

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

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### Choice Poetry.

#### WINTER CANNOT LAST FOREVER.

Winter cannot last forever,  
Spring will soon come forth again,  
And with flowers of every color  
Deck the hill-side and the plain.  
Lambs will soon in fields be sporting,  
Birds re-echo from each tree—  
"Winter's gone! its days are ended!  
We are happy, we are free!"  
Hedge and tree will soon be budding,  
Soon with leaves be covered o'er;  
Winter cannot last forever!  
Brighter days are yet in store!  
Sorrow will not last forever,  
Brighter times will come again,  
Joy our every grief succeeding,  
As the sunshine after rain.  
As the snow and ice of winter  
Melt at the approach of Spring,  
So will all our cares and trials,  
Joy and peace and comfort bring.  
While the heart is sad and drooping,  
Think, though you be vexed and sore,  
Sorrow cannot last forever!  
Brighter days are yet in store.

#### THE TWO SISTERS.

BY SAMUEL HAWTHORNE.

The following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed hardly worth relating after such a lapse of time, awakened a degree of interest a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay of Massachusetts. The rainy twilight of an autumn day, a parlor on the second floor of a house, plainly furnished as becometh the circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few specimens of Indian manufacture, these are the only particulars to be presented in regard to scene and seasons. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained until the verge of the evening, when, one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of scripture, they took their leave, and departed to their own happy homes.

The mourners though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United as they had been, by relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as it were consolation her grief admitted, was to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precept of resignation and endurance, which her pious father had taught her, when she did not think to heed them. Her misfortunes besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister, you have not eaten a morsel to-day," she said. "Arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pang of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentations. She now shrunk from Mary's words like a wounded sufferer from the hand that revives the throbbing.

"There is no blessing for me, neither will I ask it," cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of tears. "Would that it were his will that I might never taste food more!"

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own. Time rolled on, and the usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides entered the married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, and confederated themselves in one household, with equal rights to the parlor, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping apartments contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of the fire, and placing a lighted lamp on the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open so that a part of the interior of each and the beds with their uncurtained curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at one and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon

sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by breath of wind, and a nervous impulse continually causing her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber, and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immovable there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm chairs were in their old position on the opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were near them, the thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised in love a power that love had won—The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have benefited their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street door.

"How would my heart have leaped at that sound but yesterday," thought she remembering the anxiety with which she had so long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was heard through several thicknesses of the wall—Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she. "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times a coward more than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street door, and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening in the front of the house and melting in light in the neighboring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every object. As the window grated on its hinges a broad brimmed hat and blanket coat stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward, to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly inkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, good man Parker?" cried the widow.  
"Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?" cried the inn-keeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary, for I hate to see a young woman in trouble when I have not a word of comfort to whisper to her."

"For heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"There has been an express through the town within this half hour," said the good man Parker, "travelling from the westward jurisdiction, with letters from the Governor and Council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontier. He told me we had the better in the skirmish, you wot of, and that thirteen men, reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed one of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchmen and Indians home to Province jail. I judge you wouldn't mind being broke of your rest, and so I stepped over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed: and the lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things and the fragment of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret stayed not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused however, at the door of her chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself, "shall I awaken her to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to see if Mary's sleep was peaceful. Her face was turned partly upward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep! but look a moment's contentment was visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had become calm, because its grief was sunk down so far within. Happy it is, and strange that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are fabricated. Margaret shrank from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step she turned away. But joy could not be repressed, even by the circumstance that would have excited heavy grief at any other time. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts till sleep stole on and transformed them into visions more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter (but a cold comparison) working fantastic tracery on the window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary woke with a sudden start. A vivid dream

had lately involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at its most interesting point. For a little time slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from seeing the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of rapid and eager knocking. At first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew next; it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; but soon she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment, a pang of recollection darted into her mind; the dim light of the chamber and the objects therein revealed, had retained her ideas and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again there was a quick peal upon the front door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wadded herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth and hastened to the window. By some accident it had become unclasped, and yielded easily to the hand.

"Who's there?" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon unbroken clouds above, and below, upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of fallen rain, curling with silver beneath the quick exhalation of a breeze. A young man, in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognized him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages on the coast; nor did she forget that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer for her hand.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know that I got home ten minutes ago, and the first thing my mother asked about was your husband, so, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapped on my hat and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gasping breath, and preparing to close the lattice, for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadis.  
"But stop and hear my story out," cried the young sailor. "I tell you I spoke to a brig yesterday afternoon bound in from Old England—and whom do you think I saw on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?"

Mary leaned from the window, but did not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the vessel turned bottom upwards."

