
TRIMMINGS POR LADIES' BONNETS
March, march, change mad variets
Fashion than one
Narch, march, hang all propricty he grirl's bonnets hang nver
Noror rheumatics dread,
The dengore nad more lare the hea Mnck with your bo
Spite of satiric pen
lnug over the shouldar. Congo in the square where the soung hucts are gaving,
Cone where the cold winds frum all quarters whow Cone where the cold wiuds frum all quarters
Come from hot youms where conf fires are llazin
Come inth your facess and heand ia a glow. Natives astounding,
Slow foks confonnding, Stho profile conco out Fo much bolder, Yolks shall many a bay
Talk of the stupld way-

HOW MRS. FLINT GOT MARRIED A War.ing to all of Us. by wimifred woodfern.
This morning as I was sitting by my study Window, watching the fruitloss attempts of
young child in the opposito house to pitch it self head first from the second story wiution said efforts being always remorselessly crushed in the bud by a bharp esed nursery maid
my aunt Sally wallied in, nad,seated herse with her usual grutt-
How do you do?'
Aud here let me asure my readers that my 'aunt Sally' is not by nny menas the lady who
has her dwelling 'in Shinboue blley' negro melodies sing. She hns a snug little fortuve in her own right, keeps a pet ent and horse, has a protty little cottage with a fair nower garden in front. When, in aditition to all this, I remark that she has put me down
for five thousand in ber will, alwnys trents me with marmalade and currant wine when I call on her, and is never without some spicy piece
of soandal or news to relate, it may well be believed that sho and I are the best kind riends.
Lhe drew her/chair neurer to ${ }^{\text {d }}$ ' she asked, out of the window.
Ineqer disguise mith aunt Sally. To her so I answered quietly
'I was wondering why the nurse don't let that child have its way. A noisy, brawling httle thing. Perbaps a fal

## -Humph!

A peculiar grin relaxed my aunt'e severe with greauguito.
'Mrs: Harry Flint's child I see. And thero careless fuce for one who has been disappoinled.!
-Disappointed!, That fat, laughing woman? terest for her other belongiags.
'Do tell me about it, wunt Salls?
"There isn't much to tell," said my nunt
ith a comical guilty look. But if you'll promise never to hep a word of it 80 it will get her agnin, I'll give you the story."
-Oh, I. promise faithfully. Go on
-Well you see four years ago, or it may five that woman's name was Susan Wilder.the never was a handsome girl, you can bec she married. She took a terrible shine to Sam Osgocd, a young soboolmnster that
tnught here then, and went away, before you came.
-But there wiere girls a sight prettier and marter than sho was, and somehow or other er. She wasn't a girl to make many word about anytling, but she thought the more. bho saw how things were working, and if sh didn't atep aroond apry, she wouldn't get hi ter a
So she got her father worked round befor to board there the last half of the torm, in bead of boarding round as he had been doing deytimes and ovenings, and acoording to all voounte, I guess she worked her cards very Well, and if she hadn't beon in too blg a hurry In the place of living Mre. Sam. Osgood to day Fintit. But she got her cake all dough Harry it was ready to bako.
Ny aunt chuckled wickedly por the poo
ou seo e
It would be cunning to offer Lerseif to sam Osgood: She staid at home one night, when question when he gigot home
the lane a long while. At last she heord hp the and when he laid his hand on the latoh sho
just took it; and saye she,
privilege given to my sex this yoar, and ask
$\left|\begin{array}{l}\text { you a plain question. I have loved jou ever } \\ \text { since we first met; do ynu love me, and will }\end{array}\right|$ ou marry me?
'I shall be most happy to,' says Hnrry Flin and then he jumped over the gace nod kisse her to clinch the bargain.' You see she had taken him for the master.
ssly. My aunt pointed grimly
child in the opposite house
Married him. What could sho do: Sta was ashamed to tell the truth, and so sho ave up Osgood and etuck to Harry-the be 'ough now.'
zuishly
'That's tellin 1 cou for
'No.'
To keep you from all such folly ught to have been the heroine of that story sumnds just like you.' and with this sarcas.
warning ; she vanished from the room. My aunt's advice is doubtless good. Shal heed it! Ah, Leap Year is coming, and wo shall soon see

## Don't You Play?

No, I don't play ou any 'instrument,' said ion. 'To tell the rruth, I became d by nslight misconception, when I wns young man Twasat ap
and all that sort of thing
'Well, you see,' said he, in reply to another question, 'It was about twenty years. ago, as a medical student, that we both fancied Lad a wonderful talent for music. g one of the attics and I a fidule, and turnhere balf the night through. Wo didn't want any oue to know about it, especially our
anther, who had very strict notions ns to value of time ; and to make him think us use fuly employed, I had quantities of $\ln \mathrm{w}$ all sorts of bonés senttered about. We kne hat up in our 'study' ne - oue could hear
but Betyy, the houseke but Betsy, the housekeeper; and as she our secret. One morning after woula keep whiling the long night hours nway to our been nutuat delight, we came down late to breat abt, lookiug, I suppose, somewhat unfresb'You musn't stuly too hard, boys,' said our

