BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16, 1867. NO. 33.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges— Irm Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze.
Commissioners— Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Stiles.
Auditors— Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hannon.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attroney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley,
Assesors Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assesser— John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, J. H. Ikeler, J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE,) BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TIN WARE of all kinds in his time, and do repairing with neatness and dispatch, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers.

Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage.

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster

prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next.

J. S. McNINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCA P. GIRTON,

Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices;

at short notice and in the very best and latest styles. Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

☞ Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron streets, over J. K. Girton's Store.

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m

YORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former customers and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors except that popular beverage known as "*McHenry*," purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future.

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—1f.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, at JOSEPH HARPLES' FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he is always be found ready to do all kinds of repairing, including Threshing Machines, and in short, all kinds of Farming Utensils. ALSO, TURNING AND FITTING UP OF CASTING AND MACHINERY, done on short notice, in a good workmanlike manner, and upon the most reasonable terms.

His long experience in the business, as foreman in the shop of Lewis H. Mars of this place for over [illegible] years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov 21, 1866.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

formerly of E. W. Bigony, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to keep a first-class house, and the accommodations and comforts of a House, humbly solicits their patronage.

J. OTTENKIRK,
Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.

Lock Haven, Dec, 26, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the public generally, that she has just received from the eastern cities her

Spring and Summer

Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves. Everybody should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made order, on the shortest notice, or repaired.

Store on Main street, 3rd door below the store of Mendenhall & Rupert.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866.—tf.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

H. H. HUNSBERGER,

Iron Street, below the "American House,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

where he keeps on hand, and furnishes to the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices,

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS,

DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

Meerschaum and Briar Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to his trade.

Those small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobaccos, would do well to give him a call, instead sending to the cities for every article they require in the purchasing of these country pedlars.

October 31, 1866.—3m.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Medicines, at John E. Moyer's Drug Store, Main and Market Streets. A good assortment

PURE DRUGS,

Oils, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, always on hand and will be sold cheaper than at any other place in town.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Medicines carefully compounded at Moyer's Drug Store.

Patent Medicines sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

Pure Cod Liver Oil, Moyer's Cod Liver Oil, Wines for Medicinal purposes sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

Truss for the patent Truss, call at Moyer's Drug Store.

Window Shades, wholesale and retail, at J. E. Moyer, Bloomsburg.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

One square one or three insertions $1 50
Every subsequent insertion less than 13..... 50

SPACE.	1m.	2m.	3m.	6m.	1y.
One square,	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Two squares,	3.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	14.00
Three "	5.00	7.00	8.50	12.00	18.00
Four squares,	6.00	8.00	10.00	14.00	20.00
Half column,	10.00	12.00	14.00	18.00	30.00
One column,	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Executor's and Administrator's Notices. 3.00
Auditor's Notice..... 2.50

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance all others due after the first insertion.

☞ OFFICE—In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets.

Address, W. H. JACOBY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows gather
Over all the starry spores;
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overheard.

Every tinkle on the shingle
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy beings start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to years agone,
To survey the infant
Ere she had left them till the dawn,
I can see her bending o'er me,
As I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waxen hair,
And her bright eyed cherub brother,
A serene, angelic pair,
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eye delicious blue;
I forgot, while gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember that I loved her
As I near may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's *bravuras*
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—
That subdued, subduing strain—
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

The Rings on the Oak.

A correspondent of the London Daily *News*, in the course af a letter with reference to a historical and legendary tree known as "Herne's Oak," gives not only some interesting facts about the tree itself, but also an explanation of a natural phenomena in connection with it. He says:

"While working up a portion of this memorable tree into covers for the book I have written on its identity, and looking on the end, I observed a great peculiarity, namely: The annular rings accumulated in a healthy and vigorous manner up to a certain point when they suddenly ceased, became almost imperceptible, then increased in size again till they attained nearly their former width, afterwards gradually diminished towards the outer edge of the tree, where they finally became undistinguishable."

"Upon mentioning this phenomena to an intelligent gardener of fifty years experience—without informing him in what wood I had observed it—he said that the tree must have been struck with lightning or blighted in some way, so as to have stopped its growth, otherwise such an appearance would not have been presented."

