Raftsman's Journal

VOL. 2. CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1856. NO. 23.

All persons are cautioned against ...ing with One Brown and ...-horse Wagon, now in ... left ...

CURWENSVILLE PROPERTY FOR SALE. A house and lot in Curwensville borough for sale; for terms and description apply to L. J. CRANS. Clearfield. June ...

TO RENT.—The "Sus... Borough of Curwens... Johnston, will be ... from the first ... WIN.

...TRIBUNE, 1855-6.—... its ... middle of its fif... ...ber ...kly issue commen... ...made ... The American ...said cra... ...quainted with its ...rudeness. With but a ...stand for ...ieousness, ...against ...ed Iniqui... ...n. There is ...t a slave... ...who' he may ever read ...sale and note ...yable, ...ate the TRIBUNE ...here is ...or of ...gged and pison... ...ot consi...y it a ver...dan... ...per, and ...onder wh its ...n a commercial, cotton... ...The New ... Mer... ...hat it had ...r know... ...ever who ...ently ...

'BROTHER, TAKE MY ARM.'

BY ... KELLAR.

When sorrow falls ... on thee,
My disabled arm,
Then, brother, lean upon me—
My brother, take my arm.
There's ... of trouble
That ... bear,
Where one ... end quite double
Beneath ... care.

If malice, ... scor,
Has sought ... mortal harm,
My shoulder ... the anchor—
My brother, ... my arm.
Though all, ... of trial,
May turn ... away,
Nay, brother ... trial,
My arm shall ... stay.

If grief were ... morrow,
A grief that could charm,
I'd cry, in ... sorrow,
'O brother, ... mine arm!'
Aye! let ... other
Will we ... in woe;
A brother ... other,
May all ... know!

[From the ... Courier.]

THE BEER-HUNTER'S BOQUET.

...ng in October. The ...s gloriously ...ed on the ...ntain-tops ... little village of ...Elizabethtown, ... scene of surpassing ...seemed ...laid with ...ics of most ... colors. The frost-... touch ...ith his magic wand, ...goldenrod ... in her magnificence. ...Uni... ...e soft maple, the ...finish ...l hue of the oak, ...Robi... ...beech and the elm, ...sassafras ... fiery ...De... ...l these mingled in ...tha... ...nable variety, while ...pen... ...n, as if to grace ...g-time shout ...he unchanging ...m and the pine ...nale grass was ...

...torenoon, about 11 o'... ...g of Richard Mossop, ...ight fire between the ...rtunately, through the ...fforts of our citizens, ...was soon stayed, not ...considerable damage ...injuring some of the ...e fire originated at the ...rticular manner is not ...

...NOT.—Abraham Niv... ...nassa Smith, Sr., of ...ly to the Moshan... ...They soon struck ...which they fol... ...ays, camping at ...shelter of ... ...er. On the fourth ...animal caught ...hich, it proceeded ...own. Here the dog ...tree, ascending to ...eet. Nivling raised ...own the first fire, the ...and, after traversing ...breast. The "var... ...t 6 inches from end of ...

...James B. G... ...Esq., ...-in-law ... of ...fi... ...ence came to them ...important dispatch ...tions, was to ... ...guarded by ... ...termined to ... mail ... appear ...Nicklin & Grif... ...ratz. The time of ...is offered for sale; ...the recovery of two ...lost in the mail; ...between Philadel... ...ertised to leave each ...contains a long let... ...t events then trans... ...tion return giving ...and Ross, and the ...t of Admiralty at ...ships Nymph and ...ptured by French ...ly taken by the ...gether as interest...

...About two weeks ...ce, Furnace sued out ...man at Tipton, ...paternal distinc... ...in the hands of ...er place, who, ...eded to bring ...sense of his ...essifer" dis... ...his time ...

...Able ... said old S... ...this piazza in ...arry! get up ...scent a tr... ...With such a... ...up a breakf...

...Abels. Tell ...have a great ...eld—John A... ...Archy'—wa... ...in the vigor ...essed man ...e of Cooper ...ent hunter ...his dog ...d of his ...ing the ...ing ne... ...bed ...s nose to the surface for relief. ...ught gently to the shore, the ...a stone, and using his old bea... ...net, he had the proud satis... ...on the bank a two pound ...

