#### TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

cording to these terms.

## Select Poctry.

WHO IS DEAD ?

VILLAGE AND CITY! BY JOIN A. WILLIS.

VILLAGE. Tolling solemnly, and slow, Swings the little village bell, While doth pause the passers-by, Saddened by the knell! Saddened as he passeth by-Praying for the spirit fled-While he murm'reth with a sigh, "Who is dead ?"

Treading solemuly and slow. Comes the little village throng, Who, with Pastor at the heard, Bear the corpse along; Whilst the children cease their play-Drawing nearer, half in dread-Wondering, as it passeth onward, " Who is dead ?"

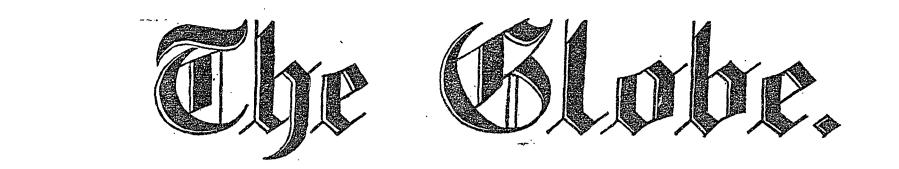
And the busy workmen ccase-Gathering, now, the windows round-Whilst their upraised hammers all Fall without a sound! "'Tis the coffin of a child-God, rest light its little head ! God, preserve our little one !" "Who is dead ?"

Broken is the number, now, All had learned to think complete! One familiar face is gone. Now, from church and street! And the busy query runs, Till, before the day is sped. E'en the smallest child could tell you, "Who is dead." CITY.

Tolling solemnly, and slow, Swings the city's solenin bell, But the passer hurrieth by, Recding, hearing not the knell !--Heeding, hearing not the knell-To some busy purpose wed-Never finding time to ask, "Who is dead ?"

Now, with hearse and nodding plume, And long escort to the grave, Death comes rattling down the street-Life goes up the busy pave! Carcless faces-tearless eyes-No one in the throng hath said As the long procession passod them, " Who is dead ?"

Labor hath no time to loose-Noisy wheels still whirl away! Death's a common thing, which goes By the windows every day ! From the thronged and busy pavements, No familiar face is fled-Not one, even. in a thousand, Knows who's dead!



WILLIAM LEWIS,

VOL. XV.

woman.

### HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 6, 1860.

---PERSEVERE.---

was with reluctance he imparted the news to and I seek to repair the only injury done to her despairing husband; but he, in whose one I once loved." bosom the lamp of her life was not yet extin-"Emanuel Vallerino, my child, my child !"

cried my father, bending over his new found daughter. "My darling Mary, for whom I have mourned for long years; is it thus I beguished, begged my father to do something at least to relieve the sufferer. "William, come near me-I wish to speak to you ere I depart," murmured the dying

hold you; my God, spare, oh, spare my child," he said with frantic emotion, kissing her. "Father, father ?" was all she could mur-mur, as she sank back exhausted upon her

"The man arose, and kneeling by the bed-side, took her pale, thin hand in his. and kissing it fondly exclaimed, "Oh, my Mary, little I thought when first I clasped this loved "Wi "William, I am thy father, too; love me hand in mine, and pledged before God's holy as a son. Our loved one may yet live; but altar to love and protect you forever, and if it is God's will to take her, we will never when I took you from your friends to share be separated." "Unable to speak, the husband clasped warmly my father's hand. my home and heart, oh, Mary, Inever dreamed that this would be the end of it-wretch that "We wondered father did not return that night, and were not a little astonished to see I am-why did I not leave you in the midst

of the comfort and affluence that once was yours, and you would have escaped this mis- | him driving madly up to the house next mornery." "William," said the sufferer gently, "I ing, and, in excited tones, ordering the ser-

vants to place a bed in the easy old family am dying ; do not disturb my last moments by thoughts like these, for never did I regret to receive a sick person. Without waiting my choice-and if wealth and luxury were to give any explanation, he hurried back to the sick, and in about an hour he and Wilmine, I would give them all for thee." liam tenderly carried in the sick woman and

" My father who had been standing at the window, was about to leave, when the woman, laid her in the soft, comfortable bed which my mother had prepared. "Calling her into the library, he told who who had forgotten his presence, motioned him to draw near.

