

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2746.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII, No. 11.

Lewistown Post Office.
Mails arrive and close at the Lewistown P. O. as follows:
ARRIVE.
Eastern through, 5 33 a. m.
" through and way, 4 21 p. m.
Western " " 10 38 a. m.
Bellefonte " " 2 30 p. m.
Northumberland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 6 00 p. m.
CLOSE.
Eastern through, 8 00 p. m.
" through and way, 10 00 a. m.
Western " " 3 30 p. m.
Bellefonte " " 8 00 " "
Northumberland (Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays), 8 00 p. m.
Office open from 7 30 a. m. to 8 p. m. on Sundays from 8 to 9 a. m. S. COMFORT, P. M.

Lewistown Station.
Trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:
Westward.
Baltimore Express, 4 40 a. m.
Philadelphia " 5 33 " 12 20 a. m.
Fast Line, 6 26 p. m. 3 50 " "
Fast Mail, 10 38 " "
Eastward.
Mail, 4 21 " "
Through Accommodation, 2 35 p. m.
Emigrant, 9 12 a. m. 1 20 a. m.
Through Freight, 3 40 a. m. 8 15 " "
Express " 11 00 " 2 35 p. m.
Stock Express, 5 00 " 9 05 " "
Coal Train, 12 45 p. m. 10 38 a. m.
Local Freight, 6 45 a. m. 6 26 p. m.
Galbraith's Omnibuses convey passengers to and from all the trains, taking up or setting them down at all points within the borough limits.

GAZETTE ALMANAC FOR 1864.

JANUARY.		FEBRUARY.	
Sunday	3 10 17 24 31	Sunday	7 14 21 28
Monday	4 11 18 25	Monday	8 15 22 29
Tuesday	5 12 19 26	Tuesday	9 16 23 29
Wednesday	6 13 20 27	Wednesday	10 17 24
Thursday	7 14 21 28	Thursday	11 18 25
Friday	8 15 22 29	Friday	12 19 26
Saturday	9 16 23 30	Saturday	13 20 27

MARCH.		APRIL.	
Sunday	6 13 20 27	Sunday	3 10 17 24
Monday	7 14 21 28	Monday	4 11 18 25
Tuesday	8 15 22 29	Tuesday	5 12 19 26
Wednesday	9 16 23 30	Wednesday	6 13 20 27
Thursday	10 17 24 31	Thursday	7 14 21 28
Friday	11 18 25	Friday	8 15 22 29
Saturday	12 19 26	Saturday	9 16 23 30

MAY.		JUNE.	
Sunday	1 8 15 22 29	Sunday	5 12 19 26
Monday	2 9 16 23 30	Monday	6 13 20 27
Tuesday	3 10 17 24 31	Tuesday	7 14 21 28
Wednesday	4 11 18 25	Wednesday	8 15 22 29
Thursday	5 12 19 26	Thursday	9 16 23 30
Friday	6 13 20 27	Friday	10 17 24 31
Saturday	7 14 21 28	Saturday	11 18 25

JULY.		AUGUST.	
Sunday	3 10 17 24 31	Sunday	7 14 21 28
Monday	4 11 18 25	Monday	8 15 22 29
Tuesday	5 12 19 26	Tuesday	9 16 23 30
Wednesday	6 13 20 27	Wednesday	10 17 24 31
Thursday	7 14 21 28	Thursday	11 18 25
Friday	8 15 22 29	Friday	12 19 26
Saturday	9 16 23 30	Saturday	13 20 27

SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.	
Sunday	4 11 18 25	Sunday	2 9 16 23 30
Monday	5 12 19 26	Monday	3 10 17 24 31
Tuesday	6 13 20 27	Tuesday	4 11 18 25
Wednesday	7 14 21 28	Wednesday	5 12 19 26
Thursday	8 15 22 29	Thursday	6 13 20 27
Friday	9 16 23 30	Friday	7 14 21 28
Saturday	10 17 24 31	Saturday	8 15 22 29

