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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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### TO A NEW BRIDE.

You little guess the lonesomeness that's coming o'er my life,
When you have left the farm and me to be Will Johnson's wife;
But I suppose my mother felt just so, when from her side,
Your father came one summer day to carry home his bride.

Ah, me! how happy had I been if Providence had spared
My good old man to see this day, and all my feelings shared;
But, then, I would not bring him back, not even if I might,
Nor change one crook that's in my lot, for what God does is right

But as I sit alone and think, I see some things I'd change;
I might have made him happier; then do not think it strange
If I should speak some warning words to save you, if I may,
From making thoughtless, sad mistakes, to bring clouds o'er your way.

So just remember, Hannah, dear, that, though you're pretty bright,
It may be very possible you'll not be always right;
Perhaps when you are fretting o'er some other body's sin,
You'll find that the fault was all your own if you would look within.

As when we washed the window panes together face to face,
So that the smallest spot or stain would find no resting place.
You would insist, however, hard to make you see I tried,
That every spot was my fault when 'twas really on your side.

And, Hannah, oh! be patient if you find Will sometimes slow.
Your wits flash out like lightning streaks, as swift to come and go;
Now, lightning is a handy thing in stormy nights, 'tis true,
But after all a steady shine is kind o' useful too.

And if there's any difference comes 'twixt your good man and you,
Don't stop to ask whose fault it is; the only way to do
Is just to take the thing in hand and try with all your might,
Before it grows too big to change, to fix it up all right.

You know the dough, when first 'tis set, is molded as we will,
But when 'tis baked, we cannot change its shape for good or ill;
So now, when you are starting out in your new home, is just
The time to see what ways you'll set to harden into crust.

But, dear, you'll not succeed alone, no matter how you try;
You'll have to go down on your knees and ask help from on high.
We soap and rub, and boil and rinse, but after all, you know,
It takes heaven's sun to make the clothes as white as new fall'n snow.

### COMPENSATION.

It was one of the loveliest of September days. Clear and glittering, like the ribbon of silver, the river wound at the foot of velvet banks, and through fern carpeted dells, where rustic bridges spanned its shining surface, and art was sufficiently cultivated to allow nature to remain undisturbed. In fact as Mrs Mountjoy herself complatently remarked, it would be impossible to have had a finer day for her croquet breakfast, if the whole year had been sought through for it.

The grounds were full of superbly dressed saunterers. Some few of the younger and more enthusiastic devoted themselves to the theory and practice of ball and mallet—some danced in the pavillion whose bright striped awning fluttered in the breeze and horns and violins made a merry refrain—some flirted in the hidden gloam of overhanging beech boughs, and some sat on rustic benches and talked of the beauties of nature.

Mrs. Severance, however, was more practical than some of the others. She had seated herself in a shady nook and was languidly partaking of iced champagne, pates de foie gras, and lobster salad, with her boy a handsome, haughty little fellow of 8 or 9, in a velvet suit and buttons of gold.

"It is so crowded in the breakfast-tent," she said, elevating her black brows. "One couldn't think of eating there! Claude, dear, will you have a little more wine or a bit of the boned turkey? Really, darling you have no appetite at all."

"The oyster patties are quite good dear Mrs Severance," said Mrs. Mountjoy, obsequiously. Mrs. Severence, be it known was the great lady of the occasion. "Can't I persuade you to try one?"

"Say yes, mamma," clamored Master Claude, whose appetite apparently grew by what it fed on. "I want an oyster patty, mamma!"

And the waiter was accordingly dispatched for the last named dainty.

As he disappeared under the shadow of the trees a dark-faced woman, with great gilt hoops in her ears and an outlandish foreign dress, came up a mandolin in her arms, and a tattered, big-eyed child following close at her heels.

"Kind lady, good lady she began, in the high pitched, monotonous tone of her trade, "let me play you a bar, and Carita shall dance. Come, Carita!"

At these words the child began to spring about like a small human grasshopper, the woman twanged away at her tuneless instrument, and Mrs. Mountjoy looked indignantly around.

