

The Lehigh Register
Is published in the Borough of Allentown,
Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by
Haines & Diefenderfer,
At \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance, and
\$2 00 if not paid until the end of the year—
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid.

Offices in Hamilton street, two doors west
of the German Reformed Church, directly oppo-
site Moser's Drug Store.
Letters on business must be POST PAID,
otherwise they will not be attended to.

JOB PRINTING.

Having recently added a large assortment of
fashionable and most modern styles of type, we
are prepared to execute, at short notice, all
kinds of Book, Job and Fancy Printing.

Fresh Arrival of SUMMER GOODS

Keck & Newhard's,
No. 35 East Hamilton Street,
The largest assortment of Spring and Summer
Goods ever seen in Allentown. We pur-
chased FOR CASH, which enables us to sell
lower than any other Clothing Establishment in
town. We have selected our Goods with an eye
to durability and fancy, and have none but the
latest styles that could be found in the New
York and Philadelphia Markets. We keep on
hand at all times a large assortment of

Ready Made Clothing,

such as Coats of every color and description
Fraternalisms of all styles and prices, all kinds of
Vests, Shirts and Undershirts, Collars, Cravats,
Suspenders, &c., all of which are sold at extra-
ordinary

LOW PRICES,

and warrant them to be not only durable, but
made up with neatness and taste.

Customer Work.

will be done up as usual, and for our work are
willing to be held responsible.
We invite all people who desire immense
bargains, to give us a call and thereby save
from FIFTY TO SEVENTY-FIVE per cent. in the
purchase of their Spring and Summer
outfit.

Remember the spot—No. 35 East Ham-
ilton street, nearly opposite the German Re-
formed Church.
May 16.

A NEW AND CHEAP



Music and Instrument Store In Allentown.

The undersigned respectfully informs his
friends and the public in general, that he
has opened an

Instrument and Music Store,

at his old stand, No. 11 West Hamilton street,
opposite the Old Fellows' Hall, where he for-
merly carried on the Clock and Watchmaking
business. He is satisfied that the necessity of
such an establishment in Allentown, has long
been felt. He has on hand a large assortment
of American and imported

PIANOS, MELODIONS, VIOLINS, VO-
LONCELLI, FLUTES, GUITARS,
BANJOS, ACCORDEONS, &c., &c.

He also has on hand several excellent Har-
moniums, with 8 Stops, very suitable for Churches,
which he will furnish cheap. He will also
constantly keep on hand a well selected assort-
ment of Violin Strings, and in fact, everything
that belongs to a well stocked music store.

Brass Instruments

of all descriptions, and of the best quality, will
be furnished to order, at prices as low as they
can be had in the cities. Repairing of all kinds
of instruments will be attended to with prompt-
ness, and at moderate prices. His stock of
SHEET-MUSIC, BLANK MUSIC BOOKS,
AND MUSIC PAPER,

is large and well selected,—for all kinds of in-
struments, and of the latest and most popular
productions. Also all kinds of Books for be-
ginners. He has also made arrangements in the
cities to be furnished with all new music as
soon as it is published.

He is also desirous to inform the public that
he has disposed of his Clock and Watchmaking
establishment to Mr. John Newhard, who was in
his employ between 7 and 8 years, and perfectly
understands the business. He would be happy
if his friends would bestow their patronage on
this young man.

Thankful for past favors, he hopes the public
will bestow their patronage on him in his new
business.
JOSEPH WEISS,
May, 23.

DR. H. A. GRIM,

NO. 3 WEST HAMILTON STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citi-
zens of Allentown and vicinity,
that he has opened an Office at the
Eagle Hotel, No. 3 West Hamilton
street. He has been a private pupil of Prof.
Henry H. Smith, of Philadelphia, and also at-
tended the St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, and Penn-
sylvania Hospitals, in which Institutions almost
all diseases with which man is afflicted are met
with. He feels confident of his ability of giving
satisfaction, and of meeting the approbation of
such who may employ him.

Allentown, May 23.

