

The Juniata Sentinel.
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Juniata



Sentinel

VOLUME XXVI. No. 47
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., NOVEMBER 20, 1872.
WHOLE NUMBER 1341.

All advertising for less than three months for one square of nine lines or less, will be charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.50, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Administrator, Executor and Auditor's Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, \$8.00 per year. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line. Merchants advertising by the year at special rates.
3 months 6 months 1 year
One square..... \$ 5.00 \$ 10.00 \$ 18.00
Two squares..... 10.00 20.00 35.00
Three squares..... 15.00 30.00 50.00
One-fourth col'n..... 10.00 17.00 25.00
Half column..... 18.00 35.00 48.00
One column..... 30.00 45.00 80.00

Business Cards.
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office on Bridge street, opposite the Court
House Square.

ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly
occupied by Ezra D. Parler, Esq.

S. B. LODGEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor-Crier.
Gauges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-
tion warranted. Nov. 7, '72-ly

OYES! OYES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perryville, Pa.
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer—
Gauges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-
tion warranted. Nov. 7, '72-ly

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST
PATERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1865-67.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Office in
Belmont's building, two doors above the New
and Old, Bridge street. [Aug 18-67]

M. B. GAVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Mifflintown,
where his professional services to the
citizens of that place and vicinity.
Office—in the room recently occupied by
Dr. Sarg. [June 12, '72-67]

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Bell's Drug
Store. [Aug 18-69-67]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of diseases, and may be con-
sulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool
Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—ap-
pointments can be made for other days.
[See 17-67-67]

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Rents, Bonuses, Pensions, Back Pay, Horse
Claims, State Claims, &c., promptly collected.
No charge for information, nor when money
is not collected. [See 17-67-67]

ATTENTION!
DAVID WATTS most respectfully announ-
ces to the public that he is prepared to
furnish
SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY
at reduced prices. Hereafter give him a call
at the OLD STAND, MAIN ST., MIFFLIN.
Nov 25-67

New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.
DR. J. J. APPERBAUGH has established
a Drug and Prescription Store in the
above-named place, and keeps a general as-
ortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Also all other articles usually kept in estab-
lishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal pur-
poses, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confection-
eries (first-class), Notions, &c., etc.
[See 17-67-67]

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
Two for a cent. Also, the Free-Press Lager,
the largest Oysters, the sweetest Cider, the
Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any-
thing you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also
retailed his
BILLIARD HALL.
so that it will compare favorably with
any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-ly

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.
The undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale
CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere
in the county. All persons in need of the
above article, and wishing to save money, are
invited to call and examine his stock and
hear his prices before going elsewhere.
[See 17-67-67]

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL
Literary and Commercial Institute.
The Faculty of this Institution aim to be
very thorough in their instruction, and to
look carefully after the manners, health and
morals of the students.
Apply for catalogues to
HENRY CARVER, A. M.,
Sept 28, 1871-6m] Principal.

A large assortment of Queensware, China
ware, Glassware, Crockeryware, Cedar
ware, &c., for sale cheap by
TILLEN & ESPENSHADE'S.

MIFFLINTOWN WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
HARDWARE STORE,
D. P. PAISTE,
SUCCESSOR TO
JOHN S. GRAYBILL & CO.,
CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING.

Having purchased the entire mammoth stock and fixtures of John S. Graybill & Co. I would respectfully inform the public that I have on hand at all times a
FULL ASSORTMENT OF
Hardware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Leather,
And all kinds of Goods kept in a First-Class Hardware Store.
Hay Cutters, Cider Mills, Meat Cutters and Stuffers for Sale.
Having had a full experience in the Wholesale and Manufacturing Hardware business, I can assure to sell the same quality of Goods as cheap as any store in city or country.
Merchants are especially invited to buy, as they can save freight, and at the same time buy at Philadelphia prices. All persons are invited to inspect the stock throughout the house.
COME ONE! COME MANY! COME ALL!
Sept. 18, 1872-ly] **D. P. PAISTE.**

JUNIATA VALLEY BANK
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.