...t he heard a halloo from New... ...e, and started for the camp. ...before with his rifle up to ...gs on the brook; so Newell ...skill at the point where the ...the Bouquet, and the Sher... ...where the run-way crossed ...

...hear that!' ...chorus! The clear, pure ...morning, undisturbed by ...ve the deep monotone of ...every voice distinct and ...High and clear above all ...s of little Three-Legs.—...the mastiff, chiming well ...and the young one, ...my blood more than ...that Abels' rifle or Ar... ...

...said I, for I had staid ...r the horses, in case of ...

...had not stopped the ...long bound of some an... ...above. Some for... ...was a brief opening ...beautiful little glade, ...all pine growing. It ...sight of our game, ...as the shoo... ...

...supper. But what say to a compromise, ...try 'Roaring-Brook?'

'Agreed, Squire! agreed!'

This little brook, rising back of what is generally known as Cobble (or Koble's) hill, an eminence which would be dignified as a mountain anywhere else, finds its way down to the Boquet by a most precipitous route, and almost entirely on a bed of naked boulders.—Hence its name. It has no perpendicular fall, but its *roar* can be easily heard in a still night for a mile and a half.

Every thing seemed in readiness, and all seated in the wagon, when the quick eye of the Sheriff detected the absence of an important member of the party.

'Achy, where's Three-Legs?'

Little Three-Legs was a medium-sized, tan-colored hound, of full blood, who had been caught in a bear-trap while on the run-way, and had been kept there until from sheer starvation, she gnawed off her leg and returned to her master. She had been Archy's particular pet ever since. He frequently carried her home in his arms after a long chase. Her long and beautiful ears, and clean, thin skin showed the purity of her blood, while her cry, clear and pure as a trumpet, made her an invaluable assistant to the other dogs. She could maintain her position in a short chase ...y well, but in a long run, the strain on the ...aining fore-leg was too great. Archy had ...ed a little leather boot to the shortened ...b to prevent injury by hitting it on the ...ntl.

'Three-Legs is all safe. I wanted to save ...r for the run. We'll stop at Newell's for ...'

In picking up the dog, we were but too happ... pick up Newell himself, Apollos Newell, ...whom no worthier man trod the soil of ...Essex. Many a man have I heard praise ...integrity of another by saying:

'He's as honest as Apollos Newell.'

A brisk ride of three miles brought us to ...intersection of the brook with the river.—...horses were taken from the wagon and ...d under a spreading beech, and an umbrel... ...spread over a mysterious-looking basket in ...wagon, toward which Archy gave now and ...t ...ost affectionate look. Abels leashed ...dogs, in which he had some difficulty, ...ere whimpering about in the most ac... ...per with their noses to the ground, in ...'a track,' and started for the head of .... The run-way was from the top of ...down the stream, crossing it several ...its confluence with the Boquet, ...wn said river on the west bank there... ...lawyers would say,) for about two ...ds, then crossing the river at a little ...d then in a direct course to East ...

...uld probably be an hour before a ...could be found, the Sheriff and Ar... ...out their fish-lines, cut an ash-pole ...ook-side, and tried their skill for ...former threw his line in the deep ...the brook joined the river, and Ar... ...red up the stream. Meanwhile, ...with his rifle in his lap, listening ...rom the hounds. Trout were not ...d the Sheriff was about giving up ...hen, throwing his hook into the ...ted gently down to the deep pool ...and, 'Heavens! what a bite!'—...hooked, but the old fisherman ...ell it would never do to tug at ...t line. Having no creel, it was ...matter to give him his run. It ...done by *leading* him up and ...ired himself out. A full half... ...t in this way, until his trout... ...s nose to the surface for relief. ...ught gently to the shore, the ...a stone, and using his old bea... ...net, he had the proud satis... ...on the bank a two pound ...

...t he heard a halloo from New... ...e, and started for the camp. ...before with his rifle up to ...gs on the brook; so Newell ...skill at the point where the ...the Bouquet, and the Sher... ...where the run-way crossed ...

...hear that!' ...chorus! The clear, pure ...morning, undisturbed by ...ve the deep monotone of ...every voice distinct and ...High and clear above all ...s of little Three-Legs.—...the mastiff, chiming well ...and the young one, ...my blood more than ...that Abels' rifle or Ar... ...