"Listen, Doctor, to what I have to say .the stranger was. The shock was too great It does not, indeed, concern you, and perhaps 1 am trespassing on your kindness, but I feel for my mother, and she swooned upon the. for my mother, and she swooned upon the floor. Upon recovering, she gazed wildly about, murmuring, "My Mary, my little one, have they brought you back?" "Oh, how affecting was the meeting be-tween my mother and her long lost daughter; and when I kissed my sister's hand, I felt that I would willingly give my life to some barg with the goodness of your noble heart you will listen to my story." "My father seated himself, while the wo-

man related as follows:

"Mine, Doctor, has been a strange fate; and short though my life has been, it has I would willingly give my life to save hers. been an eventful one. I have no remembrance of my parents, for in my childhood I who was Emanuel Vallerino." had no settled home, but led a wandering life was my adopted brother, and only in that with a gipsy band, who ever treated me with light did I ever regard him ; but he, unknown great kindness; yet I always fancied I did to me, loved me with all the fervor of his pasnot belong to them; but at the time the thought sionate nature. He declared his affection for troubled me little, for I was too full of gaity me, but I told him I was the affianced of your to think long on anything serious. From a wild, frolicsome child, I grew up to be a tall girl of sixteen, beloved by the band of dark father. He then vowed before heaven, if ever I became the wife of Hubert Austin, he gypsies, and was treated as a queen among | would be avenged. I heeded not his threat, and soon after was married. A few years them. My slightest word was law, and it was after you were born you were stolen from us. strange to see the tenderness and respect In vain we searched in every direction, but which they tendered to me.

could find no clue to our lost darling-and long, long, my Mary, we have mourned you "But they had been branded as outlaws, and the government had set a large price upon their heads. One day we had taken as dead." refuge in a cavern, after being hunted as wild beasts, when we were suddenly surprised and captured by a large body of constabulary. home as the shadow of death deepened upon the brow of sister Mary. "Father — William — Mother — all come near me," she murmurcd faintly. "I would see you all before I depart. Good-by," she exclaimed, kissing us affectionately. "Oh, do not weep for me; I am leaving you but for a time, and ab what a hanv requision ours "We were put in prison, and after a short trial the band were condemned to death ; but my youth gained me friends, and the venerable Judge, who had taken an interest in me, having no children, adopted me as his own. "I wept bitterly at the terrible fate of my

a time; and oh, what a happy re-union ours old companions, whom I sincerely loved, and will be when we meet in yon bright spirit as I was bidding them a last adieu, the chief, land. But hush, they are coming. I see their arms out-stretched to greet me. I hear who was a stern mysterious man, called me to him, handed me a small box, bade me on my honor never to open it until my twentythe music of the heavenly Jerusalem. Fare-

The Rat-Tail Cactus. The N.Y. Leader, in giving a sketch of the late Mike Walsh, relates of him when a member of Congress, the following story, which, though old, is worth repeating, as no one can by any possibility read it without

laughing : At the foot of the capitol gardens at Penn-sylvania avenue, (on the right hand side as you are fronting that building,) is an enclosed space—national property—containing one or more tenements and some conservatories and hot-houses. Here for some years past, and until his death, enjoying Uncle Sam's patronage, sojourned a Frenchman, learned in botany and many other sciences. Some companions, while passing these premises, were vaunting his acquirements to Mike who from a spirit of contradiction, called them in question. He doubted whether these eminent botanists knew the difference betheir corn was clover. Finally, Mike under-took, "botanically," to deceive the Frenchthey stood, in the lane skirting his premises. standing—none on the heart. From a wreck of flower pots and rubbish, he "The child has been taught of God," he selected one sound pot and a rat lying next |

that a friend, Lieut. \_\_\_\_\_, (whose ship having touched at one of the Islands of the had been able to make it out, and he might have it for ten years and not find five people who would; so he hardly felt justified in from a "friend."

christened it by a fine Greek name-two words, as Mike said, averaging sixteen let-ters. The Professor exhausted himself in persuading Mike that the interests of science required that he should sacrifice to them the sentiments of friendship, by surrendering this rare production of the vegetable kingdom to the keeping of the botanist. The rewilling and solemn assurances of the Professor that it would be tended to with the ut-most care; and so it was. Placed in a hot house, it was cautiously but carefully be-never paid a penny for subscription. sprinkeled with water at a temperature of seventy degrees by the thermometer. It was noticed and described in the National Intelligencer. The notice was copied into other pa-

NO. 50.

