



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

NEW SERIES VOL. 5, NO. 38.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

OLD SERIES VOL. 13, NO. 12.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance...

H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

P. A. Rowland, Attorney at Law, Sunbury, Pa.

H. J. WOLVERTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE in Market street, Sunbury, adjoining the office of the "American" and opposite the Post Office.

Business promptly attended to in Northumberland and the adjoining Counties.

REFER TO—Hon. C. W. Hegins and B. D. Hanson, Pottsville; Hon. A. Jordan and H. B. Masser, Sunbury.

April 10, 1852.—1 yr.

HENRY DONNEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa.

Prompt attention to business in adjoining Counties.

WOOD'S Case and Chair Manufactory.

No. 131 North Sixth Street, above Race Street.

MANUFACTURERS and deal constantly on hand all kinds of elegant and fashionable goods...

Having extensive facilities for the manufacture of all kinds of furniture...

W. F. WOOD, Case and Chair Manufactory.

Office opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Pa.

Patent Laws of 1852.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Pamphlet Laws of 1852 are received...

JAMES BEARD Prothy, Sunbury, Sept. 25, 1852.

J. H. & W. B. HART, WHOLESALE GROCERS.

No. 229 North 3d St., above Calverhill, PHILADELPHIA.

A large assortment of Groceries always on hand...

HARRISBURG STEAM WORK TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING SHOP.

Wood Turning in all its branches, in city style and at city prices.

W. O. HICKOK, Sunbury, Pa.

February 7, 1852.—1 yr.

WM. MCARTY, BOOKSELLER, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.

JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of EVANGELICAL MUSIC.

Singing Schools. He is also opening at this time, a large assortment of Books...

Also just received and for sale, Pardons Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851, price only \$6.00.

Judge Reads edition of Blackstones Commentaries, in 3 vols. 8vo. formerly sold at \$10.00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of \$6.00.

A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania respecting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only \$4.00.

Travels, Voyages and Adventures, all of which will be sold low, either for cash, or country produce.

February 21, 1852.—1 yr.

Cornelius, Baker & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF Lamps, Chandeliers, Gas Fixtures, &c.

STORE NO. 176 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Manufactory No. 181 Cherry St., PHILADELPHIA.

April 10, 1852.—1 yr.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company.

Dr. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company...

HAND BILLS neatly printed on new type promptly executed at this office.

Sunbury, Feb. 14, 1852.

SELECT POETRY.

AN APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

BY JOHN SAXE.

"Double! Double!"—Shakespeare.

Dear Charles, be persuaded to wed: For a sensible fellow like you, It is high time to be a husband.

And muffs and coffee for two! So have done with your doubt and delaying— With a soul so adapted to mingle, No wonder the neighbors are saying "Tis singular you should be single!

Don't say that you haven't got time— That business demands your attention— There's not the least reason or rhyme In the wisest excuse you can mention; Don't tell me about "warmer fish;" And you never will relish the dish, Unless you've a woman to fry 'em!

Don't listen to querrulous stories By desperate damsels related, Who sneer at connubial glories, Because they've known couples mismatched. Such people, if they had their pleasure, B'cause silly bargains are made, Would deem it a rational measure, To lay an embargo on trade!

You dream of poetical fame, But your wishes may chance to miscarry— The best way of sealing one's name To posterity, Charles, is to marry! And here I am willing to own, After soberly thinking upon it, I'd very much rather be known By a beautiful son, than a sonnet.

To procrastination be deaf— (A homily sent from above) The scoundrel's not only a "chief Of time," but of beauty and love! Oh, delay not one moment to win A prize that is truly worth winning— Caliburn, Charles, is a sin, And audly prolific of sinning.

Then, Charles, bid your doubting good bye, I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye, "Tis your duty to have in your arms! Some trim little maiden of twenty, A beautiful azure-eyed elf, With virtues and graces in plenty, And no failing but loving yourself!

Don't search for an "angel" a minute; For, granting you win in the sequel, The devil, after all, would be in it. With a nation so very angelical, Tie angels, it must be confessed, In this world are rather uncommon; And you'll me, dear Charles, to suggest, And allow me to be quite solemn, I could furnish a bushel of reasons For choosing a conjugal mate— It agrees with all climates and seasons, And gives you a "double estate!" To one's private "big (gratefully) done— Just think what a terrible thing 'T would have been, sir, for you and for me, If I had forgotten the thing.

