like long-absent friends."

fro before the garden gate. There was a cloud visible upon his brow and a stern fixedness of the lips which alarmed her. She approached him gently, and said; "Charles!"

"Well, Miss Boyd!" "Do not speak to me so unkindly."

"What matters it? Are you anything to me? Am I anything to you? Are you not his, body, soul and spirit? Are you not his in all that made you dear—oh, how dear to me? I do well to speak unkindly! But, forgive me, Ida! I see no moonlight reflected. as from diamonds, in tears upon your cheeks. I am not angry with you. Poets say love cannot be helped. But as for him, who knowing how I loved you, and has come between me and happiness-"Say no word in anger, Charles! For my

sake, do not be angry with William!" " For thy sake?" "Yes, may I not ask this?"

"Ida, what do I owe you—that for thy sake I should not hate him?" "Nothing-but-oh-forgive me! I knew not you loved me so dearly. You never told me till to-night!"

"Because I did not deem it necessary to tell the moon it loves before it opens its bosom to river and disappeared. There was a mock-her embrace? Does the river tell the sea ing laugh behind her, and she thought the that it loves before it flings itself murmuring | voice sounded like that of Charles Redington. into his arms?

it loves ere he lights the lamps which is to guide him to her, bower in the grass?— True love is instinct, and is voiceless! I did not believe, Ida, I had need to tell you how dearly, how fondly, how passionately I loved you. I thought you understood the look of my eyes, the touch of my hand, and the tone of my voice. To tell you that I love "If I love William more than I love you, Charles, why should you be angry? This is not the way to make me love you better than William. If I cannot be your wife, I can be william. If I cannot be your wife, I can be itself-more rightly and speak itself-more rightly and speak itself-more rightly and speak itself-more rightly and speak itself-out or the you would have seemed to me like painting be silent!" itself must gabble and speak itself out, or the loudest goose will be the victor!" "You are very bitter, Charles!"

"Pardon me, but I feel bitterly. Good night, Ida."
"Let us part friends!"

"Friends? Eh! Friends! What does that mean ?" Not enemies !

his equal; her father having been a gentle- speak to thee, do not imagine I hate thee !- | done it! Dead! William dead!" she shrick- must be traced." man of fortune, who became bankrupt be- But I can never look again upon the form

He left the gate and walked rapidly onward. She impulsively followed him half a heard them upon the pavement, she stopped

"Oh, that I had known how Charles loved me! Yet he never told his love! He was called from her the words of remonstrance so diffident and distant, while William presand kindness which she addressed him at the | sed his suit with such fervor. Poor Charles! I wish he could understand that I love him

"Wi-po-will! wi-po-will!" cried in plaintive tones a whippoorwill, in the top of a neighboring tree. "What a doleful cry! This bird's note

sounds ominously and makes me feel fear!" "They say it sings thus only when some evil hate me? Does not this show your love is to happen to the hearer. Shall I go in or for me was not such as would stand the test wait for William," she soliloquized as she lingered by the gate, held half-open in her hand. "He was to be here at nine o'clock The young girl, with a torn heart-for she

loved both lovers, (but William most and heart, and troth,) lingered long after the nine o'clock bell rung, for William had promised her he would come at nine. With every note "Ida, you ought to be in dear. Where is William?"

"Not come yet, mother. I wonder what has detained him."

"Perhaps some engagement. You know he is but a book-keeper, and hasn't his time "He selected me, mother."

"But you know that on the least encouragement the richer would have asked you." "I did not encourage him because he was

"Well, William is a good young man, and

will make you happy. But you know my opinion. I would rather you would have married Mr. Redington. That fine house his mother lives in would have been yours at her death, with a carriage and all that." "Don't talk of such things mother. They

do not come into my thoughts. I shall be perfectly happy with William. And since I have seen the exhibition of anger and feeling shown by Charles this evening, I see he has wretched as his wife." "Well, come in, dear child. It is full a

quarter to ten. Honest people ought to be in bed half an hour after bell ringing."

"I will come in soon, dear ma. I think William will be here by ten. I will just meet him at the gate here and say good night

there is a dew." Ten o'clock was struck by the old clock in

reply. He walked for a few moments to and | sadly she returned to the house.

It cannot be that now that I am engaged to him, he loves me less, and thinks he need not be so punctual to his engagements as he was was pharmaged to him, he had a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one sunny morning, she said:

"He was permaps something has detained nim.—

postmaster was seated in his great armed hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one sunny morning, she said:

"He was permaps something has detained nim.—

the min of vermont, holding by the light hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one sunny morning, she said: when he was not sure of me, and was trying to win my consent."

