

Montrose, Susquehanna Connty, Penu'a, Chursday Morning; June 24, 1858

CIRCUMGYRATIONS.

BT-DAN. BOOMERANG. VOL I. PHILADELPHIA, JUDO 11th, 1858.

DEDICATION. Know all men by these presents that

HON, MONTROSE DEMOCRAT Is the favored personage to whom this tre-

mendous effort is dedicated. A seven-by-nine list of his great qualities with a yard of adjectives pinned on, was intended for this place, but is omitted for two reasons :

1st. He knows those qualities as well as I do 2d. Such laudations being generally hombugs, my list would add nothing to his reputation,-might perhaps do something in the way of subtraction.

But this I will say: Whoever denies that he is the greatest institution on the face of the the street, is given for what it is worth; how earth and a foot beyond it, lies in my estimation as flat as a pusillanimous saw-log. I hope he feels highly flattered by this dis

tinguished mark of the favor of the AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION. "Coming events cast their shadows before."

CANNIBAL. By myself in solitary conclave assembled. stretcher. the following were proposed and unanimously carried :

Whereas it is admitted that no one hereafter on eating, and being aware that I was not can enter Paradise without showing at the quite a nation, I sat down one Monday morngate a book by "self" as a passport; and dispatched a miscellaneous quantity of bread, Whereas it matters not whether the book butter, eggs, and hog mutton, besides doing be large or small, contain sense or nonsense;

Whereas self-elevation is a law_of nature co-ordinate with self preservation; -

Be it therefore enacted : 1st. That I write a passport book. 2d. That said story be printed, newspaper- vegetables found only in a village yankee

continued-or otherwise-story fashion, to at notions store or a New York junk shop. To this gastric performance succeeded an tract notice; and afterwards when the author is hard up, re-printed and bound, to attract the fexhibition of sentiment in the shape of goodbyeing, hand-shaking, eye-rubbing and other

~ , striners. little et ceteras needless to dwell upon. A few 2d. That said work when bookified make at least one volume as large as the time hone moments after, I might be seen depositing ored biography of old Mrs. Hubbard's bone- my best and newest suit of wearing gear tess dog, or the doteful History of the bow- with the legitimate contents of said suit neatarrowed Rooster Robin. ly enveloped therein, on the cushioned sent

And furthermore: whereas, whoever, now a days, can tell a pen from a poker, or the car. Amid an awful rush and crowd like the letter x from a figure 4 rat-trap, is able to racking of fifty thousand good naturea sheep, strite a book of travels, and Whereas, whoever, having this knowledge.

goes as far as the gable end of the next pota- of pewter on his cap squeaked out "all to-patch, writes a book of travels, and

Whereas, Ethink myself " some pumpkins," fiery- old Murder Boy began to pant like a having exactly the above-mentioned knowl- distracted nanny-goat fleeing from political edge, besides the extra accomplishment of justice out of a cabbage garden; and ere that having some years age written a haif a line ancient mowing divinity Father Time could of course hand in a copy book; and Whereas, get much more than time to comb his hoary. No. 7, I have gone a flog leap or two beyond foretop or grint his scythe and shike himself - for his day's achievement, my organic framethe prescribed potato-patch; therefore,

racing. I saw one foggy morning that years on the stage, doesn't look scared or bashful were effecting a revolution on a large scale in | enough, doesn't bow low enough, or seem my physical proportions. Very naturally therefore, the idea struck me, as fair as horseproportions. Very naturally kicking, that said proportions required a corresponding change of position; in other words, wanted room to spread myself. Then after a few philosophical reflections on that golden principle of the unterrified Aristotle, "Look is evidently at hand. Musard is a wellout for No. 1," my measures were taken.

CHAPTER III. DITTO AGAIN, (CONCLUDED.) "Yankee Dondle went to town."

GEORGE IH ALIAS LOONEY GEORGE. When measures are taken, a very important point is, to serve them as the great Jack Ketch on various occasions served his London customers-go ahead and execute them. This idea just suggested by the merciless

Perhaps this is so. I'm not certain. recution of an alligator backed pine apple, THE END. by two sable, ragged-backed juveniles across HOW JANE GREW JEALOUS.