NOVEMBER.		DECEMBER.	
Sunday	6 13 20 27	Sunday	4 11 18 25
Monday	7 14 21 28	Monday	5 12 19 26
Tuesday	8 15 22 29	Tuesday	6 13 20 27
Wednesday	9 16 23 30	Wednesday	7 14 21 28
Thursday	10 17 24 31	Thursday	8 15 22 29
Friday	11 18 25	Friday	9 16 23 30
Saturday	12 19 26	Saturday	10 17 24 31

County Officers.
President Judge, Hon. S. S. Woods, Lewistown.
Associate Judges, Hon. Elijah Morrison, Wayne township. James Turner, Lewistown.
Sheriff, D. M. Conner, Esq.
Deputy Sheriff, John C. Sigler, Esq.
Prothonotary, Clerk of Common Pleas, etc., Nathaniel C. Wilson, Esq.
Register and Recorder and Clerk of Orphans' Court, Samuel W. Barr, Esq.
Treasurer, Amos Hook, Esq.
Commissioners, Samuel Drake, Esq., Newton Hamilton. O. P. Smith, Esq., Armagh township. M. Miller, Esq., Derry township. Commissioner's Clerk—George Frysinger.
Auditors, H. C. Vanzant, Esq., Decatur township. H. L. Close, Esq., Armagh township. M. Mohler, Esq., Derry township.
Deputy Surveyor, John R. Weekes, Esq., of Lewistown.
Coroner, George Miller, Esq., Lewistown.
Marschal's Appraiser, James M. Lashell.
Superintendent of Common Schools, Rev. J. Williamson.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.
Offices. Postmasters, Samuel Comfort, Lewistown, A. M. Ingram, Decatur, Jos. Strode, Jr., Strode's Mills, J. Griswell, McVeytown, S. W. Norton, New on Hamilton, R. S. Gamble, Atkinson's Mills, Samuel M. Greer, Reedsville, A. W. Graff, Milroy, E. W. Hill, Kishacoquillas, E. E. Locke, Locke's Mills, W. C. Nelson, Bellefonte, Benj. Gertz, Manno, N. Hartzer, Allenville.

CLERGYMEN.
Presbyterian—Rev. O. O. McCLEAN.
Lutheran—Rev. B. R. FLECK.
Methodist—Rev. JOHN GUPTER.
Episcopal—Rev. JOHN LEITCH.
The Rev. J. S. McMURRAY, Presiding Elder of Carlisle District; Rev. S. LAWRENCE, and J. B. STRAIN, Presbyterian ministers, are also residents of town.
African Wesley Church—Rev. Williams.
African Bethel Church—Rev. John Henry.

THE MINSTREL.

PHANTASMAGORIA.
Tell me not in flowing numbers,
Things are always what they seem;
Of beneath the surface slumbers,
Things of which we'd scarcely dream.
'Neath the dark waves of the ocean,
Lie ten thousand things unseen,
Countless shrines of love's devotion,
Hidden by the liquid screen.
Myriads of gems are gleaming
In its deep, unfathomed womb;
Diamonds with bright lustre sparkling,
Light the darkness of the tomb:
Still its waters give no token
Of its treasure hid below—
So sad hearts by sorrow broken,
Oft a cheerful surface show.
Mark you laughing, rich-elad maiden—
See feigned joy dance in her eyes—
Ah, I fear her heart is laden,
With a grief her mirth belies!
Mark the man of wealth and station,
Whom the world thinks free from care;
Of the ruler of a Nation,
Who can all its honors share?
Have they not each some emotion
In their breasts to give them pain?
Yield they not the heart's devotion
To some end they cannot gain?
Malice lurks in human bosoms
That to us seem meek and mild;
And they who lest they should lose them
Every passion fierce and wild.
Then sing not in graceful measure
Things of earth are always plain;
For we oft pursue as pleasure,
Things that bring us only pain. W. R. S.
Lewistown, January, 1864.

EDUCATIONAL.

