TERMS.

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DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing Toll ye the church-bells sad and low. And tread softly and speak low, For the Old Year lies a dying. Old Year, you must not die; You came to us so readily, You lived with us so steadily-

He lieth still; he doth not move; He will not see the dawn of day ; He hath no other life above, He gave me a friend, a true true-love, And the New Year will take 'em away. Old Year, you must not go; So long you have Leen with us, Such joy you have seen with us.

Old Year, you shall not die.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim, A jollier Year we shall not see: But though his eyes are waxing dim, But though his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me! Old Year, you shall not die! We did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to die with you,

Old Year, if you must die. He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er, To see him die, across the waste, His son and heir doth ride post haste; But he'll be dead before. Every one for his own!

The night is starry and cold, And the New Year blithe and bold, Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow. I heard just now the crowing cock, The shadows flicker to and fro; The cricket chirps, the light burns low; 'Tis nearly one o'clock. Old Year, we'll duly rue for you, Shake hands before you die,

What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die. His face is growing sharp and thin,

Alack! our friend is gone! Close up his eyes-tie up his chin; Step from the corpse and let HIM in That standeth there alone, And waiteth at the door, There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,

And a new face at the door, my friend, A new face at the door!

BLACK EAGLE IN A BAD WAY.

AUSTRIA, in this present year of grace, 1851, of England under the Stuarts. I am a resident at Vienna, and know Austria

pretty well. I have seen many birds before how in a sickly state-have seen some absoutely rotting away-but I never saw one with such unpromising symptoms upon him as the Black Eagle of Austria.

brilliant in Europe; the whole social system in | going to the theatre for twopence? Vienna is perhaps the most thoroughly unsound in Europe. Austria is weighed down by a nutaxes, and by a currency incredibly depreciated. Her commerce is hampered by all manner of a satisfied man in the Austrian dominions. The nobles feel abridgment of their privileges, and decrease of profit by the abolition of their feudal rights, succeeding the late revolution. The merchants feel that in Austria they suffer more vexgood-humored race, have learned insensibly to promotion is carried on with perfect comfort. clench their fists whenever they think of their

absolute and paternal government.

Baron Dash being at that time an Austrian Minister.

"He is quite well," said the Professor. "And his wife?" pursued the other. "I remember meeting her at Rome: they were just married, and she was a most delightful person. She exeated a sensation, no doubt, when she was received at your court?"

"She was not received at all?" said the Pro-

"How was that?" asked many voices. "Because she is not born."

"Not born" is the customary mode of ignoring (if I may use a slang word of this time) the existence of the vulgar, among the noble Viennese. At the present moment, the family of a Minister, or of any of the generals who have saved the throne, may be excluded from society on this pretense. Two recent exceptions have been made in favor of the wives of two of the most important people in the empire. They were invited to the court-balls; but were there treated so scurvily by the "born" ladies, that these unborn women visited them only once.

What is to be done by these poor noblesshut out from commerce, law, and physic? Diplomacy is voted low; unless they get the great embassies. The church, as in all Catholic countries, is low; unless a nobleman should enter it with certain prospect of a cardinal's hat or a bishopric. The best bishoprics in the world (meaning, of course, the most luxurious) are Austrian. The revenues of the Primate of Hungary are said to be worth the comfortable trifle of sixty thousand pounds a year.

But there remains for these wretched nobles one road to independence and distinction; and this is the army. To the army, it may be said, the whole body of the Austrian nobility belongs. The more fortunate, that is to say, the highest in rank, add to their commissions places about his establishment with splendor, and was at all the court. Cherished titles are acquired in this way; and a lady may insist on being seriously addressed in polite Austrian society as-say for the whole period of his residence in Vienna

to be considered other very important differences between pay in the Austrian and pay in the soks to me very much like a translated version | English army. An Austrian can live upon his pay. His simple uniform is not costly; he is free from mess expense, and may dine for sixpence at the tavern favored by his comrades. Not being allowed at any time to lay aside his know that there must be a settlement impending. nniform, he can not run up a long tailor's bill: not spend much money on amusement. Besides.

The poorer officers in the Austrian service are so unreasonable and ill-conditioned, that they merous and impoverished nobility, by unjust are not in general pleased by these advantages being given to men, who may possibly be well born, but who have certainly not been long born : monopolies, and is involved in such a complex and in many places combinations have been network of restrictions, as only the industrious, made to resist the unfair system of promotion. gold-getting fingers of a few can unravel. Near- A young captain sent down to command grayly the whole trade of Austria is in the hands of beards, with a lively sense of their own claims this busy, persevering few. Out of the imme- on the vacancy, is now and then required to diate circle of the government, there is scarcely fight, one after the other, the whole series of senior lieutenants. This causes a juvenile captain occasionally to shirk the visit to his regiment, and effect a prompt exchange.

