

THE STEPPING STONE.
Well, I will try and love her then,
But do not make me yet
You know my own dear, dear Mamma,
I do not want to see her
You are the one who has
The right before her
You are the one who has
How history I cried!
Her thin white fingers on my head
So earnestly she laid
Sheer sunny eyes, I gazed fearfully
(He) almost afraid
You lifted me upon the bed,
And something rattled in my throat,
I scarce could hear her speak—
But she did whisper—“When I'm gone
Forever from your sight,
And others have forgotten me,
Don't you forget my little girl!”
And often in my dreams I feel
Her hand upon my head,
And see her smile as on a plain
As if she were not dead.
I hear her feeble, well-known voice,
As if the latest night
Repeat her dying words again—
“Don't you forget my little girl!”
It sometimes wakes me, and I think
I'll run into her room,
And there I weep to recollect
She is sleeping in the tomb.
I find her in the garden walks
At home or on the way
At church, at play, at home, abroad,
I find her everywhere;
But most of all, I miss her when
The pleasant twilight falls,
And strangers at the curtaine round
My lonely little bed.
For no one comes to kiss me good night,
Nor bid me good night,
Nor hear me say my little hymn,
I shall forget it quite.
Oh, they tell me this Mamma is rich,
And beautiful, and kind,
But she will never love me, Papa,
And more tenderly than mine I
Do not know her when the lever comes
With its bewitching gleam,
Watch night by night your restless couch
As if you were well again!
When first she sung your favorite song,
“Come to the Sun,” “The Star,”
Which your mother used to sing
With me upon her knee;
I saw you turn your head away;
I saw your eyes were wet;
I mistook our glittering company,
You do not quite forget!
But must you never wear again
The ring your mother gave,
Will it be long before the arms
Is green upon her grave?
He turned him from that gentle child,
His eyes with tears were dim,
At thought of the undying love
Her mother bore to him!
He met his gay, his beautiful bride,
With pomp and circumstance,
And amidst the kind-remembered words
The bridegroom vowed to speak,
“Long years shall you, on hillside's gay flowers
Blossom'd for him in vain,
The freshness of life's morning hours
Never returned again.”
As a carriage containing a party of
Yorkers was crossing the suspension bridge
across the Niagara, during the storm of
Saturday last, and when about half way
over, the bridge was struck by a gust with
appalling force. The wind blew a perfect
typhoon, while the air was densely filled
with driving hail and rain, and so potent
was the wind that the bridge swayed later-
ally to and fro, ten or a dozen feet, making
one giddy with its vibrations. So appalling
was the commotion that the horses
stopped and finally fell upon their sides on
the bridge, while the driver, in the extremity
of his terror, seemed incapable of making
the least effort to move from the perils-
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could with difficulty keep their seats, and
for a short time expected nothing else but
to be precipitated into the surging waters below.
Fish Story.—A correspondent of the
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He recollects an anecdote that was told
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luded to had his shop or store over a
wharf, under which the tide ebbed, and in
the floor was a trap door used for various
purposes, and through which he was ac-
customed to let down a line to catch a fish
now and then for pussie's dinner. One
day, having to attend a customer, he was
surprised to see pussie go to it and touch
it gently. This led him to watch her,
when presently a fish caught hold and
misses Grimalkin immediately commen-
ced hauling in the line with one paw, secur-
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this way she at last secured the fish. Af-
ter that, said my friend, I baited the hook,
and let her fish for herself, and hundreds
have seen her catch her own dinner.

CONFAB.—Duchman.—“Coot moryer,
Patrick, how you tuz?”
Irishman.—“Good mornin' till ye, Mike;
think ye, will we get any rain the day?”
Duchman.—“O, I kerry no—ye never
has much rain in a fery dry time.”
Irishman.—“Rathand ye're right there,
Mike, and thin, whenever it gets in the
way of rain, the devil the bit of dry with-
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shows!”
“Pappy, I know why some pistols are
called horse pistols.”
“Why, my son?”
“Because they kick so!”
Mary put that boy to bed, he's getting
sharp he'll cut somebody yet, see if he
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An Irishman, who was near-sighted,
being about to fight a duel, insisted that he
should stand six paces nearer his antago-
nist than the other did to him and that they
were to fire at the same time.
“This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man
who was going to fight a thin one, that the
latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on
the others' portly person, and if the bul-
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A little girl in West Chester, about
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DR. HOYT'S POWDERS.
Pierce vs. Scott.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware & Queensware.
Stray Cow.
Caution.
Estate of Richard Davis, dec'd.
Teacher Wanted.
TRIAL LIST for Sept. term, 1852.
Farmer's take Notice.
SUPERIOR THRESHING MACHINES.
Four Horse Power Threshing Machines.
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Copper, Tin & Sheet-Iron Ware
MANUFACTORY,
O. B. MERRELL.
Respectfully announces that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of ware in his line of business...
Will be taken at the lowest prices in exchange for work or...
Tin & Hardware STORE.

\$500 Challenge.
HOBENACK'S WORM SYRUP.
This is the most difficult worm to destroy...
The Tape Worm!
This is the most difficult worm to destroy...
Hobenack's Liver Pills.
No part of the system is so liable to be diseased as the liver...
Agents in Clearfield county.

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