JOSEPH POMEROY, President
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
Joseph Pomerooy, John J. Patterson,
Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs,
John Balaebach.

Loan money, receive deposits, pay interest
on time deposits, buy and sell coin and United
States Bonds, cash coupons and checks.
Remit money to any part of the United States
and also to England, Scotland, Ireland and
Germany. Sell Revenue Stamps.
In sums of \$200 at 2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$500 at 2 1/2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$1000 at 3 per cent. discount.

BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Paints,
Oils, Varnishes, Glass,
Putty, Coal Oil, Burners,
Lamps, Brushes,
Climax, Brushes,
Infants Brushes, Soaps,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs,
Hair Oil, Tobacco,
Cigars, and Stationery.

LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Purest of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes.
[See 17-67-67]

GREAT REDUCTION
—IN THE—
PRICES OF TEETH!
Full Upper or Lower Sets as Low as \$5.00.
No teeth allowed to leave the office unless
the patient is satisfied.
Teeth remodeled and repaired.
Teeth filled to last for life.
Toothache stopped in five minutes without
extracting the tooth.
Dental work done for persons without them
leaving their homes, if desired.
Electricity used in the extraction of teeth,
rendering it almost a painless operation. (No
extra charge) at the Dental Office of G. L.
Derr, established in Mifflintown in 1860.
G. L. DERR,
Jan 24, 1872-ly] Practical Dentist.

C. ROTHROCK,
DENTIST,
McAlisterville, Penna.,
OFFERS his professional services to the
public in general, in both branches of
his profession—operative and mechanical.
First week—every month at Richfield, Fremont
and Turkey Valley.
Second week—Liverpool and Wild Cat Val-
ley.
Third week—Millerstown and Racoon
Valley.
Fourth week at his office in McAlisterville.
Will visit Mifflin when called on.
Teeth put up on any of the bases, and as
liberal as anywhere else.
Address by letter or otherwise.

The Place for Good Grape-vines
IS AT THE
Juniata Valley Vineyards,
AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.
[HE UNDERSIGNED would respectfully in-
form the public that he has started a
Grape-vine Nursery about one mile northeast
of Mifflintown, where he has been testing a
large number of the different varieties of
Grapes; and having been in the business for
seven years, he is now prepared to furnish
VINES OF ALL THE LEADING
VARIETIES, AND OF THE
MOST PROMISING
KINDS, AT
LOW RATES.
by the single vine, dozen, hundred or thou-
sand. All persons wishing good and thrifty
vines will do well to call and see for them-
selves.
[See 17-67-67]

Good and responsible Agents wanted.
Address,
JONAS OBERHOLTZER,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

Crystal Palace. Crystal Palace.
Shelley & Stambaugh

The First,
The Best,
The Cheapest,
The Largest
Stock of Goods
IN THE COUNTY,
To Offer to the Public
AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.
Just Received from Eastern
Markets.
Seeing Them will Guarantee You
Satisfaction.
SHELLEY & STAMBAUGH.
NEW CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Oct. 8, 1872.

New Store and New Goods.
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, & C.
Main Street, Mifflintown.
HAVING opened out a GROCERY AND
PROVISION STORE in the old stand
on Main Street, Mifflintown, I would respect-
fully ask the attention of the public to the
following articles, which I will keep on hand
at all times:
SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA,
MOLASSES, RICE,
FISH, SALT,
DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT.
HAM, SHOULDER, DRIED BEEF,
Confectioneries, Nuts, &c.,
Tobacco, Cigars,
GLASSWARE.
Flour, Feed, &c.
All of which will be sold cheap for Cash or
Country Produce. Give me a call and hear
my prices.
J. W. KIRK.
Mifflintown, May 2, 1872.

New Lumber Yard.
Patterson, Pa.
BEYER, GUYER & CO.
Have opened a Lumber Yard in the bor-
ough of Patterson, and are prepared to fur-
nish all kinds of Lumber, such as
Siding, Flooring, Studding,
Paling, Shingles, Lath, Sash, &c.,
in large or small quantities, to suit cus-
tomers.
Persons wanting Lumber by the car-
load can be supplied at reduced rates.
BEYER, GUYER & CO.
George Goshen, Agent.
Patterson, May 15 '72-67

SHELLEY & STAMBAUGH always keep up
their stock of GROCERIES and will not
be excused either in the quality or price of
their goods in this line. Give them a call
before going elsewhere.