"It was in the nature of trees, as it was with us, that when they arrived at maturity they began to decline, the same as we did, but it was generally a gradual process; the rings in the trunk would become smaller and smaller by degrees, as the sap flowed less and less up the trunk of the tree."

"I have since examined the wood more closely, and from the healthy part of the tree to the outside of the piece, I have counted 164 annual rings. If to these are added twenty for the sap that was wasted away from it, and forty-four years, which time at least it is known to have been dead we are carried back as far as 1639, as the latest time when the tree would have been scared or blighted. How much earlier than this it may have been, I am not in a position at present to prove; but, considering that the rings are so small as to be scarcely discernible, and that some of the outer portion of the tree has been wasted away, I submit that it is not a preposterous idea to assume that the blasting of it happened in Shakspeare's time."

☞ Notwithstanding the lies put forth by the "loyal" press, the Democrats will elect the United States Senator in California. They have a majority of twenty on joint ballot in the new Legislature. The Radicals had sixty majority in the old body.

☞ A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

[From the Louisville Courier, October 3rd]

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Two noted characters in Limbo—A touching instance of woman's love and affection.

The two young men, Ryland Shuck and Charles Kelly, whose arrest we mentioned yesterday as suspected felons, proved to be the perpetrators of the daring highway robbery near the Nashville depot a short time ago. Shuck was arrested in New Albany and Kelly in Cincinnati. They are both young and handsome looking young men, but, no doubt, two of the boldest and most adroit thieves in the country.

Mr. William Osborn, the plain and honest old farmer whom they attacked and robbed, stated that it occurred about 4 o'clock in the evening, but was not positive as to the exact time. He was standing near the depot waiting for the departure of the train, when they suddenly approached him from different directions. Shuck demanded his money, while Kelly grasped him by the coat collar and flourished a knife. He protested that he had no money, but they told him they knew better, and one of them ran his hand into Mr. Osborn's pants pocket and drew out $170, after which they ran to the corner of Ninth street and turned. The old man followed them, but they were out of sight when the old man reached the corner. He had closely observed their dress and also that Kelly had lost one finger off the left hand. Mr. Osborn lost no time in lodging complaint at the jail, and he gave the officers who started in pursuit of them an accurate description, which led to their arrest.

Shuck was found in attendance at the Circuit Court at New Albany, before which tribunal a suit was pending for divorce from his wife, who is a young and beautiful woman, with two small children. The heartless husband had succeeded in procuring the divorce before his arrest. Notwithstanding her ill-treatment at his hands, and the fact that she was no longer his wife, with that true devotion which clings to woman, even while suffering under gross wrong, she appeared in court to testify in his behalf, and comfort him in his dark hours of adversity. She testified that he came to her house in Portland at 4 o'clock precisely on the afternoon of the day on which it was alleged the robbery was committed, and remained half an hour. The object of his visit was to bid her and the children a final farewell. He was accompanied by two strangers, who waited for him outside the door. She admitted that he had sent for her to give her testimony, and that she had an interview with him since he had been in custody.

She appeared very much affected, and we observed the glittering tears that stood in her large blue eyes at intervals, though she endeavored to suppress her grief. Shuck seemed to be quite indifferent to the result of the investigation, and smiled pleasantly at the cross shooting of the attornies.

Kelly is a bright and sprightly young man, and evinced a nervous uneasiness, that told plainly how deeply he was concerned in his situation. He lost no opportunity to prompt the lawyer and aid in establishing a mistaken identity. He is very ready and cunning, and has, no doubt, been before such tribunals often.

Mr. Henry Thomas testified that it was only three o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Osborn came to the jail, after he had been robbed, which proved that the old gentleman was mistaken in the time of the occurrence, and also that Shuck had ample time to go to Portland, where his late wife resides, and get there by 4 o'clock. This evidence completely upset the *alibi* which the defense endeavored to prove by the evidence of Shuck's former wife.

After ably reviewing the testimony, the Court announced that it would hold the prisoners in bond of $2,000 each to answer.