"Where did these creatures come from?" she demanded. "How could they possibly have come in when there is a policeman stationed at the gate? Saunders," to a servant, "put them out at once."

The woman began loudly to beg, whine and remonstrate; the little girl with the big eyes stopped dancing and scudded behind her mother's tattered skirts. Mrs. Severance drew her pearl-colored moire dress closer to her, as if there was polution in the very atmosphere, and Master Claude suddenly cried out:

"She's stole ma's embroidered handkerchief and scent bottle. Look, Look! its right under her shawl!"

The woman turned suddenly around:

"I did not steal it!" said she. "I'm no thief! I never knew when I threw my shawl down on the grass that the lady's things were under it."

"A likely story," said Mrs. Severance, scornfully; "Mrs. Mountjoy will you be kind enough to summon one of those policemen you speak about. I really think it is my duty to give this person in custody."

The woman clasped her hands wildly together.

"You're not in earnest, ma'am," she cried, looking nervously around. "You wouldn't shut me up in prison and leave my little one to starve in the streets. You're a mother yourself, pretty lady, and you've a mother's heart in your bosom. I am not a thief. I wouldn't lay hands on what isn't my own, not if it was coined gold and precious stones! Please let me go my way, lady."

"By no means," said Mrs. Severance, with the prim, severe complacency of Virtue's self. "Officer," to the minion of the law, who had by this time arrived on the scene of action, "there is your prisoner! I lodge an accusation against her for theft."

There was a cry, a tumult—a momentary gathering of gayly attired spectators about the green and shadowy dell, and the next moment all had once more settled into its wonted quiet.

While, along the hot and dusty Boulevard leading to the suburbs of the great city, the foreign woman sulkily followed the officer, and little Carita, running to keep pace with their strides, pulled at her mother's dress and wailed out:

"Mamma, mamma! Where are we going mamma? What are they going to do with you, mamma."

"Yes, that is the name. I remember it very well—Claude Severance."

Fifteen years had passed away since that little incident at Mrs. Mountjoy's croquet breakfast, and Signorina Carita Venoni, in her rose-lined boudoir, was languidly looking over the bouquets, cards and presents which had rained down upon the stage of the Italian opera, the evening before. One glittered richer rarer than all others—a diamond cross, set with stones of the purest water, with a scented card affixed to it, bearing these words:

"When you wear this at your peerless throat, queen of love and beauty, know that you also wear the heart of Claude Severance with it."

Signorina Carita smiled and lifted her pretty brows. She was dark and brilliant, with large liquid eyes, like those of a gazelle, hair black as the blackest plumes of the raven's wing, and full red lips, like the heart of a tropic rose—a beauty—a prima donna—a capricious, spoiled darling of the public.

"I remember it," said Carita to herself, leaning her chin on her two hands and looking thoughtfully into space. "I have cause to remember it. Oh, mother! my mother!"

And to the astonishment of M. Gadeur, the manager, and Madame Sivond, the prima donna's companion, Signorina Carita burst into a passion of hysterical weeping.

Madame Sivond, a motherly old soul, with stiff white curls and little shining black eyes, like beads, came close to her.

"My dear, what is the matter? What can possibly ail you?" questioned she.

"Nothing, nothing," cried Carita, laughing through the great drops that rained over her cheeks. "But look at this diamond cross, madame, See how it glitters. I have a new slave at my feet, it appears. Claude Severance, the name is. Get me a broad band of velvet to affix this to. I'll hang it around my neck and wear it to-night in 'Donna Anna.' He shall see that his princely offering finds favor in my eyes."

"But, my dear boy, it is quite impossible—entirely impossible, you know, for an opera singer to refuse to become your wife! Upon my word, I should like to know what the girl expects!"

Claude Severance looked moodily at his mother. He had grown into a tall, handsome man, with the arrogant, imperious beauty of an Apollo.

"I don't know what she expects," said he sullenly, "but I can tell you what you may expect, mother, since she won't marry me; to have me leave the country forever. I may as well bury myself alive out in Africa or Syria, or some of those far off places, as to live on here without the only thing that makes life worth having!"

