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When shall ide? shall dear friends gather rour to when the "death awent" from my throbbing I shall those I love, in sadness then surround me As true, as kind, as loving then as now?

Or shall some transport hand, when cheded, while-rardess-tunch-close, up, my, fadling, sy q<sub>2000000</sub>

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First Pressy.

Figura. Rev. Conway C.

Square. Rev. Conway C.

Square. Rev. Conway C.

Scoud Prestyterian Church, corner of Sonth 1 anover.

As sulle which encircled her mischlevous face, Assure me that she was still "in for a race."

Scoud Prestyterian Church, (Fott. Episcopal) northeast angle of Solifing her up, ehe throw down her glove—

And a nove-kiss besides, if I should succeed in catching this dealer, if I should succeed in catching this dealer.

So making the start away we both go, like a bird, thro' the air or a shatt from a bow. German Reformed Church, Louther, between that it also to re and Pitt streets Rev. A. If. Kremer, Pastor.—
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mosts on the third Saturday or samually April - and October:

The Good Will Hose Company wakinstituted in March 1855. Preddent, H. A. Surgeon Vien Preddont, James D. McCartney: Socretary, Samuel H. Gould; Treasurer Jaseph D. Halbert. The company mosts the feecing Saturday of January, April, July, and October. RATES OF POSTAGE.

"Teach me to know mine end, and the meas-

POETICAL.

Where shall I die? shall dear friends gather round mo To who the "death sweat" from my throbbing brow, Shall those I love, in sadness then surround me ...With eardess touch close up my fading eye, Far from my home, unwept and unattended? Father of life! O say where shall I die!

How shall I die! Shall pain and anguish smile me.
And rack my frame with sharp relentless hand,
Shall slow discuse with gentle force invite, me. To leave this world and join the spirit band? Or shall I fall, as fell the star of morning, Sudden and swift from out the calm clear sky, Without one hint-one gentle, timely warning, Father of life! Oh say how shall I die!

When shall I die? Shall-age and honors crown in Before the summons issue from thy throne? Or shall I fall, with mid-day's sun around me. When life is switcest and its use best known? Or shall my youth with all its warm affections Sink in the grave in darkness there to lie, ... Blighted in bud and flower-before fruition, Father of life! O say when shall I die!

Hush! O my soul, away with this replaing Ageneral and Cocal Information. This anxious fear, about thy stay on earth; Pause, and with heart in calm, meck love reclining Submit thy death to him who gave thee birth. He who first called thee to immortal being Child of the earth to rear thee for the sky Walks by thy side, thy every footstep seeing, Knows when and where and how 'tis best to die ALLENTOWN, Pa-

> ".[For the Herald THE SKATER'S DREAM: An Extract from a Latter to Miss N .-- by H.

Twas a cold, frosty day in the year '59, That I shouldered my skates with the pleasant design This fracting a sylph in the slippery art If bu uping her head and breaking my heart; a hile she should attempt the double device of gilding through souls and over the ice. Her house I approached, when a pair of dark eyes sont a spark through my hearf like a flash from the

And her fairy like trim and exquisite me lade her worth, I declare, pur value in gold. Her dress was of pladd the brightest of hues, And reached to the top of the neatest of shoes, In size about 2's,—and so daintly grown, 'I was just such a foot as the writer would own, Set jauntly back on her head was a hat Of velvet, or felt, or something like that, All trimmed up with feathers and lace as is won And Cupid's sharp arrow was stuck in the front. A set of warm furs, hi their usual place, Warmed her heart which despatched a sweet smile to her face.

While a must (was e'er such a fool in our land?) Just quietly held, without squeezing her hand. We reached the smooth pond where skaters in score Were griding along and dispensing their stores Of wit and wisdom, of and some from their look Were talking solt moasense, called "love" in the books My sweet partner leaned op myself for support, While in strapping her skates, Firled to be short;

But her inusical laugh, her smiles and her loot, et my heart aira tremble and fingers to boot. But soon we began most amazingly well, When her skate gave a trip, she stargered and fell, grasped her plaid cloak, I held her at bay: "You promise," I cried: she turned right around,
Threw herself in my arms, and I heard a queer sound, When changes in the above are necessary the Very much like the hiss which follows, by Jove! The spilling of water upon a hot stave. Never more should we part; how happy, the thought! With unending joy my life would be fraught.

> I shivering woke, for the numerous clothes It was thus I received, a probable gleam Of light, in regard to the cause of my dream.