We are indebted to S. P. Bates, Esq. for a report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of Pennsylvania, for the year ending June 4, 1863. From the report of Azariah Smith, Esq., late Superintendent of this county, we make the following extracts:
Houses.—Only one house, and that a very plain, though a commodious one, has been built the past year. There are some ten school houses in the county, too uncomfortable and inconvenient to be tolerated longer. Some of them are ventilated 'not wisely but too well'; a few are badly located, on a pinnacle, in a den, or by a marsh; and others are, apparently, as well devised as possible to thwart a teacher's normal management, and provoke pupils to idleness and misbehavior. In some instances directors cannot procure suitable grounds owing to the selfishness which prompts some men to refuse to sell a lot for school purposes. The Legislature could easily remedy this difficulty, and should do so immediately.
Furniture.—Nearly a third of the school houses are improperly furnished; some having benches which pupils cannot occupy for any considerable time without tottering, having backs too nearly perpendicular, or too low; others with desks inconvenient and unsuitable for writing, being of improper height or inclination, or bearing too many specimens of jack knife sculpture, practiced through several school generations. But in most of the houses recently built, the furniture is comfortable, and corresponds fairly with the general style of the buildings.
Apparatus.—Of the 82 school houses of the county, 31 are sufficiently supplied with black board surface, 29 have nearly enough, and the remaining 22 have an amount altogether inadequate to the wants of the school. Of the 91 schools, 58 are furnished with outline maps; 10 have outline maps of the United States. In a very few schools there are globes, numeral frames, and other articles of apparatus. In most of the schools the black-board is used largely, the extent and successfulness of its use increasing yearly; and the maps are, by many teachers, used with much skill. In all schools, blest with teachers who know how to instruct by means of black board and map, these articles are productive of intelligent interest among the pupils.
Schools Graded, Ungraded and Unclassified.—Sixteen schools were graded more nicely than ever before; in McVeytown and Newton Hamilton, by the principals; in Lewistown, by the county superintendent, at the request of the directors. The schools were graded according to their attainments, after examination, when necessary; but the gradation was imperfect in Lewistown, in consequence of the fact that the schools are in several buildings, located in different parts of the town. To render a perfect gradation approachable, all the schools of the town should be in one building, which the directors ought to construct forthwith. Then a regular course of study should be adopted, and each teacher have a specified portion of their course to instruct scholars in. In spite of existing disadvantages, the schools were better than any previous year. Nearly every country school was well classified; some very skillfully, a few quite clumsily, and but one or two so badly as to merit special dispraise. Very satisfactory improvement, in this respect, has been made within a few years.
Teachers.—Of the 96 teachers whose sections I visited, 13 holding professional, and 47 provisional certificates, gave good

satisfaction. Some of them were highly successful in their method and spirit, evincing marked fitness for their vocation, working the sort of miracles which only true, full teachers can work, in the tone and aim of individual scholars and entire schools. Were it not for exciting a new envy, I should very gladly name those whose success has been most distinguished. The number of ladies teaching the past year has been 25 per cent. greater than the year before; and their general success has been quite satisfactory. In some instances their success has been so great as to dispel the deep-seated prejudice against lady teachers, which many of their patrons harbored. I regret to be obliged to state that few have not been nearly so successful, though none of them have been as unsuccessful as some of the male teachers.
Public Sentiment.—Probably the sentiment which prevails most extensively, respecting schools, is placid indifference. It axes are not made very heavy; if scholars do not confiscate fences too literally; if teachers are paid moderately, work a little more than full time, do not punish any out other folk's children, most people are well satisfied. They probably think schools good things in the abstract, well enough in the concrete, so far as they entail children to 'read, write and cipher'; but of the higher branches, many are implacable foes, for the sufficient reason, that those branches were not taught when they went to school. One rather important premise, not axiomatic by any means, they take for granted; namely, that they themselves know all that is worth knowing. The number of those who rightly value good schools has been, and is, steadily increasing, and quite a respectable minority of the people of the country are thoroughly alive to the importance of excellent schools, and are anxious to procure good teachers, energetic officers throughout the domain of education, and are willing to use their money to accomplish these results. The eminent success of some teachers, and the manifest usefulness of their efforts, have doubtless done much to win this greater favor to the common schools. Lectures before county and district institutes have contributed to this end. Educational journals, principally the Pennsylvania School Journal, have done not a little. Possibly the educational articles, that have appeared in the county papers, and the lectures of the superintendent, have not been wholly ineffectual.

TALES & SKETCHES.

BOOTS AND HIS BROTHERS.