W. L. Yohn,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
NO. 44,
W. Hamilton St.,
Allentown.

Paper Hanging done at the extreme low
price of 12 1/2 cents per piece for all paper less
than 18 inches in width, and 2 cents extra per
inch when it exceeds 18. Scraping and sizing,
if necessary, to be paid extra.
May 23.

LEHIGH REGISTER

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c.

VOLUME IX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., JULY 18, 1855.

NUMBER 41.

Poetical.

FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs at the barn,
Cleaning turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stock yarn—
Spreading the whitening linen
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the "fixings" for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer
Down in the running stream—
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Joggling the little one's cradle,
And brushing away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature
Thousands might covet to own—
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest pearls;
One of these country maids are worth
A score of your city girls.

A Revolutionary Tale.

(From the Baltimore Patriot.)

A Tale of the Revolution.

Americans! while you employ
In freedom's cause your liberty—
Long may you live, and long enjoy
The rich and precious legacy.
May each bequeath it to his son,
Pure as the source from whence it came;
And may the name of Washington,
Cherish and spread the holy flame;
And in each youthful breast alight
The dauntless soul of seventy-six.

I wish to tell my children a story about some
of the difficulties that surrounded those who
were the first to struggle and bleed in free-
dom's cause. They look around and see every-
thing smiling and prosperous, and unless told
of it they know nothing of the hardships and
trials that were undergone before this state of
things could be brought about. And while we
read story after story about Napoleon and his
battles, we are too apt to forget that our own
country has been the scene of much bloodshed,
and during that time many things have occur-
red as rare with interest as those we read in
European history.

It was a mild spring evening, and a mother
sat at the door of a plain but comfortable cot-
tage. And an old man, the sire of the mother,
had been telling his two grand-children, a boy
of eight and a girl of seven, little incidents
that happened during the voyage of the May-
flower, and which had been told him by his
father, who had been brought over when a
small boy. He had just finished an account of
the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock,
when Mrs. Bennet asked him if he did not
think her husband and her son were unusually
late in getting in from the fields? "Why are
Grace," answered Mr. Stanton, "they are
rather late, but no doubt they are finishing the
big field on the other side of the creek, for when
I left they said they wanted to get that done
this evening, so as to begin on this side to-mor-
row; at any rate," he continued, seeing the
anxious expression of his daughter's face,
"there is no reason for alarm, for here in this
peaceful land you know there is no man to make
us afraid." "I am not sure of that, Grand-
father," said Alfred, "for this afternoon when
Anna and I were in the woods two Indians
passed, and Anna says that if I had not been
with her she would have been afraid." Just
at that instant a tall form was seen to issue
from the wood, and Anna, thinking it was her
father, started forward, but came back with a
cry, for in the person she recognized one of the
Indians she had seen in the afternoon. As the
Indian approached, Mr. Stanton and his daughter
rose and extended a hand, which the visitor
took, and sitting down on the grass, he showed
Mrs. Bennet a wound on the sole of his foot.—
She saw at once that the Indian applications
had failed of their usual effect, and immedi-
ately applied domestic remedies, and bound up
the foot of the wounded man.

By this time Mr. Bennet and his son James,
a youth of eighteen, had returned, and Dorcas,
a domestic of the family, had summoned them
to tea. The Indian was invited to partake of
their meal with them, but refusing to be seated,
he ate a small piece of bread and drank a mug
of cold water, when, looking steadily in the
faces of each, he said, in tolerable good Eng-
lish: "The red man has eaten and drunk with
his white brothers and sisters. The squaw of
this wigwam has bound up his wounds. Oma-
hoo never forgets." Handing an eagle's feather

to Anna, he turned, and without another word,
he was gone. Not a feature of his face had
changed from the time of his coming until his
leaving, and the children wondered how he
could have sat so still while their mother dressed
the great ugly wound in his foot. "It is
part of the Indian's education, my children,"
says Mr. Bennet, "to be indifferent alike to
heat and cold, and under all circumstances to
preserve a command over themselves; and their
creed is never to forget a kindness or to
forgive an injury. Do you, Anna, take care of
the eagle's feather, for their is no telling how
soon we may need the assistance of Omahoo."