As the prisoners were leaving the Court room, the divorced wife embraced and affectionately kissed the man who had promised to love, cherish and protect her through life, a vow which he had broken in less than two years after their marriage, and availed himself of the Indiana divorce law to set her adrift with her children on an uncharitable world. It almost seems that a decree of Providence has visited this swift retribution upon the base deserter of his wife and innocent babes. Such instances of true womanly affection as the above are not uncommon and called forth a beautiful sentiment from his Honor Judge Price, who has a heart capable of appreciating such a noble attribute in the nature of womankind.

A DOUBLE MENE-ING.—An old Dutch farmer had a handsome daughter, named Minnie, who lately joined the Methodist Church against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced. The young minister under whose instrumentality Miss Minnie was converted visiting her frequently, excited his suspicion that all was not right. Accordingly he visited the church on Sunday night, and seated himself, unobserved, among the congregation.

Soon after taking his seat, the minister, who was preaching from Daniel, v. 25, repeated in a loud voice the words of his text, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," upon which the old farmer sprang to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the meeting-house. Having reached the church-yard he gave vent to his feelings in these words:

"I knows dare was something wrong, and I schware to 'em."

"Why, father, what do you mean?" replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

"Didn't I," shouted the old man, striking his fists together and stamping with his foot, "didn't I hear de parson call out to you, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle de parson?'"

A WASHINGTON ROMANCE.

A few nights since, says a Washington, D. C., paper, an army offices, under the rank of captain, was standing in front of one of our city hotels, deeply meditating on something only known to himself, when he was addressed by a colored individual, who asked him if that was Captain C. Upon the captain answering in the affirmative, he was informed by the gentleman of color that there was a person in the shape of a female, who wished to see him at the corner above.

Now we will say here, that the brave captain had been struck somewhere in the region of the heart with an arrow from Cupid's bow, and that he had fixed that very night to ask that same question which so many have asked, viz: "Will you have me?" But still he was ready for some romance if it came in this way. He accordingly followed the dark individual to the corner above, and there saw a lady deeply veiled, so that not a particle of her face could be seen.

When he came up she asked him to follow her, and led the way to a public square where she informed him that if he would be willing to be blindfolded and led some little distance, he would meet the lady he intended to propose to that night, and furthermore, a minister would be in attendance, ready to pronounce them one and inseparable. Now the captain had fixed himself all up for the occasion, so there was no difficulty in his dress or looks, though he did not like the blindfolding part; but he finally consented, and a dainty little handkerchief was placed over his eyes, sweetly scented and worked all over.

His fair pilot then took his arm and escorted him around corners, and finally stopped at a neat little house; rang a bell; and the next minute the captain was in the presence of a large company there assembled, he thought to see the wedding. When the handkerchief was removed from his eyes, he found himself the centre of all eyes. At one end of the room (which we will state here was a clergyman's house) was a minister already to do his part of the arrangement. In a few moments the door was opened, and in came the bride elect, all dressed for the occasion, but with a heavy mask on, which she informed the captain would be removed as soon as he had promised to "love, honor, and keep her for better or worse."

They stood up, the captain all anxiety, and the minister commenced. The captain made his vows, and when the lady was about to do the same, she removed her mask and said to the astonished and mortified groom, "John, I could not let you have another wife while I was living." The captain now looked down, and who should it be but his wife, who he thought was out West, and not dreaming that she was near; but she having heard of the attention he had been paying the lady in question, had come on and arranged the plan which was carried out. In another moment in rushed a curly headed little boy, crying "Papa, papa." The captain, who had come so near doing something bad, finding he could not get out of the scrape, gave in, and started away with his lawful wife and little one; but before doing so, he asked to see the fair, conductor who brought him to the house, and you can imagine his amazement when the lady stepped up, and he found it to be the very lady to whom he had intended to pop the question that night. The curtain dropped here, and the last we saw of the captain he was stepping into a carriage with his wife and child.

Moral—Gentlemen, never try to marry a second time until you are certain your first wife is gone.