Poetry.
IF WE KNEW.
If we knew the woe and heart ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the lead,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For the time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?
Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With the patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

Select Story.
[Published by request.]
The Master Thief!
[CONCLUDED.]
So the Monday after came the Master
Thief like an angel again, and the
Priest fell on his knees and thanked him
before he was put into the sack; but
when he had got him well in, the Mas-
ter Thief drew and dragged him over
stocks and stones.
"Ow! ow!" groaned the Priest in-
side the sack, "where are we going?"
"This is the narrow way which leadeth
unto the kingdom of heaven," said the
Master Thief, who went on dragging him
along till he had nearly broken every
bone in his body. At last he tumbled
him into a goose house that belonged to
the Squire, and the geese began pecking
and pinching him with their bills, so that
he was more dead than alive.
"Now you are in the flames of purga-
tory, to be cleansed and purified for life
everlasting," said the Master Thief; and
with that he went his way, and took all
the gold and silver and all the fine things
which the Priest had laid together in his
dining room. The next morning when
the goose girl came to let the geese out,
she heard how the Priest lay in the sack
and bemoaned himself in the goose
house.
"In heaven's name, who's there, and
what are you?" she cried. "Oh!" said
the Priest, "if you are an angel from
heaven, do let me out, and let me return
again to earth, for it is worse here than
in hell. The little fiends keep pinching
me with wings."
"God help us, I am not an angel at
all," said the girl as she helped the Priest
out of the sack: "I only look after the
Squire's geese, and like enough they are
the little fiends that have been pinching
your reverence."
"Oh!" groaned the Priest, "this is all
that Master Thief's doings. Ah! my
gold and silver, and my fine clothes." And
he crossed his breast, and hobbled
home at such a rate that the girl thought
he had lost his wits all at once.
Now, when the Squire came to hear
how it had gone with the Priest, and how
he had been along the narrow way, and
how he had been purgatory, he laughed till
he well nigh split his sides. But when the
Master Thief came and asked for his daugh-
ter, as he had promised, the Squire put
him off again, and said:
"You must do one master-piece better
still, that I may see plainly what you
are fit for. Now I have twelve horses in
my stable, and on them I will put twelve
grooms, one on each. If you are so good
a thief as to steal the horses from under
them, I'll see what I can do for you."
"Very well, I dare say I can do it,"
said the Master Thief; but shall I really
have your daughter if I can?"
"Yes, if you can, I'll do my best for
you," said the Squire.
So the Master Thief set off to a shop,
and bought brandy enough to fill two
pocket flasks, and into one of them he
put a sleepy drink, but into the other
only brandy. After that he hired eleven
men to lay in wait that night, behind the
Squire's stable yard; and last of all, for
fair words and a good bit of money, he
borrowed a ragged gown and cloak from
an old woman; and so, with a staff in
his hand and a bundle on his back, he
limped off, as evening drew on, towards
the Squire's stable. Just as he got there
they were watering the horses for the
night, and had their hands full of work.
"What the deuce do you want?" said
one of the grooms to the old woman.
"Oh, oh! it is so bitter cold," said she,
and shivered, and shook, and made very
faces. "Hutetu! it is so cold, a poor
wretch may easily freeze to death;" and
with that she fell to shivering and shaking
again.
"Oh! for the love of heaven, can I get
leave to stay here awhile, and sit inside
the stable door?"
"To the deuce with your leave," said
one. "Pack yourself off this minute,
for if the Squire sees his eyes on you
he'll lead us to a pretty dance."
"Oh! the poor old bag of bones," said
another, who seemed to take pity on her.
"The old hag may sit inside and welcome
such a one as she can do no harm."
And the rest said, some she should stay
and some she shouldn't; but while they
were quarrelling and minding the horses,