The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you will see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring to you, Mary; so, good-night.  
He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more. Her first impulse was to arouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand on the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awaken to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by the contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was ruddy-tinted, lips half-opened in a vivid smile; and expression of joy debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from her whole countenance.

"My poor sister, you will awaken too soon from that happy dream," thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp and endeavored to arrange the bed-clothes so that the chill air might do no harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke. The mutual joy was made known, and they wept in each other's arms.

#### This is Poetry.

Oh, if there is one earthly bliss  
More precious than another,  
It is when, with delight, you kiss  
A pretty girl when she sends a certain individual  
out of the room on the important errand  
of seeing what hour is indicated by the  
hand of the family time-piece, down  
stairs—  
Certain individual being her brother.  
While musing thus, one summer eve,  
As by the fair one's side I sat,  
The time was near at hand to leave, so,  
seating my hand around her waist, I  
drew her gently to me, and, when in the  
act of applying my lips to hers, the door  
was softly opened, and her respected  
"Ma" appeared armed with a broomstick,  
and, before I knew where I was,  
I was knocked into a cocked hat.  
Wheels that would make good story-tellers—Spinning-wheels.

#### A Leaf From the Journal of Agatha Holmes.

BY WILLIE WARK.

If ever woman loved man, I loved Clarence St. Mar.

As I sat, one balmy evening, thinking of the many times we had danced, rode and sung together, my mind wandered to the distant and uncertain future. I imagined myself the wife of Clarence, surrounded by all that love could dictate, living in the sunlight of his smiles; it was pleasant to dream thus, for I loved Clarence, and believed from my heart that I would become his wife.

While I sat there dreaming, I heard footsteps approaching, and a moment more, and I was in the arms of Clarence, his heart beating close to my own, his breath upon my cheek, his eyes gazing down into the depths of my own; and I was happy, yes, most happy, for I knew he loved me; he had often told me so, but had never spoken of marriage.

For hours we sat there, bathed in a soft flood of silvery moonlight; many words of endearment he breathed in my ear, and the stars smiled upon us as we sat there in the mystical shades of night. At length, taking my hand in his, he asked me to be his bride.

"Clarence are you sure you love me with the devotion of a lover? Is it not the gentle milder love that a brother gives to a sister? Is it not a mistaken fancy which prompts you to offer me your hand?"

"Agatha! can you doubt the sincerity of my love—the depth of my attachment for you? Oh, darling be to me through life, a loving, gentle companion; have you not told me a thousand times that you loved me?"

There was a winning tenderness in his tone—I knew not what made me reply as I did; perhaps it was to try how far I could go in trifling with his feelings; perhaps it was in hopes of hearing him plead and supplicate; at all events, the motives were unlovely. I looked up into his handsome, manly face, upon which the chastened moonbeams fell, and replied:

"Clarence, I have always esteemed you highly—have loved you as a sister would a dear brother; I have never asked my heart if it owned your image to the exclusion of all others. I will always love you as a sister, be assured of this, dear Clarence;" and I looked up, expecting, nay, firmly believing that he would throw himself at my feet, but imagine my surprise when he rose from his seat, and standing before me, said:

"Miss Holmes, you have deceived me, trifled with my holiest feelings; farewell, may you be happy, and he was gone, gone never to return. Ah, would that I could have recalled the words I had uttered; but alas! it was too late! I had sent the man I loved from me, spurned his love, when it was dearer to me than life itself. The agony I endured that night words can never express. Anxiously I watched for him day after day, but he returned not.

Three years passed away—three years freighted with joy and sunshine to some, but to me, sorrow, remorse and anguish. During those three years, I had not heard a word from Clarence; but one day, as I sat reading, a servant entered the apartment and handed me a note; it was from Clarence—he was sick—dying—and wished me to come to him. I hastened to his sick room, but alas! when I arrived, he was in the arms of death. Sadly I returned to my home. Years have passed since then, and I am now an old maid; silvery threads streak the jetty locks of my hair, grief-marks are on my brow, and I am hastening to that land where I will meet Clarence, meet to be with him forever.

I have written my bitter experience to night in the hope that it may be a lesson to some young and giddy girl; therefore grant this leaf from my journal may be the means of preventing shadows from falling upon the life of some bright and happy maiden.

A Wolf Caught by a man on Skates.—While James Graham, our wide awake Sheriff was out with a party skating on the river, a few days since, he observed, as he was gliding swiftly along over the smooth ice in advance of his companions, a large wolf crossing the river just a few rods ahead of him, when he immediately gave chase.—The frightened brute turned down the stream finding his pursuers would cut him off before he could possibly reach the opposite bank, and ran as fast as he could, which was not his greatest pace, owing to the smoothness of the ice. The Sheriff intent on his game, bent his whole energies to accelerating his pace, keeping his eyes on the truant creature before him and being a superior skater, he gained upon him at every stroke; but when within almost reach of the animal, he happened to cast his eye ahead, and there, within half a dozen yards, was an open stretch of water of several rods in width, into which the wolf sprang, followed of course by the Sheriff, who was unable to check his momentum soon enough to avoid the disaster. Finding himself 'in for it' he laid hold of the growing, snapping brute, thereby buoying himself up until his comrades arrived, when he was pulled out and the cause of his cold bath forthwith killed.—St. Joseph Traveller.