Then there's the economy—clear By poetical algebra shown— If your wife had a grief or a fear, One half by the law is your own! And as the saying is, "Woe divides itself," (Though I never could see the addition Quite plain in the item of bread.)

Remember, I do not pretend, There's anything "perfect" about it, But this I'll aver to the end, Life's is very imperfect without it! 'Tis not that there's poetry in it— As doubtless there may be to those Endowed with a genius to wit— But I'll warrant you excellent prose!

Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed— For a sensible fellow like you, It is high time to think of a bed, And muffs and coffee for two! So have done with your doubt and delaying— With a soul so adapted to mingle, No wonder the neighbors are saying "Tis singular you should be single!

Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and he saw Ida and her father, endeavoring to hide the manuscript. But the Judge stopped him by saying, laughingly, "I won't do, young rascal, you are fairly caught, found out—talk in your sleep, will ye—ha! ha! But come here take Ida, and be happy. I know she loves you! ha! ha! ha!"

George was bewildered and transported—he had been awakened from a pleasant dream to a bright reality.

Matters were soon explained, and the warm-hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started for Washington.

CURE FOR THE CROUP.—Dr. Forbes, of Boston, relates, in a late number of the Medical Journal, a case in which a severe attack of croup was cured by the application of sponges wrung out of hot water to the throat, together with water treatment, which he describes as follows:

"Soon after making the first application of sponges to the throat, I wrapped the child in a woolen blanket, wrung out in warm water, as a substitute for a warm bath, and gave twenty drops of the wine of antimony in a little sweetened water, which she swallowed with difficulty. I persevered in the application of the hot, moist sponges for an hour, when the child was so much relieved that I ventured to leave it."

"These applications were continued through the night, and in the morning the child was well."

It will never do to trifle with this terrible disease. The quicker the remedies are applied the better. Instead of antimony, we would recommend small quantities of alum water given every ten or fifteen minutes until the child vomits.

John R. Johnson, of Cincinnati, has received an order from Cassius M. Clay, to paint a half length portrait of Ole Bull for him. The great violinist has consented to the portrait.

It is rarely the source of wit, the editor of the Missouri Clarion was one of the funniest fellows in this country. He measures four feet with boots on.

HABITS OF GREAT STUDENTS.

Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. (Saturday, when thus working at his play of Mithridates, in the Tuilleries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out, he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books and upon books. They were his bed, board, and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

Luther when studying always had his dog lying at his feet; a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the wall of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy, (for he was a skillful musician) when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable game at such times. Indeed Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great genial man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts and paper carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quit the bed, gave up writing and composing and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at midday; Byron at midnight. Harlan rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took his sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea side, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice.— Phila. Bulletin.

A LAWYER, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of fishermen looking at a six-sided building which he had constructed, lifted up the window, and addressed them: "What do you stand there for like a pack of black heads, gazing at my office—do you take it for a church?"

"Faj," answered one of them, "I was thinking so until I saw the devil poke his head out of the window."

"Faj," said old Roger to his boarding house keeper, "in primitive countries, beef is often a legal tender; but, madam," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the law in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender." He looked around the board for encouragement, and found it in fact that all the boarders who ate the beef held their jaws.

THE great west window of stained glass in the new Cathedral, in Albany, was brought from Europe in four thousand separate pieces, not one of which was broken on the voyage. It embodies a pictorial life of the Saviour, from the birth to the resurrection. It cost \$2700.

TO BOIL A TOMATO.—Soak it all night before using, and be careful to wash out the salt, which is put into various crevices to preserve it. Boil it in plenty of water from two hours and a half to three hours. Remove the skin before sending it to the table, and garnish with parsley.

TO MEND BROKEN GLASS.—An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire, taking especial care that it does not boil over—one ounce of isinglass in two wine-glasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

TO MEND LEAD POTS.—Mix finely sifted lime with some whites of eggs till a thin paste is formed; then add some iron filings. Apply this to the fracture, and the vessel will be found to be nearly as sound as ever.

A mass meeting has been called at Richmond, Virginia, for the purpose of instructing the members of the Legislature to vote in favor of establishing a line of steamers to Europe.

AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—Mr. Philip Morris states, in the Hangs (Me) Whig, that a disease, supposed to be allied to that which has infected the potato crop, has attacked the thistle and mullein (both serious pests to the farmer); to such an extent as to annihilate them in portions of that state. So far as he has observed, none have escaped this year.

TO WHITEN TALLOW.—Tallow can be whitened by melting it, and adding a little alum and nitre, or a little aquafortis or oil of vitriol.

The following horrible announcement recently appeared in a window in Wolverhampton: "Baking every day. N. B.—People's vitals cooked."

HE WANTS A WIFE.

BY MRS. F. NICHOLAS.

He wants a wife, and she must be A model of propriety; A brilliant pattern—wise, discreet, A centre where all virtues meet; Good tempered, just, and always kind, As warm of heart as pure of mind; Devoted, tender, gentle, fair; Accomplishments and culture rare; Love unfeigned, genuine, with every grace An angel half, in form and face; A sweet harmonious, charming thing, At his command to weep or sing; He wants a wife! we'll advertise it; Consents to wed—his friends advise it!

He wants a wife, with modest look, Whose heart is like a costly jewel, Which is in proud and glad to own, Which can be read by him alone; He wants her slender, too, and tall, And fair as woman since the Fall; Her eyes—it matters not the hue— He wants black—adores the blue; Her hair must, with her loving eyes, Agree in shade, or compromise; He wants her sensible and mild— In form a woman, heart a child; He wants a wife, to love him blindly, To softly bathe his aching head; A partner he can govern kindly.

He wants a wife for neatness noted, For taste unquestionably quoted; Indeed, in his esteem 'twould raise her; Of self conceit not jot nor tittle; A harmless, guileless vanity He'll not object to, if it be; A soft desire that he should praise her— Indeed, in his esteem 'twould raise her; He wants her to have youth and health; He wants her to have beauty, wealth; He wants a careful, prudent wife, To share the nameless life of— No will but his, nor ever answer— A downright "yes" if I can, sir!

He wants a wife to nurse his joys To school his girls and spoil his boys; To make him mend their clothes, when able, To sit as mistress at his table; To boil his coffee, brew his tea, To every household comforts see; To hand his slippers, make his bed; To softly bathe his aching head; To be as fond as he is weak; And in all things his pleasure seek; He wants a wife! (poor, modest man.) Built on this grand and perfect plan; He'll take her, then, for worse or better Let us devoutly hope—he'll get her!

THE CLOVES OF COMMERCE.—The article known in commerce as cloves are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very ends of the branches. The cloves grow use are the flowers gathered before they are opened, and whilst they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun.

WE understand that the receipts of gold dust at the United States Mint in the city, during the month of November, have been about \$7,250,000. This is the largest amount ever deposited there during a similar period.— The exports of specie to Europe, during the month, have been less than nine hundred thousand dollars. There need be no fear now of a scarcity of gold coin for some time.— Phila. Bulletin.

A LAWYER, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of fishermen looking at a six-sided building which he had constructed, lifted up the window, and addressed them: "What do you stand there for like a pack of black heads, gazing at my office—do you take it for a church?"

"Faj," answered one of them, "I was thinking so until I saw the devil poke his head out of the window."

"Faj," said old Roger to his boarding house keeper, "in primitive countries, beef is often a legal tender; but, madam," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the law in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender." He looked around the board for encouragement, and found it in fact that all the boarders who ate the beef held their jaws.

THE great west window of stained glass in the new Cathedral, in Albany, was brought from Europe in four thousand separate pieces, not one of which was broken on the voyage. It embodies a pictorial life of the Saviour, from the birth to the resurrection. It cost \$2700.

TO BOIL A TOMATO.—Soak it all night before using, and be careful to wash out the salt, which is put into various crevices to preserve it. Boil it in plenty of water from two hours and a half to three hours. Remove the skin before sending it to the table, and garnish with parsley.

TO MEND BROKEN GLASS.—An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire, taking especial care that it does not boil over—one ounce of isinglass in two wine-glasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

TO MEND LEAD POTS.—Mix finely sifted lime with some whites of eggs till a thin paste is formed; then add some iron filings. Apply this to the fracture, and the vessel will be found to be nearly as sound as ever.

A mass meeting has been called at Richmond, Virginia, for the purpose of instructing the members of the Legislature to vote in favor of establishing a line of steamers to Europe.

AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—Mr. Philip Morris states, in the Hangs (Me) Whig, that a disease, supposed to be allied to that which has infected the potato crop, has attacked the thistle and mullein (both serious pests to the farmer); to such an extent as to annihilate them in portions of that state. So far as he has observed, none have escaped this year.

TO WHITEN TALLOW.—Tallow can be whitened by melting it, and adding a little alum and nitre, or a little aquafortis or oil of vitriol.

The following horrible announcement recently appeared in a window in Wolverhampton: "Baking every day. N. B.—People's vitals cooked."

A Select Tale.

From the New York Dutchman. ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN BOY. A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS. BY YOUKO.

Towards the latter part of the summer of 1840, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered the beautiful town of G—, situated at the foot of Seneca Lake, near the centre of this State. He had traveled from the Western part of Ohio, where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly settled countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land, in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1836.

Being an only son, and left among strangers, after the death of his father, George Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio and remove to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner that chance might offer. He had passed through the several towns and villages on his route, without meeting anything to attract his attention, till reaching G—. This fine town, with its lovely lake and pleasant scenery, struck his fancy, so he determined to obtain employment, if possible, and make it his future home.

While walking along the principal street of the place—a shady avenue overlooking the lake, and on which are located several fine churches and other public buildings—he saw a large crowd of people assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels. On approaching the spot he found that it was a political meeting held for the purpose of raising the pole and making party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "Stars and Stripes" with the names of their favorite candidates, to the top of the flag-staff. The flag had scarcely reached half way, the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cord twisted and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every

way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement and cheering ceased, and all eyes were raised to the half-masted flag. A portion of the opposition party, who were grouped together a little in the rear of the main body, began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfiture of their opponents.

All length Judge S—, editor and publisher of the G— Journal, then a candidate for Congress, offered fifty dollars to any person who would climb the staff and draw the cord through the wheel. The utmost silence reigned for several minutes, but no one advanced to make the daring trial.

"Will nobody volunteer?" shouted the Judge, strongly excited, as a peal of laughter went up from the ranks of the opposition.

Their chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George, with his cap and shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look exclaimed— "Yes, sir; I'll climb it!"

"Oh ye, sir; I am used to climbing?" "Then go ahead, my little Spartan," said the Judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

Steadily, hand over hand, his feet clutching the pole in a manner that proved him to be an expert climber. George made his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slender that it swayed to and fro with his weight. Nothing daunted, he wound his legs right and left around the pole, and with his right hand untwisted the cord.— Shouting fearlessly to those below to hold away, he clung on till the flag fairly hoisted the top, and then slowly descended.

The cheers that now rent the air were terrific—everybody, opposition and all, joining in with one universal shout.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge S— looked upon the boy with admiration, and took out his pocket-book to pay the promised reward.

George noticed the action, and exclaimed— "Keep your money, sir; I want no pay for helping to raise the American flag."

"Nobly said, my little man; what is your name?" inquired the Judge.

"George Wentworth, sir; I am an orphan and have just arrived here in search of employment, replied our hero, his bright eyes glistening with a tear.

"Well, you shall live with me," exclaimed the Judge; "I'll take care of you for the future."

Five years passed from the time George Wentworth became a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S— had been defeated by his political opponent, and George had been initiated into the mysteries of the 'Art of Arts.' He had become a general favorite with the citizens, and was looked upon as the adopted son of the Judge. It was even whispered in private circles that he was to be the envied husband of the beautiful and accomplished Ida, the Judge's only child.

But this George had not dared to dream of; "his true love" felt so happy as when in her presence, and it did make his muscle tingle when he saw the top of the College, swarm around the unacknowledged idol of his heart. Poor youth! he had known the real state of Ida's feelings, and could he have interposed the gleam of joy that flashed from her eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentiment or sally of wit, it would have filled his soul with ecstasy and delight.

One fine day in the latter part of June, Ida, her father and George, were enjoying a sail on the lake in their trim little yacht "the Swan"—which had won the 'cup' at the last regatta, under the management of our hero, who was at present standing with his hand on the mast, gazing at the beautiful scenery on the opposite shore; the Judge held the tiller, and Ida was leaning over the side of the boat, trailing her pretty hand through the clear water of the lake, when a sudden gust of wind careened the yacht so that she lost her balance and fell into the water. George heard the splash made by Ida, and before the Judge could utter a cry, he had kicked off his light summer shoes, and plunged into her rescue. Being a skillful and vigorous swimmer, he came up with the struggling girl before her clothes allowed her to sink, and entwining his arms around her, struck out with his right arm, and kept her above water till the Judge turned the boat and came to their relief. In a few moments they were safely in the boat again and Ida soon recovered from the effects of her unexpected bath.— The old Judge embraced George, and exclaimed, with tears starting from his eyes— "God bless you, my dear boy, you have saved my daughter's life, how can I ever repay you?"