One morning, some time since, as I was in the kitchen mixing a custard. I heard a low ever, with the modest confidence that it will pre-erverny name from everlasting oblivion, tap at the basement door, and before I could and raise me to the rank of Alderman. Diopen it, sister-in-law, of all persons in the gression is fashionable or I would here say: world, entered hastily, and seating herself on the nearest chair, drew out her handkerchief "Gentle Reader II pardon the digression III" Well, to return. Having taken measures,

and burst into a flood of tears. like a thorough-bred shoemaker, I set about I was much alarmed. execute them like a patriotic neck-"What is the matter, Jane f" I inquired. Do tell me at once what has happened !" Having in my younger days set it down as " Oh, Emmal I'm the most wretched wo maxim, that the destinies of nations depend

man on this earth !" sobbed sister in-lawthe most wretched, miserable, forsaken creaure that breathes !" and she wept afresh .-ing to a frugal breakfast, and deliberately I have come to you," she continued, " because you are his sister. I must speak to some one or my heart will bieak-and ma's justice to my share of a pan of apple sauce. gone out; and though it's all over between two cakes of tallow, a quast and a half of

as forever, still I wouldn't tell a stranger of turpentine, a peck of oats some buck wheathis wickedness for worlds !" johuny-cake, burnt bones, cylindrical sausages, Why, Jane," I exclaimed, " have you had shoe-nails and sole-leather, and a few other quarrel with Tom !"

"-No, Emma," said sister --- " No, that wo'd easily remedied. No; it's not that; but oh, dear me! give me a glass of water !--Tom-is-un-faith-ful-to-me! I'm sure he is !" " I don't believe it Jane !" I answered, in-

"Tom ! why, he is a model huslignantly. band ! " Ab, Emma, an angel couldn't have coninced me of it," groaned Jane ; " but I can't of a blood thirsty, savage looking rail road doubt the evidence of my own senses, you know. I have eyes and ears -I wish I hadn't. almost-and I only found it out to-day by into a common sized hen-coop at washing-

he merest chance. Oh, Emma ! I mean to time, a spry little genius with a bright piece buy three cent's worth of inudanum at the pothecary's, and take it down-there now !" aboa'u!" and I reckon this child was there. The "But what are your proofs, Jane ?" I inuire J. "Probably it's all a mistake." " A mistake ! I never make mistakes, Em-

a," replied sister-in law. "Just listen, and I'll tell you all about it. Tom has been out lately very often, and I never could discover where he went to. Of course he gave me

ma, do come with me, or I won't answer for

the consequences :- and I should remember

the children, poor things! in spite of his de-

"Well: Jane." I assented, after some consid-

eration, "I will go with you; but how do

you intend to avrange matters ?"

I trembled and took her arm. "You can go back if you choose, Einma," and poor Tom dutifully conveying his moth-said sister-in-law, disdainfully. "But I will er in-law home, into a deceitful gallant, about obsequiously grateful enough when favored never turn ontil I have convicted that base with a blast of genuine republican applause. However, Musard is the rage. Musard styles man of his perfidy."

As turning back was utterly impossible. are said to be starting thick as Ethiopian wool. The era of Musard hats, dog collars, inless Tom did so, as neither of us had any idea of our whereabouts, I did not avail mywheel-barrows, earthquakes, and fire shovels, self of this permission. By and bye our unconscious guide began to grow bewildered .--starched, bristle-faced, good looking fellow ; likely, deserves all he gets; does deserve it He crossed and recrossed, ascending steps,

amily history. I cannot give anythnig prelist was dimly visible, we forgot to pick our he will burst out into the most amazing fits cise on that point. Some say, if I'm not nistaken, that like the Emperor Napoleon, he sidewalk rendered necessary, and just in the always apologizes by saying-I was thinking is his uncle's nephew, and also a near relation darkest part, down we came plump into a of the time Jane, when you followed poor to his brother Billy by the mother's side bed of mortar left by some workmen in front Tom to Brooklyn." And Psalter says-

of an unfinished house. We scrambled out "Tom ought to give Jane some real cause for as quickly as we could, and followed in the direction Tom had taken.

Tom apparently began to feel sure of bis We were now apparently in a welllocality. lighted street; and in a few moments stood n the full blaze of light which fell from a

brilliantly lighted apothecary's store. What sights we were ! mud and mortar to our very knees. The few people we passed stared at us as though we were Turks; and if poor Tom, walking unconsciously before us, could. have seen us. I believe he would have fainted. made a solemn league and covenant with myself that night, that if I ever got out of myself that night, that in 1 ever got of the strape, no power on earth-should inveigle always exempt. In worldly matters he was decidedly well in worldly matters he was decidedly well a fraction from his

At length Tom paused before a very pretty cottage-like house, with green shrubbery in the garden, and a pleasant light falling soft- able. It might be supposed that under those ly through the curtained windows; and after

opened. A woman's form bowed graceful welcome at the vine-wreathed threshold, and firm resolve not to marry unless he could supposition. Tom vanished from cur eyes.

