

Ruffalo's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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PICTURES IN THE COALS.

Sitting by my pleasant firelight,
In the dark and dull December,
Making pictures in the ashes
Of a slowly dying ember—
Lo! from out the ashes rising,
Touched as by the sunset flames,
Is the village of my childhood,
That I ever see in dreams.
There, between the rows of maple,
Is the broad and grass-grown street;
There, behind the shadowing branches,
Stand the houses, plain and neat.
There, beneath vine-covered porches,
Are forms that never more will come,
For those hearts have ceased their beating,
And those lips are cold and dumb.
But upon the sunny hill-side,
Where the village church does stand,
The shadow of the spire is pointing
As the finger of a guiding hand.
Wandering ever in the grave-yard,
From morning red till set of sun,
Pointing where we, too, shall slumber
When our little life is done.
Yonder is the dim, blue mountain;
There, upon the plain below,
Stands the farm-house, with its windows
Blazing in the sunset glow.
A mist now rising from the valley
Shuts the blue-stream from my sight,
But I know upon the surface
Float the water-lilies white.
Yonder are the clover meadows,
Where the twinkling air is seen;
There my happy little school-days,
Playing on the village green!
Forever children—still I love them—
Tears are filling fast my eyes—
The burning amber now has fallen;
My village in the ashes lies.
O, in vain we ever striving
After things beyond our reach,
Little heedful all the lessons
Life's most simple things may teach;
Little thinking what rare pleasures
Simple joys may bring our souls—
Even fading, driving embers,
Even pictures in the coals.

THE FOREST MAIDEN.

It was a Mrs. D., humble log house in the heart of a western wilderness. At its rude doorway stood two beings gazing out upon the wild and magnificent scenery—the proud giant trees, with their tall branches rising toward the blue sky; their glossy leaves trembling in the summer breeze, and forming a curtain through which the bright sunbeams poured over the rich sward at their feet—the wild flowers peeping out from the dark shadows of their huge trunks, and the scarcely trodden footpaths winding over the velvet turf from the narrow clearing about the cottage. A low, thrilling carol, from a fluttering bird, now and then broke the stillness, and far away down the steady ravine was faintly heard the soft murmur of a rippling stream.
The eyes of the young maiden at the door wandered delightedly over the quiet scene, and there was a light in their blue depths, and a dimpling smile about the rosy mouth which gave an indescribable charm to her sweet face. One little hand clasped the strings of the straw bonnet which hung by her side and the other was raised to her white forehead, half shading the laughing orbs beneath it from the bright sunlight, while the whispering winds lightly touched her pure neck, lifting the waving brown tresses from her shoulders. She was very young and very beautiful, and every glance of her bright eyes told that her soul was full of love and purity. The lady by her side was many years her senior, and there was the slightest shade of care upon her smooth brow, and a sad smile upon her lips, which had not been without its changes and trials. The glance which she cast upon the young girl was full of tenderness and maternal affection; and when she looked into the deepening shadows of the surrounding forest, or up to the azure skies, the soft light of her dark eyes told of hope and contentment, if not of enthusiasm.
At once the little hand dropped from the forehead, and a low ringing laugh came from the lips of the young girl.
"They are coming, mother! See, there is father holding Anna and little Eddy upon my black pony, and Oscar in the rear mounted upon old Charley! Oh, we shall have such a nice ride through these old roads, and down by the bank of the quiet river."
And with a joyous bound she darted forward to meet the approaching band, the merry voices of the delighted little ones mingling with her joyous shouts.
"Oh, sister Esther!" cried little Anna, "we have had such a grand time; Eddy and I riding around through the forest, with father to lead your dear little pony; and he is so clever, and steps so carefully over the green sward and under the drooping boughs of the old trees, that I wish we had not got home this whole hour yet!"
But the chubby rascal was lifted from her coveted seat, and stood dancing at the feet of her mother, while the baby boy clapped his tiny hands, and sent out his infant carol from the arms of his smiling sire. Esther had tied her straw bonnet over her curls, and sprang gracefully to the back of her favorite; and now he pawed the turf impatiently, and shook his glossy mane, as if quite conscious of the lovely weight he bore, and longing to dart away down the mossy path, and through the dim shades.
Her brother, a tall, noble looking youth of twenty, soon smilingly joined the company, and after kissing her gloved hand to the dear group, they galloped away down the foot-path, and were lost to view. After riding a mile or two beneath the drooping boughs of the old trees, they suddenly came to the steep bank of a river, of considerable size, and turning to the right, had a full view of the open country for many miles around. No obstruction was offered to their progress, and they rode gayly over a surface of downy moss and yielding sward, besprinkled with wild flowers of every hue and variety. Far to the left on the opposite shore, the forest was deep and unbroken, and a steep grassy declivity which rose from the river's pure waters was now and then broken by a chain of massive rocks extending far out into the stream, and losing their dark tops amid the shrubbery and spreading boughs. The cheeks of Esther Dunham glowed, and bright smiles deepened the dimples about her small mouth, while her brother's eloquent dark eyes beamed with intense light as they rode onward, the musical tones of the one blending with the deep, mellow voice of the other in earnest conversation. At last the horses slackened their pace, walking almost noiselessly along over the flowery ground, as if, like their riders, subdued to pleasant thoughts by sur-