How sensative, how jealous, how exacting is true-love? Ida re-entered the house, and by-and-by retired, but not until all hope of seeing Wil-

lian that night had expired. In the morning she dreamed a dream.— She believed that she was walking arm in arm with William by the side of the river when a mermaid rose out of the water before husband, you know, was a great politician. them, and said in a harsh voice-

"Come—I have waited for you! You must go with me! My home in the depth of the river is ready !"

She thought that the mermaid so fascinated William that he left her side, and went as by a resistless spell, to the syren, who was about to entwine her arms about him, when some one cried, as if from the air-"Fire and slay her or she will destroy

him!" She heard at the moment a report as if tell thee," he observed, bitterly. "Do not the birds tell one another they love, before they mate? Does the night-blooming ceres of the syren, who plunged with him into the She turned to see if her fears were true, when Does the glow worm tell its mate that the loud voice of her mother awoke her: "Awake child! Up Ida! There is fearful

news?" from her vivid dream. "William-"

"William is dead! she shricked, catching the words from the pallid lips of her mother. "I saw him shot! Is it not so! Oh, do not "News has just come that he was found

"In the river, with a bullet wound in his forehead!" she cried. "How wonderful and true!" cried two or

while a third said-"How could she know this?"

"I saw it in a dream. Oh, tell me, is Wil-

liam dead."

ed, and fell insensible into the arms of her

CHAPTER II.

The death of William Appleton by violence, in so mysterious a manner, created the most profound excitement throughout the peaceful village. He was beloved and popular, and was not known to have an enemy.— He had been found by the shore, his body half in the water; but as his clothing and hair were thoroughly wetted, it was believed he had been thrown in, and floated ashore.-The place where he was found, was about half way between the village and the residence of Ida Boyd, by the road, that led along the winding and shady banks.

"He must have been going to see her, or else coming from there," said a woman, who was present as they were holding the inquest. "He was 'gaged to her, and went to see her every night."

This opinion prevailed. The question now came up, who could have done this? and what could have been the motive? There was no suspicion of person or motive,

and the jury gave in their verdict-"Shot dead with a pistol or gun, by some person or persons unknown, and then thrown into the river."

What more could a coroner's jury, not omniscient nor omnipresent, decide. The funeral took place on the third day and was attended by a vast concourse of people; for a murder invests death with a fearful mystery, which arouses the deepest sympathies of the human heart, as well as awakens the liveliest curiosity of our nature.

But there were agencies of Providence at work for the discovery of the murderer .--The surgeon who had been called to examine and pronounce upon the nature of the wound, had drawn from the orifice made by the bullet, a mass of paper saturated with blood and with river water. He saw that it was newspaper wadding which had been drivto the coroner, from this circumstance, that the assassin must have stood close to his victim for the wadding to have also entered the wound. This assertion threw no light upon the author of the crime, and had little weight with the coroner and his rustic jury. The surgeon who was a shrewd man of the world. and who let nothing escape him, took the wadding home, and having removed the stains of blood and dried it, closely examined it. He discovered that it was a part of a newspaper called the "Evening Star."

Dr. Thomas, upon looking carefully at this fragment, compressed his lips and was for a few moments silently fixing his keen gray

claimed, or rather muttered. "I wonder who takes that paper in this village! This I must quietly ascertain. I saw before the coroner that this piece of paper might probably be a clue to the murderer, and I did not wish to | produced, and the fragment fitted to it before make any noise about it, lest the murderer himself might be present at the inquest and take the alarm. I think I have shown my usual sagacity. Now, with the aid of Providence, I may find out who murdered William broken her heart, as they were soon to be ther!'

The disappointed lover made no immediate waited till ten minutes past, when slowly and pocket walked out. He took the direction of said he had gone home after leaving Ida always does so.

the post office, which he entered with a loit-"He has never failed me before," she said, ering step, as if he had no purpose. The "but perhaps something has detained him. - postmaster was seated in his great armed

> Doctor Thomas was a friend and his physician. After a question or two as to the present state of his rheumatism, the doctor said:

"A New York paper, ch?"
"Yes, the Star; Noah's paper. They say he is a Jew; but he is a great wit, and a capital, fine writer." "So I've heard. Do you take it?"

tics. It comes here to Mrs. Redington, whose You see her name on it?"

"Yes, I see. It is such an interesting paper, I suppose, many copies of it are taken at at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of this village?"