she crept further and further into the
stable, till at last she sat herself behind
the door; and when she had got so far,
no one gave any more heed to her.
As the night wore on the men found it
rather cold work to sit so still and quiet
on horseback.
"Hutetu! it is so very cold," said one,
and beat his arms crosswise.
"That it is," said another, "I freeze so
that my teeth chatter."
"If we only had a quid to chew," said
a third.
Well there was one who had an ounce
or two; so they shared it between them,
though it wasn't much after all that each
got; so they chewed and spat, and spat
and chewed. This helped them some-
what; but in a little while they were
just as bad as ever.
"Hutetu!" said one and shivered and
shook.
"Hutetu!" said the old woman, and
shivered so that every tooth in her head
chattered. Then she pulled out the flask
with brandy in it, and her hand shook so
that the spirit splashed about in the flask,
and then she took such a gulp, that it
went "hop" in her throat.
"What is that you have got in your
flask old girl?" said one of the grooms.
"Oh! it's only a drop of brandy,
old man," said she.
"Brandy! Well, I never! Do let
me have a drop," screamed the whole
twelve, one after another.
"Oh! but it is such a little drop,"
mumbled the old woman, "it will not
even wet your mouths round." But they
must and would have it; there was no
help for it; and so she pulled out the
flask with the sleeping drink in it, and
put it to the first man's lips; then she
shook no more, but guided the flask so
that each of them got what he wanted,
and the twelfth had not done drinking
before the first had snored. Then the
Master Thief threw off his beggar's rags,
and took one groom after the other so
softly off their horses, and sat them
astride on the beams between the stalls;
and so he called his eleven men, and rode
off with the Squire's twelve horses.
But when the Squire got up in the
morning and went to look after his grooms,
they had just begun to come to; and
some of them fell to spurring the beams
with their spurs, till the splinters flew,
and some fell off, and some still hung on
and sat there looking like fools.
"Ho! ho!" said the Squire; "I see
very well who has been here; but as for
you, a pretty set of blockheads you must
be to sit here and let the Master Thief
steal the horses from between your legs."
So they all got a good leathering be-
cause they had not kept a sharper look-
out.
Further on in the day came the Mas-
ter Thief again, and told how he had
managed the matter, and asked for the
Squire's daughter, as he had promised;
but the Squire gave him one hundred
dollars down and said he must do some-
thing better still.
"Do you think now," said he, "you
can steal the horse from under me while
I am out riding on his back?"
"Oh, yes, I dare say I could," said the
Master Thief, if I were really sure of
getting your daughter.
"Well, well, the Squire would see
what he could do; and he told the Mas-
ter Thief a day when he would be taking
a ride on a great common where they
drilled the troops. So the Master Thief
soon got hold of an old worn out jule of
a mare, and set to work and made traces
and collar of wiles and broom twigs,
and bought an old beggarly cart and a
great caek. After he had said to an old
beggar woman that he would give her
ten dollars if she would get over the caek,
and keep her mouth agape over the tap-
hole into which he was going to stick
his finger. No harm should happen to
her; she should only be driven about a
little; and if took his finger out more
than once she was to have ten dollars
more. Then he threw a few rags and
tatters over himself, and stuffed himself
out and put on a wig and a great beard
of goat's hair, so that no one could know
him again, and set off for the common,
where the Squire had already been riding
about a good while. When he reached
the place, he went along so softly and
slowly that he scarce made an inch of
way. Up! up! up! and so he went
on a little; then he stood stock still, and
so on a little again; and altogether the
pace was so miserable that it never came
into the Squire's head that this could be
the Master Thief.
At last the Squire rode right up to
him and asked if he had seen any one
lurking about in the wood thereabouts.
"No," said the man, "I haven't seen a
soul."
"Harkye, now," said the Squire, "if
you have a mind to ride into the wood,
and hunt about and see if you can find
upon any one lurking about there, you
shall have the loan of my horse and a
shilling into the bargain, to drink my
health for your pains.
"I don't see how I can go," said the
man, for I am going to a wedding with
this caek of mead, which I have been to
town to fetch, and here the tap has fallen

