Raftsman's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIVIER.

VOL. 1. CLEARFIELD, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1854. NO. 1.

RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL

BEN. JONES, Publisher.

Per. annum. (payable in advance,)	$1 00
If paid within the year,	1 50
After the expiration of the year,	2 00

No paper discontinued until all arrarages are paid.

A failure to notify a discontinuance t the expiration of the term subscribed for, will e considered a new engagement.

RATES OF ADVERTISEING.

	1 ins.	2 ns.	3 ins.
Four lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square (12 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Three squares,	1 50	2 00	2 50
Six lines or less, one year,			4 00
One square " "			6 50
Three squares " "			12 00
Half a column " "			25 00

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired will be continued unt directed to be stopped, and charged according to these terms.

Business notices, in item column, eighteents per line for every insertion.

All letters &c., should be addressed, Bej. Jones, "Raftsman's Journal," Clearfield, Pa., (post-paid to receive attention.)

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage-coach rattling by;
For the steam king rules the traveled wrld,
And the old pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal
Where once the stage horse, day by day
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn;
No more the bustling landlord runs
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And bright-eyed children play
Where once the clattering hoof and whee
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
Or the strong wheel's rumbling sound;
And, ah, the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found?
The coach stands rustling in the yard,
And the horse has sought the plough;
We have spanned the earth with an iron ril,
And the steam king rules us now!

The old turnpike is a pike no more,
Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to strie,
Which we ride at a flying rate; [hls.
We have fill'd up the valleys and level'd he
And tunneled the mountain side;
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge
Fearlessly onward we ride!

On—on—with a haughty front!
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late
To babble back the sound;
And the old pike road is left alone,
And the stagers seek the plow;
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"What an angel!"—"Say rather a lily of the valley!"

The speakers were two young sportsmen in the Highlands of Scotland, who, wearied by a long day's shooting, were approaching a hill side spring, famous in that wild district for the coldness and pureness of its waters. They had just reached the brow of the elevation overlooking the rural fountain, when the sight of a young girl, in the first blush of womanly beauty, sitting by the spring, drew these ejaculations from them in succession. As they spoke they stopped, by a common impulse to gaze on the fair vision a moment before it should be dissipated, which they knew it would on their appearance.

The young girl was sitting on a low rock that rose by the side of the fountain, her dimpled elbow resting on the cliff, and her head leaning on her hand. The attitude was one of nature's own choosing, and graceful in the extreme, as all such careless postures are. The figure of the maiden was slight and sylph-like, yet exquisitely proportioned; nor could Canova have modelled a bust of more undulating outline, or a rounder and fairer arm.

"See, was I not right?" said the last of the two speakers, in a whisper to his companion.—"She has been gathering lillies; there are some still in her hand, and a bunch nestles in her bosom, but only to be outvied by the purity around it."

"Yes, Duncan, she is more than an angel—she is a peerless Scottish lass—a lily of the valley indeed. What a pity so much beauty was not noble born!"

"Tush!" replied his companion, impatiently; "Burns says—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that;

and, to my thinking, a lovely woman is a born countess, at least, if she has graces of mind equal to those of person. But let us descend."

He had been leaning careless on his gun as he spoke, and now, preparatory to proceeding, threw it on his shoulder. Unfortunately the trigger had caught in a bramble, and the piece went off, lodging its contents in his side. He staggard and fell.

"Good heavens!" cried his companion, springing to his assistance, and lifting the wounded man up. "Are you killed? Do you hear me, Donald? Merciful Father!" he exclaimed, as he saw no sign of life in his friend," what shall we do? He is dead or dying, and no aid to be had for miles!"

The young girl we have described had been buried in a profound reverie, but at the report of the gun she started like a frightened bird, looking wildly around to see whence it proceeded. In a moment she caught sight of the wounded man lying on the heather above her, while his friend, kneeling on one knee, supported the head of the sufferer. Immediately that the sportsman saw the girl was watching him, he shouted and waved his arm for help.

When was woman's ear ever deaf to the call of suffering? The timid Scottish maiden, who but a moment before was on the point of flying, now turned and began to ascend the hill-side, fleet and graceful as a young doe.

"My poor friend," said the sportsman, politely doffing his hat as she approached, "has met with an unfortunate accident, and I do not know what to do, or where to bear him."

A deep blush dyed the girl's cheek as she encountered the gaze of a stranger, but it passed off immediately, and with a presence of mind worthy of one older, she stooped down to see if the wounded man was dead.