All looked at Mr. Bennet, for living in a very
thickly settled country, they had heard nothing
of the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand,"
which was destined to grow to such a size as it
afterwards assumed. The father told them of
the rumors he had heard from a friend who had
been to a neighboring village, and had stopped
in the field on his way home. The faces of all
turned anxiously to Mr. Stanton, who was
looked upon with veneration, not only by his im-
mediate family, but by all who knew him. He
told them that nothing could be done now, but
to keep quiet and see what appearance things
would take upon the next news from home, as
England was still called. "But, grandfather,"
said James, "you would not have us sit down
and bear all that these English choose to put
upon us? Why I have been told that only last
week, as little Sallie Tray was going to school,
she was met by two of the King's soldiers,
who, after eating the child's dinner that she was
carrying with her, took her bonnet and pina-
fore, and with their bayonets put them up a
tree. Upon an old woman remonstrating, they
told her that if she did not mind her own busi-
ness, they would put her up too."

"Mr. James," said Mr. Stanton, "I would
not have you to sit down and do nothing. I
would have you to keep yourself well informed
of all that is going on, but be prudent, be
watchful, and at the same time take no offence
when none is meant to be given. All things
come to the worst, my old sword, rusty as it is,
must come down, and do its part in the great
work." "Is it for father or James, grand-
father?" asked Alfred.

"For neither, my son—my heart is still as
strong as when I was the age of James, and the
heart will give strength to the arms." Things
were not long to remain quiet at the cottage.—
Rumors reached them showing what a serious
aspect things now wore.

The retention of the tax upon tea exasperated
the people very much. Many hard words pass-
ed between the English and Americans; and
when Parliament passed what was called the
"Boston Port Bill," forbidding all trade with
that town, the indignation of the people knew
no bounds. As many as could, went to Boston,
and holding a meeting, formed the "Solemn
League and Covenant," agreeing to stop all
trade with England.

Preparations were now everywhere making
for war. Bullets were cast, old fire-arms
cleaned up, and everything as far as practi-
cable, kept in a state of readiness for any emer-
gency.

Wives feared to see their husbands leave
home, for they knew not but they might be
suddenly called to arms, without time for even
a hurried parting.

When the news of the battle of Lexington
reached the valley, Mr. Bennet and James an-
nounced their intention of leaving that very
evening. Mrs. Bennet, with a sad face and
tearful eyes, assisted in their preparations. It
was agreed that Mr. Stanton should remain at
home a while longer; and when his son and
grandson were about starting, he gave them his
blessing, saying, "God be with you, my
children; if you must fight, fight like men.—
Remember, it is for your homes, for those you
leave behind you, and for your country. Do
your duty, or never return."

The mother hung on the neck of her husband
and son in speechless agony, but if one word
could have stayed them, she would not have
spoken it. Mr. Stanton remained with the
family until Mr. Bennet paid them a short visit
after the battle of Bunker Hill, and when he
was about to leave, the old gentleman appeared
also equipped for the war, armed with his
trusty old sword. On account of his age, they
tried to dissuade him from going, but he was
firm in his resolve, saying he "was willing
to spend the last drop of his blood in this
cause; not so much for himself, as he could
have but a little while longer to be among them,
but it was for his children, and his children's
children, and those who were to follow them."
Bidding a hasty adieu, they departed.

And now Mrs. Bennet was lonely, indeed.—
They had neighbors to be sure, but they did
not take the place of husband, father and son.
The inmates of the valley were a community of
women and children. They were very defence-
less, but nothing disturbed them, except the
news of the war brought occasionally by a
wounded soldier. It was very tiresome for the
children, and they begged so hard one fine
morning to go to a neighboring village, that

Mrs. Bennet, with some misgivings, consented.
The day passed slowly to Mrs. Bennet, and
when evening came, she set off to meet the
children, but going some distance and seeing
nothing of them, she began to be alarmed, and
went back for assistance from some of her
neighbors.

All willingly joined in the search for several
hours, but as the wood was thick and dark,
and all fatigued, it was thought best to defer
further search until the morning; hoping, too,
that the children had been persuaded to remain
all night in the village. This, Mrs. Bennet
would not believe, unless they had been de-
tained there by sickness or accident. For they
had both promised to return in the evening,
and their mother had instilled in them such
a regard for truth that she knew she could trust
them.