## ther, considerately.

'Yes, sir,' said I, gravely.
Just then Betety
Just then Beteg appeared at the

- Yes, what is it?' said my motho
at Betsy's oxcitod manner. 'What' is is Betsy ${ }^{\circ}$,
'Well, ma'am, I wisk to say, ma'am,'-Bet y always spoke in that thort, gipping way
when sho was what sho called cworked up' I must lenve you, ma'am.'
'Leave me! why ?' asked mother
Ve been with yours twenty-five years sinc $t$ last, ma'am. I can't stand it and I oing to. It's not Christian like. ma'sm.' 'What have the bogs been doing?' ask mother.
'It's Mr. John, ma'am, and sometimes think Mr. Tom helps him. He's got som Dor cretur up stairs, ma'am, and he tor ants him awful. He squenks and groans hil the night through. It is worse than the eathen. I've stood it for more nor a week what that poor oreature went through an dreadful. I know they say such thinga mus bo done by dootors, but I ain'l going to sta where it is, and I nevér thought John wa he one to do it.'
-And Betsy gave my brother a look of with
My mother was
mothing and telling Botas she youtd inquire into dismissed her for the present.
Shagh nas the end of our masical practice $r$ took eare that we shouild not forget it ras a long time before wo heard the lat bout 'that poor crotur up stairs.'
'A Fxw Days,'- This' seems to be all the rage at present The Louiaville Times ; thup


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pay you present a mati a bmall socount, ho will pay you in a for days; protty girls expeot to foy daya; brage bando ager joyq, whitulo high fellows sing a fow daya; and we expeot or give qur rea
And we are hoping that a great many of our subsoribers will sond the amount of their' dues la a few daye. In fact .we know they will, for
some of them have been prow some of them have beon promising to 'do that
nttle thing' every fow daya for afyear or two Wo expect thea, to be 'in funda' in a fert

Exhmitrina $A$. Whyes Wantan:'-Thie Mnnthat eity a gentleman advertised forently and received a note from 'Ann Woodville.' dinit he sloould meet the 'fair' writer nt Roct dile, and should hold a piece of white pape in his hand that he might be recognized. H went to Roclidule with the paper, and ther
found about fifty waga wniting for him. Finding that be had been sold, he begged to e allowed to depart, but this would not do nround with the folloring announcóment:In view, a gentleman in want of $n$ wife. May
bee been at No. 3 Tweedale's hotel., of courg this brought a large accession of adniring friends, and one of the company having adr it it1y, and unperceived by Mr. J. Kny, stuck,
white star or cooknde on the front of his hint, White star or cookndo on the front of his hat,
Le was readily distinguished, aud received his flocked into the room in in ration. Visitor encli in turn being introduced by a minster of ceremonies. to the gentleman who had adver tised for $a$ wife. This continued till it ras too much for the endurance' of Mr. J. Kay;
he became ill, wept, and implored permission to depart; at length, after having been detni ed for several hours, he was allowed to go, on paying for a bottle of wine to solace his tor who would advertise for a wife?

R F An exchnage goes into ecstacies ove fit babies. The editor wants to know 'Who
does not love a fat bnhy $\rightarrow$ one of the real chutby kind-so fat that it enn hardly see out of
its eyes?' Mr. Tenderman snys that oft bu. Ses is a luxury in winter, but they aro 'open 10 ohjection' in the summer time, when a fel-
er's mife goes out a ristrin', and he bas to marry 'em two or three miles in the hot sum
 a fat, good-natured baby in its mother's nrms in the coul $0^{\prime}$ the ovenin' when $n$ foller's got his pipe in his mouth, his slippers on his feot uffered rewpaper in bis hands, but 1 have hent o' the dny, with a fat buby in my arms, ters fingers in my hair, and a then ing ny trow-
sers leg.' We thould call this sound reason. sers leg
ing.

Curious Russańá Custom -On Whit-Mon dny and the following Sunday, there is inmely, the extibition of the brider gardens Russinn: tradesmen, on these drides. The expose their marringeable dnughters in order to mar away. Under the lime trees of the principal
Alioe are two long rows of gaily pncked close together, like the pipes of an rgan. Behind these atand the match-maker gile rolsid mile relatives. Through this double row the walk. The latter notice any face that please them, and the match-maker belonging to The exhibition Iasta till a late hour.

A Singular Will.-A man, named J. leaving a fortune of one million of dollars, a won at the gambling table. He willed th
whole to a woman residing in that city, condition thagt slie should give a pesta (quarte of a dollar) eacli day to overy convalesson hundred poor men and women and receive ble. In caso of the logateo neglecting to Al sufruct of the pronions above mealioned, th Governmente of France and England, on th ame ounditions.

Darthe Albany Argus tells a story of man buying oats, a fer days since, who gave
a fifty dollar bill in mistake for a five. On disoovering the blunder, and hastening to deliberately rubbiog out the cipher on the with, in ordor to make the for 'fifty' saved the latter from furthor doface ment, and fully satiffied both parties.

| CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK. |  |  |
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## Stores and shops.



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$\mathbf{F}^{\text {RENCH TRUSSES, }}$





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