> > [From Chambers' Journal.] A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

How it Worked and How it Ended. CHAPTER I .- THE REVENCE.

Open the window, wife, and let in some Phew! this place is enough to choke

one. It was a close, sickening atmosphere truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-hed, hung round with check curtains, lay something covered with a ragged donnerpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and

rigid jaws.

'Come here, Hannah—come here. Uncle
Zebedee's dead!' The man spoke in a low
Tone, then turned and looked at his wife.— She was a nest and gentle looking woman; he a fine, broad shouldered man.

Oh, Richard!" The woman's face and yoice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form An old man with pinched and withered fea tures, with beard unshaven and eyes unclosed

lay on that wretched bed, staring upward, as though, hovering over his couch, he still be-held the awful presence that announced his It was Zebedee Peck, the miser, who lay there stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working

"God ha' mercy on him," said the man, af-

"God ha! merey on him," said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing with awe on the face of the dead "He He need it, poor soul! He hadn't much merey for others"

Through the open window came a murmur of voices from the court below, then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

"Here are the neighbors, Hannah. Come, how up: has "There solds to be done."

Bichard, Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet

face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the new comers There was a goodly troup, principally women. Curiosity was written on overy face. Peck's Court had been in a state

Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under. 3 reats pre-paid, except to California or Oregon, which is liveen a prepaid.

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Old miser had had a fit; by non it was said that he had hung himself in his garters from quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

PRINTING OFFICE,

Then in the garret and lastly loward

St. even ug, it was asserted that he had been been to me, and bring discord between kith

"Hush,"

Mrs. Mallet put out her hand to her hus-bar quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

"Mry wealth be the outgo to them it has and me!"

"Mry wealth be the outgo to them it has and me!"

"Mry wealth be the outgo to them it has and me!"

"Hush,"

· James of

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1859.

mardered by therves, who had plurdered the court, as to where upon a consultation was convened at the pump, by the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady proposed the effects of a watchman's ratte, and a cry of 'Fire!' under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman suggested sending int once for Richard will rise up in judgment again. Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and

while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman is was an an enter the properties of the streets. This biddle control to the day; and a fleet messight idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once despatched for the stone mason and his wife—"in a case of life and ideath," as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

Look here, Sir, as notoney than a lives, it is words, and a fleet messenger was at once despatched for the stone what I'm saying 1'd see my in the conclusion that his child must be brought my wife and children lie dead in the streets. Look here; that was Uncle to say.

when Richard came some, the wite saw by seemed kind o' the line Shore so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favor."

'You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to Tay, we'll know it's come as it couldn't puite with an analysis of the control of the contro

The pale face of the child, flushed, and her eyes a partled.

"You're very glad, Jess, ain't you?"

"Yes father. I am glad. Shall we have a home of our own, then, and a graden?"

"Yes, you will. And you'll wen fine clothes and live with grand folks, who are a deal cloverer than father or mother."

But Lehan't leave you," said the child with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

"Not for always, perlangs; but you must go to solool, and learn of some body who can teach you better than father can."

Richard Mallet's face twitched aw be thought.

"All my real and personal estate, whatso it was an in properties as a pauper-child in a Kentish worknouse, isen, through the progressive stages of hoppicker and errand loy, to be a clerk in a law-yer's office, and finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, old

The lawyer gineed over a lew words further, and then came to a dead stop.

"This is quite irregular—quite out of the
course Really I don't know; I think, my
friend, it would, be, better, youn, wife should
step into the next room while I continue."

"No, sir; go on, she can hear it," said

step into the next room while I continue."

No, sir; go on, she can hear it," said Richard. R

ument.

"All my real and personal estate, whatso ever and whereseever"—repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of 'hem'—"I give and bequeath to -ta—Jessie Mallet, (the parents hoth turned pale) the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle street, in this city, and this—"

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

"This is quite irregular—quite out of the course Really I don't know; I think, my friend, it would be better your wife should step into the next room while I continue."

"No, wit; go on, she can hear it," said allesase—had quickened her intellect, and glassase—had quickened her intellect, and

if our child should grow to be ashamed of you "Hush, Hannah/" Richard checked his

bright idea carried the days and a more despectable of all flow may be agen was at one despectable of all flow may be agen was at one despectable of all flow may design the analysis of the money and the search of the search of

spoke one word to his wife all the way.

Then then I beg in to cry, because he grinned at me so."

You, it's true enough. That's what he said Harnah, "remarked Richard, turning to his wife. "I neverstid a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. I was better not.

But he told me, how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child."