rounding influences. Just as they came to a clump of trees, which bent over the stream and threw their dark shadow far out into the sleeping waters, a low, warbling murmur, not exactly like the carol of a bird, but quite as sweet and full of melody, fell on their ears; and instantly checking the tired horses, they bent breathlessly over their saddles, and peered down through the thick leaves, for the sound seemed to proceed from their midst.
A low, faint cry of wonder half burst from Esther's lips, but her brother's hand smothered the sound, while he pushed his way nearer to the edge of the bank that he might have a more distinct view of the strange, wild creature thus thrust upon their vision. She had grasped with one small, brown hand a plant branch of one of the trees that overhung the foetid hollow beneath, while with the other reaching far up amid the clustering vines that wound themselves around every limb, she was trying to grasp a bunch of purple grapes which swung and fro, constantly eluding the clasp of her slender fingers. Her large, wild, brown eyes, with their thick silken lashes, were fixed eagerly upon the capricious treasure, and her full, red lips half opened in their impatience, while the long, jetty ringlets of her hair in their waving abundance fell back from her dark, high forehead, and hung trembling over the deep waters. The same exquisite music now came again from her full heart, for the extreme peril of her situation seemed unable to restrain its outpourings of gladness; and the golden bird which had just lighted upon a bough above her head, seemed to hesitate before pluming its wings for flight.
She was strangely beautiful, and as she hung there with only that frail line for a support, and the notes of joy upon her lip, Oscar Dunham and his sister turned pale with terror. She had just reached the purple fruit and torn the rich cluster from its vine, when the bend of one faint cry the daring girl sank beneath the dark surface below. She rose again almost instantly, and the next moment the strong arms of the bold youth had borne her up to the grassy bank, where he gently laid her with her head in Esther's lap. The little hand still grasped the luscious fruit, but the bright drops dripped from the stem, and the smile had hardly left the pale lip and cheek. Oscar bent anxiously over the marble face, and rubbed the cold hands with his trembling fingers, while Esther kissed the lovely brow and put back the wet hair, calling on her to awake. At last a faint color came to the lips, the long lashes trembled upon the cheek, and then the brown eyes looked up with a bewildered gaze; but when they fell upon the eloquent pale face of the stranger youth, she sprang to her feet, while a crimson glow flushed the cheek and brow, and a cry of fear trembled on her tongue.
It was only momentary; for when she turned her eyes to the beautiful face of Esther Dunham, she broke over her features, and she knelt down by her side, clasping her hands in both hers, and gazed fondly into her face.
"Was it you who took me from those dark waters?" she asked; "was it you who saved the Young Fawn to me, my brother's arms?"