...said I, for I had staid ...r the horses, in case of ...

...had not stopped the ...long bound of some an... ...above. Some for... ...was a brief opening ...beautiful little glade, ...all pine growing. It ...sight of our game, ...as the shoo... ...

yet fatigued by the length of the chase, wearing more the air of surprise than fright, his antlers laid gently back upon his neck, his standark raised, and all his colors flying, he bounded on, as if spurning the ground with hoofs, and conscious of untiring speed.—Snuffed in ecstacy.

'Hush!' said Newell, 'not a word, or he'll shake the track.'

He brought his rifle to the cock, and waited for the ...ck to clear the woods, the distance from w... we stood to the river being about ten rods ... grass plat. On he came. Oh! it seemed a... to take the life of so noble a creature. Ne... raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, as the ...r gave the last bound from the bank to the ...m, aimed at his neck, and fired. From th... ...udden turn of the deer's head, as he struck th... ...ater, it was evident he was hit. He gave ...or three short jumps into the ripple and ... The Sheriff heard the report, and as he co... ...see from his station that the deer had fallen ...astened up. The buck lay motionless in th... ...ater, and slowly floating down the river, ...ch was about knee-deep. As Newell w... ...getting advanced in years, he, being clad i... ...g fishing-boots, offered to go in and cut ... animal's throat.—The bullet had struck je... the root of the horn, on the side of th... head, had stopped there, consequently the d... was only stunned, not killed. L—— ...ew his hunting-knife and proceeded to cut his ...oat. The first gash, which let a little blood, ...ived him at once, and he was on his feet in ...instant; and and now commenced one of he... ...est exciting encounters it was ever my fortu... to witness. It is well known that an old stag ...ay is one the most savage of animals, and ... the small gash made in his throat had severe... no main vessel, the blood he had lost amount... to nothing. He lowered his head, and made ... lunge at his enemy. L——'s only safety ... to catch him by the horns and force his ne... under water by his own weight. But this ... not last long, as the deer's struggles were so ...erful. He next attempted to hold him by one horn, and use the knife on the ...t of his neck. The result of this experiment was that ... landed about six feet off, with the whole fron... part of his clothing torn from his body, and his knife lost. The deer made another spring at him, with the intent to put his fore feet on top of him as he lay in the water, and tramp... him. This he evaded by a sudden spring, an... again succeeded in grasping him by bo... horns. Thus they struggled and floundered sometimes one under water, and then the other, for some twenty minutes. Meantime the dogs had run in, and the mastiff came to the rescue. Unfortunately the water was just that depth in which man and deer could stand, but the dogs could not touch bottom. It was all they could do to stem the current, to say nothing of fighting. It was getting to be a serious matter. One of the prongs of the antlers had been broken, and left a blade-like point as sharp as a needle. On this the Sheriff had seriously torn his hand early in the fight, and was losing some blood by it. He shouted to Newell to fire at the deer, but so sudden and rapid were their motions, that the old gentleman was afraid to shoot, being as likely to hit one as the other. As for myself, I was a mere boy, and they had been gradually getting into deeper and swifter water than I could stand in. I could do no manner of good, and stood on the shore, amid the barking dogs, excited and speechless. Again the deer's nose was forced under water for a moment, and again with a mighty effort he raised his antagonist with a lunge that rolled them together in the stream. L—— felt his strength failing, but he also knew his life was at stake. Earlier in the battle he had fought from a feeling of pride, and to save the venison, as there would be no chance of killing it now, if the buck got away. Now, had he let go, and made for the shore, the chances were the deer would trample him before he reached the bank. At this critical moment Archibald arrived. He had heard Newell's gun, and not hearing another, had taking it for granted the game was quietly killed, and strolled liesurely back. Seeing the real state of the case at a glance, he plunged into the stream, drew his knife, cut the animal's ham-strings at a blow, and ended the fight. Both were drawn ashore, the deer dead, and L—— perfectly exhausted. A draught from a black bottle, dug from the depths of the mysterious basket, soon put all parties to rights, saving the torn hand and habiliments of the Sheriff. He was a sorry sight to see. Not a single garment was left in its integrity, while the old broad-brimmed beaver which had served him for years as hat, u... ...ll, drinking cup, and landing net, as o... ...d been floated off and su...