Was not that sweet evidence of the

Charles, but he has not been here for several days: so I thought I'd peep into it."

papers but with letters, ch?" "Ah, doctor, that is a serious joke," responded the man of privileges, as he folded up the paper, for that moment Chas. Redington entered and asked for his papers and

letters. "So you keep up the old "Star" subscription, sir, like your father?" said the doctor. in New York, and I came to ask you to call The young man answered, with a curl of | and see me.'

"I suppose one can subscribe to what paper he pleases;" and thus saying, he pock-"What is it mother?" she cried, starting eted his newspaper and went out of the of- power of a single word!" fice, which was kept in an open room, common to all comers; indeed, the people generally helped themselves to their own letters. (and their neighbors' too, if they choose,) to save the bent and rheumatic postmaster get-

ting up from his chair. Doctor Thomas wended his way to his own office slowly and thoughtfully. Charles Redington was above suspicion, wealthy, son of a member of Congress, born in the village, and of good name and fame. Yet he was the three neighbors, who were at her room door, only one who took the "Star," and it was a while a third said—

torn portion of the "Star" which formed the

wad of the bullet! "It is possible another man may have am dead."

found or torn the paper. Perhaps he does not file them away. If so, any one might near, and having heard the news had hasten- pick them up. I must be cautious. I will as he coldly received in his own, her soft hand, with which she warmly clasped his.

"I can never hate thee! When I die, Ida, your image will be found engreeved."

"I can never hate thee! When I die, Ida, shot in the forehead. His body is taken to me to look about and ask her for the loan of a volume of the folio Encyclopedia, which belonged to her husband. This will enable your image will be found engreeved.

"Mr. Redington, you do not look well .-You must look after yourself."

took one up and then said-"This is a singularly American journal, Mr. Redington, to be edited by a Jew."

"I seldom read it. I am not a politician. I keep it as waste paper." "Ah, indeed. Permit me to look over some of them."

"Yes; but you will excuse me, as I have an engagement. You can borrow any other books you please, sir, besides the Encyclope-

After the young man had gone out, the doctor proceeded to examine the newspapers fore Tom (that is the barber's name,) got the upon the chair, but found them all whole; official by the nose, that functionary, who seeing one wrapped around a parcel on the adds economy to his many other virtues, said: table, he approached it, and saw that it con- "Look here, I want you to shave me by the tained mellon seed. A portion of this paper | month." "Well, massa, I don't know massa, was torn off. A glance showed him that he stammered Tom, hesitatingly. "Well, why? had the missing part at his office!

whelmed with surprise and pain. As he was | but so short, and dey run away so fas', and leaving, Mrs. Redington met him in the hall I's not sure dat you be here a monf; and so and said, after a few remarks about books- | you see, I don't know, massa."-Ex. "Have they discovered the murderer, doctor?"

"Not yet, I believe." "Poor Ida! Charles thought worlds of her, and has not been himself since he heard ing, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsahow she is almost beside herself. I think he loved her; but I always told him she was too poor a match for him. I am sorry for her, and for the poor young man. How pitiful!" The doctor left and proceeded to his office,

took out the wad, and went to the residence en into the wound behind the ball. He stated of the justice of the peace. The two gentlemen remained together for two hours. That ed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an night Charles Redington was arrested while at the tea-table, by two officers of the law, and conveyed to prison.

He denied all knowledge of the murder, and assumed the front and bearing of injured innocence. He was in due time, brought into court for trial. The only ground of evidence against him was the fragment of newspaper. But the defense ably argued that the assassin, whoever he was, might have stolen the paper. as no such paper was to be found on the prisoner's premises, or brought it from another

"The Star mails four thousand copies weekly," he added, "and there are four thouscyes upon his office floor.

"The Evening Star!" he at length example that my client is innocent." When everybody in Court looked for an acquittal, the torn newspaper, which the doctor had taken from the library, with "Mrs.

all eyes. When Charles Redington saw this paper propuced, he uttered a cry of despair, and sprang from the prisoner's box so unexpectedly, that he had reached and leaped from Appleton. Poor Ida Boyd! They say it has an open window before he could be arrested. trade. Mounted men followed his wild flight, and he was overtaken and caught, at the very spot where the body of William Appleton had been discovered. The result was, that he con-As he spoke he locked the wadding in his fessed in prison the deed of murder so clearly

Boyd, loaded his pistol, tearing off a portion of the "Star" for the wadding, resolved to meet Appleton on his visit to Ida Boyd, and compel him to relinquish her to himself.— That he met him on his way, and upon his refusal to comply with his command, he shot

him in a moment of uncontrollable jealousy. Three months afterwards Charles Redington expiated his crime on the gallows, and the evening of the same fatal day, the body of the fair Ida Boyd was laid by weeping mourners in her last home. Oh, love! oh, war! which has slain the most victims?