Some part of the last-named difficulty is overcome by the existence of one or two corps of atious interference than it is in the nature of officers who have no regiment at all. Where man to bear quietly. The people, a naturally there are no men to murmur, the business of

In spite of all this, there is much to be said to the cred t and honor of the innumerable The position of the nobles is ridiculous. They throng of people forming the Austrian army. ewarm over the land; increase and multiply, and It is an excellently appointed and well-disci-Starve. Not more than a few dozen of them can plined multitude. The gallantry of its soldiers live honestly without employment; while not and the skill and experience of many of its one of the noble millions may exercise a trade highest officers, must be freely admitted. Then, for bread; may practice law or medicine, or sink too, the great number of nobles classed within down into authorship. The Austrian patrician it has at least had the good effect of creating can not feed himself by marriage with a mer- a high standard of artific al honor. The fellow chant's daughter; if he do, his household will feeling among Austrian soldiers is also great; hot be acknowledged by his noble friends. The those of the same rank accost each other with he-noble must marry the she-noble, and they the "Du," the household word of German conmust make a miserable, mean, hungry, noble versation; and the common word for an old

how is Baron Dash?" inquired a guest-said nose, or to pare a small rind from his ear, is to see his house in flames. When met by troops ample vengeance even for the blood-thirsty.

An Austrian officer who has received a blow, though only in an accidental scuffle, is called upon to quit his regiment, unless he has slain upon the spot the owner of the sacrilegious hand that struck him. This he is authorized by law to do, if struck while wearing uniform. The effect of this savage custom has been to produce in Austrian officers a peculiar meekness and forbearance: to keep them always watchful against quarrels with civilians; and to make them socially the quietest gentlemen in the French have lately come in for their share of

Last winter a fast English gent left a masked ball at the Redoute, intoxicated. Disarming a sentry, he ensconced himself until morning in his box. The gent was then forwarded to the they dare barely whisper matter that would be frontier, but the soldier was flogged for not harmless enough elsewhere, but dangerous here,

Freedom from arrest for debt is an immunity enjoyed by Austrian officers; but those who indulge too freely in their exemption from responsibility, may want defenders powerful enough to prevent their summary dismissal from the service.

I have written thus much about the Austrian army, because, in fact, as the world here now stands, every third man is or has been a soldier; and one can not talk about society in this empire without beginning at once to talk about its military aspect.

Gay and trifling as the metropolis is, with its abundance of out-door amusements, Vienna must be put down in plain words as the most inhospitable capital in Europe. The Austrians themselves admit that they could not endure to be received abroad as they are in the habit of receiving strangers here. The greater Austrian nobles never receive a stranger to their intimacy.

A late French ambassador, who conducted

times profusely hospitable, used to say that he example, Frau-ober-consistorial-hof-Directorinn The diplomatic corps do not succeed in forcing populace is heard below; but still we have the ing under the hallucination that he will ask you In the army, of course, under such a system, the close barriers of Austrian exclusiveness; gayest capital in all the world. We throng the to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts we see lieutenants with the hair gone from their and twenty years of residence will not entitle places of amusement. Dissipation occupies our on his dressing-gown and slippers, and begins to heads, and generals with no hair come vet on a stranger to feel that he has made himself their chins. A young man of family may get a familiarly the friend of a single Austrian. Any captaincy in three months, while his neighbor one who has lived among the higher classes in without patronage, might not get if he lived for- Vienna will confirm my statement, and will reever. Commissions are not sold in Austria as call with astonishment the somewhat indignant they are in England, but the Ministry of War testimony of the oldest and most respected knows how to respond to proper influence. In members of the corps diplomatique to the inhosan army of five hundred thousand, vacancies, it pitable way in which their friendly overtures is needless to say constantly occur. The lad | have been received. Invitations to dinner are who is named cornet in Hungary, is presently exceedingly rare; there are brilliant balls; but lieutenant of a regiment in Italy, and by-and-by these do not satisfy an English longing for a captain in Croatin. After that, he may awake good-fellowship. Familiar visits and free social some morning, major, with the place of aid-de- intercourse do not exist at all. Then there are camp to the Emperor; and to such a boy, with the two great divisions of society-or the nobles friends to back him, the army is decidedly a good and the merchant Jews; on one side poverty profession. The inferior officers are miserably and pride; on the other, wealth and intellect. paid, an ensign having little more than thirty The ugliest and most illiterate of pauper-countpounds a year. A captain, however, is well- esses would consider her glove soiled by contact paid in allowances, if not in money; while a with the rosy fingers of the fairest and most colonel has forage for twelve horses, and very accomplished among bankers' wives. The nobles good contingencies besides. Again, there are so intermarrying and so looking down contemptnously upon the brain and sinew of the land, have, as a matter of course, degenerated into colorless morsels of humanity. How long they can remain uppermost is for themselves to calculate, if they can; it is enough for us who see good wine at the bottom, and lees at the top, to