Editor and Proprietor.

Are there those who believe that the Good Shepherd has not many lambs to feed ? Certain it is that they are often overlooked-by all but Him-and that He is often carrying them unheeded through our midst.

Tenderly has he drawn little Anna Sto His side; and very trustfully she treasured His words and watched for His coming, so that though no sickness paled her cheek, her soft blue eye seemed ever looking into heaven.

She had read-"Do this in remembrance of me"-read it longingly, yet the prudent "not now" that fell from the lips of her doating mother sent the child away in patience to do what she could.

Time passed away, and ere she came again with her timid request, the light which the great Teacher had placed in her small hand had grown so bright that old and young had tween oats and wheat, and believed, he said, felt its great rays, and said wonderingly that that a Bowery boy could persuade them that God was glorified. The grave minister came. Many and subtle were his questionings .-The mother sat by fearing and trembling; man with whatever he could pick up where but there was no cloud on the young under-

said. Then he laid his hand on her silky the heap. Placing the rat in the flower pot, hair and looked misgivingly into the sweet he covered it up with mould, leaving out the childish face, as though wondering whether tail, which he fixed perpendicularly by tying it carefully to a small green rubbish. He her before the great congregation, shook his next called on the Professor, and told him head and went away.

There was no murniuring sound from the child's lips, but the sad, uncomplaining feathen terra incognita, Japan, had excited some tures dwelt with the mother all that night, interest,) had presented him with a very cu-rious kind of cactus. This he wished the Professor to examine. No one, Mike said, yes-with her hands beseechingly together, as though asking the Lord Jesus for that which man refused to give, she slept the long sleep—for on that still night, though none keeping it out of the public collection, and but the angels saw and heard, the Saviour yet he did not like to part with a keepsake turned from his eternal feast above, saying 'Suffer the child to come unto me;' and his lov-

The Professor eagerly repaired to examine the vegetable curiosity. After a close inspec-tion he determined what it was, or at least ing a tear on the little white face for a testi-ing a tear on the little white face for a testiant, she went meekly into their clasp, leavmony unto them.-New York Observer.

> ENCOURAGING A NEWSPAPER .--- The following incident illustrates pretty forcibly the idea that some people appear to have of encouraging newspapers. The editor and publisher of a paper of

one of our inland cities, had a few years ago, luctant Mike eventually consented, on the among his subscribers quite a prominent individual of the place, who had been a con-

The collector of bills having returned that against the delinquent to its employer as one impossible to convert into cash, the editor resolved to give the party in question a broad pers. The plant was exhibited with pride to hint as to his remissness the first time an opportunity should occur in public. He did not

have to wait long, for in a few days he dis-

# Miscellaneons News.

We Want Good Butter:

The dairying season is now at full tide; the milk pails overflow with their foaming treasures, the pans are crowned with rich cream, and golden nuggets of butter are ready for transportation to the market, there to be min-ted into solid coin. The quantity of dairy products brought to this market would surprise a novice; the quality of much of it still more astounding. An average of 500-000 lbs. of butter per week is consumed in New York city and vicinity ; 100,000 lbs. would be a full estimate of the prime article to be found in the whole quantity. The price paid for the best sorts; over the inferior, would seem to be inducement enough to furnish a good article in abundance, but, when purchasing family supplies, we have often sampled and tasted large lots—smelling was enough in many cases—without finding a sin-gle desirable firkin. Scarce a country housekeeper would allow such trash to appear on her table; indeed, visitors from the country find the poor butter here one of the greatest drawbacks to their pleasures at the table .---Why then is such butter sent here? From some sections, no doubt, because it is poor. A neglected churning is found unfit for family use, and is "sent to the store" in barter for other necessaries ; the merchant pays one price to all customers, packs it all, yellow and pale, pure and poor, waxy and greasy in one firkin; the better quality is soon corrupted by evil communication, and when opened in market, all is thoroughly vile. If country dealers would fix the price according to the quality, much of this would be remedied. Housekeepershave little encouragement to do their best, when a pound of grease, fit only for the soap-maker, buys as much sugar as a pound of good table butter.