"Not me, dear one, but he, my brother," replied the smiling girl. "We were passing this way and saw your danger. It was Oscar who brought you to my arms, and he is very dear to me. Then he has my gratitude, and I know my dear mother would bless him, for I am her all," and she extended her hand timidly to the admiring youth, blushing and hanging her head in embarrassment. It was then quickly withdrawn.
"I know I was careless," she continued, turning to Esther; "but I wanted the grapes to eat, and besides I have often gathered them in the same way before without injury or accident. But I shall be more wise in future, for my mother's sake as well as my own."
"And where do you live?" asked her listener, looking about her; "I see no signs of cultivation, no house anywhere in this region."
"Oh, no, you cannot see it here," replied the smiling girl, "we live in the dim, deep forest, yonder over the stream, and our cottage is just behind the ledge of rocks. Mother and I dwell in those woods alone; but we are very happy—at least I am, only sometimes when I hear my mother sigh or see a tear in her eye. She is very good, and I love her very much. I wish you could see her, you would love her too."
"And is your father dead?" inquired Esther, gazing delightedly over her animated face, and still holding the little hand which had been given her.
"Oh, yes. My father was a great chief—a mighty king of a powerful tribe; but he was long ago slain in battle, and since then my mother and I have lived alone, though she often sighs for the dear friends of her childhood, who she says are far away, or perhaps dwell in the spirit land."
A look of sadness crossed the eloquent young face, and she brushed a tear from her cheek; but she was quickly followed by a smile as she added, "My father used to call me the Young Fawn, but mother prefers the name of Nora, because she says it has been in her heart from childhood, though she cannot remember from whence it came."
"Nora!" whispered Esther to her brother, "our mother's name."
"If it were not asking too much of you," continued the Young Fawn, "I would take you to our humble home and show you this sweet mother of mine. She is fair as you, for I take not this dark brow and these jetty tresses from her."
"We will go," said Oscar, quickly. "It will not take long, and we can tie our horses to one of the trees. The sun is still high in the heavens, and if we should be out after nightfall, we shall have the full moon to guide us on our way."
The horses were accordingly fastened to a tree by and by, and left to nibble the fresh grass, while the dark maiden and her companion proceeded to the little skiff which was moored beneath the bank, and were soon floating over the smooth surface of the stream. They landed just where a huge dark rock threw its shadow over the rich velvety turf, which stretched back from the river's brink, and stepping forth from the fairy bark, the graceful girl bounded around the projecting cliff, followed by the young strangers. The scene was lovely, as they emerged from the heavy shade and looked toward the Giant trees that had for centuries pointed with their intertwining boughs to Heaven, threw their clustering foliage protectively over the waving grass and nestling flowers; and strange beautiful birds, with golden wing and lute-like voices, were every-