For the inhospitality of Viennese society there and, being admitted to the best society, he need is one sufficient reason; it springs out of the dread of espionage. In this city of Vienna The Court of Vienna is perhaps the most does not the state accord to him the privilege of alone there are said to be four hundred police spies, varying in rank between an archduke and a waiter. Letters are not safe; writing-desks are not sacred. An office for opening letters exists in the post-office. Upon the slightest suspicion or curiosity, seals have impressions taken from them, the wax is melted over a jet of flame, the letters are read, and, if necessary, copied, re-sealed, and delivered. Wafers are of course moistened by steam. You can not prevent this espionage, but it can be detected (supposing that to be any consolation) if you seal with wax over a wafer. One consequence of the melting and steaming practices of the Austrian post-office is especially afflicting to merchants;-bills come sometimes to be presented, while the letters containing advice of them lie detained by the authorities; acceptance,

in the absence of advice, being refused. From the surveillance of the police officials, perhaps not a house in Vienna is free. The man whom you invited as a friend, and who is dancing with your wife, may be a spy. You can not tell; and for this reason people in Viennanaturally warm and sociable-close their doors upon familiarity, and are made freezingly inhospitable. Yet this grand machine of espoinage leaves crime at liberty. Although murder is rare, or at least rare of discovery, (there is a Todschauer, or inspector of deaths, but no coroner's inquest,) unpunished forgeries and robberies of the most shameless kind outrage society continually. Many of the more distant provinces are infested by gangs of organized banditti; who will ride, during broad daylight, into a country gentleman's courtyard; invite themay in England with a learned ford. "Pray, dangerous. To take the nib from an adversary's insist on a reason for himself if he has no wish premises is requested to bring his coffin." thing, living man.

these bands of thieves are often strong enough to offer battle.

But, although the Austrian police can not protect Austrian subjects, it can annoy not only ing of lovers and honey moons; it makes me them, but foreigners besides. The English are sick, it's perfectly antimonial. Love is a farceextremely liable to suffer. One Englishmen, only the other day, was ordered to the frontier for a quarrel with his landlady; another, for keeping had society; another, for hissing a piece of music; three, for being suspected of political intrigue; two for being newspaper reporters. The public attentions; and we have lost, from the same cause, the company of two Americans. Among the Austrians themselves, the very name of the police is a word of terror. By their hearths

if falling upon a policeman's ears. professed to draw a parellel between a monarchy for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate and a republic. Of course it was an orthodox | yesterday; if the charcoal is out, and what you and an almost rabid glorification of "sound" absolutist principles. The poet sent a copy to he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with an Austrian noble; who, opening it carelessly, the last evening's paper that you have not had a and immediately noticing the word "republic," handed the book back to a servant, with a shud- smoke, sure to give you a headache for the afterder, and a note to the author acknowledging its noon, and just as his coat tail is vanishing receipt, and wondering that the poet "should through the door, apologises for not doing "that have thought him (the noble) capable of en- errand" for you yesterday-thinks it doubtful if couraging republican principles!" This note he can to-day-"so PRESSED WITH BUSINESS." scarified the feelings of the rhymer intensely. Hear of him at 11 o'clock, taking an ice-cream He hurried off to exculpate himself and explain with some ladies at Vinton's while you are at the real aim of his book. He did this, and, of home new lining his coat-sleeves. Children by course, his book was bought.

all grades look anxiously to France; well know- home at night, nods a "how d'ye do, Fan," ing that the events in Paris next year, if they boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the lead to outbreak, will be felt in Vienna instantly. corner, sits down in the easiest chair in the Yet Strauss delights the dancers, and the mili- warmest corner, puts his feet up over the grate, tary bands play their "Hoch Lebe" round the shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little throne. The nobles scorn the merchants and pug-nose grows blue with the cold; reads the with a contemptuous pity. The murmur of the with a hot cup of tea, and just as you are laborhands and shuts out graver thought. Verily, reckon up the family expenses! after which he