Dairymen who produce a really superior article are often surprised at the small returns received from the distant market. Their neighbors exult in two or three cents more per lb. obtained for the same quality, and sold by the same commission merchantthere must be a mistake somewhere. The mistake is at the dairyman's door. His neighbor procured new firkins or tubs this spring, has kept them neatly painted, with his name plainly marked in full upon the cover. A grocer or hotel-keeper was attracted by the promising look of the package, tried it, found it good, and engaged it for the sea-son-the brand was established, and will always sell well while it keeps its reputation. Our less fortunate friend made the old pail answer, marked it with a cross or notch which he would know, and sent it along. The weather worn and rusty pail was overlooked by the best customers; it was set with the second sorts, and sold for second prices, to the joy of the purchaser, and the loss of the economical dairyman. Three cents per pound on thirty weight of butter would pay for a new pail every week.

But the great drawback in the quality of our butter is the want of *elbow grease*. It is not sufficiently worked. It leaves the dairy apparently sweet and fresh, and is so for the time, but the ladle or roller was used, the buttermilk and sour milk soon become rancid, and five or ten cents per pound loss is the penalty. It would be thought a hard law that inflicted a fine of that amount for every pound of poorly worked butter, but the inexorable laws of trade do impose just such a fine ; no excuses are received, no penalties remitted, and there is no appeal. But on the other hand, good butter, nicely packed, and carefully forwarded to honest dealers, invariably receives a premium, which we wish all our dairymen would compete for, and part of which we will cheerfully pay.-American Agriculturist.

A LADY'S DEFENCE OF THE PRACTICE OF WEARING VEILS .-- Some paper recently found cigars and other little luxuries sufficient to so terribly annoying and tantalizing to sensi-"This is one of the very best reasons that could be given for wearing them. Veils save women from a vast amount of annoying impertinence. It requires no small degree of susceptible young men arecongregated, knowing that all the curious eyes will be turned upon her, and that her eyes, hair, walk, dress, size of shoes and gloves, will be marks of their close and impudent observation. Veils have a special sanitary use during the spring months, in the protection afforded from the disagreeable influences of the sun and wind; but if comfort did not call for them, we should advocate their use until young men acquire the first rules of politeness and good manners THE CATTLE DISEASE IN NEW ENGLAND .----The wholesale slaughter among the cattle affected with the pleuro-pneumonia, still continues in Massachusetts. The doctors say that the disease spreads by contagion, and every animal suspected of having nipped a mouthful of grass from a field in which the infected cattle were known to be, is doomed immediately to the slaughter. Some of the farmers are beginning to repel at this sacrifice of their animals. They say the whole thing is a delusion, that an unnecessary excitement has deen created about the matter, and that the be classed with witchcraft and other excitements, which have so often carried away the New England mind. Those who entertain the latter opinion are probably not far from the truth. As the Slaughtering Committee are ceaselessly asking for money, the question arises whether their official operations are not more profitable to themselves than to the farmers.

The Lamb Asleep.

A Sclect Story.

### THE GIPSEY'S REVENCE; ---0R,---THE STOLEN CHILD.

"Welcome, welcome, Aunt Ella," cried a group of pretty, merry girls, as a sweet benevolent looking woman entered the drawingroom where they were conversing.

"We were just speaking about you, and wishing you were here to tell us one of your delightful stories."

"Most willingly, my dear girls, would I oblige you, but indeed I feel so sorrowful tonight, I fear my tales would fail to interest

you." " No fear of that, Aunt Nellie, but as you are so sad, we will wait until some other evening."

But she, dear kind auntie, seeing we were disappointed, said, "girls, I will tell you the cause of my depression this evening; but in imagination I carry you back to the days when I was a laughing, light-hearted girl like yourselves. Fullof life and gladness, I tripped gaily along the pathway of life, plucking flowers of affection from every bower, little thinking that my bright dreams would so soon be dispelled by the dark clouds of bitter mis-

ery. "Our house was a perfect paradise; content and happiness beamed on every inmate's face. One evening as we were enjoying the pure pleasures of the social circle, a tap was heard at the door, and a servant entered, announcing to my father that a stranger desired to see him.