Mrs. Mullet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand in her mazement.

"You don't think it is true, do you, Richard."

"Charter-II.—How the rever closed his geys that his breakfast, and then, as if nothing had happened, went and did half a days work before a form, and as hell be buried to morrow, we shall know afore long."

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife though her heart would break, till the was conting any of the hoardings of old, Peck, the milk, man came around with the morning's but though I've seen her she aim't seen me; it ing any of the hoardings of old, Peck, the milk. The down to the had entered the house and sat down.

The dust upon his dress showed that he had made the journey on foot,

It's a long spell to Canterbury you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do."—It a long spell to Canterbury you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do."—It a long spell to Canterbury you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do."—It a long spell to Canterbury you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do."—It a long spell to Canterbury you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do."—It all the was photon was the had made the journey on foot,

It's a long spell to Canterbury you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do."—It all the was and then, as it nethers kins.

CHAPTER-II.—HOW THE REVENCE works work before the first the was canning as a fox, and deceiful as o'd Nick. More likely he see that he had made the journey on foot,

It sa long spell to Canterbury you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do."—It all the was anylous his wife should understand.

It was any

The bare idea of their poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of old. Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

"Well Richard," was her concluding requirements, and yet we've never seen the color of his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us anything, it won't be that we've been seeking for it: nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demean ourselves by courting him tor his money's sake; and ever since lie abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said."

It is well, perhaps, Richard Maller added these words; they we're some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow. When the morrow came, and the miser had been bid in a grave hallowed by no tears not been the morrow. When the morrow came, and the miser had been bid in a grave hallowed by no tears not render memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the described rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a sount sunbam streamed on the wig of 'the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs. Mallet sato a worm-eaten cleat (there wis only one chair in the room that occupied by the lawyer) and Richard, holding his lat in his hand stond by the side of his wife.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his hearers listened attentively; the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient endeavor to gray their meaning. The executors appointed wor two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebedee Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced life as a pauper-child in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and errand looy, to be a clerk in a law-picker and err o'clock it was. I'd haif a mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all, but every time I looked at my bundle my heart failed me; so I went without ever hearing the sound of my bairn's voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame as an honest m: n should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her ashamed o' me, or brought a blush to her check. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah !'

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered hese words; and, his great hand trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed pruised and broken down. For many days Richard Mallet reponted of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided him-self for ever having allowed his child to be re-

noved from him.

... Why did they ever permit this unnatural sparantion to take place?" the parents asked hemselves.

'Jessie would never be theirs any more

now," said the poor mother. "They had better furget their own bairs. By the time who had finished her schooling she'd be no. company for such as them."
Richard was the first to regain right feeling on this subject.
... Hannah," said he one day, " we've done

our duly, and its no use talking. Jesse must be brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way. I promised her we'd be no hinderance to 'em, and we ain't going to break our word."
When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for

many a day. Whatever fears and anxietles he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own

CONGLUDED HEXT WEEK.

NO. 23.

ON SENDING A WATCH-CASE TO A FRIEND, ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

> BY WINNIE WINTHROP dt. Valentine would have you know,

That hours when first began, Not told by either clock or watch, Were measured by the sun. The sun was hung up in the sky. For all the world around,

And every body told the time

And symposium on the ground

But soon, the people tired grow— Of such an awaward way, And they devised another plan,

To tell the hour of day. Now, 'tis a story quite too long, For me to tell in rhyme-Suffice it, that the water was made And man can take his time. St. Valentine has often heard That time does sometimes " drag,"

At others, it "hanga" heavily—
(He's something of a wag.)
And so he souds this fancy gift, To hang up in its place
And says that, while you case the water,
Be sure to water the case. For if this order you forget, Or do not it obey

Somebaly might, for aught you know STRAL all your TIME away THE EDUCATION OF ENJILISH GIRLS.

BY REV. J. C. BODWELL. Our country which have long endured great and cruel hardshins in this particular, com-pelled to wear so flimely an articular if all the shoen there were in league with consumption and death; while their husbands and brothers

healthy without it.