The face she beheld was as handsome a manly countenance as the sun ever shone upon; and perhaps she thought so, for the blush again came to her cheek. The features were cast in a lofty, almost heroic mould, and were indicative of a character at once firm and elevated, a something above the mere fine gentleman, which was evidently his social rank.

"He breathes still," she said, as she broke off a delicate leaf from one of her lillies and held it to his nostril; and looking at his companion she continued, "do you think you could carry him to the spring?"

The sportsman answered by carefully lifting his friend up in his arms and bearing him down the hill-side, the young girl flollowing.

"Place him here," she said pointing to the slightly elevated bank, "and lean his head against the rock. Everything," she continued, "now depends on you getting a surgeon soon. If you will follow that path to your right around the turn of the hill, you will find our cabin. There is a pony there which you can take, and ride to the little town of Abernethy, some five miles off, where, fortunately, a surgeon may be had. At the cabin you will find a shepherd or two—tell them to bring me some bed-clothes and a settee, on which to carry your friend to the house. It is an humble place, but better than the hill side. By the time you get back with the surgeon we shall have your friend in a comfortable bed, and I hope doing better."

When he had vanished around the hill the young girl took some water in her hands, and bathed the face of the wounded man. But he still lay insensible. After having persisted in her task for some time, without any signs of life being perceptible, the tears began to fall thick and fast from her lovely eyes.

"Alas," she said, "he is dead! What if he has a mother, or one dearer still! And yet but half an hour ago he was in the full strength of health and manhood. It cannot be—I have heard," she continued, eagerly, as if a sudden thought had struck her, and she began to open his vest to get at the wound, "that my grandsire died at Culloden from the blood coagulating in the wound, when, if a surgeon had been by, he might have been saved. What if this should be the case here?"

She had by this time bared sufficient of his person to get at the orifice of the wound. The dark gore had almost stiffened about it. She gazed at it an instant, the tears falling fast in womanly sympathy, and then a sudden idea seemed to strike her. She stooped down, and tenderly approaching the wound, commenced wiping away the congealed blood. She had not been long engaged in her task of mercy when the wounded man stirred, and opening his eyes fixed them earnestly upon her.

She started from her kneeling posture covered with beautiful confusion. For a while the sense of maidenly shame even overcame her joy at his recovery, and she could not meet his gaze.

"Where am I?" he inquired, for his memory was yet vague. "What spirit from heaven are you? Ah! I remember—my gun went off. But where is Harry?"

The young girl had now in a measure recovered from her embarrassment. "If you meant your friend," she said, half timidly, and in a voice that sounded to the ears of the sufferer inexpressibly sweet, "he is gone for a surgeon. I have consented to watch by you till some shepherds come to carry you to our cabin.—"And here they come, Heaven be blessed!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, equally glad to conclude this embarrassing *tete-a-tete* and to see the wounded man placed in a situation of more comfort.

"Heaven bless you!" said the sufferer, with emphasis, giving her a look which brought the blushes again to her countenance. "You have saved my life."

In a few moments the wounded man was placed upon a settee brought by the shepherds, and the little cavalcade wended its way toward the cabin. The maiden walked last, and by her side stalked sadly the two dogs of the sufferer; and the dumb animals, with a sense almost human, as if appreciating her kindness to their master, looked up affectionately into her face every few steps.

The cabin was like those existing everywhere in the Highlands—a rude but cheerful habitation, but was both larger than usual, and adorned with more taste inside. The wounded man, as he was borne into an inner chamber of which the house had apparently at least two, noticed, with some surprise, over the fireplace, an old fashioned target and broad claymore.

In about two hours the friend of the sufferer returned, bringing with him the surgeon, who was closeted with his patient for more than an hour, and when he came forth the young girl was still awake, sitting anxiously by the fire, in company with a middle-aged woman, the wife of one of the shepherds.

"Oh, Miss Helen," said the old surgeon, answering the inquiry of her eyes, "you have saved the life of as braw a lad as ever shot a muir-cock or stalked a red deer. I know all about it, ye see, lassie;" then seeing that Helen was ready to cry with sheer vexation, he continued, "but it's in the bluid, it's in the bluid; ye came of a generous and gallant race," and he patted her head as a father would that of a favorite daughter, adding, as if to himself, "'tis a pity the Southron has the broad acres that were once her ancestors; and that she, coming of a chieftain's line, should have nothing but a cabin and a few bits of hill-side for a flock or two of sheep."