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons—Peter, Paul, and John. John was Boots, of course he was the youngest. I can't say the man had any thing more than the three sons, for he hadn't one penny to run against another, and so he told his sons that they must go out in the world and try to earn their bread, for at home there was nothing to be looked for but starving to death.
Now, a bit of the man's cottage was the King's palace, and you must know, just against the King's window's a great oak had sprung up, which was so stout and big that it took away all the light from the King's palace. The King had said he would give many dollars to the man who could fell the oak, but no one was man enough for that, for as soon as ever one chip of the oak's trunk flew off, two grew in its stead. A well, too, the King had dug, which was to hold water for the whole year; for all the neighbors had wells, but he hadn't any, and that he thought a shame. So the King said he would give any one who could hold water for him the year round, both money and goods; but no one could do it, for the King's palace lay high upon a hill, and they hadn't dug but a few inches before they came upon a living rock.
But as the King had set his heart on having these things done, he had given it out far and wide, in all the churches of the kingdom, that he who would fell the oak in the King's court yard, and get him a well that would hold water the whole year round, should have the Princess and half the kingdom. Well, you may easily know there was many a man who came to try his luck; but for all their hacking and hewing, and all their digging and delving, it was no good. The oak got bigger and stouter at every stroke, and the rock didn't get softer either. So one day those three brothers thought they'd set off and try too, and their father hadn't a word against it; for even if they didn't get the Princess and half the kingdom, it might happen they might get a place somewhere with a good master; and that was all he wanted. So when all the brothers said they thought of going to the palace, their father said 'yes' at once. So Peter, Paul and Jack went from their home.
Well! they hadn't gone far before they came to the fir wood, and up along a side of it rose a steep hill side, as they went, they heard something hewing and hacking away upon the hill among the trees.
'I wonder now what it is hewing away yonder?' said Jack.
'You're always so clever with your won-

derings,' said Peter and Paul both at once.
'What wonder is it pray, that a wood-cutter should stand and hack up on a hill-side?'
'Still, I'd like to see what it is, after all' said Jack; and up he went.
'Oh, if you're such a child, 'twill do you good to take a lesson,' bawled out his brothers after him.
But Jack didn't care for what they said; he climbed up the steep hill side towards whence the noise come, and when he reached the place, what do you think he saw? why an axe that stood there hacking and hewing all of itself at the trunk of a fir.
'Good day!' said Jack. 'So you stand here all alone and hew, do you?'
'Yes, here I've stood and hewed and hacked a long time, waiting for you,' replied the axe.
'Well, here I am at last,' said Jack as he took the axe, pulled it off its shaft, and stuffed both head and shaft into his wallet.
So when he got down again to his brothers, they began to jeer and laugh at him.
'And now, what funny thing was it you saw on the hill side?' they said.
'Oh, it was only an axe we heard,' said Jack.
So when they had gone a bit further they came under a steep spur of rock, and up there they heard something digging and shoveling.
'I wonder now,' said Jack, 'what it is digging and shoveling up yonder there at the top of the rock?'
'Ah, you're always so clever with your wonderings,' said Peter and John again, 'as if you'd never heard a woodpecker pecking at a hollow tree.'
'Well, well,' said Jack, 'it would be fun just to see what it really is.'
And so off he set to climb the rock while the others laughed and made fun of him. But he didn't care for that; up he climbed, and when he got near the top what do you think he saw! Why, a spade that stood there digging and delving.
'Good day!' said Jack. 'So you stand alone and dig and delve?'
'Yes, that's what I do,' said the spade, 'and that's what I've done this many a long day, waiting for you.'
'Well, here I am,' said Jack again, as he took the spade and knocked it off the handle and put it into his wallet, and then went down again to his brothers.
'Well, what was it, so rare and strange,' said Peter and Paul, 'that you saw there at the rock?'
'Oh,' said Jack, 'nothing more than a spade; that was what we heard.'
'So they went on again a good bit, till they came to a brook. They were thirsty, all three after their long walk, and so they lay down besides the brook to have a drink.
'I wonder now,' said Jack, 'where all this water comes from?'
I wonder if you're right in your head,' said Peter and Paul, in one breath. If you're not mad already, you'll go mad very soon, with your wondering. Where the brook comes from, indeed! Have you never heard how water rises from a spring in the earth?
'Yes! but still I've a fancy to see where this brook comes from,' said Jack.
So up alongside the brook he went in spite of all that his brothers bawled after him. Nothing could stop him. On he went. So as he went up and up, the brook got smaller and smaller, and at last, a little way farther on, what do you think he saw? why a great walnut, and out of that the water trickled.
'Good day!' said Jack again. 'So you lie here, and trickle down all alone?'
'Yes I do,' said the walnut, 'and here have I trickled and run this many a long way, waiting for you.'
'Well, here I am,' said Jack, as he took up a lump of moss, and plugged up the hole that the water might night run out. Then he put the walnut into his wallet and went down to his brothers.
'Well now,' said Peter and Paul, 'have you found out where the water comes from? A rare sight it must have been.'
'Oh, after all, it was only a hole it ran out of,' said Jack, and so the others laughed and made game of him again, but Jack didn't mind that a bit.
'After all, I had the fun of seeing it,' said he.
So when they had gone a bit further they came to the King's palace; but as every one in the Kingdom had heard how they might win the Princess and half the realm, if they could fell the big oak and dig the King's well, so many had come to try their luck at the oak that as now twice as large and stout as it had been at first, for two chips grew for every one they hewed out with their axes, as I dare say you all bear in mind. So the King had now laid it down as a punishment, that if any one tried and couldn't fell the oak, he should be put on a barren island, and both his ears were to be clipped off. But the two brothers didn't allow them selves to be scared by that; they were quite sure they could fell the oak, and Peter, as he was the eldest, was to try his hand first; but it went with him as it did with every one else who had hewn at the oak—for every chip he cut two grew in its place. So the King's men seized him, and clipped off both his ears, and put him on the