The deer was now dre... ...quarter... and divided in the usual manner, that is to s... the carcase was cut into as many pieces ... were persons in the party, (the antlers and skin belonging of *right* to the ...ne who first draws blood,) when one turns his back ... the whole, and ... the question, 'Who shall have this pie?' who calls off the names by ...ance. In those days, this was the unvarying ...ode of dividing all manner of game hunted ... a party. No one ever thought of objecting to the division or the lot.

...ated ourselves under the old beech to ...are for dinner.

'Boy, bring the basket.'

'Humph!' said Archy, 'I know whose wife ...up that prog.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied L——, 'ever since ...imposed on my good wife as a beggar, in ...n goggles and a knapsak, and drew on her ...pathies for a good dinner, and was broom... ...ked out of the house to pay for it.'

Archy chuckled at the remembrance. 'Pick... ...d, Indian bread, salt, a chunk of raw pork, ...d potatoes to roast. Good!

'Ah! ha!' said Ables, 'three black quarts!'

'Twas the rock he usually split on, tho' our general failings might be said to be *primitive*.

A circular hole of three feet across, by four ...ches deep, was soon dug in the ground, and filled with clean stones from the brook. On these a rousing fire was kindled, and left to burn nearly out. Meanwhile, Archy had cut a half-dozen chops from the venison. The Sheriff had occupied himself with preparing his two-pound trout for a bake. The *modus operandi* I beg to set forth as a rule for all gourmands in like situation. After properly cleansing it, he, with a knife, made an incision down the whole length of the back, nearly as deep as the back-bone. Into this was laid a thin slice of raw pork; if you can add a squeeze of the lemon to the pork, all the better. The belly was stuffed with the soft part of a loaf of rye and Indian-bread, mixed with say a gill of Madeira wine. His trontship was then carefully and tightly rolled up in the half of a clean newspaper, and laid in the embers to bake. The time necessary to properly *do* the fish must depend on its size. I should say for a two-pounder, forty minutes, and when properly done, he is a morsel for an epicure. Talk of your *turbot a la creme*, it's a mere pop and lolly-pop to the rich fragrance, the delicate flavor of a well-baked deep-water trout.

The fish devoured first, as was proper, then came the chops. Oh! ye well-fed city alderman, who think ye sit down to your groaning boards and eat *venison*, I would one of the best of you could have partaken of those chops!—'Venison as was venison' were they, cut from ... that had been browsing in his native woods but ...rs before; none of your black, disgusting stuff ...s down from the country in February, coursed ... his blood is heated and unwholesome before he is killed, and then frozen and thawed and frozen again, until no trace of juiciness, or fibrine, or of *venison* is left; but rich in flavor, tender, because well fed and fat, and luscious with the rich juices with which nature seasoned it, broiled on the glowing hickory coals, and eaten yet smoking with the bubbling heats of its own juices. A single glass of wine to each, and then for the dessert. What, a dessert in the woods! Yes, indeed, and such a dessert! When Archy went up the brook trouting in the morning, he returned, to all appearances an unlucky fisherman. Now, however, he stopped up the stream a few rods, and returned with a dripping basket, in which were bout twenty little troutlings, of from three to three and a half inches in length, which he had managed to keep alive, by taking them carefully from the hook, and keeping the basket under water. To kill these, dip them in Indian meal, and lay them in a frying-pan over the coals, was but a moment's work. Was not worthy dessert for such a dinner—tempting *morceaux* to revive the drooping appetites of appoplectic alderman!

The day's hunt, the day's feast were now ended, and, reclining under the spreading beech, the party rested from the fatigues and excitements of the day, relieving the time by tales and stories of old hunts, escapes by flood and field, and all the varied trials and exposures of border life.

'Squire,' said Ables to the Sheriff, 'I'll bet the venison you don't hit the yaller bird top of that mullen.'

'Not now, my ...and's too lame to shoot.—Archy can.'

'Yes,' said Archy, 'if Harry will lend me his gun.'