After a sleepless night, Mrs. Bennet set off
alone at break of day, and took another direc-
tion through the wood from the one which she
had taken the evening before, and after wander-
ing about until nearly exhausted, she saw fig-
ures approaching. It was still early in the
morning and in the dense wood, scarcely light,
but on coming nearer, she recognized Alfred
walking, while Anna was carried in the arms
of an Indian. Not knowing whether the In-
dian was friendly, or otherwise, she sank down
at the foot of a tree. Alfred, on seeing his
mother, ran towards her, and at the same in-
stant, the child was placed in her arms by the
Indian. She pressed the child to her heart, but
shrieked with alarm when she saw that her
clothes were stained with blood. The Indian,
whom she now recognized as Omahoo, pointed
to a fresh scalp hanging to his belt, and said,
"red-coat take pale face children, Omahoo
scalp red-coat, and bring children to good white
squaw," at the same time touching the eagle's
feather which Anna had stuck in her bonnet
before leaving home.

Omahoo resisted all entreaties to go to the
house with them, and they had proceeded but a
short distance when they were met by their
friends, who had heard the news with much
joy. It was supposed that the soldier was
taking the children as one of the many means
used to annoy the Americans.

On the 4th of July 1776, Congress made a
solemn declaration that the people of America
would be free and independent, and no longer
subject to the British Crown. This was called
the Declaration of Independence. Bells were
rung, and the people everywhere rejoiced; not
that they considered the troubles of our coun-
try at an end, but at the determination which
was shown to suffer everything sooner than give
up what had already been gained. They had
lost much, but they were willing to lose still
more in the great struggle for liberty.

Mr. Bennet returned home sick and wounded.
Mr. Stanton had lost an arm and was at
home, but James was still at the wars. Several
years had passed since the beginning of the
troubles. Sometimes things looked more cheer-
ful, then again they looked gloomy enough.—
The great and good Washington, whose name
shall live while our country exists, had been
chosen by the Continental Congress as the
Commander-in-chief of the American forces,
and in him our people put their trust.

The valley of Wyoming, where Mr. Bennet
resided, was very beautiful. All looked flour-
ishing and prosperous, but this was not to
continue, for the British officers and soldiers
had become more exasperated than ever by the
capture of Burgoyne, and from the fact of the
French having joined the Americans in their
great effort for independence. Because many
of the men from Wyoming had been fighting
the battles of their country, the England deter-
mined to signify punish them. Word was
brought to Mr. Bennet that the village was to
be attacked, and the inhabitants all joined in
putting up such defences as they could.—
Mr. Stanton was confined to his bed; for
although his mind was bright as ever, his body
had suffered greatly from the effects of wounds,
joined to the debility of old age. The villagers
still consulted him on all affairs of importance.
Alfred, a stout boy, assisted his father while
the females cast bullets and did all in their
power to lighten the labors of the men.

Upon hearing from scouts that the enemy
was approaching, the families were gathered
into the fort. The enemy appearing before
them, pretended they wanted to make peace.—
Mr. Bennet had been chosen to the command,
and he, with others, went out to have a parley.
At first no one was to be seen, but they soon
found themselves surrounded by savages, paint-
ed and dressed for war, and yelling like fiends.
All was carnage, our people were cut down like
dogs, and out of 400 but 60 lived to tell the tale.
The savages now returned to the fort, and with
the feelings of demons hurled over the walls the
scalps of those they had slain. Many thought
they recognized the cherished locks of fathers,
husbands and brothers, while the cheek of more
than one maiden blanched as she caught sight
of what she feared were the curls that had lain
on the brow of a lover from whom she had
parted such a short time before. But they

were not doomed to be long separated. The
savages piled all the brush and dry wood they
could collect around the fort, and set it on fire.
Soon all were surrounded by the flames. Mrs.
Bennet and Anna stood by the side of Mr.
Stanton, who had been carried in, and seeing
his calm, mild face, gave them courage to hope
that help might yet arrive.