THE WOMEN ALL RIGHT.—The Nashville *Union and Dispatch* relates the following incident, which demonstrates that Southern women are not only all right, but ready to work:

"An incident occurred recently at the Greenbrier White Sulpher Springs, Virginia, that illustrates the independent spirit of the Southern women. The head steward belonging to the immense hotel of the Springs dressed himself from top to toe and presented himself in the ball-room to dance with the numerous guests there assembled. The proprietor immediately ordered him out, and demanded what such conduct meant. The negro replied that it meant equality, and if he were not received into the ball-room, he and every other servant in the establishment would leave. The lady visitors heard the circumstances, called on the proprietor and told him to dismiss every servant in the house promptly, and they would serve in their places untill he could procure others. He did so, and the ladies from every part of the South sojourning at this justly popular watering-place, went into the kitchen, chambers, laundery, dining-room, &c., and filled with perfect satisfaction every position until the proprietor went to Charlottsville and procured other servants. These are unblemished facts."

☞ An exchange says: A young fellow whose better-half had just presented him with a pair of twins, attended church on Sunday. During the discourse the clergyman looked right at our friend, and said in a tone of thrilling eloquence:

"Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you."

The newly fledged dad supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming:

"Yes, I have two on 'em."

A Bride in the Wrong Bed.

A newly married pair put up at the Spencer House—they went out shopping—returned—bride had left some things—she slipped out—found her lost articles—returned—mistook Main street for Broadway—got into the Madison for the Spencer—it looked a little strange—asked a boy if she was in the Spencer—boy said yes, not fully understanding her—she told him to lead her to 48—she partly disrobed and got into bed—expecting husband momentary—fell asleep. The occupant of 48 Madison, an Indiana merchant, returned from the theatre a little tight—quietly went to the room—to bed—to sleep.

How long the two reposed there side by side, with only a foot space between them, unconscious of each other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was herd in the apartment, from which female screams issued wildly, piercingly and ceaslessly.

The hotel was in an uproar, proprietors, clerks, waiters, porters and guests, dressed and half dressed, were at the door 48 in a minute, blocking up the entrance, and asking each other eagerly, "What is the matter? For God's sake tell us what is the trouble?"

The cause of this outcry may be imagined. The gride had awakened about midnight, and putting her arm over her husband, it fell upon the Indianian's face, and the soft warm touch aroused him at once. He did not dislike it—in a moment Mrs. R. said: "My dearest husband, where have you been all this time?"

Husband!" echoed the merchant, beginning to see, like Lord Tinsel, that he had made a smal mistake here, "I'm nobody's husband; I recon dear madam, your in the wrong bed."

In the wrong bed—horror of horrors, thought the young brde. What would her lord—what would the curious world say?—And Mrs. R. screamed terribly and sprang from the couch just as her companion done done the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he'd engaged—he'd make oath to that.

Scream, scream, was her only reply to his kindly proposition.

"My God, madam, don't yell so! You'll wake the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequence, I don't wan't to hurt you; I swear I don't. You will get me shot, and yourself—

Just at this juncture, the crowd outside presented itself at the door and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner exercising her lungs magnificently, with a sheet wrapped over her form and head, and the Indianaian in the middle of the room enveloped in a coverlet, and ejaculating, "My God, madam, don't!"

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cashill, saw there must be some mistake, and requesting the other to retire, called the merchant, went into another room, and there learned the whole story. The doctor then sent one of the ladies to Mrs. R., and the entire affair was explained greatly to her relief, though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance that might have ruined her reputation forever.

Under the escort of the doctor, she was conveyed to the "Spencer," where the husband was found pacing the corridors, with frantic mien, and half crazed grief at the disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away by a villain, or murdered for her jewels, in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed himself, they would kill a man for a dollar.

As soon as the spouse came, he caught her to his bosom, and wept like a child. He was melted with happiness at her discovery, and told her he had searched that city for intelligence of her whereabouts.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

An Incident in a Horse Car.