"By saying nothing about it," replied George; "I owe you now a thousand fold more than I can ever repay, and I am too happy in being able to render even this slight service."

The lovely Ida could say nothing, her heart was overflowing, but she gazed upon her preserver with an expression that told volumes. Her father observed her earnest loving glance, and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was not prepared for it, and in silence turned the boat toward the shore. They soon reached home, with feelings far different from those they had started with.

The following morning, George received a notice to receive the Judge in his library. His heart beat wildly—what could it mean?

The Judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library, he commenced— "Since becoming an inmate of my family, I, George, you have conducted yourself in an honorable and worthy manner, perform-

ing every duty cheerfully and neglecting none. You are now of age, and capable of doing business for yourself. I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank, at your disposal; you can use this sum as you think proper, or let it remain on interest, and take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present. What do you say to my proposals?"

George was completely bewildered, and stammered forth a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he retired to his room and threw himself on the bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what he himself had scarcely dared to hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None! He would smother his feelings, and earn an honorable living by his own exertions.

Various were the rumors set afloat by the scandal mongers of G—, as to the cause of young Wentworth's leaving his patron's mansion, but their innuendoes were unheeded. George now devoted himself wholly to business and study. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression, and his cheeks grew a shade paler. The Judge acted toward him in a straightforward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind, fatherly tone, as had been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks, a friendly glance and nod were all that passed; still he felt that his looks betrayed him, for the warm blood gushed from his loving heart and tinted his cheeks with the tell-tale blush; and he cherished the pleasing thought that his look was beaming with love and hope.

A little more than a year passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election, excitement ran high, and Judge S— was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of ably written articles, had appeared in the Judge's paper.— They were addressed to all classes—farmers, mechanics and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear and convincing arguments, deep and profound reasoning of these articles invariably carried conviction to the parties to whom they were addressed. All the newspapers of the party in that Congressional District copied them, and curiosity was on tip-toe to discover their author, as they were simply signed by two little "stars." The election passed off and Judge S— was elected by a large majority.

Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the printing office. As the establishment was usually closed at twilight, it appeared strange it should be lit up at that hour, so the Judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, they ascended the stairs and entered the office quietly. A slight mist their eyes which caused the heart of one of them to beat violently. At the desk a short distance from the door, sat George fast asleep, with his head resting on his arm. As Ida's father stepped forward to awake the sleeper, he observed several political essays lying open on the desk, and a freshly written article, with the mysterious 'stars' attached. The truth flashed upon the Judge in a moment—he was indebted to George for his success! He beckoned to Ida who came trembling to his side. Just then, they saw by the light of the flickering lamp, a smile pass over the sleeper's face, and he muttered the words 'dear Ida' in a tender tone.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the loving girl affectionately, throwing her arms around her parent's neck, "do let George come home again; it is surely no sin for him to love me!"

Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and he saw Ida and her father, endeavoring to hide the manuscript. But the Judge stopped him by saying, laughingly, "I won't do, young rascal, you are fairly caught, found out—talk in your sleep, will ye—ha! ha! But come here take Ida, and be happy. I know she loves you! ha! ha! ha!"

George was bewildered and transported—he had been awakened from a pleasant dream to a bright reality.

Matters were soon explained, and the warm-hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started for Washington.

CURE FOR THE CROUP.—Dr. Forbes, of Boston, relates, in a late number of the Medical Journal, a case in which a severe attack of croup was cured by the application of sponges wrung out of hot water to the throat, together with water treatment, which he describes as follows:

"Soon after making the first application of sponges to the throat, I wrapped the child in a woolen blanket, wrung out in warm water, as a substitute for a warm bath, and gave twenty drops of the wine of antimony in a little sweetened water, which she swallowed with difficulty. I persevered in the application of the hot, moist sponges for an hour, when the child was so much relieved that I ventured to leave it."