In the midst of the flames two Indians ap-
peared, and immediately going towards Mrs.
Bennet and Anna, who still wore the eagle's
feather, they were suddenly enveloped in the
blankets of the Indians, and carried they knew
not whither. By degrees they ceased to feel the
heat of the burning fort and were at last down,
and the blankets being removed, they found
themselves in a wood. Motioning them to sit
on a fallen tree, the Indian, whom they recog-
nized as Omahoo, remained with them, while
his friend left, but soon returned, bringing with
him Mr. Bennet, who was one of the few who
had been spared. He inquired for Alfred and
Mr. Stanton. Mrs. Bennet and Anna could
not speak but looked at Omahoo, who only
shook his head. They were never more to see
those loved ones; the fresh, buoyant youth,
and the feeble old man, alike perished in the
flames.

The Indians led those whom they had saved
to a place of safety, but though ever thankful
for their own deliverance from such imminent
peril, they could not in after years prevent
their thoughts from often reverting to their
lost boy. The whole of that beautiful valley was
laid waste. The crops were destroyed, the
houses burnt, and the tongues of the cattle cut
out, while the poor creatures were left to suffer
and perish.

For the credit of human nature, I am glad
to be able to say that in our revolutionary annals,
the massacre of Wyoming stands unparalleled
for barbarity. There were a great many bat-
tles fought and many valuable lives lost before
there was any prospect of peace. In the au-
tumn of 1781, after a severe fight, the English
General, Lord Cornwallis, offered to capitulate,
and the whole army surrendered. A treaty of
peace was signed between the two nations in
1783, for the British saw that we could not be
conquered. We were fighting for our homes
and firesides, our cause was just, and we are
now reaping the fruits of that glorious struggle
that "tried men's souls."

James Bennet joined his family after having
received a post of high honor from General
Washington, who should be looked up to as a
model by every child in the land. He was not
only a great soldier, but a wise and good man,
and it has been truly said of him that he was
"first in war, first in peace, and first in the
hearts of his countrymen." E. M.

The Mutation of Matter.

With a very near approach to truth, the hu-
man family inhabiting the earth has been es-
timated at 700,000,000; the annual loss by
death is 18,000,000. Now the weight of the
animal matter of this immense body cast in the
grave, is no less than 624,400 tons, and by its
decomposition produces 9,000,000,000,000
cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable
productions of the earth clear away from the at-
mosphere the gases thus generated, decompos-
ing and assimilating them for their own in-
crease. This cycle of changes has been going
on ever since man became an occupier of the
earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on
the seeds of plants, which, in due time, become
a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon
the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, be-
come the animal; then, by its death, again
pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once
more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or
bony substance alone remaining where it is de-
posited; and not even these unless sufficiently
deep in the soil, to be out of the absorbent reach
of the roots of plants and trees. Nothing ap-
pears to me so cannibalizing as to see a flock of
sheep grazing in a country churchyard, know-
ing it to be an undeniable fact that the grass
they eat has been nurtured by the gaseous em-
anations from my immediate predecessors; then
following up the fact that this said grass is ac-
tually assimilated by the animal, and becomes
mutton, whereof I may perhaps dine next week.
"Truth is stranger than fiction," and here is a
truth that exemplifies the proverb. It is not
at all difficult to prove that the elements of
which the living bodies of the present genera-
tion are composed, have all passed through mil-
lions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds
of animal and vegetable bodies, in accordance
with the unerring law of nature, and conse-
quently, we may say with truth that fractions
of the elements of our ancestors form parts of
ourselves. Some of the particles of Cicero's
or Esop's body, peradventure, wield this pen.
—Scientific American.

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain, then drinks it up
And thus the oak gets high—
By having water in its cups;
And so must you and I.

The First Wedding.

We like short courtships, and in this, Adam
acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bach-
elor, and awoke to find himself a married man.
He appears to have popped the question almost
immediately after meeting Mademoiselle Eve,
and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave
him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in
this world we have had, however, our own
thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood
have wished we were the man "wot did it."—
But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's
and he improved it.