Napoleon on the Battle Field. The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanuinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited hilarity or even exhilaration of spirits in the enough and strong enough to inflate a pair of hour of victory, rode, as was his custom, over bellows, and asks you "what you want with it, the plain, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reveries. It was midnight, the as if those little shoes, and stockings, and petticonfusion and uproar of battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the calm starlight night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and the dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon, as if frantically imploring his aid, of carrying eight or nine children through the and then rushed back again to the mangled measels, chicken-pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet corpse, licking the blood from the face and the fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my hands, and howling most piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and involuntarily checked his horse to contemplate it. In relating the event, may years afterward, he remarked. "I know not how it was, but no incident upon any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on my feelings. This man, thought I, must have had among his comrades, friends; and yet, here he lies, forsaken by all except his faithful dog. What a strange being is man! How mysterious are his expres- I do. Oh, dear! - Olive Branch. sions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which had decided the fate of armies. I had, with tearless eve, beheld the execution of those orders, in which thousands of my countrymen were slain. And yet here my sympathies were most deeply and resistlessly moved by the mournful howling of a dog. Certainly in that moment I should have been unable to refuse any request

Mysterious Death.

to a suppliant enemy?"

On Sunday morning last, a young girl named Mary Hogan, in the neighborhood of South Easton, was found dead in her bed. The following particulars were furnished us in relation to her. On Saturday evening the friends with whom she esided, left for some part of New Jersey on a visit to some friends, and left the girl alone in the house; according to directions, she was engaged in ironing clothes; a young girl from the neighborhood called in and remained with her until 3 o'clock in the morning; whilst she was thus employed she heard a noise at the window, and she went out, and in a short time returned to the room as pale as death, whereupon the young girl who was with her interrogated her as to the cause, and she told her that she had seen a friend who died long since, and told her that she was going to injure her; the girl was very much frightened, and requested her companion to remain with her during the night, who refused and went home, after which she retired, and in the morning when her friends came home they went to her room to call her, but to their astonishment found her dead. A medical gentleman was immediately called in, but all efforts to restore her were unavailing .- Easton Argus.

On a wall at the east of London, is the

Aunt Hetty on Matrimony.

Now, girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your

embroidery and worsted work, do something

sensible, and stop building air-castles, and talkmatrimeny is a humbug; husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neros, Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours. The honey moon is as short-lived as a lucifer match; after that you may wear your wedding dress at the wash-tub, and your night-cap to meeting, and your husband wouldn't know it. You may pick up your own pocket bandkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat this side of Jordan; when he gets through he will aid your digestion, (while you are sipping your Recently there was a poem published which first cup of coffee,) by inquiring what you'll have gave for the last green tea you bought. Then chance to read; gives two or three whiffs of the ears all day, can't get out to take the air, This is the state of Austria in 1851. Men of feel as crazy as a fly in a drum; husband comes newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man Charles Stuart might be reigning in this capital. | lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till nine o'clock. Next morning ask him to leave you "a little money," he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long and if half a dollar won't de." Gracious king! coats could be had for half a dollar! Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap-dogs-but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living-you never know when your work is done up. Think sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve. and economise AND DIE, and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire-board, and-but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get; there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow. I wish one half of the world warn't fools, and t'other half idiots,

Perseverance and its Reward.

The Fredericksburg (Va.) Herald has the folowing notice of the "Wheelbarrow Emigrant to white sugar!"

"The public will remember that in the spring of the year 1850, a poor man started across the plains to California, with no other sort of convevance for his luggage and means of subsistance. than a wheelbarrow, which he pushed along for many a weary mile. The energetic fellow rolled" his barrow along until he arrived at the Great Salt Lake city, at which place he joined some emigrants who hauled his small stock of baggage through. We remember when the hero of the wheelbarrow arrived, and our prediction at the time, which it appears has been verified, for we see it stated that he arrived at the mint a few days ago with \$6;000 of the dust, and has now purchased a beautiful farm, and is preparing, as soon as he gets a family, to enjoy ife, if a home will bring such a blessing in its

An Underground Graveyard.