"Tommy, my son, run into the store and get some sugar."

"Excuse me ma, I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him I'm sick."

"Who discerns what is infinitely small?"

#### The Fire-Side.

Come, reader, come with me, and let us sit down by the fire-side together. The sun has gone down, the shadows of night prevail. The winds are blowing without, but the fire is sparkling within. The shutters are closed, the curtains are drawn; there is yet an hour that may be passed peacefully and pleasantly—let it be passed by the fire-side.

The fire-side is a chosen spot, a chartered space, endeared by a thousand affectionate recollections. It is so in my case; may it be the same in yours! But all earthly things are given to changes, and the fire-side of our infancy and youth is rarely that of our manhood and old age.—Still, however, it retains an attractive charm—still it has a hold, a strong hold on our affections.

What though we are no longer children; though we no more behold those who watched over us in our by gone days; though the friends of our youth may be looked for in vain; there are other beings thronging around us, sharing our joys and our sorrows; other interest have grown up in our hearts. The fire-side is yet the home of domestic peace; and if there are in heaven those who draw our thoughts after them, there are also on earth those who call them back again to the world.

Let us make the most of our common mercies; and in health and strength, if food and fuel, if a home and fire-side be ours, let us see how we can turn them to the best advantage. Some of the pleasantest, some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent by the fire-side; and you, too, must have had your fire side enjoyments.

Let us make the most of our common mercies. We paint our houses, whitewash our walls, and weed our gardens; why not make them all that they should be; by banishing from them all that is unlovely, and adorning them with all that is amiable and excellent? When a family party, a fire-side circle, are all of one mind; when their love is without dissimulation; when they abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good; when they are kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another; when they look to the same Saviour unreservedly for salvation, and with one heart and voice sing his praise, they come nearer to happiness than anything on this side of heaven.

What the future may be we know not; let us be grateful for the present and the past; for he that can look back to the fire-side of his infancy, his youth, and his manhood without feeling some kindling glow of friendship and affection, must indeed have been unhappy.

If, in the mirthful sports of your childhood, when the fire has blazed cheerfully, your eye has been the brightest of the assembled throng; and if, in after years, you have found your fire-side a fire-side of happiness, when next you sit there take up the Book of Life, that your joy may be full. If you are looking aright for a more enduring joy than earth can give, the brightest fire-side scene is as nothing compared with what is promised. And if the bitter bread and water of affliction and sorrow have been your sustenance, still take up the book of eternal life, and read what is in store for the sorrowful servants of the Lord; "He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Again I call upon you to improve your common mercies, and among them not to neglect the improvement of your fire side, that it may become the dwelling place of a grateful heart, the home of hospitality, the shrine of friendship, the sanctuary of affection and the temple of praise.

#### Scollers.

Nothing shows, more clearly, the wickedness, ignorance, and low-breeding of a person, than to make light of religion.—We fully endorse the following from an exchange:  
"What a common thing it is to make sport of those who join church. This, more than anything else, defers persons from acknowledging Christ and becoming his disciples. It is the greatest barrier against which the church has to contend. Remove it, and you will inaugurate a revolution such as has never been witnessed. Many a young man, and woman too, has felt the necessity of renouncing the world, but they lacked the moral courage to meet the taunts and jeers of old associates. But why should they allow this to interfere? Why sacrifice their convictions of right, indeed, their future happiness, because a few may make them the butt of ridicule. The truly good will admire and think all the better of them. They who taunt them for the step they have taken are not their real friends, and the sooner they sever all connections with them the better. Then resolve, young man or woman, to follow out the honest convictions of your heart, regardless of what others may say or do. To take up the cross and follow Christ, is something of which you need not feel ashamed. Never let it be said that you were driven from the path of duty by the jeers of your companions."

Seasonable Queries.—The self-examinatory society has proposed the following queries to all persons about this financial period:

1. Does it cost anything to print a newspaper?
2. How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?
3. Do printers eat, drink and wear clothing?
4. If they do, how do they get it?
5. Do I pay for my paper?
6. Is not this particular period a first rate time to pay up?

We consider this a good sort of a catechism, and the sharpest delinquent subscriber will no doubt understand it first and pony up instantly.

It is said that John Sherman, of Ohio, John Hickman, of Pennsylvania, and John C. Fremont, will be sent respectively as Ministers to England, Spain and France, under Lincoln's administration.

