# LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL--NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY HAINES & DIEFENDERFER AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

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## FARMERS LOOK THIS WAY.

THE opposition say that in a short time the ground will be ready to sow Oats, Barley, &c. How they know this we are not able to say, but this much we will say, that whenever it gets ready, you had better give us a call for one of the best Grain Drills, and warranted at that, (no large talk about refunding money,) but if the article is not as represented, it can be returned, and all matters satisfactorily arranged. Likewise, in due time the grass will be in order for hay making, and then we are prepared to furnish you with Allen's Mower, a splendid machine for cutting grass of any kind. And in addition, when desired, we have also the combined Mower and Reaper, of Manny's Patent, which is manufactured upon a different principle from those made heretofore, and warranted to cut grass and grain as fast as one team of horses can draw it. And further, we have the Premium Corn Sheller of Lehigh county, and as there has been sold a very large number in a short time that have rendered universal satisfaction, we are confident in saying, that it has no superior here or elsewhere. We likewise have a mill for chopping feed, which has been tested thoroughly in different sections, and all who have witnessed its operations, testify to the good qualities of the mill, and recommend it to farmers as an article to save time, and likewise grain in the amount which is yearly given to millers in the shape of "toll." In short we have almost any article which farmers require for agricultural purposes, such as Ploughs of almost any pattern, Corn Cultivators, Revolving Hay Rakes, Hay Forks, Corn Ploughs, Corn Planters, Lime Spreaders, Threshing Machines and Horse Powers of different kinds, and all warranted to give satisfaction. Repairing done in all the different branches, on reasonable terms and at short notice. Any person residing at a distance, in want of any of the above articles, can obtain them by addressing the subscribers at No. 80 West Hamilton st., Allentown, Pa. SWEITZER & SAEGER.

GRAIN DRILL REFERENCES.

Reuben Helfrich, North Whitehall; Charles Henninger, do; David Beary, do; David Kuhns, Macungy; George Beisel, Allentown.

CORN SHELLER REFERENCES.

David Bortz, Wescoesville; John Bortz, Cedar Creek; Jacob Wenner, Lower Macungy; C. & W. Edelman, Allentown; Reuben Gackenbach, North Whitehall.

FEED MILL REFERENCE.

Charles Seagreaves, Allentown.

Allentown, April 2. —1y

## WARREN'S
### IMPROVED FIRE AND WATER PROOF
## COMPOSITION ROOFING.

Joseph Clewell, Allentown, Agent for Lehigh Co.

YOUR attention is respectfully solicited to the above method of Roofing, now much used in Philadelphia and vicinity, and which has been extensively in use in many of the cities of the West, during more than eleven years past, during which time it has been tested under every variety of circumstances, and we confidently offer it to the public as a mode of Roofing unobjectionable in every important particular, while it combines, in a greater degree than any other roof in use, the valuable requisites of cheapness, durability, and security against both fire and water.—This is rapidly superseding the use of all other kinds of roofs, wherever it has been introduced, giving general satisfaction, and is highly recommended by all who have tested its utility. These roofs require an inclination of not more than one inch to the foot, which is of *great advantage in case of fire*, and for drying purposes. They are offered at a price considerably less than any other roof in use, while the amount of material saved, which would otherwise be used in extending up the walls and framing for a steep roof, often makes a still farther important reduction in the cost of building. Gutters may be formed of the same material as the roof, at much less expense than any other. In case of defect or injury, from any cause, there is no roof so easily repaired.

The materials being mostly non-conductors of heat, no roof is so cool in summer, or so warm in winter. Those wishing to use our roof, should give the rafters a pitch of about one inch to the foot. For further information apply to Joseph Clewell, at Allentown, our agent for Lehigh and Carbon counties, who is prepared to execute all orders at short notice.

H. M. WARREN & CO.,
No. 4 Farquhar Buildings, Walnut St., Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

The following named gentlemen in Allentown have their houses roofed with the aboved named composition, and are able to testify to its superiority over any other kind of roofs:

B. F. TREXLER, Union st., between Ninth and Tenth.
B. STETTLER, Walnut st., between Eighth and Ninth.
F. BOHLEN, Seventh st., between Hamilton & Linden.
ROTH & EGGE, Linden st., between Fourth & Fifth.
J. R. WOLLE, Sixth st., between Hamilton & Linden.
SHIP & KNAUSS, Ninth st., between Linden & Turner.
A. Klotz, cornor of Union and Seventh street.
R. E. WRIGHT, Fourth st., between Linden & Turner.