As to food, every mother in England understands that an infant must not be fed with all kinds of trash, gingerbread, cake, pie, &c.—
Nothing of the kind is permitted to be given them. The shops of London—grocers, druggists, and pastry-cooks—abound in simple articles of dict, prepared especially for infants, as this with property. ticles of diet, prepared especially for infants, as "biscuit powder," "baked flour," "tops and bottoms." "patent American corn-flour," arabica revelenta." &:: &:: "Plain, simple and nutritious," is the rule here. Through the entire period of childhool, and even youth, the diet of English girls is extremely simple. No tea and coffee, no hot bread; indeed, it is a very common rule in well ordered English families that no bread must be cut, for old or young, till the second day from the baking, and very little of pastry or sweet meats of any kind. Plain bread and milk, and fresh beef and mutton, roasted or boiled or broiled—not and mutton, roasted or boiled or broiled -not baked or fried—with plenty of vegetables, make up the principal food for English children. Pork, veal, and salted meats, are allowed very sparingly, as all English mathers know that they are difficult to digest, and especially injurious to a child that has the slightest constitutional tendency to scrofula A well-lighted nursery is considered indis-pensable, as it is well understood that a dark nursery will kill a scrofulous child. Their odious and abominable window-tax, modified odious and abominable window-tax, modified and relieved of its worst feature within a fow years makes Englishmen anxious to get as funch light as possible into their dwellings, whereas we cover our houses with windows to an absurd extent, and then, still more about the product of the produc an absurd extent, and then, still more absurdly, and very injudiciously, beyond all question, shut out nearly all the light with blinds.

Eaglish children must have abundance of fresh, out-door air, every day, if possible; and an important part of the duty of the nursemaid is to take the children out several hours every fine day, including the infant. One of the decreation of the decreat

maid is to take the children out several hours every fine day, including the infant. One of the most beautiful pictures in the London parks, and indeed everywhere all over England, is the innumerable nurse-malds, themselves radiant with health, with their still more innumerable children. Thus the English girl is early trained to a habit and love, of walking which she nover loses, and in this way secures round limbs, an expanded chest, and ruddy countenance while still a child. It is hardly necessary to say that the shoes of English children have thick soles, and that their clothing throughout is very carefully.

Solving then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em, and their heads ourly all over. Mr. and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and they patted them niggers as playthings. I never felt so streaked as I did when I found out how things stood.

Edonomtoal Sobers.—As cheap perfumes are often required to fill little fancy bottles, and ruddy countenance while still a child. It is hardly necessary to say that the shoes of English children have thick soles, and that their clothing throughout its very carefully.

I solvite darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be eniggers, every one of 'em, and their bead ourly all over. Mr. and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and I'll darned i'll the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em, and their bead ourly all over. Mr. and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and Erle darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em, and their bead ourly all over. Mr. and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em, and their bead ourly all over. Mr. and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and they patted them niggers as playthings. I never felt so streaked any children, and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and Mrs. Jones never had any children, their clothing throughout is very carefully adapted to the season and the weather. adapted to the season and the weather.

I am afraid American mothers will laugh
when I say that the mothers of England are
very-particular not to allow their children,
before they are old enough to walk, to sit much

on the carpet, as it is a posture unfavorable to erectness and fullness of figure. They are therefore taught with special pains to roll erectness and fullness of figure. They are therefore taught with special pains to roll therefore taught with special pains to roll the pains of the carpet, and to lie on the stomach, all which has a direct tendency to scene a perpendicular spinal column and special pains of the secure a perpositival appeal column and broad full chest. It is a beautiful feature of English families.

ners, and habits, are children all along; their parents love to have it so-esimple, free, joy-rai on, playing, laughing, and romping all they on. It is not the least of the advantages of this, that, when womanhood comes, as come

[For the Hereld.]

JE TO A TRIEND,

Lenglish children do not go to fashionable parties, or keep late hours. It is a special study to provide for them abundance of healthy sports, and, above all, to make home radiant with cheerfulness through the day; and when watch, un.

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. SOLILOQUY OF A LOAFER.

Let's see where am I? This is coal I me.
layin' on. How'd I gethere? (reflects.) Yes, I mind now. Was comin' up street met a wheel barrow was drunk—comin' 'tother way—the wheel barrow fell over me, or I fell over the wheel-barrow—and one on us fell into the cellar—don't mind which now—guess it must be been me. I'm an ice yours man. it must a been me. I'm a nice young man, yes I am—tight! tore! shot! drunk! Well I can't help it—'taint my fault—wonder whose fault 'tis?—Is it Jones' fault? no. Is it my wife's fault? well it aint. Is it the wheel-barrow's fault? well it aint. Is it the wheel-barrow's fault? No. It's whiskey's fault. Who is whiskey? Has hea large family? got many relations? All poor I reckon. I think I won't own him any more. I'll cut his acquaintance I'we had that notion for about ten years, and always hated to do it for fear of hurtin' his feelings—I'll do it now—I think liquor's injurin me—It's a spolin' my temper.