Mrs. Severance wrung her jeweled hands.

"Oh, Claude! Claude! don't talk so! Haven't you tried me enough already, with your gambling, and your debts, and all your undutiful behavior, without this?"

"Now, don't get up a scene, mother," retorted the hopeful son. "I've heard just about enough preaching. Carita Venoni is the only earthly thing I care about, and she—she laughs in my face when I tell her how wretched I am! Mother, what difference does it make what becomes of me now? I'd put a bullet through my brains for sixpence, I believe, and consider it a good job!"

"Claude," said his mother, piteously, "you haven't been earnest enough about this matter."

"Have I not?" he muttered between his teeth.

"Let me go to this Signorina Venoni--let me plead your cause for you. Believe me it will be a success. I can speak to her as one woman to another. Oh, Claude, she cannot refuse the prayers of a mother! You shall be happy, my son, if I go to this haughty beauty on my very knees."

Signorina Venoni was in her boudoir, dressed in glistening lemon-colored silk, with ropes of pearls twisted around her neck, and great pearl pendants swinging from her ears—lovely as a Circassian queen, smiling as an enchantress—when Mrs. Severance was shown in. With piteous entreaty the mother told her tale.

"Signorina," she concluded, "his life is in your hands—and mine also. Have mercy upon us both! If you will become his wife, I have faith to believe that he will become a different man; if you refuse——"

The Signorina Venoni rose up with a light careless laugh.

"Spare your eloquence, Mrs. Severance," she said, "for it is in vain. No earthly inducement can persuade me to marry your son."

"Then why have you lured him on?" burst out the mother.

"Because," Carita answered, "I wished to be revenged! Mrs. Severance, I had a mother once, who was as dear to me as your son is to you—dearer, perhaps, for she was all I had, while you have wealth, rank, hosts of friends. Your hands consigned her to a prison tomb. I was but a child at the time, but we Southerners develop earlier than the children of a colder clime—and at her grave I vowed to be avenged. To-day I fulfill my vow!"

And then, with a marvelous accuracy of memory, she recalled to Mrs. Severance the September day when all the fashionable world rallied around Mrs. Mountjoy's croquet breakfast—the dark-eyed foreign woman, with the little dancing child—the pitiful cry for mercy, the quickly-pronounced doom.

"There is a compensation in the world, Mrs. Severance," she added with a smile cold and mocking as the glitter of Northern lights; "and my poor heart-broken mother can rest quietly now in her grave."

Claude Severance sailed for the East the next day, and his mother never saw his face again.

### Bucking and Gagging.

"It was during the "Seven Days' Struggle in the Wilderness,'" said Colonel Taylor to the Lafayette (Indiana) *Courier*, "just after the battle of Spottsylvania. My regiment --the Twentieth Indiana—had made a long march that day, and we had come to a halt in the evening on the edge of the woods, by the roadway. It was not at all certain that we would remain there longer than a very few moments. I told the men to make their coffee and get whatever rest and refreshments they could snatch in that brief time. The guard had been instructed to let no one on horseback through the lines, as it was the habit of stray artillerymen, cavalrymen and mounted orderlies to come dashing through the camps whenever they could save time by so doing. I had but just seated myself near the roadway, when a rider in an old blouse and slouched hat, with a cigar in his mouth, rode up. As he passed the guard, the latter turned and saluted him. I shouted to the gard:

"What were your orders?"

"Not to let any one on horseback pass the line."

"Then what the devil did you let this fellow pass through for?"

"He is an officer, Colonel."

"Officer, ——! He's a nice sort of an officer, ain't he?"

"Then turning to the intruder I said: 'You are an officer, are you? Well, don't you know better than to ride through a camp of tired and weary soldiers like these are, splashing them with mud, and forcing them to get out of your way? I've a good mind to buck and gag you and tie you to that tree. Get out of here you scoundrel!'"