The rifle was a Caswell, made at Lansingburg, the ...ly manufacturer Northern hunters in those ...ys thought capable of boring a dime cent ...t. The bird was a good ten rods distant ...nd the ball a hundred and twenty to the ...nd. He slowly drew sight on the little ...low, as he said, 'I'll not kill him, but I'll ...t his legs off.' The bird plied his little ...s as he fired, flew around and around, tri... ...n vain to alight, but could not, and at last, ...aried and bleeding, fell to the earth, both ...gs missing.'

We were all astonished. 'Well, Archy,' said the Sheriff, 'that beats my shot; when you held the chip for me to spit at twenty-five rods.'

By this time the lengthening shadows ... the mountain were drawing toward us, ... our day's ...nessed up for home. And the ... the sport on the banks of the ...

KANSAS.

RECENT ELECTION—FEMALE HEROISM.—During the recent election much excitement took place in Kansas. The object was to confirm or reject the Constitution, as framed at Topeka. At some of the polls the ballot boxes were broken, and the clerks severely maltreated. The St. Louis Republican, pro-slavery, says—

"At Leavenworth City, only about sixty ballots were given, and these were afterwards destroyed in some collision between a party of pro-slavery men and their opponents. The whole election was regarded as a farce. In some districts no polls were opened, and it is not probable that any regard will be paid to this proceeding, after the direct recognition by the abolitionists of Kansas of the laws enacted by the late Territorial Legislature, and the officers appointed under these laws."

A letter from Lawrence to the St. Louis Intelligencer, says, that business was beginning to revive. No attempt has been made to bring the murderers of Barber to justice. The writer adds:—"The Governor is trying to get out of the bad scrape he has got into, but I think it will be utterly impossible for him to do so. He talks about moving to Lawrence, but I think the first move he will make, will be in the other direction. In the event of the Senate refusing to confirm him, his resignation, or dismissal, I do not know who the Administration could get to take the post. The comforts and emoluments of the post are certainly no inducements, and it does not appear to be a very great place to make ... out of.—... thing is certain, that it is now the most important post in the country, and that a faithful and able discharge of its duties is, as matters stand, actually essential to the peace of the whole country.

Many startling instances of heroism are now related, since the seige of Lawrence was raised. One case was the bringing in of ammunition, thro' the besiegers' lines, by two ladies. A lot of powder, lead and other ammunition was at a place some eight miles distant from Lawrence, was offered and wanted. The besiegers had the place completely surrounded, when the two ladies in question, Mrs. G. W. Brown, and Mr. S. N. Wood, drove out with a buggy alone secured the needed ammunition beneath their clothes, and drove in again. ... Missourians stopped their buggy once or twice, but ... galantry to let them pass without search. This was ... only a remarkable piece of female intrepidity; but ... my mind every thing is thrown in the shade by the conduct of the heroic and devoted sentries of Lawrence. For a full week they were exposed to nocturnal excursions, and were fired upon every night. Gen. Robinson, knowing that these were merely attempts to get a plausible ground for quarrel, issued orders that the sentries sho'd not return the fire, until in imminent peril of life. These orders were obeyed, and such heroic and exposed endurance is almost unparalleled. The shots fired at them were mostly of a random character, but one sentry had a ball put through his hat, and another had a horse shot under him.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.—A writer speculating on the cause, or causes, of the open sea at the extreme regions of the pole, as beheld by our intelligent and intrepid navigator, Dr. Kane, says:—

Humboldt, in his "Cosmos," in speaking of the three different modes for the transmission of heat in our globe, says, and these are his words: "A portion of the heat that has penetrated into the equatorial regions, moves in the interior of the globe towards the poles, where it escapes in to the atmosphere and the remoter regions of space." Here I think is one cause for the waters being unfrozen near the pole. An open sea, enclosed and sheltered by an immense wall of ice—may there not be islands in that polar lake, verdent in summer, producing fruits and flowers?—Why not? Further, what sort of people may inhabit those islands? Are they bright and sparkling as their own auroras? It is possible that there may be a volcano at the extreme pole—nay most probable, for I think I have been told that ... clouds, like that of smoke, have occ... amidst the brilliant rays of the Auro... borealis. Our Southern pole, will no doubt ... at some future period, exhibit to the ... venturous navigator a similar open sea.