island. Now Paul, he was to try his luck, but he fared just the same; when he had hewn two or three strokes, they began to see the oak grow, and so the King's men seized him too, and clipped his ears, and put him out on the island; and his ears they clipped closer, because they said he ought to have taken a lesson from his brother.
So now Jack was to try.
'If you will look like a marble sheep, we're quite ready to clip your ears at once, and then you'll save yourself some bother,' said the King, for he was angry with him for his brother's sake. 'Well, I'd like just to try first,' said Jack, and so he got leave. Then he took his axe out of his wallet and fitted it to his haft.
'Hew away!' said he to the axe, and away it hewed, making the chips fly again, so it was not long before down came the oak.
When it was done, Jack pulled out his spade; so the spade began to dig and delve till the earth and rock flew out in splinters, and so he had the well dug out, you may think.
And when he got it as big and deep as he chose, Jack took out his wallet and laid it in the corner of the well, and pulled the plug of moss out.
'Trickle and run,' said Jack; and so the water trickled and ran, till the water gushed out of the hole in a stream, and in a short time the well was brimful.
Then he had felled the oak which shaded the King's palace and dug a well in the palace yard, and so he got the Princess and half the kingdom, as the King had said; but it was lucky for Peter and Paul that they had lost their ears, else they had heard each hour and day, how every one said, 'well, after all Jack wasn't so much out of his mind when he took to his wondering.'
MORAL & RELIGIOUS.
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me often and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever was before!
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many missions ho,
I can't the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea!
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and shadowy stream
That bursts at last into light!
Father, perfect my love;
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death—
Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!
"A Book of White Paper"
It is a great advantage to any one, and especially to a Sabbath-school teacher, to keep a little blank book, in which to note down useful suggestions, anecdotes, illustrations and reflections which he may meet with from day to day. If he will but make a habit of following Captain Cuttle's direction of 'when seen make a note of' he will be surprised to see how rich in these treasures even a common-place day may be. The notes should be written fairly, in a book set apart for the purpose; and when an item has been used once, it need not be crossed out, as the same one may come in place many times in the course of one's life time. The fact may be long treasured up, yet the right time and place be found for it at last.
Daniel Webster was once complimented by a friend for a very happy illustration he used in one of his addresses, and asked where he found anything to his purpose.
'That incident,' he answered, 'I laid away fourteen years ago, and never had occasion to use it until to-day.'
Old fashioned economists tell us to 'keep everything seven years, and it is sure to come useful.' But here was something worth laying by for double that many years. It costs nothing to save up knowledge, but vast stores of it are wasted by us all, and often needlessly.
When one asked a celebrated man to recommend the best treatise on a certain subject, he answered, 'a book of white paper.'
His advice was to take such a book, and observe down all that came under his observation and experience on the subject, and he would have a work of the greatest value to himself of any he could obtain. Nothing comes home so forcibly to our minds as that which has been a matter of personal experience, and the very act of writing down the thought makes it doubly ours. We seldom retain long in our memories that which has not been made a subject of some reflection. It was the custom of Philip Doddridge to make a note of the most remarkable providences of his own life, and often to review them.