" Oh, Emma l' sobbed poor sister in law, have believed it ? No matter, it's all over, prospered. and I'll show him what an injured woman

can do and say." We stood during this colloquy in the shad ow of a dark stone church, nearly opposite the house which Tom had entered. The shutters were open, and the gay scene within was only hidden from our sight by the glussy folds of lace which draped the windows ---The clouds which had been lowered all day one matrimonial experience, was some three

something.' our heads, and presently a crash of thunder She was still quite a comely woman. Un-was heard, and down poured the rain in ab fortunately the late Mr. Wells had not been He said nothing, however, but determined olute torrents, drenching us to the skin. able to leave her sufficient to make her inde-Oh! how miserable we were, standing pendent of the world. All that she possessed with the bank. there in the rain that dark, dreaoful night ! | was the small, old fashioned house, in which ing to look indifferent. The storm passed over before long; and she lived, and a small amount of money, he kind of an answer when I aske an you give me sma had fallen, the door of which was insufficient to support her and a but I knew that it was merely an excuse to ar gold piece f'she asked. the house opposite opened, and Tom, with a little son of seven, though hardly to be elude me just as well as I know I'm sitting lady on his aim, emerged therefrom. As classed as 'productive' of anything but mis-'With pleasure,' was the reply. here. Well, this morning I was down town 'By the way,' said she, 'the bank is in soon as the door had closed, and the couple chief. The widow was therefore obliged to shopping, and as usual I stopped at Tom's office or my way home. Tom had gone out were sufficiently in advance, we followed .- take three or four boarders, to eke out her flourishing condition, isit not ? 'None in the State is on better footing,'was Tom's voice began the conversation. scanty income, which of course imposed upon for a few moments; but the door was open, the prompt response. "I had forgotten the number," he said, her, considerable labor and anxiety. 'You receive deposits, do vou not ?' and I went in. The moment I crossed the Is it surprising then that under these oirand had some difficulty in finding the threshold 4 felt a shudder run all through Yes, madam, we are receiving them every cumstances she should now and then have house. me-a sort of premonition, I believe; and bethought herself of a second marriage, as a "Why," answered the woman, " didn't you there on the table lay a little note, addressed Do you receive as high as-five thousand get the note I left you ?" method of bettering her condition ? Or, in a delicate feminine hand, to 'Thomas dollars ?' "No," teplied Tom, "I have received no again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if, Grey, E.q., present.' Ob, dear me how I 'No," said the cashier, with some surprise, in her reflections upon this point, she should note to day." trembled as I opened it, and read as follows : rather we do not allow interest on so large a have cast her eyes upon her neighbor, Deacon "Why, where can it have gone to ?" ex sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Did "'DEAR TOM-I have waited some time claimed the lady. "I put it on your office Bancroft. The deacon, as we have already hopes of seeing you, but being in haste, you know of any one who'---said, was in flourishing circumstances. He table with my own hands." can delay no longer. Meet me according to 'It is of no consequence,' said the widow, "Emma, I know that woman's voice !" would be able to maintain a wife in great appointment at No. 550 ------ street, burriedly; 'I only asked for curiosity. By whispered sister-in law. "I am sure I have confort, and being one of the chief personages Brooklyn, at nine o'clock. Inquire for Mrs. the way did you say how much interest you heard it before. I can't think who it is, but in the village, could accord her a prominent Jenks. Don't fail, there's a good boy. allowed on such deposits as came within your social position. н. п. l knów her." He was not especially handsome, or calculimit ? Just as she spoke, a party of young men, "Well, Emma, as soon as I had finished 'Five per cent, madam.' lated to make a profound impression upon very much the worse for lignon, came stum-Thank you, I only asked for curiosity. slipped the note in my pocket and ran out. the female heart-this was true-but he was bling, around the corner, singing "Bonny Stay there I couldn't. Ma, as I told you, has Annie Laurie," in that peouliar style most in of good disposition, kind hearted, and would What a beautiful morning it is !' gone to spend the day with some old friends, The widow trippled lightly out. Shortly vogue by those who "make night hideous." no doubt make a very good sort of a husband. and I must have some one with me; for I infterwards the deacon entered. after oyster suppers or other genial assembla A desirable match. Some ragacious person, however, has_ob-'How is business, Mr. Cashier ?' he intend to follow them, and confront the brazen ges where the rosy wine has been freely cir creature and that guilty man this very night!" đuired. served that it takes two to make a match, -a "Why not ask him to explain it ?" I in-

to wrong his wife beyond reparation by committing an elopement."