Feb. 13, 1856. —1y

## WINTER CLOTHING

CLOSING out at reduced prices, Black, Blue, Brown, Beaver, Pilot and Melton Cloth Frock and Sack Over Coats, some as low as $3.50.

Superior Black, Blue, Brown and French Cloth, Dress and Frock coats.

New style plain and fancy Cassimers and Cloth Business Coats.

Fine Black, French, Doeskin, plain and fancy Cassimer Pants.

A large assortment of fancy and plain Velvet, Plush, Silk, Satin, Cassimere and Cashmere Vests.

All selling at very reduced prices in order to make room for spring goods.

L. STROUSE & CO.,
No 9 West Hamilton street.

Allentown, Jan. 30. —tf

## DR. H. A. GRIM, A. M.
OFFICE AT THE
### EAGLE HOTEL,
NO. 3 WEST HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

Allentown, Feb. 6. —1y

## REIMER'S

PREMIUM INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE, just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, at Reimer's Shaving Saloon, No. 10 East Hamilton Street.

☞Hair colored at all times, and satisfaction warranted.

Allentown, March 5. 1y

## YOUNG & LEH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
## BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,
Caps, Lamps, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.,
No. 45 East Hamilton street, Allentown, Pa.,

AGAIN take pleasure in calling the attention of the citizens of the town, and the public generally, to the largest and freshest stock of the above goods ever exhibited in this place, consisting of spring and summer **BOOTS** and **SHOES** purchased direct from the manufacturers in New England, at the lowest CASH PRICES, which enables us to offer rare inducements to our customers, either wholesale or retail. Great care has been observed as to style, quality and sizes,—such sizes as are best suited for this section of country. In this particular we are prepared to give better satisfaction to country merchants than they will receive in either Philadelphia or New York.

In connection with the above we desire particularly to call attention to goods of our own manufacture, suitable for all classes, consisting of Men's, Boys', Youths' and Children's Coarse, Kip, Calf, Morocco, Patent Leather and Buckskin Sewed and Pegged Boots and Brogans, Congress and Button Gaiters, Monterey, Oxford Ties, &c., Women's, Misses' and Children's Calf, Kip and Morocco Lace Boots, Buskin and Jenny Linds, also, Patent Leather, fine Lasting and Italian Cloth Gaiters, of various colors.

We have paid particular attention to the selection of our stock of

**HATS**

for spring and summer wear. We have a very handsome and complete assortment of Soft Hats for Gents, Boys and Youths. Our Gents' Silk or Moleskin Hats are not equalled by any establishment in town, as they are all manufactured to order by the most fashionable Hatters in Philadelphia.

**STRAW GOODS.**—In this line we are not surpassed by any establishment out of the large cities. Our stock is very large, consisting of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Panama, Maricaibo, Leghorn, Peddle, Sennette, Palm Leaf, Canada, Michigan, &c., &c.—Children's Fancy Hats and Leghorn Caps, Misses' Flats, Ladies' Riding Hats, &c.

Our assortment of Lamps, Trunks and Carpet Bags is as usual, full and complete.

P. S. All the above goods will be furnished to Merchants in the country at the very lowest city Jobbing prices. Orders are respectfully solicited, and will receive prompt attention.

April 9. —tf

## New Clothing Store!
### C. H. REBER,

NO. 79 West Hamilton street, next door to E. & J. George's Hotel, has just returned from Philadelphia with a large and elegant stock of goods, such as, French, English and German Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Cassinets, and Tweeds, which he will be pleased to make up to order, in the most approved style, which he is satisfied he can do, from the fact that he has employed that popular cutter, Albert J. Newhard, who is always up with the times in fashions, and cuts and fits to suit the tastes of patrons, after any fashion they may choose

*READYMADE CLOTHING.*

Of readymade Clothing he has a complete assortment, comprising all styles, qualities and prices, and in this department claims precedence from the fact that the Clothing is all manufactured at home, of good materials, and the superior style in which it is made, will always secure for them a ready and satisfactory sale.