The old Potter's Field of New York is now ome thirty to fifty feet underground. Few people who walk across Washington square at this day are aware that far beneath their feet lie the dust of numberless human beings. The under grape-vines by moon light, is a foray upon march of improvement in New York did not call upon Potter's Field, now Washington square, to rive up its nameless and numberless dead; but on their unconscious remains were piled acres of sand, carted down from the elevation of Broadway, and of other higher grounds in the vicinity, and the fine houses which now surround the A celebrated Viennesse Professor dined one by in England with a learned lord. "Pray, dangerous. To take the nib from an adversary's country gentleman's courtyard; invite themselves to dinner, take away his property, and insist on a ransom for himself if he has no wish

companion in arms is "Duty-bruder."

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Invasion Dreaded in England. The Duke of Wellington has been for some time past in almost daily communication with Sir John F. Burgoyne, inspector-general of Fortifications; and their deliberations have, it is said, been directed to the best means of protecting the metropolis in case of invesion. It is understood the result has been, that several military camps are likely to be formed round London; and eligible situations will be selected. particularly on the Kent and Essex banks of the Thames, and on the banks of the Medway, with the ultimate view of rendering them permanently fortified campa. Orders have already been given to place Sherness in a proper state of defence, and to have ample supplies of ammunition and warlike stores kept in a constant state of readiness at the fortifications already constructed at that naval port.

Seniority lists of non-commissioned officers of the royal artillery have been called for, to be sent into the adjutant-general's office, within the last few days, preparatory, it is said, to an augmentation of that branch of the service. It is also stated that the line regiments will have an addition of 10,000 made to them over the numbers in the estimates of the last year. The royal marines are also to be increased both in the royal marine artillery and divisional companies departments; and recruits enlisted for every branch of the land-forces are ordered to be sent to the head-quarters or depots of their regiments. with the least possible delay, that they may be at once instructed in a knowledge of their profession.

Getting the Mitten. Most young men are acquainted with this very

familiar expression, and that, too, by sad experience. Now we know that this thing of "getting the mitten" is by no means so agreeable as it is "cracked up to be;" and it produces no very pleasant sensation in the mind of the ardent will you accept my company?" she says, half good humoredly, "I shant!" none but those who have been similarly situated, can form any conjecture of that peculiar sensation which it naturally creates. The victim feels-oh, dear! he feels all over. He would gladly change places with a mud-turtle or a bull-frog, for then he might find some friendly hiding place wherewith to conceal his devoted head. The soul seems, for a moment, to secrete itself somewhere between the torrid zones; and the heart, that but a few moments before bounded like the deer of the forest, is now endeavoring to hide its blushing face between the liver and the kidneys. However, if he is a man of sound sense, he will attach no blame to the fair one who has thus repulsed and thwarted his design, but after a few moments pertubation of mind, he will come to the natural and honorable conclusion that if she don't want to go with him he certainly cares nothing about her company. And furthermore, as it commonly takes two to make a bargain, and as the man generally makes the proposition, we think it perfectly just that she exercises her own liberty and choice in all such matters.

The Snow Storm at New Orleans.

The recent snow storm at New Orleans-a novel feature in her sunny life-seems to have excited the most curious sensations. The newspapers are filled with flowing verse, and comments, both merry and solemn, upon the "first snew." Among the incidents of the day, the Picavune records, as a fixed fact, the rush made by a small Creele negro into his master's room. at an early hour of the morning, followed by the exclamation, "Oh, sir, look! the yarl is full of

Ready-Made Angels.

Our language can scarcely show a more delicate and beautiful compliment to woman, than that conveyed in the following lines, attributed to Lord Herbert, an English nobleman, and addressed to an Italian lady, whom he met in a

> "Die when you will, you need not weat, At heaven's court, a form more fair Than beauty at your birth has given: Keep but the lips, the eyes we see, The voice we hear, and you will be An angel ready-made for heaven.'

"Seventy-five cents per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on looking over the price current. "Why, bless me, what is the world coming to, when the gals are valued at seventy-five cents?" The old lady pulled off her spectacles. threw down her paper, and went into a brown study on the want of a proper appreciation of the feminine gender.

Nothing like love and hunger to drive a man mad or make him happy. Next to a feast upon a seventeen year old pair of sweet lips a platter of cold beans after fishing for suckers all day. The one fills the poetic heart, and the other a hungry stomach.

"My young friend," said a minister to a boy at a camp-meeting, "do you ever think of a future state?" "No, I never meddle with state affairs, though brother John is a politician"
"Do you ever think of dying?" "No-but I