We like the notion of getting married in a
garden. It is in good taste. We like a pri-
vate wedding; Adam's was private. No en-
vious beaus were there; no croaking old maids;
no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmoth-
ers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels,
and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene.

One thing of the first wedding brings queer
things to us, in spite of its scriptural truth.—
Adam and his wife were rather young to be
married—some two or three days old, accord-
ing to the sagest speculations of theologians—
mere babies—larger but not older—without ex-
perience, without a house, without a pot or ket-
tle, nothing but love and Eden!

The Blessed Ones.

Blessed are they that are blind; for they
shall see no ghosts.
Blessed are they that are deaf; for they
never need lend money, nor listen to tedious
stories.

Blessed are they that are afraid of thunder
for they shall hesitate about getting married
and keep away from political meetings.

Blessed are they that are lean; for there is a
chance to grow fat.

Blessed are they that are ignorant; for they
are happy in thinking that they know every-
thing.

Blessed is he that is ugly in form and fea-
tures; for the girls shan't molest him.

Blessed is he that would get married, but
can't; for the consolations of the gospel are
his.

Blessed are the orphan children; for they
have no mothers to spank them.

Blessed are they that expect nothing; for
they shall not be disappointed.

Blessed are they that do not advertise; for
they shall rarely be troubled with customers.

Mysterious Track.

In walking the other day in Kensington Gar-
dens we observed for a considerable distance,
a track of something that seemed to have swept
along the mud from one end of the broad walk
to the other. At first we thought it must have
been a hair broom, then an aquatic bird, then
a sledge, then a road-scraper; and it was not
until we saw a lady advancing in a splendid
sil dress, with which she swept up the mud
wherever she went, that we attained the source
of the mystery. Although we traced the pheno-
menon to its origin, we remained still in a
state of surprise at the taste which induced well
dressed ladies to turn dust collectors, and to
convert their silks and satins into machines for
performing the office of scavengers.—Punch.

The Housekeeper.

TO MAKE PAN OR GRIDDLE CAKES.—To one
quart of sour milk add the yolks of four eggs,
saleratus enough to sweeten the milk, put in
flour to make a batter; beat the whites of the
eggs to a froth, and stir it in when you com-
mence to bake; they are much better than the
common way of making them.

STARCH OR SALOON CAKE.—Take one cup of
butter, one of sugar, one of sour milk, one tea-
spoonful of saleratus, one cup of starch, two
cups of flour, three eggs, spice to suit your
taste, bake three-quarters of an hour. Add
the whites of the egg last, and stir it ten min-
utes before baking.

LADIES who work lace or embroidery some-
times suffer inconvenience from perspiration on
their hands; which may be remedied by rub-
bing the hands frequently with a little dry wheat
bran.

TEA AT HALF PRICE.—Laysel, a French chem-
ist, asserts that if tea is ground like coffee, be-
fore hot water is poured upon it, it will yield
nearly double the amount of its exhilarating
qualities.

TO MAKE SUGAR CAKE.—One cup of lard,
one cup of sugar, five eggs, stir it thick with
a spoon and drop it into hot fat and fry. The
best kind of cake, try it and see for yourself.

AN EXCELLENT SAUCE.—Take very mellow
sweet apples, pare and slice them very thin,
lay them in a dish suitable for the table, grate
a little nutmeg over them, and sprinkle on a
quantity of sugar, then pour fresh sweet cream
over them, and you will find them, nearly, or
quite, equal to peaches prepared in the same
way.

A modest young gentleman, in a din-
ing party, put the following conundrum:
"Why are most people who eat turkeys like
babies? No reply. The modest man, blushed,
and would have backed out, but finally gave
the reason, 'because they are fond of the
breast.'"

Two middle-aged young ladies carried out,
the remains of the young men were carried out
by the coroner, and three married ladies clapped
their handkerchiefs to their mouths in convul-
sions—torture of course.

A LADY'S HEART is delicate institution
and should be treated as such. There are
some brutal specimens of corduroy, that seem,
to think the little beater is made to toss about
like a joke, a glove or a boot jack. Young
men, if you don't intend to take it to the mill-
ner and parson, just let Miss What's her
name's heart alone—right off too.