where looking out from the thick leaves, while down to the shoulder of the sweet child and put her arms about her.
"Did you see the Indians there, hear away—that the young sister of your blessed mother was borne from her side a captive? I have been dreaming ever since I looked up your dear face—aye, for many long years I have dreamed and slumbered on; but I am awake now, I see it all—remember all. We were down in that charming valley at play—she had written a wreath of wild roses amid the curls of my hair, and as she left me to go around by the shore of the running stream for a white lily, they came and took me away."
"You!" exclaimed Oscar and Esther, at a breath; "You! and are you indeed the dear sister of our mother? and is Nora our own cousin? Oh, how glad, how happy!"
It was indeed a happy moment. Tears were in the eyes of all, and Nora sobbed like an infant upon her mother's bosom. The glad woman sat down in the rude door way and brushed the moisture from her smiling eyes; and as the little group gathered about her and raised their happy faces to her, and the heart of each seemed too full for utterance, she bowed her head again to her hands, and the big, bright drops fresh from her spirit's shrine, trickled through them, while her whole frame shook with the weight of pleasant and bitter thoughts that came gushing up from memory's disturbed fountain.
She found words at last to tell them all how she dwelt from the time of her captivity beneath the roof of the great chief; how he loved her as his own child and how the young chief smiled upon her. She told them of the bitter tears she shed when thinking of the dear friends she had left, of her sleepless nights and cheerless days, and how, as years rolled on, she learned to love the old chief, who was ever kind and good, and to regard the young prince as a brother.
Then she spoke of her unwilling marriage, and told how tears had drenched her bridal garb, how they bore her insensible from her husband's arms, and took the crushed jewels from her hair; of weeks and months of wretchedness and pining for her early home, and then of returning calmness after the last glimmering of hope had died away in her heart. Years rolled on, and her husband, the powerful king of a warlike and bold tribe, was killed in battle, his men taken captive, and their vast possessions fell into the hands of the white men; but the Young Fawn—her darling Nora—had never been molested; they had lived in their wild home alone and almost unknown, though she had never ceased to mourn for the friends of early life, nor to remember the low, sweet tones that fell upon her ear, and the gentle loving glance that had so often met her gaze. True, these remembrances had the shadowy dimness of a half forgotten dream; but still their light had ever been with her, brightening her pathway through life, and filling her lone heart with sad and delicious emotions. Not till that day when the sweet face of Esther came up before her, had her fond imaginings taken to themselves a form and distinctness, with the vividness of reality; but the fond tones of the dear child and the glance of her deep eyes had touched a string in her inmost soul, which vibrated like the chords of a long neglected harp, and sent forth pleasant melody.
It was late that evening, when Oscar Dunham rose up to the door of his father's house, and he was alone. He found anxious, fearful hearts and tearful faces awaiting him, and when his mother looked in vain for the form of her darling, a smothered cry escaped her lips; but her wild eyes fell upon the smiling, happy face of her son, and wonder and astonishment kept her silent. It was not long before they knew all and were weeping for joy at the grateful intelligence. Morning dawned fair and beautiful, and ere the sun reached its height, the lone widow of the Indian chieftain and her lovely girl had pressed to their throbbing bosoms the forms of those about whom they had dreamed and communed with painful interest through long years of loneliness and suspense. It was a happy group that assembled that day beneath the low log cabin in that deep wilderness; and the very birds that lingered amid the thick leaves of the blossoming forest, seemed joyfully to murmur their little throats swelled with the wild strains that mingled with the low voices within; and when Anna and Edgar clapped their tiny hands, and gazed with their laughing eyes up to the leafy retreat, the sweet songsters only answered their many shouts with a louder and gladder strain, and twittered and trembled upon their blooming throne. Oscar and Esther, with the happy Nora, walked down to the river's brink, and numbered the little canoe beneath the great rock, and as they sailed gently over the bright waters and bent their laughing faces to the smooth mirror, they blessed the fate that brought them together, and looked with a kind of fondness upon the old tree with its dangling limb, which had been the instrument of so much fear and pleasure. And Mrs. Dunham and her restored sister—they had everything to say, and their bosoms swelled with joy as they told of their rescue—its joy and its sorrows. Nora looked forward to the future with trembling, eager hope.
It is many years since these events occurred; and the great wilderness, with the log house of the dark, bright maiden and her fair mother, have disappeared together; but in the flourishing village which is built upon the spot and on the shore of the river Ohio, near where the cabin stood, is a large, beautiful mansion. Its owner, Mr. Dunham, with his gentle and dark eyes, children, remembers with pride his noble grandfather, over whose grave the grass is still fresh and green, and the meek and loving partner, who sleeps sweetly by his side—even the Indian chieftain's daughter—Nora, the graceful Fawn.