Sometimes I get mad when I'm druak and abuse Bets and the brats; it used to be Lizzie and the children; that's some time ago, I can jist mind it, when I come home evening's she used to put her arm around my neck and kiss me, and call me dear William. When I come home now she takes her pipe out of her mouth

Step into Moseloy's in Summer street, and you will see one-in liction of a good time coming for our daughters—la lies' boots, with soles of a thickness which it will cheer every min's heart to look at—and fashionable too—the very latest fashion! Now, is it not matter for rejoicing, and even for devout gratitude, that it is actually fashionable for women to wear shoes which will keep their feet dry and warm? Our countryw name have long endured great of the country women have long endured great. counterfeit—won't pass a tavern without go-in' in and gettin a drink. Don't know what Bank I'm on? last Sunday I was on the river bank, drunk.

Shoes which will keep their feel dry and warm.

Ot country wann have long on lared great and cruel hardships in this particular, compelled to wear so flimy an article as if all the shoem kers were in league with consumption and death; while their husbands and brothers wilked by this risld in bots which protected them from all-harm.—This hardship and cruel inequality of the sexs has been quitousl, as the custom of pinching the feet of woman has been pseuliur to the Gainese. European women have been wearing all along the very same description of boots and shoes which is now first becoming feshionable with its, never dreaming of anything else at all consistent with eman sease. English duchesses have worn shoes from time im non-rial which our country misses would have considered worn and joy, and the other day will be an all skept of the training of our jets must unlarge a revision. Many other things nearly losting after bridges shoes. Out. This while subject of the training of our gir's must, unlarge a revision. Many other things nearl losting after bridge and losting after bridge nearly grave.

Tais while subject of the training of our gir's must, unlarge a revision. Many other things nearl losting after bridge and losting after bridge nearly losting after bridge and the constitution of heart and the constitution of the pale and steath over the critics pixed by and in the training of English and American girls begins in the masses where the critics pixed by an all steath over the critics pixed by an all steath over the critics pixed by an infancy to ripe woman hood. As it is my lessire to furnish something that may be useful rather thai entertaining, that may be useful rather thai entertaining, that may be useful rather thai entertaining, that may be useful rather thai entertaining. It is my lessire to furnish something that may be useful rather thai entertaining that may be useful rather thai entertaining that may be useful rather thains and the consultant of business and bloom in the protess of the critical pix

ment and many an initial states from water of the first rate, good nationally although the inexperienced mother has no after dark I put up with a first rate, good nationappelion of it. The child looks warm, and its warm to the touch, but is irritable, restless. I went in was introduced to his wife, a fine, is warm to the touch of the frictions, reschess, unable to sleep. Were you never troubled fat woman, looking as though she lived on through the night without knowing the reason, laffin', her face was so full of fun. After a through the distribute and found that, till you awoke in the morning and found that, though you had not had any sense of chilliness, yet you had wanted more covering to make you sleep quite soundly? Infants require a great deal of warmth and cannot be the country of the count fellows, and I started for my saddle bags, in which I had put a lot of sugar caudy as

went along.
"Come here," said I, "you little rogue; come here and tell me what your name is."
The oldest came to me and says; "My name s Peter Jones."

"And what's your name, sir?"

" Bob Jones. "Bob Jones."

The next said his name was Bill Jones, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Jones. I gave em affar candy, and old Mrs. Jones was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Jones looked on, but didn't say much.
"Why," says I, "Mrs. Jones, I would not
"Why," says I, "Are them four boys, if I had

take a good deal for them four boys, if I had em, they are so beautiful and sprightly."
"No," says she, laffin, "I set a good deal no 'em, but we spoil 'em too much."

"No, no," says I, "they're well behaved children, and by gracious," says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and father, and I looked at Mr. Jones, "I never did see anything to e-

qual it," says. I, "your own eyes, mouth, fore-head, and perfect picture of hair, sir," tapping the eldest on the pate.
I thought that Mrs. Jones would have died laughin', at that, her arms fell down by her

like you."

Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to

other places, the following receipts for their manufacture will be found of service: 1. Spirits of wine, one pint; essence of ber-

gamot, one ounce.

2. Spirits of wine, one pint; otto of santal, one ounce.

8. Spirits of winer one pint; otto of French lavender, half an ounce; otto of bergamot, half number atto of cloves, one drachm

gran, quarter of an ounce; otto of orange peel one ounce. -Pieses's Art of Perfumery.