Helen did not hear these last remarks, for the old man spoke in a whisper, and she had risen, now that she knew the result, to retire, for she feared the other young sportsman would come out.

The next day the wounded man was pronounced better, but still in a very critical situation; and his removal was expressly forbidden by the old surgeon.

"Ye moun keep him here awhile yet lassie," he sad, addressing Helen; "and I'm almost persuaded ye'el hae to be his nurse. He hae nae sisters, or mother to send for, it seems; and and men are very rough nurses, ye ken. Mrs. Colinsis here, and will nae doubt help; but ye maun be his nurse, maist of the time, yeerself. Aweel aweel, don't look frightened; 'tis what can't be helped."

And so, Helen, timid and embarrased, was compelled, from the urgent necessity of the case, to attend on the wounded man. His friend indeed remained to assist in nursing him; but the invalid, with the whim of a sick man, soon began to refuse his medicines, unless administered by the hand of Helen, and sweetened by her smile. Moreover, until the danger was over, his friend watched every night at his bedside, and in consequence requiring a portion of the day for rest, Helen was necessarily left alone, for hours, with the wounded man. The surgeon, for the first two weeks, came every day to see his patient; but, after this, visited him less frequently.

"He is getting along weel enough now," he said one day, when Helen followed him out of the room, to ask his opinion. "All he needs is nursing, such as ye ken weel how to gie him. Ah, lassie," he continued, smiling archly, and shaking his grey head, "I would, mysel', be a'most willing to be on a sick bed for a fortnight, if I could hae two such een watching me."

It was not long after this, for he now mended rapidly, that the invalid began to sit up, and very soon he could totter to the window, and look out. In a day or two more he found his way to the cottage door, where, sitting in a chair, he inhaled the delicious mountain air, for an hour or so at noon-day. His friend, when the invalid was thus far convalescent, took to his gun again, and went out for game; and so Helen and her guest were frequently left alone together.

It is not to be supposed that this intimacy between two congenial spirits could go on without love, on one side at least.

"How shall I ever thank you sufficiently, Helen?" said Donald, one day, looking at her fondly. "I have never dared to allude to it since, though I have thought of it fifty times daily; but your presence of mind, when I was dying by the spring, saved my life."

The blushing Helen looked down, and began to pick pieces of a lilly of the valley, her favorite flower; but she answered softly, "Don't talk that way, Mr. Alleyne. You would not, I know, if you were aware how much it pained me."

"Call me Donald," said the convalescent; "surely we have known each other long enough for you to drop that formal name. Or if you will not name me Donald, then I shall address you as Miss Greame."

"Donald then," said Helen archly, looking up, and tossing the curls back from her face.

"Bless you for the word Helen," he said, taking her hand. Nay, dear one, do not withdraw your hand—do not look away—for I love you, Helen, as I love my own life, and if you will not mine I shall ever be miserable. It is this, then, that I have been long wishing to say to you, but never dared."

And did not Helen return the love thus warmly expressed? Had she been with him so much to know how immeasurably superior he was to other men? Why did she, in fact shake her head and persist in withdrawing her hand.

"Mr. Alleyne," she said, though with averted face the tears were falling fast from her eyes she no longer said, Donald—"if you would not have me keep out of your sight for ever—if, in short, you have any respect for a friendless girl—do not speak in that strain again," and she rose as if to depart.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake hear me," said he, detaining her; "hear me only for one word. Since the hour that you saved my life I have loved you, and everyday I have spent in your society has increased that love; but if you say that you love another, I swear never to look on that subject again."

She endeavored to detach her hand, which he had caught a second time, but he held it too firmly. She still looked away, weeping, but did not answer. "You are rich; I am poor," she said at last, brokenly; "you would some day repent of this thing. Even your friends would laugh at your folly."

"Then you love me," said he, eagerly. "Is it not so?"

But this time Helen faced him, and with a dignity that quite awed his rapture.

"Mr. Alleyne, will you let me go?" she said. "I am an unprotected girl, and you presume on my situation."

"No, by Heaven, no!" he exclaimed, but let go her hand; "there, leave me, cruel one.—You misjudge me, indeed, Miss Greame, for your blood is as good as mine; and even if it were not, Donald Alleyne is not the man to love for rank or wealth."