The horse car is the witness of varied life and incident, which are often not only interesting, but worthy the compliment of a little printer's ink. An incident occurred on Saturday of last week, while a car was on Tremont street, which is deserving of a paragraph. A lady passenger discovered that her pocket had been picked of its portmonnie and contents including a generous supply of cash for shopping and some other little possessions. On learning this disagreeable fact she said, with commendable emphasis, "Mr. Conductor, I have had my pocket picked since I entered this car, and as no one has got out the thief must now be here. I want you to call a policeman at once and secure my property." The conductor, in a low, drawling tone,—"I guess, mum, none of the passengers have got it—you might have dropped it in the street—such things are very common—'twouldn't be any use to call the police. These passengers all look honest, and they'd make a tremendous fuss if I shut 'em up," The lady, "But I insist upon it—the thief is in this very car—I have had my portmonnie in my hand since I entered it. I insist that the police be called. It is my right and I demand it." At this point a short lady with a keen, jumping eye, and with a brisk movement, almost leaped from her seat, and said very sharply, "I declare it is really too bad that the conductor will not call the police. If there is no gentleman in the car man enough to do as the lady wishes, then I will." She thereupon made a rapid exit from the car and shot down Winter street like an arrow. *She was the pickpocket!—Boston Post.*

☞ A little girl hearing the remarks that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired: "Who took care of the babies?"

Jim Wolf and the Tom-Cats.

Here is one of Mark Twain's good stories. He knows how to make the reader laugh, and if the following does not provoke a smile, it is because there is no mirth in mankind during the hot weather:

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotion flush upon the strawberry point of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all there were symptoms of a reminiscence—sighs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experience—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As near as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:

"We were all boys then, and didn't have no troubles, and didn't worry about nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This yar Jim Wolf I was a talking about, was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgiven' and unselfish I ever see—well, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than what he was, take him how you would; and sorry enough I was when I saw him for the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pestering him and plastering hoss-bills on his back and putting bumble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long and lank, and bashful, and we were fifteen and sixteen and tolerably lazy and worthless.

"So, that night you know, that my sister Mary gave the candy-pullin,' tha started us off to bed early, so as the comp'ny could eave full swing, and we run in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our window looked onto the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rairin' and chargin' around on it and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight.—First, they'd stand off and e-yow-yow-yow, just the same as if they was a cussin one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handfull of fur out of the yaller cat's ham, and spin her around, like a button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come in and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl, and they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

"Well, Jim he got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed he'd climb out and shake them off'n that roof. He hadn't really no notion of doing it, likely, but we everlastin'ly dogged him, and bullyragged him, and allowed he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, till biemby he histed up the winder, and lo! and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was—nothing on but a shirt and it was short.—But you ought to have seen him! You ought to see creepin' over the ice, and digin his toe nails and finger nails in for to keep from slippin; and above all, you ought to see that shirt a flappin'in the wind, and them long, rediculous of his'n a glistnin' in the moonlight.

"Them comp'ny folks was down there under the eves, the whole svuad of 'em under that ornery shed of old dead Wash'ton Bower vines—all settin' around about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they had sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively, but bless you, they d'dn't know nothin'out the panorama that was going on over their heads. Well, Jim he went asneakin and sneakin up, unbeknowns to them tom-cats they was a swishen their tails and yow-yowin' and threatoniu to clinch, you know, and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But by gosh he missed fire and slipt his holt, and his heels flew up and he flopped on his back and shot off that roof like a dart—went a smrshin' and crashin' down through them old rusty vines and landed right in the dead centre of all them company people—sot down like an yearth-quake in them two dozen sassers of red hot candy and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb! Them girls—well they left, you know. They see he warn't dressed for company and so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war-whoop, and a wish of their dresses, and blame a wench of 'em was in sight anywhers!

"Jim he was a sight. He was covered with that bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was a injun princes—and he come a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' and a cussin', and every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy!

"And blistered! Why bless your soul, that poor critter couldn't reely set down comfortably for as much as four weeks."

☞ Everybody knows that a very high decree of culture is insisted upon by the ladies who are the head of our fashionable female seminaries. An undergraduate of one of these institutions—we shall not say whether in New York or in Brooklyn—was one evening in the parlor, when the conversation of a small circle turned upon the drama. After mention had been made and criticism indulged in, on several of Shakspeare's plays, our young lady was asked:—"Have you ever seen Booth?" "No," was the reply. "I have seen Booth played, but I have heard it very highly spoken of. I intend to hear it the very first opportunity!"