"There, don't say any more, Emma," pleaded Jane. "I'm sufficiently ashamed of myself. I assure you." "I should think you would be," said her mother.

We went home. . Tom' is very good naturif we may take Paris London and New York came down again, and at last jurned into a ed, and I verily believe never mentioned the me home." judges of musical talent. He is about forty dim, unlighted street. As we followed, look subject again. But Brother John thought 'At any r gears of age. Not being posted up on his ing anxiously in the direction where Tom's the whole affair such a joke that to this day ing a steam

way with that care which the state of the of laughter at an unsuitable moment, and pies."

jealousy, after that causeless paroxysm." I think that it would be wrong, though, for

Jealousy, absurd as it sometimes is, is a proof of love.

The **H**ot of Gold.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the village of Centreille, was rumored to have, in Yaukee parlance, "a pretty sharp eye in the main chance" -a peculiarity from which deacons are not

to do, having inhetited a fine farm from his the house who would be in the least likely to and then she was such an excellent cook I father, which was growing yearly more valucircumstances, the deacon, who was fully. a moment's investigation he ascended the able to do so, would have found a help meet occupants of whom he knew nothing. It steps. The sound of music and merry voices to share his house and name. But the deacon floated out upon the air as the door was was wary. Matrimony was to him in some sire to have him think it was only curiosity, measure a matter o'money, and it was his likewise gave additional probability to the

thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily the little village of Centreville and con. How awful! That bold creature! Did the town in the immediate vicinity contained you see the roses in her hair, and those jew- few who were qualified in this important one of the Directors of the Savings Institu-

So it happened that year after year passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was in the still upmarried, and in all human probability likely to remain so.

Descon Bancroft's nearest neighbor widow. The Widow Wells, who had passed through

long were gathering in thick mastes above or four years younger than Deacon Bancroft.

"I am glad to bear it, deacon. You wont Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonthink strange of the question, but it happened net, not because she supposed he would be to occur in my mind, and I thought I would caught with finery, but because this would like to have it satisfied.' con-abstractedly.

And, deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stay to dinner with me. It will be ready punctually at twelve.' Well, no,' said the deacon, rising ; Tim

'At any rate, deacon,' said the widow. tak

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious

odor, that the deacon was sorely tempted, persuasively. and after saying, 'Well,' with the intention of 'Really, I am ashamed,' said the deacon, The widow was really a good cook, and know when to stop.

the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after modestly. "I only call them common. I a little more chatting upon unimportant can make mince pies when I-set out to, but

plexity. 'Was it possible,' thought he, 'that the "Was it possible,' thought up, that the second con emphatically." widow could really have found a pot of gold con emphatically. "Then I hope if you like them, you'll drop be sure, but why should she show so much in to tenoften. We ought to be more neigh-anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of borly, Deacon Bancroft. treasure thus found, if she had not happened | Deacon Bancroft astented; and he meant

upou some ?! the very least, and; undoubtedly, had many might be, after all. The widow's earnest de-

"I will wait and -watch,' thought the dea-It so happened that Deacon Bancroft was

mistress of the descon's large house, somewhat eled bracelets ? No doubt Tom gave them particular, and of those there were probably tution, situated in the next town, and ac-to her. My Tom ! Oh dear ! who ever wo'd none with whom the deacon's suit would have cordingly used to ride over there once or could not conceive how she had brought him twice a month to attend the meetings of the over.

Some weeks after the ceremony, the deaboard. On the next occasion of this kind the widcon yentured to inquire about the pot of gold. prime of life - forty five or thereabouts-and ow Wells sent over to know if he would carry which she had found in the cellar. 'Pot of gold !' she exclaimed in surprise, 'I. her over with him, as she had a little business know of none.' to attend to there.

The request was readily accorded. Arrived 'But,' said the deacon, disconcerted, 'you in the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set know you asked me whether the law could down at the bank. claim it.'

'Ha, ha !' thought the deacon, 'that means 'O, lor ! deacon, I only asked from curiosity.

minco pies l'

'And was that the reason you made ino come back, and find out as he could readquiries at the bank !' Why, certainly. What else could it have ly from the cashier, what business she had been ?