"The horseman made no reply; only looking at me and smiled. I was incensed at his independence and fired another volley at him, when he passed on. The Colonel of the Thirteenth Maine regiment was sitting on a log near by laughing fit to kill. I asked him what he was laughing at. 'Don't you know who that was?' he asked. 'No, I don't care a continental.' 'It was General Grant.' I thought that he was playing me and wouldn't believe him. General Grant rode on to General Birney's headquarters. General Birney was our division commander. 'Birney,' he asked, 'what regiment is that just down the road there,' indicating with his finger. 'The old Twentieth Indiana.' 'Who is that boy in command?' 'That's no boy, that is Colonel Taylor.' 'Well, he was going to buck and gag me just now,' Then after a pause, 'He knows how to take care of his men,' and rode on. Birney told me of the conversation shortly afterward. The next time that I met Grant at close quarters was in Lafayette, at Mr. Orth's house, after the war. As I entered to pay my respects Governor Morton introduced me. 'General Grant, this is one of my soldiers, Colonel Taylor, of the Twentieth Indiana.' A smile passed over the General's face as he extended his hand and said, 'I have met Colonel Taylor before, I believe.' 'Once before, General,' I replied, and passed on, that is all there was to it, but the boys never tired of twitting me about arresting General Grant."

### Disturbed the Peace.

"George Schmidt, you disturbed the peace."

"Vhell, I like to know how dat vhas?"

"You were making a great noise on a public street."

"I vhas calling my dog, shudge. If I call him in a whisper he doan' come to me."

"Officer how was it?"

"Oxcuse me, shudge, but my dog vhas half a mile avay, und if I doan whoop, how shall he know I like to see him?"

"Mr. Schmidt, you must teach your dog to come without whooping."

"Oxactly, shudge. I puys a fog-horn und he comes vhen I blows for him."

"I shall fine you $3."

"You vhill? Vhy I take $3 for de dog!"

"Makes no difference. Cash down or up you go."

"Vhell, I pays der money und goes home and kills two dogs! If dis vas some shustice on me I kill more ash ten dogs to get even, und doant somebody forget him!"

### Dr. Bosanko.

This name is so familiar with the people throughout the United States that it is unnecessary to state that he is the originator of the great Dr. Bosanko Cough and Lung Syrup, the favorite remedy, wherever known, for coughs, colds, consumption and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Sold by C. N. Boyd.

### Crazy Quilt Architecture.

The following from the pen of Bill Nye, in the Chattanooga *Times*, *The American Architect and Building News* thinks, contains more truth than fiction:

It may be premature, perhaps, but I desire to suggest to any one who may be contemplating the erection of a summer residence for me, as a slight testimonial of his high regard for my sterling worth and symmetrical escutcheon—a testimonial more suggestive of earnest admiration and warm personal friendship than of great intrinsic value, etc.—that I hope he will not construct it on the modern plan of mental hallucination and morbid delirium peculiar to recent architecture.

Of course a man ought not to look a gift house in the gable end, but if my friends don't know me any better than to build me a summer house, and throw in odd windows that nobody else wanted, and then daub it up with colors they have bought at auction, and applied to the house after dark with a shotgun, I think it is time that we had a better understanding.

Such a structure does not come within either of the three classes of Renaissance. It is neither Florentine, Roman, nor Venetian. Any man can originate a style of architecture if he will drink the right kind of whisky long enough, and then describe his feelings to an amanuensis Imagine the sensation that one of these modern, sawed-off cottages would create a hundred years from now, if it should survive. But that is impossible. The only cheering feature of the whole matter is that these creatures of a disordered imagination must soon pass away, and the bright sunlight of hard horse-sense shine in through the shattered dormers and gables of gnawed off architecture of the average summer resort. A friend of mine, a few days ago, showed me his new house with much pride. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him I liked it first rate. Then I went home and wept all night. It was my first falsehood.

The house taken as a whole looked to me like a skating rink that had started out to make money, and then suddenly changed its mind, and resolved to become a tannery. Then ten feet higher it had lost all self-respect, and blossomed into a full brown "drunk and disorderly," surmounted by the smoke stack of a foundry and with the bright future of thirty days ahead with the chain gang. That's the way it looked to me.