DO GOOD.

She hath done what she could. This language was used by Jesus, to the people who were with him at one time, as he was enjoying the hospitalities of a man named Simon, who lived in the town of Bethany. A woman came in with a box of ointment, or sweet perfume, very costly, worth forty dollars. She broke the box and poured the ointment on His head. She had this costly perfume, and she was willing to use it for this purpose. It was all she could do. The people around were indignant at what they thought to be a foolish act, or a waste. The motive however, of the woman was pure. She loved Jesus and was willing to show her regard by this act. Hence, she done what she could. She brought the best she had, without reference to cost. Selfishness was a stranger to her bosom. And this act showed she wanted to do all she could to add to other's comfort and make them happy. My dear young friends, how much more pleasant would be life's pathway if all would act upon this principle. Throw selfishness aside, and do all the good you can to others. Make home a happy spot by this course. Yield your own feelings and wishes to the comfort and happiness of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, in a word all in the house. Then at school, or in your daily occupations seek to do others good, and thus make them happy. If you were to do this how much more pleasant would life's pathway be, how many more the smiles, and fewer the tears. Always be ready to speak a kind word, to give of your means to relieve the wants of others. What you do may seem little to you, but to others it may be great. This little box of ointment the woman gave in the sight of Jesus was great, although to the multitude a waste.

Do all the good you can. The whole of life is made up of little things:

Little drops of water, little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean, and the beauteous land.
Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden, like the heaven above.

Ella L., was a little girl. She wanted to do all the good she could. She was always pleasant at home, tried to make every one happy around her. Always had a smile and kind word for every one. Often this cost her an effort. This, however, brought with it happiness to both herself and others, as such a course does. She gathered a lot of children around her wherever she went. At length she formed a class of little ones, younger than herself, and taught them to read and sing, and thus became a little missionary. She was fourteen years of age, and gathered a like number into her class. She is now teaching them, and they all love her. Oh! how much good is she doing.

Try to set a good example to others, and whenever you can, aid them, no matter who they are, or what their condition may be. Remember Jesus loved you and did all he could do for you. He died to save you. He asks you to do all you can for him in deeds of mercy and of love. Above all he asks your heart, as well as service. Will you give it him?

ANECDOTE OF OLD TIMES.—More than fifteen years ago, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts commenced its sessions, early in autumn, in Lenox, Berkshire County; thence, the arrangements were, to hold sessions in all the Counties eastward, terminating at Nantucket and Duke County, embracing all of Massachusetts proper.—This was called "the Fall Circuit." In the succeeding spring, the circuit of the District of Maine was held, thus completing the Circuit of the year.

At this early period, the late Judge P——, one of the Court, invariably traveled on horseback. On one occasion, preparatory to meeting of the Court at Lenox, Judge P——, jogging along, not knowing exactly the localities of Berkshire County, fell in with a buxom New England girl, on horseback, and inquired of her if she knew where he should turn off the main road to get to Lenox.

"Certainly," said she. "I know every inch of the way, and can guide you."

"Well, said Judge P——, who was not a little eccentric, and withal somewhat renowned for his gruffness and course manners, if you are going that way, I will c'en jog on with you, *for poor company is better than none.*"

They did jog on, entered into conversation and had a pleasant time of it, which had the effect to destroy the consciousness of distance. At length the judge felt that it was time to have arrived at the point where she said he must turn off, which at the time of his inquiry, she stated to be about two miles.

"Madam," said he, have we got near the place I am to turn off?"

"La, yes," said she, "we passed it about *a mile and a half back.*"

"You hussy," said the judge, "why didn't you tell me?"

"La, sir, the reason I didn't, was that I thought with you, *that poor company was better than none.*"

DOMESTIC FAULTS.—Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude: yet it is easier to grapple with the one than the other. The eastern traveller can combine his force and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he can scarcely escape the mosquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm the earth he treads. The drunkard has been known to denounce his darling vice; the slave dress and extravagance, her besetting sin; but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, rude, dogmatic manners, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track, over which the mere skeleton of companionship stalks along.