Helen, whose pride rather than heart had spoken, was moved by these words, and she lingered irresolutely. Her lover saw the change in her demeanor, and hastened to take advantage of it. Nor did Helen long continue to resist his pleadings. She loved him indeed only too well, as she had all along confessed to her own heart. Still, even when brought to half acknowledge that he had a place in her heart, she would not promise to be his without a condition. He argued long and earnestly, but her answer was always the same.

"We must part for a year," she said. "You think now, with the memory of your illness fresh upon you that you love me; but I am come of too haughty a blood, though poor now, to marry even where I might love, on so sudden and questionable—excuse me for I must speak plainly—so sudden and questionable an attachment. You are rich, fashionable, and with influence; I am the last of a line proscribed ever since Culloden. Your place is the gay world, where you will be surrounded by troops of friends; mine is in the humble cabin where a few poor dependants have been my only companions, ever since my father died. If you really love me, you will return at the end of the year; and if you forget me,"—her lips quivered, but she went on,"—if you forget me, I shall live here, with the heather and muir-cock, as I have lived before."

Her lover was therefore compelled to submit. But think you he honored or adored her less for her resolution? No he worshipped her the more for it. There was a proud independence in her banishment, of him—her decision, he said to himself, the daughter of chieftains who had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden Field, and sacrificed their all at Culloden.

Two weeks from that time Donald and his friend left the Highland cabin, and Helen was alone. Never before had she known what it was to be really alone. She continually missed the presence of that manly form, the light of that manly eye, the deep tones of that manly voice. She never knew how much she loved till her lover was away.

But even a year will pass, and just a twelvemonth from Donald's departure Helen sat at the spring side which she had named for the trysting spot if her lover proved faithful. She had been there already for many hours, watching with an eager timid heart, half trembling at her own folly in expecting him, half angry with herself for her doubts; but now, as the gloaming came on, yet no Donald appeared, her bosom swelled nigh to bursting. She rose frequently and looked up the bridle path, but nobody was in sight. At last the stars began to come out; the wind grew chill; and with an almost broken heart she rose to return to the cabin. Her tears were falling fast.

"I might have known this," she said sadly. "Do not all my books tell me the same?—Ever the old story of trusting woman and deceiving man."

At this instant an arm was thrown around her waist, and a well-remembered voice whispered, in her ear—"Now Helen dear, one of our cruel sex at least, is falsified. I thought to steal on you unawares and surprise you; and so went round by the cottage to leave my horse there. Had you looked behind, instead of before you, you would have frustrated my little scheme by seeing me coming up the gloaming."

What could she say? She said nothing, but burying her face on his shoulder, wept glad tears. "I have waited a whole year impatiently for this day," said he; "thank Heaven I find you mine at last."

A month from that time Sir Donald Alleyne introduced his bride to his ample domains in England; and never had a fairer wife entered the splended halls of his ancestors.

In the great gallery of the castle is a picture of a young Scottish girl, with a half pensive face, sitting by a mountain spring; and the old house-keeper, as she goes the rounds with visitors, pauses before the protrait to say, "That is the likeness of the last Lady Alleyne; and lovely she was, and as good as lovevely. By her husband, the late baronet, she was always called the Lilly of the Valley. Why I have never heard."

But you have, reader; and if you should ever visit Alleyne Castle you will have no need to be told the tale again.

A BOY called a doctor to visit his father, who had the delirum tremens; not rightly remembering the name of the disease, he called it the devil's trembles—making bad Latin, but very good English.

God Seen in all His Works.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron ——. The Baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his fathers's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood: on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a maner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung upon the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to use his pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replyed the baron, "he knows evry plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron,

"What a happy man you are to have so good a son!"

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and all he may has done all that you have showed me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and this is the way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know from His works, that He is a being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron any more by his remarks.

WORK! WORK!

I have seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously at some useful labor. Beneath them to work! Why, work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry, is the most truly great man—aye, and is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too. And the man who fogets his duty to himself, his fellow creatures, and his God—who so far forgets the great blessings of life, as to allow his energies to stagnate in inactivity and uselessness, had better die; for says Holy Writ, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." An idler is a cumberer of the ground—a weary curse to himself, as well as to those around him.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, what but the continued history that brings forth the improvement that never allows him to be contented with any attirement he may have made—of work that he may have effected, what but this raises man above the brute creation, and, under Providence, surrounds him with comforts, luxuries and refinements, physical, moral and intelectual blessings? The great orator, the great poet, and the great scholar, are great working men. Their vocation is infinitely more laborious than that of the handicraftsman; and the student's life has more anxiety than that of any other man. And all, without the perseverence, the intention to real industry, cannot thrive. Hence the number of mere pretensions to scholarship, or those who have not strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop half way, and are smatterers—a shame to the profession.