*FURNISHING GOODS, &c.*

Embracing a large assortment of Shirts, Collars, Stocks, Ties, black and fancy Silk Cravats, Hosiery, Suspenders, black and Silk Gloves, black Kid Gloves, Gent's white and fancy Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, and lots of other articles too numerous to mention.

Gentlemen furnishing their Cloth can have their garments made in good style and warranted to give satisfaction. Cutting done at short notice.

GEORGE H. REBER.

March 19. —tf

## Great Robbery
### IN ALLENTOWN.

LAST week one night one of our citizens was robbed of about $800, but it is lucky that all the rest of mankind did not share the same fate, as

**J. STOPP**

yesterday morning opened his new CHEAP CASH STORE, at his new building, No. 35 West Hamilton street, Allentown, and would advise one and all not to let their money lay idle and in danger of being stolen, but go at once to

*JOS. STOPP'S CHEAP CASH STORE,*

as he has opened one of the finest assortments of SILKS of all colors and prices, and Ladies' Dress Goods, the finest, that ever has been seen in the place, and about 500 Shawls of all colors and prices, Calicoes by the Cart load, cheaper than ever, Parasols, Embroideries and Hosiery, a very large assortment of Ladies' Collars at 5 cents and upwards, Ladies' Stockings at 6¼ cents and upwards, Ladies' Gloves at 2 cents per pair and upwards, Linen and Union Handkerchiefs at 6¼ cents a piece. Also, a splendid assortment of bleached and unbleached muslins, bed ticking, table diapers, toweling, floor and table oil cloths, glass and queensware, looking-glasses, &c. Also, a splendid assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, very cheap for cash. So I would say to one and all to be thankful that you have not been robbed, so that you may have the pleasure of going with your money without delay to

*JOS. STOPP'S CHEAP CASH STORE,*

and do as about half the good people of Allentown done yesterday. Almost every house has been filled with new goods from Stopp's Cheap Cash Store, which consequently has been the town-talk ever since.

☞Don't forget that Joseph Stopp has moved four doors below.

April 9. —tf

## ASSIGNEE NOTICE.

WHEREAS Joseph Freiman and his wife Lydia, of North Whitehall township, Lehigh county, on the 24th day of March, 1856, made a voluntary assignment to the undersigned, of all their property, real, personal and mixed, for the benefit of their creditors, notice is hereby given to such persons who are indebted to said Joseph Freiman, to make payment within 30 days, and such who may have legal claims against said Freiman will also present them well authenticated to

PAUL BALLIET, FRANKLIN P. MICKLEY, } Assignees.

March 26. —4t

## COURTLANDT STREET
### HOTEL,
### 28 Courtlandt Street,
NEW YORK.

*J. S. STEBBINS, PROPRIETOR.*

New York, March 26. —6m


## Poetical.

### Be Gentle to thy Husband.

Be gentle to thy husband,
Remember all day long,
Amid the din and tumult,
He battles with the throng.

No wonder that the noble brow
Grows clouded with the care
That passes on his heart and hands
While he is struggling there.

And when the night has gathered home
The loved one to his rest;
Be gentle—if no smile appears
There's sorrow in his breast.

'Tis true, you miss the welcome voice,
Whose tones are always kind,
And long to raise the cloud that casts
A shadow on his mind.

Yet, never fear that through it all
Thy presence is not blest;
For like the sunshine, through the storm,
It brings sweet thoughts of rest.

And many times when labor-tossed,
Thy gentle tones have come,
And made glad music in his heart,
"Thanks be for thee—and home."

Be sure, although he speaks it not,
Thou art the star whose ray
Makes life and love, and gildeth all
In life's dark, rugged way.

And so be ever gentle
Kind words and deeds from thee
Do more toward making labor light,
Than ever thou could'st see.

# A BAD SPECULATION.

## CHAPTER I.

'Ah, Angely, I am ruined—utterly ruined!' exclaimed Robert Wilson to his young and devoted wife.

'Ruined! why, Robert, what can have happened? I thought you were doing so well in your business,' returned the wife, with the deepest anxiety depicted upon her fair features.

'And so I am, my love; but in an unlucky moment, I embarked in a speculation which has proved unfortunate, and every dollar I possess is gone.'

'Why have you not told me of this before, Robert?'

'I wished not to pain you, love.'

'I fear you have been imprudent; nay, I will not reproach you.'