The roofs were made of little odds and ends of misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at sheriff's sale, and the rooms and stairs were giddy in the extreme. I went in and rambled around among the cross-eyed staircases and other nightmares till reason tottered on her throne. Then I came out and stood on the architectural wart called the side porch, to get fresh air. This porch was painted a dull red, and it had wooden rosettes at the corner that looked like a brand new carbuncle on the nose of a social wreck. Further up on the demoralized lumber pile I saw now and then places where the workman's mind had wandered, and he had nailed on his clapboards wrong side up, and then painted them with the Paris green that he had intented to use on something else. It was an odd-looking structure indeed. If my friend got all the materials for nothing from people who had fragments of paint and lumber left over after they failed, and then if the workmen constructed it nights for mental relaxation and intellectual repose, without change, of course the scheme was a financial success, but architecturally the house is a gross violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State.

There is a look of extreme poverty about the structure which a man might struggle for years to acquire and then fail. No one could look upon it without feeling a heartache for the man who built that house, and probably struggled on year after year, building a little of it at a time as he could steal the lumber, getting a new workman each year, building a knob here and a protuberance there, putting in a three cornered window at one point and a yellow tile or a ward of broken glass or other debris at another, patiently filing in around the ranch with any old rubbish that other people had got through with and painting it as he went along, taking what was left in the bottom of the pot after his neighbors had painted their bob sleds or their tree boxes—little favors thankfully received—and then surmounting the whole pile with a potpourri of roof, a grand farewell incubus of bumps and hollows for the rain to wander through and seek out the different cells where the lunatics live who inhabit it.

I did tell my friend of one thing that I thought would improve the looks of his house. He asked me eagerly what it could be. I said it would take a man of great courage to do it for him. He said he didn't care for that. He would do it himself. If it only needed one thing, he would never rest until he had it whatever that might be. Then I told him that if he had a friend—one that he could trust—who would steal in there some night when the family were away, and scratch a match on the leg of his breeches, or on the breeches of any other gentlemen that was present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain to see that the fire department did not meddle with it, he would confer a great favor on one who would cheerfully retaliate in kind at call.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for the small price of 25 cents, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded. For Sale by C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, Somerset, Pa.

### Air-Driven Street Cars.

About two years since we described a system of air-driven tram cars which was then about to be adopted on the Caledonian road line of the London Street Tramway Company's system. This was the Mekarski system, and the car which was then experimented with was put on for regular traffic, and was worked on that line for about four months, taking its turn with the pair horse cars. It was intended then to displace the whole of the horse-worked cars on this line by ten air-driven cars, but various delays occurred which prevented effect being given to this intention until the present time. Now, however, arrangements have been completed, and the first of the series of cars will very shortly be placed on the line for regularly working, to be followed in due course by the other nine which are being built. Since our previous notice, however, several improvements have been introduced into the details of the air engines, which are now made upon the compound principle. The high pressure cylinder is 5½ inches, and the low pressure 8 inches in diameter, with an 8-inch stroke, and through these the compressed air from the reservoirs is successively used. Means are provided by which the high pressure air can be used in the low pressure cylinder if necessary. The engine house containing the air-compressing machinery is situated on the Holloway road end of the tramway line, where there are boilers, engines and pumps, by means of which atmospheric air is compressed, at a pressure of 450 pounds per square inch, into reservoirs placed in the engine house. From these reservoirs the air is conveyed to the tram-car through charging pipes with proper couplings, which are connected up for charging and disconnected when the reservoirs on the car—which are placed underneath the platform—are charged to the necessary pressure. The principal feature of the system, however, is that the air in passing from the reservoirs on the tram-car to the cylinders of the engine is conducted through boiling water and steam at a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, which is contained in what is known as a hot-pot. This hot-pot is charged at the compressing station, while the car reservoirs are being filled with compressed air. By this means the heat which the air takes up during the passage through the hot water not only causes the air to expand, but prevents the formation of snow in the cylinders and at the exhaust. The working pressure in the high-pressure cylinders ranges from 150 pounds down to fifty pounds per square inch, and can be varied at will. There are efficient brake arrangements, and all the other requirements of the Board of Trade have been amply met. The first of the series of cars for the Caledonian road line was inspected last Saturday at the Inventions Exhibition by a number of gentlemen interested in tram-way locomotion. They were received by Captain Clipperton on behalf of the company, and the construction of the engine and its workings were explained by Mr. Harris, for Sir Frederick Bramwell, who is the engineer to the Mekarski Company, but who was unavoidably absent. The car was run to and fro on a short line in the south promenade of the exhibition, its working powers being satisfactorily demonstrated over such severe curves as could not occur in practice. We may add that the tram cars upon the Mekarski system have been successfully working on the tramway lines at Nantes, in France, for the last six years.—*London Times.*