"He instantly rose, and upon leaving the room was met by a tall dark man, wrapped in a heavy cloak.

"I presume you are Dr. Austin," said the man, looking earnestly at my father, who graciously smiled assent.

"Well, Doctor, my wife is dangerously ill, and I want you to come with all possible haste to see her."

" Is she very ill?" inquired my father, who did not relish the idea of leaving home on such an inclement night.

"Yes, very," replied the man, sternly, "so for God's sake be quick, Doctor, or she will be dead before we reach my home-home he repeated-once indeed it was a happy oneearth's choicest gifts were mine-but now, ruined and desolate, and she, its light, its beauty, my wife, my own darling wife, dying, surrounded by misery and want. Oh, my God," he groaned in deep agony, "if it is thy will spare me this dreadful trial."

"My father, gently touched him as he sat with his face buried in his hands, saying the horses were ready. In a moment they were rapidly driving to the stranger's home, and "onward, onward, for the sake of Heaven," were the only words he uttered.

"Alighting at a miserable cottage, at the outskirts of the city, the man pushed open a creaking door, and entering a miserably cheerless room, beckoned my father to approach the bed upon which the sick woman was ly-

ing. "My father saw in a moment that no hu-

first birthday. Solemnly vowing to do his bidding, I bade them a last farewell. " My home with the judge and his beauti-

ful wife was all that I could desire ; they loved me tenderly, and did all in their power to make me happy. I had the best masters, and every attention was paid to my education. "At eighteen I entered society as the adon-

ted daughter of Judge Dudley; was well received, and reigned a belle during the whole season. My adopted father, who was very proud of me, intended that I should make a great match, but when I told him that I had bestowed my affections on my William, his rage knew no bounds. He declared that no beggar should win me, and bade me henceforth consider his friend, the Hon. Jasper Singleton, as my future husband.

"I replied that I would never wed any person but William, and that it would be useless to urge me in the matter. I was indignant at his applying such an epithet to William, who was a man of rare talents and a young lawyer struggling to attain an honorable position in the world.

"Hoarse with anger, he bade me begone. "Too long," said he, "have I harbored you, ungrateful girl, in my home, never thinking that like a viper you would sting me when I least expected it. Begone !" he cried, as he almost hurled me from his house.

" Loving my adopted father, I sought to be reconciled to him, but he was deaf to my entreaties unless I would give up William. "That week William and I were married, and humble though our home was, happiness ever hovered around us, until one unfortunate day my husband was riding in haste to a neighboring town, when he was thrown from his horse and severely hurt. For weeks his life was despaired of. Night and day I watched by the bedside of my only earthly hope, and the Almighty at last rewarded my efforts and spared my husband's life. During the excitement I had forgotten that we were almost penniless, and soon the reality stared us in face. We were forced to leave our pretty cottage, and William, whose weakness prevented his working, with unutterable agony watched me as I endeavored to earn a small pittance to sustain life. But my constitution

was not strong, and I was soon attacked by a dangerous illness which is wasting my life away. I have but a short time to live, Doctor, and as this is the anniversary of my twenty-first birthday, I would, before I die, have the mystery which hangs over my life unraveled. Doctor, please hand me that box lying on the mantel. Poor William," she said, stooping over and kissing her husband's pale brow, "be comforted."

"My Mary," he murmured, "I will never know comfort again." "My father, as desired, opened the box and took out a bundle of papers, and was about handing them to the man, when the woman said, "William is too agitated, Doc-

tor will you be kind enough to read them aloud yourself?" "A slip of paper fell from his hand, and

on picking it up, my father read: "/This is to certify that the child Mary,

who has lived with our band for years, is the daughter of Dr. Austin, of B------, stolen by me to avenge my wrongs in winning from

man aid could avail her anything; and it | me the only being I ever loved. I am dying, | be everywhere.

well earth-farewell, all that is dear to me, farewell. Almighty God, unto thee I com-mend my spirit. Jesus, receive my soul."-And with one faint gasp, the soul of my beloved sister was wafted to the realms of bliss. " It would be needles for me to picture our grief at her loss. It was heartfelt-earnest; and poor William at this moment needed all our tenderest sympathies.