'I have hoped that until now I should be able to redeem myself. By risking a few hundred dollars more, I feel confident that I could retrive my losses, and come out bright again; but alas! I have not another dollar in the world.'

And the young husband looked anxiously at his wife.

'What kind of speculation was it, Robert?' asked his wife, as a slight misgiving crossed her confiding heart.

'O, it was a strictly business transaction, rather complicated in its details, and I don't think you would understand it if I explained it,' replied Robert.

I am not so dull of comprehension, that I cannot understand an ordinary business transaction.'

'No, my dear, I know you would understand it better than ladies generally would, but it is very intricate—very.'

'I will not insist, Robert, upon knowing any thing you desire to conceal,' said Mrs. Wilson, with a gentle reproach in her tone—'but methinks a wife ought to know the occasion of her husband's sorrows.'

'Forgive me, Angely,' replied the husband, imprinting a tender kiss upon her lips; 'forgive me and I will tell thee all.'

'Nay, love, I ask it not; I am satisfied now. And is there no hope?'

'If I had two hundred dollars, I feel perfectly confident that I should redeem myself.'

'Is there no risk, Robert?'

'I will be candid, Angely; there is some risk.'

'I will get you the money, Robert.'

'My own true wife!'

This conversation occurred at the house of a young New York shopkeeper. He had been married to a young, gentle hearted girl only a year before, during which period they had lived in uninterrupted happiness.

The young wife had no suspicion that the clouds of adversity were lowering over their joyous home until her husband had communicated the fact. For some weeks, however, she had noticed that Robert was more than usually dull. Once or twice a week he had absented himself from her side in the evening, alleging that he had business demanding his attention.

Angeline Wilson, at the time of her marriage, was the possessor of a small sum of money, bequeathed to her by her father. It had been settled upon her so that her husband could not control it, and could spend no portion of it, without her sanction.

The young shopkeeper's business had prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations, so that his devoted wife, who would willingly have placed her little fortune in his hands, saw no occasion to withdraw it from her uncle, in whose hands it was not only deemed to be safely invested, but was producing a handsome interest.

Robert Wilson was a whole-souled young man, without a selfish thought in his composition. He had married Angeline for herself alone, and had hardly bestowed a thought upon her portion.

But the 'bad speculation' had worried him exceedingly. All the ready money he could command had been exhausted, and in his extremity, the thought had occurred to him that his wife could supply his wants. The idea of asking her for relief, was, to a man of his high-strung temperament, so highly repugnant, that he only had the courage to hint at the service she might render him.

## CHAPTER II.

With the money in his pocket, which Angely had procured for him, Robert Wilson hastened down Broadway. At the corner of Park Place he paused, and cast a fugitive glance around him, evidently much agitated. He thought of his loving wife at home.

He had deceived her, and his conscience smote him. She was all love and gentleness, and sincerity, and confidence, and he had basely deceived her.

Should he not return, throw himself at her feet, and beg her forgiveness? Such a course was certainly the most grateful to his erring, penitent soul; but he had made a 'bad speculation,' and while there was hope of retrieving himself, the demon of mammon within prompted him to sin again.

Turning down Park Place, he entered one of those gambling hells, which are the curse of enlightened America. Again he paused on the steps of the magnificent establishment, to silence the upbraiding of his conscience. The beautiful, loving expression of his wife, languishing away the tedious hours of his absence in lonely misery, haunted him.

But the usual consolation, the oft-repeated resolution of the erring soul: 'Only this time, and then I will forever abandon the way of the transgressor,' came to urge him on.

By the gas light in the street, he observed a dark form closely muffled in the ample folds of a Spanish cloak, approaching the spot where he stood. The stranger paused by his side, glanced intently at him, and then entered the saloon!

He following him: the hall flashed with brilliant lights, and the gay and fashionable of the metropolis thronged the scene. Men smiled as though the place was not the gate of hell itself. The old and respectable of the bar and forum, and the exchange, were there, countenancing, by their presence and example, the iniquity practised within those gilded walls.

Robert Wilson shuddered as he entered the saloon. Yet why should he shrink from a scene in which the respectable men of the community hesitated not to mingle?

Poor, simple, young man! his soul had not yet come to believe that wealth, station and the honors of the world can sanctify sin and hollow iniquity.

In an unguarded hour he had been lured into a 'den of thieves,' by a man of good standing in society—the importer from whom he purchased many of his goods, and who held his notes in payment of them.