The widow tripped into the office, pretend-The deacon went out into the barn, and for about half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of that t

te to have it satisfied.' 'Certainly, widow, certainly,' said the dea-strengthen in his mind the idea that she bad stumbled upon hidden wealth. The widow had calculated sbrewdly, and

the display had the effect she anticipated. If Monday afternoon, Descon Bancroft found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be about tes time. He was much obleeged to ye, but they'll be expecting importuned to stay to tes, and, somewhat to his surprise, actually did.

The politic widow, who knew the descon's ing a steaming mince ple from the oven, 'you weak point, brought on one of her best mince must know that I pride myself on my mince pleas slice of which her guest partook of with

'You'll take another piece, I know,'said she

refusing, he finished by saying, 'On the and he passed his plate. 'The fact is,' said be whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice.' apologetically, 'your pies are so nice I don't

'Do you call these nice,' said the widow subjects, he withdrew in some mental per; this time I didn't have as good look as usual."

'I shouldn't want any better,' said the dea-

what he said. The fact is that deacon be-To be sure, so far as his knowledge ex. gan to think that the widow was a very tended, there was no one who had occupied | charming woman. She was very comely, lay up such an amount of gold; but then the Besides he had no doubt in his own mind that house was one hundred and fifty years old, at she was worth a considerable sum of money. What objection would there be to becoming Mrs. Bancroft He brought this question before her one evening. The widow blushed --professed to be greatly surprised--in fact she had never thought of the thing in her life-but on the whole, she had always thought

highly of the deacon, and to cut the matter hurt, accepted him. A month afterwards she was installed as

as a consideration, after all she makes good

It gives me pleasure to state that the union

between the deacon and the widow proved

a very happy one although to the end of his

life he never could quite make up his mind

About "That Pot of Gold."

Be it emphatically enacted that I, write a work was propelling along a ce book of travels, said book to be measured off between the Schuylkill and the Delaware, v into volumes, and chapters with poetic head- conscious of the important fact that it formed ings, according to fashion, and to contain, of a fraction of that great integer so dear to our city Selomens just before election timecourse, the inevitable

PREFACE. "Walk in, walk in, walk in I say,"

NIGGER MELODY. Mr. Public: By your leave I'll now venture, shoes in hand, within your awful precincts. If you have no objection I should like to stay in till 1 go out or get kicked out. Come, take my book. Be it friendship's pledge !

You are surely pleased with my long introduction, but it should be longer. Had I made the volume two thirds introduction and the rest metaphysical Choctaw, I would have attained the ideal of book-making. As it is,

what I want in introduction I shall strive to make up in appendix. To any good work a big title is essential. Here my choice must please you. A second grand highfalutin name with the indispensable or before it was annihilated vesterday by an unhappy summerset of a rickeyy inkstand. I shall say nothing of the week of intense mental labor and historical research employed in bringing that name to

perfection, as this would give the world too vivid an idea of its loss and cause unnecessary affliction. My book now goes forth. It is a book - A book's a book although there's nothing in't; says Byron. A book's a book though peeping

through a newspaper, says BOOMERANG. THE BOOK ITSELF.

CHAPTER I. MUNDANE MUTATIONS.

" Now I feels the want of change." SEEDY LOATHER. Once upon a time the atmosphere of the city of Wm. Penn, Esquire, was not, as at present, the motive power employed in driv-

ing the pulmonic machinery of your truly country air, pure country air, untainted by mephitic gases and sewer effluria worked the vital mechanism of my infancy. I had almost added boyhood, forgetting that this old fogyish phase of existence is totally ignored in the revised edition of the constitu tion and bye-laws of Young American 2.40on-a-plank ism. Pleasant times those were in that infantile period-so I learn from good authority. For my own part I have forgotten, all about those early days especially the

earliest. As nothing is immutable under the sun. save the voracity of a supperless flea, it is no wonder that I should experience some changes. And in the course of human events mutations did come. I can truly say with the Laplandpoet, "A change came o'er the spirits of the stream." The immortal bard does not fully explain his meaning so I'm not sure whether by "spirits of the stream" he would have us poor struggling fellows were refored assistance trived it that our orders, explanations, and soil discernable in the darkness-" Laws a massy ! underständ bull-frogs or diluted whiskey, by the brutal captain and all would have on, occupied the time until seven o'clock, I can't speak for astonishment. I don't like "spirit of the dream," but of course those chaps are dreaming. Anyhow the verse number was unhappily drowned. The deep- the street. I gave the preconcerted signal thing that's got into your head, Jane, or else suits me exactly. Horace, an ancient Ro- est indignation prevailed among the passey. to sister in-law, and we followed at ones. you're going crazy !" man and joint author of that great Cyclo- gers against the miscreant captain. Strange, pedia, " The Dictionary of Quotations or