CURIOUS SENTENCE.—The ... verse ... contains every ... letter in the alphabet except 'E.' It has ... a question without the letter 'E.' It has ... employed than any ... E, w... By inserting ... the verse would con... 'e,' in the ... of the alphabet:

...tain all the ...ain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain for 'tis most ...
That what I ...

...NABLE FOLLY.—A ... "upper crust" ... fifty hundred in... ... dressed in the ... dress of ...

...Horace ... first conduct... ... house ... as he took ... record ... keeping a Temp... ... always endeavor to make his ...

...Hills, Clearfield County, Pa. ... JOHN W... ... SAMUEL W...

Penn Township, Dec ...

THE "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION" IN FRANCE.—The new dogma of the "Immaculate Conception" in the Romish Church, is creating quite a discussion among the faithful in France. *L'Univers* is the organ of the Jesuits and Ultra-Montane portion of the Catholics, and *La Gazette* is the organ of the Gallican or the anti-Ultra-Montane portion of the Church. It is proposed that the new dogma will lead to a separation of the two branches of the Church. To give our readers some idea of the character of this controversy, we give the following being a translation of an article in *La Gazette* in reply to an article in *L'Univers*:

"You are the men who wrote the ... of the Inquisition, the greatest ... kind; who shed blood like water ... of the Albigenses, of the Waldenses, the Hussites; who butchered old men and children; and said whilst heaping heaps of corpses, God will know ... who bled Spain to death, ex... Moors, and proscribed the Jews ... the Protestants on St. Bartholomew ... blessed the dagger of Jacques ... loose upon Europe the thirty ... cocted in secret the gunpowder ... formed Flanders, by the hand ... Alba, into an immense slaughter ... Giordano Bruno at the Stake ... rack the genius of Galileo ... XIV. the revocation of the ... burnt four hundred villages ... signed a hundred ... (warrants) against the ... perfidious Calas, executed Labarre, flayed Fra Diavolo ... killed, at Rome, Gen. Duphot, shook in the 18th century, the law of sacrilege, as a trial torch of the Inquisition, and finally irritated France, during the restoration, to such a degree, that after a long resistance, France indignantly punished you. Do you recognize yourselves in this description of your service, and in the long trail of blood you have left behind you on the road of the past? Do you begin to find out what your family name is?—Your name is not religion, for religion is peace in the State, whilst, wherever you set your foot, we find nothing but discord. No power, no people, has been able to live within ... reach of your breath, without being poisoned and vomiting you back."

MODIFYING A CANDIDATE.—At a Democratic meeting held at Indianapolis, says the Chicago Citizen, Lieutenant Governor Willard was recommended as a candidate for Governor next year, provided he would agree to refrain from using that unhealthful and degrading stimulant called brandy. As soon as the resolution requiring reform of Mr. Willard, was adopted, he became penitent and addressed the meeting saying that he had been a wanderer from the true path of manliness: and that if the Democratic party wo'd make him Governor of Indiana, he would pledge himself to get sober and remain so. He said that in consideration of the fact that a terrible struggle was before the party, he felt it necessary, in order to carry the Democratic standard steadily straight, to rely more upon his manhood than brandy. He concluded with a recapitulation of the matter in this wise:

"I have gone thus far in pledging to you my total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors during my term of service if elected Governor of the State of Indiana, that to you I might avoid even the apearance of evil, and that the tongue of slander and malevolence may be hushed and palsied."

"La, me," sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks; first I was seized with bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was succeeded with ... hand ventilator of the heart. This gave way to a Conflammation of the bowels, and now I'm sick with the chloroform narcissus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you are sick."

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest on the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity—but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

MORALS OF NEW ORLEANS.—The semi-annual report of the New Orleans Chief of Police shows that in six months nearly one twelfth of the entire population of the city has been placed under arrest.

"He who goes to bed in anger has the ... for his bedfellow." A wag de... ... that he knows a married ... who, though he goes to bed happy ... gentle as a lamb is in the same ... treatment.

A man ... the sale of medicine ... and adds that it will be profitable to the ...derlaker.

SELF-DENIAL.—Looking out of a ... story window and ... the ... collector that you ...

A Gen... has just invented a stove ... quarters ... the wood, which ... for the ... the devil tempts ... evil."