He hazarded a few dollars, though his conscience smote him all the while. He won; he was in the hands of those who were experienced in the management of unsuspecting dupes. He went away with his pockets well lined with the fruits of his unhallowed gains.

Inflated by the ambition to become suddenly rich, he went again, and again he won.

The devil lured him on. With a firm resolution to abandon these visits when he should have added the gains of one more night to his previous accumulation, he went a third time. If he succeeded on this occasion as he had on the two previous nights, he should be able to pay the only note he owed. The prospect of freeing himself entirely from debt, suddenly and without labor, tempted him to engage once more in the exciting game.

But the gamblers had permitted him to run the whole length of his rope. On the third night he lost—lost all he had before won.

All his fine fancies were thus dashed to the ground. But the hopes of freeing himself from debt, had taken strong hold of his imagination, and he could not so easily resign it.

Again he went, trusting that the chances of the game would again favor him—again and again he went, till all his available means were sacrificed. The gamblers adroitly permitted him to win a few dollars occasionally, and thus his hopes were kept buoyant.

All were gone, but the passion of gaming had gained intensely as his worldly goods had melted away.

Uneasily he strolled among the gambling tables, now pausing to glance an instant at the game, and then hurrying nervously on again.

He had two hundred dollars in his pocket and—humiliating reflection!—it had been given by his wife. He must be careful of it; he could hope for no more.

As he paced the gaily thronged hall he discovered the dark-looking stranger, who had confronted him at the entrance of the saloon, alone, at one of the marble tables.

The eye of the dark being suddenly rested sharply upon him. It was a dark, deeply, expressive blue eye—it seemed not unfamiliar to him. The glance—he new not why—riveted him to the spot, and he stood tremulously gazing at the stranger.

The complexion of the mysterious personage was decidedly white. His beard, jet black, entirely covered the sides and lower part of the face, even to the contour of the mouth. It was very long and curled gracefully down over the chin. Over his head he wore a cap, from beneath which, long, black, glossy curls floated down over his coat collar. In stature he was below the medium size.

## CHAPTER III.

'Play?' said the stranger, in a low, guttural voice,-not unmingled with softness.

Robert Wilson involuntarily seated himself opposite the dark being.

With his gloved hand the stranger placed a fifty dollar bill on the table.

'Highest wins,' said he laconically, as he pushed the dice box over to Robert.

This was certainly an irregular game, and an irregular method of proceeding—but it was simple, and in this respect was preferable to him, so he placed a corresponding amount by the side of it.

Robert shook the dice, and cast them upon the table.

'Twelve,' said the stranger, as he shook up the box and made his throw.

'Eighteen,' continued he, sweeping stakes from the table.

The next throw Robert won. The stake was doubled; he won again. Maddened by excitement he placed all the money he had on the table. The dark-visaged stranger, without moving a muscle of his brow, covered it.

At one full swoop Robert was penniless again!

Raising from the table in a paroxysm of disappointment, he was about to rush from the scene.

'Stay!' said the stranger.

'I have not a dollar,' replied Robert bitterly.

'Your watch.'

'No,' replied Robert firmly, 'its my wife's.'

'Your luck will change again.'

The young man hesitated.

'Sure to change,' continued the stranger.

With a desperate effort, Robert drew the watch from his pocket.

'Seventy-five dollars,' said he tremulously.

The stranger placed the amount on the table.

The dice descended—Robert won.

For several successive throws he won, but staking all, again he was once more penniless.

The watch was put down again—it was lost! Robert was in despair.

'You have a wife?' said the stranger.

'I have—God forgive!' replied the ruined husband, in a burst of bitterness.

'Of course, you love her not, or you would not be here,' continued the stranger, carelessly.

'I do love her—as I love my own soul!' exclaimed Robert, perplexed by the singular turn the conversation had taken.

The character of the professional gambler was too well known to him, not to suspect that the dark stranger had some object in view in these inquiries. Those fearless tales of gamblers who have staked money against the honor of a wife, flashed across his mind, and he shuddered to think how near he stood to the fatal precipice, which might hurl him, in his madness, into deeper dishonor.

'You would have her know what you have done?' said the stranger calmly.

'Not for the world.'

'Then play again; your chance is good.'

'I have not a shilling.'