The Universe in Shavings," says in an article To such inhuman barbarians ! for said work, "Tempora mutantur et nos a literal translation by a committee of the confessed the act. Motive for getting up the "Latter Day University" graduates, "We dodge fieworks -= "She warred to leave, and the about to suit the times." My own move that would be a good way to get off." " Sucments prove the truth of this-prove also as plain as a pug nose, that Mr. Horace, unlike

some later Clycops-knew kidney-beans from buck-shot. CHAPTER IL

MUNDANE DITTO, (CONTINUED.) "Go it while you're young." Mil. TON.

Clearly as a spectacled screech-owl beholds her toe nails in the solemn hour of ghost-

OUR-PEOPLE. CHAPTER IV. BRAKE DOWN !

"Take your time Miss Lucy." DYING WORDS OF HARSIBAL Somebody wants to know what is my opinion of the Quaker Capital. Now, I say to friend somebody, just you keep cool. Don't be so foolish as to suppose I'm going to tell you every thing in a minute. In the jar and bustle of a place like this, I must like a fox that girds on his armor for a fowling foray make up my mind to pick my way carefully. I don't think it is a good plan to form at

once too general opinions or jump at hasty conclusions. A fellow may find himself slightly mistaken like the maternal ben that quats on hickory pest-eggs. My first view of Philadelphia is an epoch

in my history and all the world knows an epoch is a hallowed blowing place for exhausted writers. Adhering then to established usage, shall say; Enough for the present. The rest of this thrilling narrative, in more or less volumes, containing the reflections and subsequent peregrinations of the mighty author, the truth ?" sneered sister in law. " Oh, Emmay be found next week, bereafter, or never, crawling leisurly out of the clarified muzzle

of a smooth bore, single-barreled goose quilk at the author's snanty, corner of Bosh and Gammon Sts., or among the standard literature of respectable Jew-dealers in general, over the left, or in any other decent spot in creation where it is, above or below the surface within the range of the great monster, double concave, seven-balky-horse-power, telescope with ivory eye-glass and patent-

eather speculum:

APPENDIX.

After dinner this 11th day of June. Heat wful. Effect tremendous on account of the apid transition from that dreaty diluvian, Spring .. Thermometer 86. Afraid the sudcome for you before dark. Now I must go den heat will taise mercurial steam too fast, burst the boiler; and do something dreadful. Hate to-write. Rather lounge, go to sleep, or do some other pious work. Must write however. Book too small. Wouldn't sell well without an appendix.

The usual amount of flowers have been growing in the garden of rascality here this week. Some liste flourished finely; a few have been nipped in the bud by the fingers of wide-awake officers.

Several cases of accidental drowning have occurred within a few days in the Delaware was guilty, or cleared if he was innocent. and Schuylkill. On Sunday afternoon a steam boat on the Delaware ran into and less than half an hour we started. We ar- Speak, I command you !" capsized a boat containing four men. . The rived at the dressmaker's, and Jane so conbut I guess he knew. Some say he wrote perished, had not a little craft at a distance when I, standing at the window, saw Tom to think such a thing of my own daughter, come to the rescue. As it was, one of the emerge from his office and walk rapidly down but really you must have been taking somethat laws should not mete out stern justice his steps toward the Brooklyn ferry; walking "if it isn't mother !"

o such inluman barbarians ! On Monday a colored girl was arrested for in sight. Nevertheless, we managed toreach old lady. mutamur in illis." This means according to setting fire to a house on Third St. She the boat just after he did, and with our veils come after me to night, as I wasn't sure I otgbi had grown so dark that we could just dis- number, so I wrote him a little note, telling tinguish his form as he stepped upon the him where to come." eeded admirably.

duired.

bravity.