A RICH AND PRETTY HEIRESS ELOPES TWICE. Col. Eaton Bond, a wealthy planter at Denmark, Tenn., sent his daughter to some friends in Mississippi to get her out of the reach of troublesome suitors. While there she eloped with Dr. Simmons and was married to him. But on the evening of the wedding she eloped a second time with an old lover named Bloom, and was mysteriously absent for two nights, when she returned and confessed her fault and was forgiven by her husband. All that remains is to go home to the old gentleman and get his forgiveness and blessing.
"What a fine head your boy has," said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block, ain't you sassy?" "I guess so daddy, cause teacher said yesterday I was a young blockhead."

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

The organization of the "K. G. C.," or Knights of the Golden Circle, is attracting considerable attention, and a variety of rumors in regard to it are in circulation. We have little doubt that its strength and real importance are much exaggerated by the descriptions, which, in many cases, have their origin simply in a desire to excite curiosity and to win for it new recruits. The current reports allege that the K. G. C. number 40,000 men, scattered throughout the Southern States, who are well drilled and capable of furnishing, at short notice, an army twenty thousand strong; and their pecuniary resources are represented as being on a scale proportionate to the number of members. It is said the order was instituted in Mississippi during the year 1854. Its original design was to cultivate a martial spirit among the young men of that State, and for a long time the number of its members was quite limited. Within the last year or two its leaders have adopted new plans, and these have given it an impetus by which it has rapidly spread through all the Southern States, but more especially in Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. Its object now is to get a foothold in Mexico, crush the Miramon faction by co-operating with the Juarez Government, and then, as far as possible, Americanize the country, make it an outlet for slavery, and prepare it for the establishment of that institution—to give to its policy a pro-slavery cast, without any aid from the United States Government, and, indeed, in spite of it, on the theory that it is necessary, as at present constituted, hostile to the extension of the "peculiar institution." From all of which we infer that it is a sort of filibustering concern, though they disclaim the character, and declare that they will march down to the levee and embark in broad daylight, whenever the time for their departure arrives. It remains to be seen whether they will have any better success than the ill-fated expedition of Lopez, or the last raid of Walker upon Nicaragua.
A CALIFORNIA PHILOSOPHER.—In the town of Sonora, California (according to the San Jose Reporter), resides a venerable philosopher named Dr. —. Although he is now about 70 years of age, yet he retains his faculties in full force and vigor, and is as buoyant as a man of 40 years. For 30 years the doctor practiced physic and surgery in Louisiana. But having the misfortune to lose every member of his family by sickness, thus being left to pass the remainder of his days in loneliness and sorrow, he concluded to quit practice and repair to the golden shores of the Pacific. He arrived in California shortly after the first gold excitement, since which time he has devoted his attention to scientific research and philosophical reflection. His unaided labors have resulted in the collection of the very finest cabinet of minerals, geological specimens and antiquarian curiosities to be found on this coast. In addition to this he has gathered up a very creditable library of well selected volumes, all of which the citizens are permitted to read free of charge. In fact this man is building up what he calls a "scientific institute," for the sole benefit of the community in which he resides. As he has good health and a competency, is temperate, and lives alone or nearly so, his expenses are very light, and even this he manages to defray by his skill in mechanics. He is not only a ripe scholar, a practical chemist, botanist, mineralogist, geologist, and a proficient in every branch of science, but he is a finished mechanic. He manufactures guns, clocks, watches, steam engines, edge tools and a variety of other things. Recently the doctor has been engaged in inventing a machine for the purpose of making billiard balls of cast steel. The balls are to be hollow spheres, and are about the size of the common ivory balls now in use. The balls are first made and nicely turned into the shape of half spheres, and are then soldered or brazed together with gold. The doctor claims for his invention that he can give steel a greater elasticity than ivory has; that a more perfect sphere can be made of it; and, above all, that it is a much cheaper material. The machine for turning and fitting the balls is a most ingenious contrivance.
One of the most singular wagers ever heard of, says The Buffalo Courier, was made in Chicago on the day before the municipal election in that city. The bet was between a Water-street merchant and Ned Osborn of the Tremont House, the largest cigar and tobacco dealer in the city, and was to the effect that if Wentworth was not elected, Osborn should have the privilege of kicking the Water-street merchant's forehead with the toe of his boot to Springer street. The day after the election the merchant, having lost, came to Osborn's store, and presented his person to him for the contemplated kicks, and demanded that Osborn should take the stakes. Osborn had been training his right leg all the previous day, and had armed his foot with a heavy cowhide boot, with soles as thick as two clapboards. The merchant started up to the Tremont, Osborn delivering a heavy kick as he started, and returned in a writ of habeas corpus and proximus of contentance absolutely pitiful. He tried another one, but the loser flinched not, and kept on his way undisturbed by the volley he had received. The result of this was worse than the first, and he fairly curled up on the ground and howled with pain. The merchant stooped and calmly inquired: "Why don't you take the stakes?" "What have you got in the basement of your pants?" cried Ned. "Milwaukee bricks," shouted the merchant, "and I ain't within a mile of Springer street yet." Osborn subsided, paid the champagne, and has been wearing a list slipper ever since.

A PERPLEXED BRIDEGROOM.