\*

" Mother," she asked one day, " do tell me

"My child," said mother with a sigh, he

\* \* \* \*

" The night wind wailed sadly around our

home as the shadow of death deepened upon

"Girls," said Aunt Ella, as she saw the tearful eyes of her attentive auditors, "this night is the anniversary of that death-bed scene. Do you wonder, then that I am sad ?" "Oh no, darling Aunt Ella," they all exclaimed, "It was a scene too touching ever te be forgotten : but tell us, auntie, is dear, good Uncle William, who is always so kind, yet sorrowful, the William of whom you speak ?"

"Yes, girls; he has never forgotten his idolized wife; and I often thought when you were teasing him about getting married, what deep wounds you must have inflicted on his breaking heart."

"Had we known we were inflicting pain," said the girls, sobbing, "we would not for a moment think of tormenting him ; but the future will show how sorry we are for the past.' From that day many a blessing did William Warrington bestow upon the fair young girls who sought to sooth his melancholy, and by a thousand acts of kindness to render him happy; and they who loved him as a brother, found in him that friend which the young need, a sincere and truthful counsellor in every act of their lives.

THE DOCTOR OUTWITTED .- When Doctor I'd like to know them without." Bodge, an electic physician, was lecturing on the laws of health and particularly on the evils of tea and coffee, he happened to meet one magic, I would use it myself, but it must be tone, was so mixed up mit eferydinks, I vints morning at the breakfast table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class.

Conversation turned on the Doctor's favorite subject; he addressed our Irish friend as follows :

"Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deletorions effect of tea and coffee?"

"I don't know said Erin, "but I'd like to be there when you do it !" "Well," said the Doctor, " if I convince

you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use ?"

"Shure and I will, sir."

"How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor.

"Morning and night, sir." "Well," said the Doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed ?" "I do—indade I do," replied the noble son

of Erin. "And a sharp pain through the temples,

in and about the eyes, in the morning." "Troth, I do, sir."

"Well," said the Doctor, with an air of confidence and assurance in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee."

"Is it, indeed? Faith and I always thought it was the whisky I drank." The company roared with laughter, and

the Doctor quietly retired. He was beaten. nor Some persons can be everywhere at

several eminent individuals; at length with the heat and moisture the tip of the tail be-gan to exoriate. The Professor was delighted-it was budding. It was examined with great interest by one of the chief patrons, "the Great Daniel," to whom the botanist of the Professor was excessive, and so was | remarked : the indignation of the great Daniel, not at the author of the joke, but at the unfortunate botanist, whom he stigmatised as a "d----d

frog-eating Frenchman, through whom he my pay for it." had been taken in, and ought to have known

### I Wish and I Will.

better."

I wish I could play on the piano as well as Miss Hellott," said Ellen Rose.

"Well, so you will, when you have had as many years' practice," was the reply. "I mean now, without waiting so long." "I wonder if wishing will make her a good player," thought I. "If wishing were efforts,

most men would be great." "I wish I knew as much as you do Miss

Emily," said the same young lady. "So you may if you will study and improve your time."

"I wish I knew as much now." "Knowledge does not come into your head

of its own accord, Miss Ellen; you have to put it there by efforts of your own." " I wish I knew my lessons."

"Sit down and study them, and you will soon have your wish."

"I do not feel in the humor of studying;

that you accomplish a great deal by it after | in mine hants vor de pridle." all."