An Irishman caught a hornet in his hand, but dropped it and exclaimed: "Be Jesus, what kind o' teeth do your birds have in Ameriky?"

Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal the prettiest things.

#### The God of The Aged.

Some time ago, I stepped up to an old man whom I saw when preaching at an anniversary, and I said to him, "Brother, do you know there is no man in the whole chapel I envy so much as you?" "Envy me," why I am eighty-seven." I said "I do; because you are so near your home and because I believe that in old age their is peculiar joy, which we young people do not taste at present. You have got to the bottom of the cup, and it is not with God's wine as it is with man's. Man's wine becomes dregs at the last, but God's wine is sweeter the deeper you drink of it." He said "That's very true, young man," and shook me by the hand. I believe there is a blessedness about old age that we young men know nothing of. I will tell you how that is. In the first place, the old man has a good experience to talk about. The young men are only just trying some of the promises; but the old man can turn them over one by one, and say, "There I have tried that, and that, and that." We read them over and say, "I hope they are true," but the old man says, "I know they are true." And then he begins to tell you why. He has got a history for every one, like a soldier for his medals; and he takes them out and says, "I will tell you when the Lord revealed that to me; just when I lost my wife; just when I buried my son; just when I was turned out of my cottage, and did not get work for six weeks, or at another time, when I broke my leg." He begins telling you the history of the promises, and says, "There, now, I know they are all true." What a blessed thing to look upon them as paid notes; to bring out the old checks that have been cashed, and say "I know they are genuine or else they would not have been paid." Old people have not the doubts young people have about the doctrines. Young people are apt to doubt; but when they get old, they begin to get solid and firm in the faith. I love to get some of my old brethren to talk with me concerning the good things of the kingdom. They do not hold the truth with their two fingers, as some of the young men do; but they get right hold of it and no body can take it from the grasp.—Spurgeon.

#### The Coolest Thing on Record.

An Incident of the Mexican War.—As General Scott's army was marching triumphantly into the city of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on an eminence at the right, and advanced with slow and measured step until they met the army at the right angles. The guide or leader of the procession was a venerable priest whose hair was whitened with the frost of many winters. He held in both hands a contribution box, upon which there was a lighted candle, and when within a few feet of the army the procession halted. As the army proceeded, many a true believer in St. Patrick dropped some small coin or other into the old priest's box. And, when it was observed that a soldier was searching in his pockets for something to bestow, the old priest would step forward and hold his box to receive the donation. Ultimately there came along a tall, gaunt, lumber sided gander looking Yankee, who, on seeing the poor priest, thrust his hands into the very depths of his breeches pockets, as if in search for a dime, or something of the kind. The priest observing this movement advanced, as usual, while Jonathan, holding forth a greasy looking roll of paper, commenced very deliberately unfolding it.

The priest anticipated a liberal donation, and put on an air of the most exquisite satisfaction Jonathan continued to unroll piece after piece of dirty paper, until at length he found a piece of twisted smoking tobacco. He next thrust his hands into another pocket, and drew forth a clay pipe, which, with the utmost deliberation, he proceeded to fill by pinching off small particles of the tobacco. When this was done, having replaced his tobacco in his breeches pocket, he stepped forward and lighted his pipe by the old priest's candle, and making an awkward inclination of his head, (intended perhaps for a bow,) he said, "much obliged to ye, 'Squire," and proceeded on.

"There's no occasion for a receipt, John," said the Judge, "you'll never be called on to pay it again."

"Ugh! big Indian steal whisky—pay five dollars—want um receipts!"

"We don't give receipts here John."

But the son of the forest was not to be cheated. He bored the clerk, sheriff, and every one connected with the court, until the Judge concluded to give him a receipt to get rid of him. He called him up to the bench, and said:

"John, if you tell me what you want with a receipt, I'll give you one."

Upon which the red man delivered himself as follows:

"Big John die one of these days. He go up to Heaven—knock at the gate. Peter say, 'Who knock at the gates of Heaven?' 'Big John.' 'John you pay for that whiskey you stole?' 'Yes.' 'Shove the receipt under the gate, John.' Then Big John have to go hunt all through hell to find Judge Johnson and get a receipt."

The lady with 'liquid eyes' is much troubled by having them continually running round the room.

There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls.—Exchange.

And if grows on 'em as they get bigger.

The ashes of a smoked cigar are little thought of—those of a man, scarcely more.

Mrs. Partington says there isn't enough of the spirit of seventy-six left to fill a fluid lamp.

At a fashionable city party, at which low necked dresses were a prominent feature Miss B. addressed her country cousin:

"Consin Sam, did you ever see such a glorious sight before?"

"Never since I was reelected!" said Sam, blushing.

Which had the most modesty?