A Mother's Magic.

The following touching and felicitous illustration of the power of ideas, was given by Wendell Philips, the other day, in a public speech at New York:

"I was told to-day, a story so touching in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. It is the story of a mother on the hills of Vermont, holding by the right

"Edward they tell me that the great temptation of a seamen's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink."

"And," said he, for he gave me the story, "I gave her the promise, and I wont the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North "No. He is on the other side of my poli- and the South poles-I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, that my mother's form, by the garden gate, on the green hill side of Vermont, did not rise before me; and to-day,

this village?"

"No. This is the only one taken at this office. It is usually taken out by her son counting room, a young man of forty, and counting room, a young man of forty, and asked, 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Well,' 'A privilege," replied the smiling doctor, said he, "I was once brought drunk into "which you postmasters take not only with your presence, on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept the sleep of intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day, I am the master of one of the finest packets

> How far that little candle throws its beams, that mother's word on the green hills of Vermont! O God, be thanked for the almighty

> WHAT I WOULD Do.—If I were possessed of the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following

would be my plan of distribution:

I would will to the world, truth and true friendship, which are very scarce. I would give an additional portion of truth

to lawyers, traders and merchants. I would give to physicians skill and learn-

I would give to Printers their pay.

To gossiping women short tongues.
To young women, good sense, modesty, large waists, and natural teeth. To young sprouts or dandies, common sense. little cash, and hard labor.

To old maids, good temper, smooth faces, little and good husbands.

To old bachelors, love for virtue, children

GIANTS.—The bed of Og was 27 feet long and 7 feet broad. The height of Goliah was loved her long, and would have made her your image will be found engraven on my in- his mother's where an inquest will be held." thing. Yet, do I suspect her son for the and 7 feet broad. The height of Goliah was his wife; for though poor she was socially most heart! Good night. If I never more "Oh! William—who could have deed! Heaven forbid! But this wadding 11 feet, his coat weighed 150 and his spear 19 pounds. The body of Orestes, son of Aga-Thus he mused as he walked along. That memnon, leader of the Grecian expedition day he called on the widow, and was shown against Troy, was 11½ feet, and a woman 10 into the library for the book by Charles himfeet. Maximus, a native of Spain, the Roself, who looked pale and ill at ease, so much so that the doctor said—

man Emperor, was 83 feet high. His wife's bracelets served him for finger-rings. His strength was such that he could draw a loaded wagon, break a horse's jaw with his fist, The young man laughed and turned away crush the hardest stones with his fingers and his head. Upon a chart the doctor saw piled cleave trees with his hands. His veracity in a heap a great number of the "Star." He was equal to his strength, eating 42 pounds of flesh and drinking 19 bottles of wine daily. Bryne and O'Brien, Irish giants, were eight feet high. A Tennessee giant lately died, 71 feet high, weighing more than one thousand pounds. The Kentucky giant was 7 feet 10 inches high.

> Our correspondent at Lawrence, Kansas, writes to us that the barber at that capital is a black man, a slave of Judge Elmore, and that his Excellency, Gov. Medary, recently went to his shop to be shaved. Just beand the missing part at his office! why not, Tom?" "Well, massa Gubenor, I don't mean no riz dispeck, but, but den, all seeds and secured the paper. He was over- de Gubernors ob dis territory, don't stay here

THE VALUE OF A SMILE,-Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relentken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and payes the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a oleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a duiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformangel of paradise.

CLEAR AS MUD .- An editor had a bottle of London Dock Gin presented to him, and after drinking the whole of it, he wrote a "notice" of the article. Here is a specimen of the

"Here's to the ladies and other branches of business (hic) in and around town-and especially the Messident's Pressage, Monington Washument, etc., all of which may be had cheap at the Buck-Drook-Brook and Duk Store of Bininger's old London Doke Gin, for \$2 a year, if payment is delayed until the end of the Atlantic Cable."

A member of the Legislature now in ession at Indianapolis, who had been coughed down on several occasions, offered a resolution instructing the door keeper to buy twen-Eleanor Redington's" name upon it, was ty dollars worth of cough medicine for the use of the members.

If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your lawyer manage it rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney sweep, who has no objections to dirty work, because it is his

"Pray sir, what makes you walk so crookedly?" "My nose is crooked and I have to follow it."

Good wheat sown never changes to the house, but Ida's lover had not come. She money drawer, and putting the key in his established by circumstantial evidence. He cheat or tares; but "wild oats" sown in youth