Some days since a very rustic and artistic couple, residents of Kentucky, near the Tennessee line, concluded marriage to be their destiny, and with this idea came to the Western Athens, desirous of sacrificing themselves to Hymen at the earliest opportunity.
In due time the pair arrived in Cincinnati, and repairing to the Spencer House, informed clerk Andrew Blum that they were extremely intent on perpetrating matrimony, and that nothing could thwart their purpose. Mr. Blum, so far from wishing to prevent their amiable immolation, made every effort to facilitate their design, and so well did he succeed that in less than an hour James and Jimmie were wedded as firmly as lay in the capacity of a clergyman to bind them.
The clerk, after the ceremony had been performed, believing that all new-married people ought to be as well accommodated as possible, gave them a parlor and bedroom on the third floor, and bade them "good evening" about ten o'clock, not neglecting to wish them every possible bliss.
The twin meekly followed the servant to the rooms, and were left alone there until about two o'clock, when, sitting dozing in any easy chair behind the counter in the office, he was aroused by a voice saying: "Look here, Mr. Clerk, oh, Mr. Clerk, I'd like to speak to you just a minute, do now."
Mr. Blum opened his eyes, and beheld his rustic friend, hatless and coatless, with a flushed face and disheveled hair, and such generally disarranged attire as indicated that he had been undergoing some violent exercise.
"Well, sir, of what benefit can I be to you?" "Why, why, I didn't like to trouble you, and I don't know how you fellows does things in this big town, but, but, but—"
"But what? My good friend," questioned the clerk, anxious to free the ruralist from confusion, each moment on the increase.
"Why, why, you know we're married—Jimmie and me."
"Oh, yes, and I wish you all manner of good fortune, my fine fellow."
"Well, I 'spose you do; but confound it if I can get the hang of things in this darned place. May be I'm green; I guess I am sort o' that way; but, by jingoes, you do funny things here."
"Explain, if you please, my man. What do you wish to say?"
"Well, we don't care, Jimmie and me, for a little while, but to roll round on the floor all night is a-wilsh hard, stranger, I'll sweat it."
"Roll round on the floor! what do you mean?"
"Well, I 'spose it isn't what you call fashionable in a big town; but, by gumbo, where we come from married people allers go to bed."
"Haven't you been in bed?" asked the clerk in great surprise.
"Why, how the d—l could we go to bed when there weren't no bed to go to? That's what we want the worst sort o' way."
"My good fellow, there's a bed in your room. Did you not see it in the chamber in the rear of the parlor?"
"Did you give us more'n one room, stranger? By jingoes, I didn't know it. It's all I want—all right, old feller," and so saying he ran up stairs, and before the clerk could ascend to the chamber, the now delighted bridegroom was in bed, and to roll round on the floor all night is a-wilsh hard, stranger, I'll sweat it."
"All right now, I've found it—Jimmie and me's satisfied. We don't want you; all right, all right. God bless you, old feller. All right—fussate. God bless you, old night."
Mr. Blum went chuckling down to the office at the idea that the unfortunate ruralist had passed four hours in his parlor without even supposing there was a bed-chamber attached. Poor fellow; no wonder he was embarrassed and troubled—under the circumstances.

A Mr. Sanburn who refused to obey the summons of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, was arrested in Concord, N. H., by United States officers acting under authority of the Senate Committee. The arrest caused the greatest excitement. The town bells were rung, and a large crowd immediately gathered and took Sanburn from the office, and retained him until a writ of habeas corpus was obtained from Judge Hood, of the Supreme Court. An unsuccessful attempt was made in the Legislature to employ the State Attorney General for the defence. Sanburn was discharged on the hearing of the writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that the sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate could not depote his authority to another.
The strongest creature, the lion, and the wisest creature, the serpent, if they be dormant, are as easily surprised as the weakest worms. So the strongest and wisest saints, if their graces be asleep, if they be only in the habit and not in the exercise, may be as easily surprised and vanquished as the weakest christians in all the world; witness David, Solomon, Samson and Peter. Every enemy exults over him that has lost the use of his weapons.
Columbus is the name proposed for a new Territory, to be formed in what is known as Carson Valley, and sometimes called the Great Basin. It is a vast region of Territory, lying partly in California and Utah. It is said that it is now inhabited by three thousand whites and one hundred thousand Indians. The principal town is singularly enough called Genoa.
We see by the Pittsburgh papers that a few days since no less than one hundred barrels of pure Cincinnati strychnine were shipped, post haste, from that city to Philadelphia, in order to be in time for the sailing for Charleston. The Democracy must be calculating on having a spirited time at their National Convention.
"Say, Cussar Augustus, why am your legs like an ogar grinder's?" "Don't you know, Mr. Sugarloaf, why is they?" "Cause they carry a monkey about the streets." A brick grazed the head of Mr. Sugarloaf just as his ears disappeared around the corner.
A schoolmaster asked a fair pupil, "Can you declaim a kiss?" She replied, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "Yes, sir, I can, but I hate too pluggily."
New discoveries of oil are being almost daily made in the oil regions of Western Pennsylvania. The excitement is increasing.
Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.