### Sanctified People.

There is a good deal of solid truth in the remark we heard the other day, that "some people imagine they are sanctified when they have only a bad case of liver complaint." These people throw a gloom about everything with which they come in contact, making hopeful, jolly people look upon religion as an awful thing to be possessed of. They make every one "blue" like themselves. They march up and down the world like a funeral procession. On Sunday they never open their house's shutters, and the flies that happen to be in their homes are ever impressed with the appalling situation and fear to walk the ceilings. They sing "Earth is a Desert Drear," and such other God-forsaken hymns, and no smile ever crosses their eyes. They look upon a laugh as a sin only indulged in by very wicked people. Any expression of joy upon the part of the members of their households would be rebuked severely as most ungodly. This is not Christianity. If Christ did weep, he certainly also laughed. Christians, of all others, should throw off the funeral crape. They should be joyful, full of life, full of happy thoughts. The earth should not be looked upon as a desert drear. People who cannot enjoy the beauties of this life and of the earth, will not be allowed to walk the golden streets of heaven looking as solemn as an undertaker. Their religion is not skin deep. He is the fun loving, happy man with good digestive organs who is the Christian. There is no such thing as gloominess in the true Christian religion, either on Sundays or week days.

### The Deepest Bored Hole in the World.

The deepest boring yet made is at the village of Schladebach, near the line between Leipzig and Corbetha. It has been made by the Prussian government to test for the presence of coal, and was bored with diamond drills. Its depth is 1,390 meters (4,560 feet,) its breadth at the bottom is 2 inches, and at the top 11 inches. It has occupied three and one-half years to bore, and cost a little over £5,000. The temperature at the bottom is 118° Fahrenheit.

Aeronauts are very much taken up with their profession, like tramps and house breakers.

### The Value of Sleep.

Take enough sleep in the fore part of the night, if possible. "Midnight oil" is a great humbug and health destroyer. Sleep! It is nature's time to carry on the process of assimilation—to manufacture food into blood and and blood into healthful tissue. The time for repose is the time for the repair of waste. A man is taller in the morning than he is at nightfall; the brain is clearer, his step more elastic, his nerves steadier, his muscles more energetic. Give children plenty of sleep. Put them to bed early. Shut out the glare of gas, and resist the appeal to "sit up," to go to night parties, night concerts, night Sunday-school exhibitions, night meetings. Send them to bed at bed time and give them sound sleep, sound nerves, and sound constitutions. Night air is bad. Malarias are abroad, is there no kindly sun to dispel the noxious vapors and war upon the deadly venoms. Sleep in the upper stories, in the largest rooms in the house, and the best ventilated. Let a child have its sleep out in the morning. Never wake it till it wakes of its own accord. Some young men and women have to get up at six to go to employments. It will not do for such to sit up till eleven or twelve o'clock the night before. Sleep till the eyes open of their own accord. It is hard for a boy or girl to be called to dress and go about business when the tired, sleepy and unrested eyes fell as if they were "full of sticks."