out by my finger, and so I must go along
holding my finger in the tap hole."
"Ride off," said the Squire; "I'll look
after your horse and caek."
Well on these terms the man was will-
ing to go; but he begged the Squire to
be quick in putting his finger into the
tap hole when he took his own out, and
to mind and keep it there till he came
back. Yes, the Squire would do the best
he could; and so the Master Thief
mounted the horse and rode off. And
time went by, and hour after passed, and
still no one came back. At last the
Squire grew weary of standing there
with his finger in the tap hole, so he took
it out.
"Now I shall have ten dollars more!"
groaned the old woman inside the caek;
and then the Squire saw at once how the
land lay, and took himself off home;
but he had not gone far before they met
him with a fresh horse, for the Master
Thief had already been to his house and
told them to send one.
The day after he came to the Squire
and would have his daughter as he had
given his word; but the Squire put him
off again with fine words and gave him
two hundred dollars, and said he must
do one more master-piece. If he could do
that, he should have her. Well, well,
the Master Thief he could do it, if he
only knew what it was to be.
"Do you think now," said the Squire,
"you can steal the sheet off our bed and
the shift off my wife's back? Do you
think you can do that?"
"It shall be done," said the Master
Thief. "I only wish I was as sure of
getting your daughter."
So when night began to fall, the Mas-
ter Thief went out and cut down a thief
who hung on the gallows, and threw him
across his shoulders and carried him off.
Then he got a long ladder and set it up
against the Squire's bed room window,
and so climbed up and kept the dead
man up and down, just for all the world
like one who was peeping in at the win-
dow.
"That's the Master Thief, old lass!"
said the Squire, and gave his wife a
nudge on the side.
"Now see if I don't shoot him, that's
all."
"No! No! Pray don't shoot him; him
telling him he might come and try,"
said his wife.
"Don't talk to me, for shoot I will,"
said he; and he lay there and aimed
and aimed; but as soon as the head
came up above the window, and he saw
a little of it, so soon was it down again—
At last he thought he had a good aim;
"Bang!" went the gun, down fell the dead
body to the ground with a heavy boom,
and down went the Master Thief too as
fast as he could.
"Well," said the Squire, "it is quite
true that I am the chief magistrate of
these parts; but people are fond of talk-
ing, and it would be a bore if they came
to see this dead man's body. I think
the best thing to be done is that I should
go down and bury him."
"You must do as you think best, dear,"
said his wife. So the Squire got out of
bed and went down stairs, and he had
scarce put his foot out of the door before
the Master Thief stole in, and went
straight up stairs to his wife.
"Why, dear, back already?" said she,
for she thought it was her husband.
"Oh yes, I only just put him into a
hole, and threw a little earth over him—
It is enough that he is out of sight, for
it is such a bad night out of doors; by
and by I'll do it better. But just let
me have the sheet to wipe myself with—
he was so bloody—and I have made my
self in such a mess with him."
So he got the sheet.
After a while he said—
"Do you know I am afraid you must
let me have your night shift too, for the
sheet won't do by itself that I can see."
So she gave him the shift also. But
just then it came across his mind that he
had forgotten to lock the house door, so
he must step down and look to that be-
fore he came back to bed, and away he
went with both shift and sheet.
A little while after came the right
Squire.
"Why, what a time you've taken to
lock the door!" said his wife; and what
have you done with the sheet and shift?"
"What do you say?" said the Squire.
"Why, I'm asking you what you have
done with the sheet and shift that you
had to wipe off the blood?" said she.
"What in the devil's name?" said
the Squire, "has he taken me in this
time too?"
Next day came the Master Thief, and he
asked for the Squire's daughter, as he
had promised; and then the Squire dare
not do anything else than give her to
him, and a good lump of money into the
bargain; for to tell the truth, he was
afraid lest the Master Thief should steal
the eyes out of his head, and that the
people would begin to say spiteful things
of him if he broke his word. So the
Master Thief lived well and happily
from that time forward. I don't know
whether he stole any more, but if he
did, I am quite sure it was only for the
sake of a bit of fun.