Beneath human beings to work! Look in the artist's studio, the poet's garret, where the genius of immortality stands ready to seal his work with an uneffaceable signet, and then you will only see industry standing by his side.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, I had rather that a child of mine should labor regularly at the lowest, meanest employment, than to waste its body, mind and sole, in folly, idleness, and uselessness. Better to wear out in a year, than to rust out in a century.

Beneath human beings to work! Why what but work has tilled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our churches, printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls? "Work out your own salvation," says the inspired Apostle to the Gentiles.

A DEACON'S QUOTATION OF SCRIPTURE ON THE USE OF WINE AND COLD WATER.—Mr. Secretary Marcy recently told an anecdote at a dinner party in Washington, which runs thus:—

He said that a few weeks since Governor Seymour of New York wrote to him, that since he had vetoed the Liquor Law he had received various letters from gentleman in different parts of the state, both approving and disapproving of his course in the premises. Among them was one from an honest old deacon, who resided somewhere in the center of the State, which commended his action in the strongest terms. The old gentleman alluded to informed the governor that he was deeply interested in the debates on both sides of the question, and did not let one 'jot or tittle' escape him. He had, too, he said, 'looked up' his Bible from Genesis to Revelations, in order to see how the liquor question was there treated, and after mature delibeation he came to the conclusion that all the great and good men, as Noah, Moses, David, Solomon, and Jesus, not only were partakers of the 'rosy,' but recommended it to others: in a word, in his researches he only found one instance where a man called for cold water, and that he was in h—l, where he ought to be." This cut direct at old Dives, who was rather wroth at not being allowed to spread his blanket in company with Lazarus, in the bosom of Father Abraham,—raised something of a smile, perhaps we should say rather a broad grin, among the partakers of Mr. Marcy'wine, at the convivial set-to in question.

A HAPPY LAND.—A writer from Florence says that in some respects Italy is the most delightful country in the world. It is a land, for example, where cleaning house, washing day' and all other such interesting epochs in the American calender, are intolerated and unknown.—This exemption from the great domestic evil of cleaning house is owing not so much to a love of dirt as to the peculiar construction of the building. Thus, for instance, where the ceilings and wall are frescoed, or the latter covered with silk or paper hangings, there is no need of white-washing, and where the panels and doors are of marble or oak' there is no necessity for scouring paint. The ceilings and walls are kept clean by long-handled brushes. The carpets there are fastened to iron rings in the floor, by means of large hooks in the binding, and thus can be raised and laid down again as noiselessly and easily as a County covers. In Italy a large number taken in exchange work, such as washing, cleaning windows, &c., is done at an early hour in the morning, before the family are awake for the day: and so quietly is it accomplished that to a stranger it seems as if the invisible wand of some mighty magician had changed all in the night.

Served Him Right.

A drunken husband having advertised his wife in the Kosciusko Sun warning the public not to trust her, she addressed the editor the following note:

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?—Mr. Roy: I find in your paper an advertisement over the signature of T. Cottrell, forewarning all persons from selling me any thing on his account, and that he does not consider himself responsible for any debt I may contract. It was altogether unnecessary for Mr. Cottrell to insert such an advertisement in your paper, for no one who knows anything about his character will credit him on his own account. I shall not degrade myself by replying to the scurrilous advertisement of a man who has for many years been a drunken inmate of a whiskey doggery, and whose reputation, decency, character, and credit have left him long since; but in conclusion, I will remark, that I forewarn all persons from letting Mr. Thos. Cottrell have anything on my account, as I have heretofore paid his debts and supported him, and cannot consistently with my own feelings and intrest to do so any more. Martha Ann McCary.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The annexed beautiful lines are taken from Sir Humphry Davy's Salmonia:—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful and useful, I should prefer a firm religious belief to evry other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruptions and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune and shame, the ladder to Paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the garden of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualists and skeptic views only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair.

☞In a recent familiar chat between Madam Aimz and the celebrated Dr. Humm, the lady took occasion to remark that "the men of the present age, if for any one thing above another, are celebrated for wearing fals hearts?" "Yes, my dear madam," pithily rejoined the doctor, "and the ladies for false bosoms?" Madam Aimz screeched.

NO MAN can do anything, against his will, said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to Botany Bay against his will, faith and he did."