The renowned Musard has been for, a dock. He turned to the right, and after sevweek at the Academy of Music with his bang; eral blocks crossed over and entered a broad enrapturing the good people of this city with handsome street.

envapioning the good people of this city with bandsome street. his grand concerts. With him is Carl "Do you know where we are !" I whis-Formes, the greatest basso singer of the day. pered. Musard is a Frenchman, every inch of him. Critics say Musard has no rival, Julien 4 In one of the worst streets of the city, of and remark. Jane magnified the note into a being a star of second magnitude. Some course. Such a woman could live nowhere love-letter-her own mother into a young and the house was disposed of everything went complain that Musard looks too independent elee." - _ >

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culated-the first gentleman howling the first terse, while the second gentleman shricked fact to be seriously considered; for in the the chorus, and the third contented himself present case it was exceedingly doubtful "Do you suppose such a man would tell

by-repeating "Aunie Laurie" in melancholy whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorite opinion of his next neightones. "There she is !" hiccupped one of the trid: bor, would have been inclined to propose "There's Bonny Annie Laurie I That's her. changing her name to Bancroft, unless, iudeed, a suitable motive was brought in to I'm going to kiss her." bear upon him. Here was a chance for

" Look here! are you Bonny Annie Laurie or not ! Tell the truth," said the second fine-sing. specimen of young America, "'cause I want to know."

"You know," said sister-in law, " there is "Oh ! oh ! oh !" shrieked sister in law .large dressmaking establishment within Tom ? help ! -- murder !-- come quick !-fender. sight of Tom's office. Just before dark we Tom, I say, it's your ill used, ill treated, dewill go there, and I will have my dress fitted. ceived, deluded wife !"

reived, deluded wife !" Tom turned in great astonishment, and or order a mantilla or something; and we can easily manage to detain ourselves until came towards us. The two gentlemen went Tom starts, when we can tollow about a block very hastily around the nearest corner, and behind. We must wear heavy veils and long the third fell down an open area, where his cloaks, and no one will recognize us. I will companions left him.

"Jane-Emma! Why, how on earth did home to my poor, miserable, unhappy, wretchyou come here ?" cried Tom. sequel. '

ed, ill-nsed babes;" and sister-in-law kissed " Don't speak to me !" said sister-in-lawme hysterically, and departed. Wretch ! villain ! don't date to speak to My heart almost misgave me. I haven't me! As for you, woman, know that your bing,'I want you to stop at Deacon Bancroft's one particle of a French woman's character abominable letter is in possession of an in- as you go along to school, and ask him if he in my whole composition, and abominate injured wife ! You are in my power, base, vile will call and see me in the course of the mortrigues, plots, and everything of the sortscorpion that you are! But this much I ning or afternoon, just as he finds it most requetry and flirtation included --- and my will know : how long has this infamous proconvenient." Yankee spirit revolted at the idea of this adceeding been' carried. on ? How long is it venture. Still I reflected that if sister in-law since you won my husband's affections from was to commit suic de it would be terrible : my trusting heart ! I have followed you all called in. and Tom ought to be found out if he really night to find out this, and also who you are,

for I am sure I have heard that voice before. Jane came for me at five o'clock, and in "Laws 'a massy !" replied the lady, dimly

me,' the deacon commenced.

to sister-in-law, and we followed at oncs. You're going crazy !" It was fast growing dusk. Tom turned "Good gracious !" "Good gracious !" screamed sister-in-law.

who else should it be ?" said the eyes-'mind I am only supposing a case-"Didn't you hear me tell Tom to suppose a person should find a pot of gold led to some such remarks as these-"Why, who else should it be !" said the down, slipped into the ladies' cabin. Tom could find my way home myself? And just right to touch it, or would it belong to sure? stood ontside ; and when we had crossed, it as I was starting, I was afraid he'd forget the them !'

"Yes," I put in-I couldn't help it-" Yes. and that very note has caused this ridiculous, shameful escapade. On the strength of that little slip of paper we have been following Tom around all the evening, and exposing "Not I." answered Jane, in the same tone. ourselves no doubt to all manner of notice

beautiful rival-the nice little tesidence of with it."

'About as usual.' 'Had any new deposits lately !' 'None of any magnitude.' 'I brought over a lady this morning, who eemed to have business with you.'

'The Widow Wells !' 'Yes.' 'Do you know whether she had any money

eft her lately ? 'None that I know of,' said the One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, pricking up his ears. 'Why ? Did she de

the widow Wells sat at the fire in her sitnosit สถิช 🕅 ting room, with her feet resting upon the 'No,' replied the cashier, 'but she asked me whether we receive deposits as high as five 'If I ever am so situated as not to have to

thousand dollars.' work so hard, she murmured, 'I shall be hap-'Indeed !' ejaculated the deacon. 'Was py. It's a hard life keeping boarders. I was only as well off as Deacon Bancroft.' that all she came for i' he inquired a moment Still the widow kept up her lbinking, and afterwards. 'No sehe exchanged a gold piece for some by and by her face brightened up. She had

hille." an idea which she resolved to put into exe-'Ha !' pondered the deacon, reflectively, cution at the very earliest practical moment.