Different persons require different amounts of sleep. Some want six hours, some seven, some nine. General Grant wanted nine, and said, at the siege of Vicksburg, he could get but seven and it almost killed him. John Wesley found that he could do with six, and fixed his hours of rest between 10 and 4; and, by example and not by precept, put the whole Methodist preaching fraternity into the same inexorable strait-jacket. John Wesley thus became the author of a fearful waste of life and energy. He killed off whole generations of preachers, who undertook to sleep six hours because the exceptional bundle of animated iron wire could do with six. The strong require much sleep, the weak and feeble much more.

Sleep should be graded by periods of life, and perhaps by temperaments but no one man's experience is a guide for another. The average has been given as follows: The infant sleeps twenty hours and wakes four; the old man wakes twenty hours and sleeps four; in middle life seven to nine hours sleep are requisite to keep up the balance between waste and supply. Nervous persons find it difficult to sleep. Such should nurse the hours of rest with great care; avoid tea, coffee and stimulants before retiring; avoid hard exciting studies of an evening; avoid excitements of all kinds, and court quiet, music, genial conversation, and soothing employment or meditation. Above all, go to sleep when the first fit of drowsiness comes on. Roused out of that, one may lie awake for hours, and roll and toss and not be able to entice sleep to the uneasy pillow.

### The Judge's Grim Joke.

A friend repeated rather a good story to me yesterday, which was wont to be a standby of Justice Porter's, the well-known bon vivant of Dublin.

It was concerning a rare old Irish Judge on the Northwest Circuit, who loved the hunting field better than he did the stupid, sleepy court room. His clerk was like-minded, and a joyous pair they made.

One fine morning the clerk whispered to the Judge:

"Yer honor, old Billy Duane meets to-day at Ballykilimulligan, an' they have a fine fox-dog."

"How many's in the docket?" said the Judge excitedly.

"Twenty, for rioting and breach of the peace, yer honor."

"Tim," said the Judge, "do you think you can get the first fellow to plead guilty without a jury trial, and let him off with a week in jail?"

"The easiest thing in the world," said the faithful clerk.

"Make haste, then, and bring the whole gang; and I say, Tim, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile."

The twenty Fenians were brought into court—a defiant gang, nineteen of them prepared to fight with the counsel and the jury to the bitter end.

The twentieth had been interviewed by the clerk.

He was called off by the clerk.

"Guilty or not guilty of the crime charged?" demanded the judge with a propitious smile.

"Guilty, yer honor; God help me," said the crafty prisoner.

"Well," said the Judge, glancing benevolently around the room. "I fancy I can let you off with about a week."

There was a terrific sensation among the other prisoners. Why, none of them expected to get off with less than five years in limbo.

Here was a chance to profit by his Honor's pleasant mood. One and all manifested an earnest desire to follow their comrade and acknowledge their crimes in a batch.

"Do you all plead guilty?" demanded the Judge, eagerly.

"We do!" shouted the enthusiastic nineteen in chorus.

"Fourteen years imprisonment apiece?" exclaimed the Judge with a click of the jaw—"Jerry, is that mare saddled yet."—*Globe Democrat.*

### Important to Pensioners.

A case was recently decided in the Clearfield county court which is of importance to pensioners. W. W. Walsh a pensioner, deposited a government check for $400 in the Clearfield bank, and shortly afterward an attachment sur execution was issued attaching $225 of the amount. Judge Krebs decided that pension money could not be so attached, and in setting aside the attachment quoted the following from the 4747th section of the revised statutes: "No sum of money due or to become due to any pensioner shall be liable to attachment, levy or seizure by or under any legal or equitable process whatever, whether the same remains with the pension office or any office or agent thereof, or is in course of transmission to the pensioner entitled thereto, but shall insure wholly to the benefit of such pensioner."

### What he Would Look Like.

"What do you suppose I'd look like if I jumped down?" said a slim young fellow to his girl as they stood looking out of a window in the steeple of Trinity Church.

Gazing at the youth and then glancing down on Broadway she replied:

"I think you'd look just like a gumdrop in a desert."

He didn't jump.