'I will lend you.'

'On what security?' asked Robert, trembling for the answer.

'Mortgage me your stock of goods.'

'You know me, then?'

'No: you are a shop-keeper.'

'I will.'

The stranger threw him three hundred dollars.

In ten minutes it was all lost.

'The mortgage,' said the dark being.

'Can we make it here?' said Robert, overwhelmed with anguish.

'No: I will go to your house.'

'Impossible! not for the world.'

'But I WILL!' said the stranger sternly.

'By Heaven, you shall not!'

'Hist! you shall be exposed.'

Robert was obliged to consent, and borne down by the terrible agony that preyed upon him, he conducted his mysterious companion to his once happy home. The clock struck eleven as they entered.

'Your wife is not at home,' said the stranger.

Robert was surprised to find that Angely was not in her accustomed seat by the fire. Full of painful misgivings, why, he knew not, he hastened to her apartment to see if she had retired: there was no trace of her to be discovered.

Returning to the sitting-room, he found the strange gambler seated by the fire, intently poring over the pages of a book he had taken from the centre-table.

'Left you, I should say; women are so tame,' replied the stranger, sternly.

'Left me! no!' exclaimed Robert, casting himself into a chair, and venting deep groans, the anguish of his soul.

'The mortgage,' continued the stranger, sharply.

'I will write it in my room,' replied the young man, leaving the apartment.

Wiping away the tears which coursed in great drops down his haggard cheeks, he picked out a blank mortgage from his papers, and proceeded to fill it out. The task completed, he turned to the sitting-room.

As he opened the door, he started back with astonisment at beholding Angely seated by the grate, reading the last number of Harper!

'Why, Robert, I did not know you had got home,' said she, rising and placing a chair before the fire where his slippers lay, ready for him to put his feet into.

The dark stranger was not there.

'What is the matter, with you, Robert, how strangely you appear,' continued his wife.

'Do I!' and Robert started and looked round him in wild amazement. Where was the stranger?

'I did not know you were here, Angely,' stammered he.

'I have been out awhile this evening; but I came in just as the clock struck eleven.'

'So did I,' answered he, more confused than before. 'Where is Mr. ———, the gentleman who came home with me?'

'I have not seen any gentleman.'

'I came in at eleven with ——"

'What time is it now, Robert?'

The watch—his wife's watch—it was gone!

'Your watch—I left———"

'I have it; it is half past eleven,' said Angely, taking the watch from her pocket.

'What is the matter with you, Robert? you are crazy, I should say.

'That watch'—Robert paused.

'Well,' said Angely, beginning to wear a mysterious, mischievous look, 'how goes your speculation?'

'Badly, my dear,' replied Robert, with a look of wonder.

'What paper have you in your hand?'

'Nothing—that is—I will put it in my secretary,' and he left the room to get the ugly document out of the way.

He was not absent more than five minutes, but when he returned the dark stranger of the gambling hell sat at the fire.

Robert began to think he was dealing with the devil.

'The mortgage,' said the stranger, in his low, deep tones.

'Who are you, sir? man or devil—who are you?' exclaimed the bewildered young man, rushing towards the dark form.

But before he could reach it, the form shook off the cloak, and the whiskers and the wig, and his WIFE stood before him.

The spell was dissolved. He understood it all.

'Are you cured, Robert,' said she, smiling mischievously. And then using the deep tones of the dark stranger, she continued: 'You have a wife; of course, you love her not, or you would not be here. Ah, Robert, that alone saved you; you confessed your love even in your gambling hell. In making haste to be rich, you have been led astray. But I forgive you, Robert,' and the gentle-hearted wife twined her arms around his neck, and kissed his cheek.

'Always forgiving as the spirit of mercy.—I do not deserve your forgiveness, Angely.'

☞The debt of the city of Philadelphia is about $200,000,000.

☞What is that which can often be found where it is not? Fault.

☞There is a time for all things. The time to 'leave' is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

☞People never improve after marrriage. The girl that's imprudent to her parents will be very apt to give 'sass' to her husband.

☞Dr. Franklin used to say, that rich widows were the only pieces of second hand goods that sold at prime cost.

☞Thou shalt not carry off the editor's exchanges, unless thou art sure he is done with them, neither shalt thou talk to him when he is reading proof or writing, lest he get angry and kick thee out of the sanctum.