"Now you are laughing at me. It does

yours; he isn't any profit to you. Suppose on his banches, unt looks like he veel purty you turn him off and take instead 'I will.'— shamed mit himself. Den I dakes him ont. you more than the other. He is the very soul of industry; and he accomplishes more in an hour than 'I wish' does in a life-time.-

Her resolution is good; let us follow it .-'I will' is the brave word that conquers all difficulties.

for "There's a brandy smash," as the wag said, when a drunken man fell through a

A Dutchman went into a cooper shop, home; others can sit musingly at home and and asked for an empty barrel of flour, to make his dog a hen-coop.

covered his negligent patron seated in the of- fault with the practice of wearing veilsfice of the principal hotel, surrounded by averred that it was "mischievously prevalent" quite a group of his friends, and disposing of | this year, and objects to it because " they are promised one of the first slips for Marshfield. have liquidated at least one year's subscrip-"It was too good a joke to keep," said Mike, tion. When the laugh at the joke had sub-swers—with much truth—as follows: 'especially in a hot-house, so before long | sided, the editor approached the group, and they smelt a rat." The wrath and shame after the usual salutation to his subscriber,

> "Colonel, you have had my paper now for five years, and never paid for it, c hough the resolution for a sensitive young girl to pass bill has been frequently sent. I should like the corner of a street where a knot of these

"Pay ?" ejaculated the Colonel, with genuine or well-feigned astonishment, "did you

say pay ?" "Certainly," was the reply, "you have had the paper, and I want pay for it." "Pay !" said the Colonel again, "why it

can't be you expect me to pay anything for your paper, why, I only took the blamed thing to encourage you !" The laugh from the circle of listeners to

this dialogue came in here, like the bursting | in their street deportment." of a bomb-shell.—Commercial Bulletin.

How MR. GOTLEIB BROKE HIS PONY .- Chon you reckermember dat little plack bony I pyed mit the bedler next veek ?" "Yah, vot of him."

" Notings, only I gits sheated burdy pad." " So ?"

"Yah. You see in de vurst place he ish plint mit bote legs, unt ferry lame mit von eye. Den ven you gits on him to rite, he rares up pehint und kiks up pefore so verser as a chackmule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt no sooner I gits straddle his "I wish," must be a great help to you, you say it so often. If I could discover the vakin peam on a poatsteam ; unt ven he gits able, and hereafter this present delusiou will invisible to all but yourself, for I cannot see minezelf zittin arount packvards, mit his dail

" Vell, vot you going to do mit him ?"

"Oh, I vixed him better as cham up. I not do me any good I suppose; but it is so hitch him in te cart mit his dail vere his heat easy to say it, and I do really wish what I say." "No doubt you do, if you could get it with-out any trouble. 'I wish' is a lazy friend of Burdy soon he stumbles pehint, unt sits town

My word for it, you will find that he helps hitch him in de rite vay, unt he goes rite off shust so goot as anybodys bony.'

WITNESS THREE.-Shortly before he died. Say 'I will' learn my lessons, and there will Patrich Henry, laying his hand on the Bible be no occasion for 'I wish I knew them.'- said: "There is a book worth more than all You will cut the acquaintance of your old others, yet it is my sad misfortune never to friend when you have tried the new one, I have read it, until lately, with proper attention." With voice and gesture, penitent, and Ellen laughed. "Well," she said "I don't | all his own, John Randolph said : "A terrilike to dissolve old friendship; but I will try ble proof of our deep depravity is, that we your advice, that is if I can remember; but | can relish and remember anything better I wish' is easier to say than 'I will,' is to than THE BOOK." When the shades of death were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book."-"What book !" asked Lockhart, his son-inlaw. "There is but one BOOK," said the dying man."

> is the news to-day?" "Oh, there is no news; my wife was sick yesterday, and didn't go out; no news-no news!"

her Love thy neighbor as thy self.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTH-DAY. --- Thursday, last was the 42d anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, an event which was handsomely celebrated by the British residents of New York. Mr. Archibald, the English consul, had a large dinner party, all the British versels in port displayed their flags, and the Cunard steamer Persia, dressed in the flags' of all nations, fired a royal salute of 21 guns. The day was similarly observed in Boston.

At a late term of the Scott county. Miss... circuit court, a man named Mathew Jordon was found guilty of betting a dime with a minor, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$300 and be confined in the county jail for three months. He was indicted for betting with a minor knowing him to be such, and had he been convicted on that he would have gone to the Penitentiary for two years.

Ex-President Pierce and lady are in New York. The Ex-President has changed his appearance a good deal by letting his beard grow, and a very grisly crop it is. Mr. Pierce smiles a little more than he was in the habit of smiling when a tenant of the White House.

pane of glass.

am sure."