No doubt you have met with this suggestion of a note book a great many times, and you have readily assented to the idea that it would be a very good thing. But will you not now be persuaded to put it in practice—to really begin such a book? You will soon find it the most delightful book you ever take up, and one which will enable you to increase your usefulness many fold. You will find it a storehouse from which you can draw something new and fresh every week for your Sabbath class, which shall help bring home the truth with power to the heart, and on which you may hopefully look for a blessing from the Master. Will you not be persuaded, teacher, now at the beginning of the year, to adopt this suggestion?
MISCELLANEOUS.
Women under Difficulties
The first sentiment that gains expression when a female convict finds herself in the reception room of the penitentiary is that of regard for her personal appearance. It happens thus; by the rules of the prison the hair of the inmates is cut to the regulation length, and this operation is to the unfortunate woman curses and prayers, tears and wheedling entreaties, sometimes even the fiercest resistance. She may have platted her hair, may have powdered her own child or committed any other crime, without the quiver of an eyelid, but she cannot submit to the indignity of having her locks reduced by the shears of the penitentiary. Less painful and often amusing instances of vanity are seen later in the women's prison life; and the matron, who accompanies us, assures us that it is one of the most serious duties of her class to check the love of display which shows itself even here. One woman appeared one day with brilliantly painted cheeks; the whole ward was at once restless with envy and curiosity; the matron's countenance was a decided success, and the secret irritated the feminine mind almost beyond endurance. The prison authorities were at fault also; there was no coloring matter in the women's cell, or about the building at any point to which she could access. At last, after the closest watching, the secret of the art was let open. The woman was at work, in a common with the other convicts, upon the blue cotton shirts through which a red stripe ran; she was accustomed to pull out, here and there, a thread of this last mentioned color, and when a sufficient quantity had accumulated she would soak them in water, and thus obtain the substitute for rouge. Other women scrape the whitening from the walls, and grind it fine enough to use as powder for the face.
The windows of certain cells had wire netting before them; from these Bill would abstract stiffeners to serve as substitutes for bones. The wires being withdrawn with discretion, here and there, their absence was not discovered. One Sunday, however, the ingenious woman faintly away in church, a victim of tight lacing; so the trick was detected.
The same woman was the inventor of a favorite kind of p. made, made from an occasional candle, or from the grease of her dinners, and with the aid of this she would turn out in the morning with her hair rolled in the highest style of fashion. Her prison bonnet would be fashioned in the darkness of night into shapes totally unlike their original form; and she was the leader of the ton in the matter of the caps furnished as a part of the regular custom. All the women, indeed, show a high degree of ingenuity in making the ugly articles last mentioned into presentable affairs. The matron tells us that there is quite a series of fashions during the year with them. One woman will start a new border, or new tucks and platts behind, or introduce a piece of wire to give the thing a semblance of comeliness; if the new idea meets the approval of the other women it becomes 'the style,' and is at once adopted with more or less success.
No savage could value a piece of glass more highly than does the average female convict. She will break her window—the cells of Millbank have glazed apertures for light—lament over the accident with well acted grief, and most cunningly secret a bit of glass where the closest search fails to discover it; then snaking one side over her lamp, or making it a back of black cloth, she will exult in secret over the miserable apology for a mirror, and, as the matron says, will behave with propriety for weeks, only because she has the well spring of joy in her cell.—Harper's Magazine.
To the lover there are but two places in the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.
A Little Girl's Directress.—In a lecture at Portland, Maine, the lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said, 'What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?' 'Oh no,' replied the little one, 'we let out the tucks!' The lecturer confessed she had the advantage of him there.