Can Such Things Be.
On a retired but pleasant avenue of
this city, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, a
newly married couple settled down in
house keeping a short time ago; who,
for obvious reasons, shall be called
Brown, one of the reasons being be-
cause that isn't their name. Mr. Brown
is a very pretty woman, and Mr. Brown
is a very jolly, good kind of a fellow, and
there appeared to be no reason why the
lives of this interesting couple should
not be one long summer day of happi-
ness. But one day there a little dark
cloud in their wedded sky, which
grew and grew till it culminated in quite
a shower, as will be seen hereafter. The
single domestic in the Brown family is,
or rather was a fine specimen of octroon
beauty, who may be designated as Jane,
for the same reason that her employers
are called Brown. Jane had a lover,
who is the biggest and blackest of his
race. His name may be Thomas, he
drives a coal cart, and he had a habit of
calling on his lady love in the kitchen by
slipping through the area gate, which
occasions were no doubt highly enjoyed
by the parties concerned. Now little
Mrs. Brown had somehow got it into her
head that her liege lord was altogether
partial to the tropical beauty of the
olive checked and starry eyed queen of
the kitchen, and she made herself cor-
respondingly miserable about it.
For a long time she nursed her secret
misery in silence, while the world, includ-
ing her husband and Jane, went on in the
even tenor of their way, and the eky
didn't fall or any other extraordinary
phenomenon come to pass. At last Mr.
B. determined to put an end to her
suspect by confirming her worst suspi-
cions, then to go and sleep beneath the
clouds, &c., and she arranged it in this;
Her husband was accustomed to return
to the conjugal nest at twilight in the
evenings, and she was sure that he
would seek the partner of his guilt in
the kitchen at that time; so she laid a
little plain to detect him in his incon-
sistency, wither him with her righteous
wrath, and then leave him forever.—
With this determination, near the above-
mentioned time she descended to the
lower regions, sent the supposed wicked
eyre out on some domestic errand, and
took up a waiting position with her head
screened by a window curtain, so that
the false one should not recognize her
until too late for excuse. She had not
long to wait. Very soon she heard the
well-known footstep stealthily but hur-
riedly coming up the alley, then the latch
raised and the intruder entered. She
heard him across the room. She felt his
arm sliding around and clasping her
waist; she held her breath, for the cul-
mination of her worst fears, the proof of
her strongest suspicions were within her
grasp.
The arm drew her yielding and almost
fainting form to the manly, palpitating
bosom of its owner, and the lips of the
owner of the arm imprinted a resounding
kiss upon her own. Then for the first
time she faced her embracer, and beheld
him—no, not her husband, but—shades
of all the amendments!—the staring eyes
perplexed and astonished countenance of
that rosy son of Ham, Tom, the coal
cart driver and lover of the suspected
flicher of Mr. B.'s conjugal treasure. The
scene that ensued may be imagined, but
cannot be described. There was a series
of exclamations and a rapid disappearance
of No. 13 brogans through the door. The
confusion brought Brown down from the
parlor, where he had impatiently waited
for the appearance of his little wife, in-
stead of philandering with the maid.
There was a shower of tears and a con-
fession, and a discharge of the handsome
octroon, and a thorough understanding
that the affair was never to be mention-
ed and that they are to live happy in the
future.

At the close of the Revolution, George
III. desired his Chaplain to return thanks
to God.
The Chaplain replied, "Sir, do you
wish me to thank God that you have lost
so many troops?"
"No!"
"Do you want me to thank God be-
cause you have lost so many millions
sterling?"
"No."
"Do you want me to thank God be-
cause you have lost thirteen of your
best colonies?"
"No."
"Then what do you want to thank
God for?"
"I want to thank God because it is not
worse."
"WHERE are you going?" cried a
Scotch gentleman to a thief whom he
observed crawling through a hole in the
hedge into his garden. "Back again!"
replied Sawney, as "Hocky retreated
from his discovered access to the tempt-
ing fruit.

Prayer is a key that unlocks the bless-
ings of the day and locks up the dan-
gers of the night.
San Francisco has one widow to every
300 inhabitants.