did she give you any particular reason for What it was the reader will discover in the inquiries ?! 'No, she said she only asked from curio-'Henry,' said she to ber son the next mor-

The deacon left the bank in deep though He came to the conclusion that this 'curics ty' only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer

entertained a doubt that the widow had actually found a pot of gold in her cellar, and Deacon Bancroft was a little surprised at appearances seemed to indicate that its probthe summons. However, about 11 o'clock he able value was equal to five thousand dol

lars. The gold piece which she had ex-The widow had got on the dinner, and had eisure to sit down. She appeared a little changed at the bank appeared to confirm this

'I rather think,' said the deacon, com-'Henry told me that you would like to see placently, 'i can see into the millstone about 'Yes, Deacon Bancroft, I do, but I am as far as most people'-a statement the much afraid you will think strange of it-at literal truth of which I defy any one to queetion, though, as to the prime fact of people's east of what I mean to say to you.' The deacon very politely promised not to being able to see into a millstone at all,

be surprised, though at the same time his cu- doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind. Next Sunday, the Widow Wells appeared

t church in a new and stylish bonnet, which

How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such

uestionably, the law would have nothing to think that she was old enough to know bet-

'I suppose,' continued the same lady, 'she's house couldn't come forward and claim it trying to catch a husband with her finery. -l'd drown myself.'

In this last amiable speech the young lady, the colemnity of the scene was interrupted by had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. a burst of laughter, at which the Judge was The widow was intent upon catching Duacon the only one surprised.

AN OFFICER "Sold "-The Chambersburg "Valley Spirit" relates the following instance :--- One day near the close of last week. a portly old gentleman, dressed in a suit of black broadcloth walked quietly into the office of the Clerk and Prothonotary, and approaching the desk where Barney, was waiting, took up a slip of paper and wrote there-on, "I want to see the judgments entered up against-" (we need not give the name.) Barney took the slip of paper, and walking across to Hi, put it in his hands with the remark, "There is a gentleman who wants some information from you-I suppose he can't talk." Hi read with due solemnity, what had been written by the man who 'couldn't talk,' and without a note or comment, arose

and got out the book required and opened it at the proper page, and then drew the pa-tiently waiting 'diute' to his side by an upward curve and several inward pulls of his arm. The old gentleman responded to the sign by leisurely gliding up alongside of Hi and looking over the opened book. After examining the record to his satisfaction, he raised his silvered head and in a low but audible voice asked for a skeet of paper. Our tall friend the Prothonotary wilted down to about half his usual height, and the blushing

face of the modest clerk was barely visible above his boots. The quiet old gentleman proved to be Hon. David R. Porter, Ex-Governor of Pennsylania, and his reason for writing instead of speaking what he wanted,

was that he supposed Hamsher, who was standing at a desk, was the officer, and Keyser, who was seated in a chair, merely a visitor, and he did not want to expose his business to any but the proper person." We can imagine the funny twinkle of the Gover-

nor's sparkling eyes at the denouement.

POP GOES THE WEASEL .- Mr. C--his little son, Charley, were sitting by the fire listening to the music of a piano, upon which the child's mother was playing. After she concluded, it being the child's bed time, Charley was told to say his prayers and go to bed. As was his custom, he kneeled down beside his mother, and, with folded hands and his head full of the music he had heard, repeated the well-known child's hymn:-

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;

If I should die before I wake-Pop gues the weasel !

Patrick, your fool, what makes von steal after that rabbit, when your gun is not loaded ?

'Hush, my darlint, the rabbit does not know that.'

BALDNESS .- The Boston Post says that brandy applications, are recommended for baldness, continued externally until the hair; is well saturated, and afterwards taken in generous quantities, internally, to clench the

roots.

FF A Judge on one occasion having to pass sentence of death on a man who had been legally convicted, he concluded as usual with the words, " that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead;" to this he un-Before I would condescend to such means I'd fortunately added, "I am sorry for it, my

friend; it is what we must all come to"-and

'A pot of gold pieces, widow ? Why, un- a bonnet, is more than I can tell ! I should

And the one who had formerly owned the

"No, madam, unquestionably not. When

to with it?

riosity was visible excited. 'Suppose,'said the widow,casting do vn her

pleces in his cellsr, would the law have a "How much vanity some people bave, to be

unbarrassed.

The deacon pricked up his ears.

could he, descon l' inquired the widow.

further with apparent anxiety.

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