Sentine

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ed every Wednesday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa;, at \$1 50 per annum, if PAID IN ADVANCE, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz: 1 square 3 insertions square 3 insertions,

Every subsequent insertion, 1 square 3 months, I year, Business Cards,

Select Boetru

THE CONSTITUTION OAK.

The first tree that was felled for the building of the frigate Constitution, was a noble oak, on St. Simon's Island, off the mouth of the Altamaha river, Georgia. The stump of the tree is a well known object of interest on the spot, by the name of the Constitution Oak. It is stated that the keel of the vessel was laid from that tree. A laurel tree has, by the happy instinct of nature, sprung up out of the hollow centre of the decayed trank.

Os a valley's gordte bescm, In a lovely Western isle, Which sweetly, o'er Atlantic's waves, Return's fair Georgia's smile; Proud o'er its leafy comrades, To dare the fiercest storm, As the forest-king, a giant Oak, Upreared its stately form.

Its branches toward the heavens,

Its roots the heart of earth, Towered and sank, like those mammath growths Of creation's elder birth. Such growth as the world knows only In the young land of the free, Where it seems to read in these noble forms What man there too may be.

'Mid the forest's startled echoes, Neath the axe's long-plied stroke, Lo, with a hurtling thunder sound, Fallen that mighty Oak! No more it rears its regal head, Yet wood-nymph, mourn thou not It shall bear a glorious lot!

to shall bear a grottous see Twas a sight to stir the spirit, And ten thousand hearts beat high, While from ten thousand volces A glad shout rent the sky. As from her yielding fast'nings Launched forth to the heaving tide, Floated a noble frigate,

In her beauty and her pride, Her crew-God ever speed them!-Columbia's gallant tars; The flag, above them waving, Their country's stripes and stars;

Her cause, its Constitution, -And her name the watchword spoke-Her frame from that country's forest, Her keel from the Island Oak.

How fared the gallant vessel, On her trackless ocean path, When many a fearful hour Howled the wild tempest's wrath! Staunch were those massive timbers, Stout were those hearts and brave, And a nation's blessings followed her, As she bounded o'er the wave.

And say, how did she bear her In the battle's wilder storm. When the broadside's crashing thunders Burst from her quivering form? When from the smoke-cloud's bosom. That stifled the gasping breath. Fast flashed the lurid lightnings, With every gleam a death!

When o'er the dabbled deck, And down the shattered side. From many a noble heart Streamed warm the life-bloods tide : While still o'er din of shot and stroke Fierce shouts of battling men Yet louder rang-oh, say, how sped That gallant vessel then?

Those Stripes -did forman's hand

E'er lower their proud streaming! Those Stars-did ever cloud of shame Sully their glorious beaming? Answer, her country's annals, On whose brightest page is told, How thrice she humbled the tyrant might Of the Ocean-Queen of old!

Answer, the shouts of welcome. That rang o'er shore and sea, When thrice she sought her haven In her pride of victory! Answer, the thrill which still can warred; With a glow of patriot flame,

Many a year has circled In peace o'er that fair land, and freedom hath her blessings there Showered with bounteous hand, ince died the last dull ccho Of the battle-thundering gun, And our liberty's lost struggle On land and sea was won.

A nation's heart when the tale is told

Of the "Constitution's" fame!

Old Ironsides vet nobly Her flag bears o'er the main -Oh, ne er o'er scene of strife and blood, May those bright folds wave again!"

But should another foe assail Her country's rights and laws, She'll beat it still as gloriously, In the same glorious cause.

And now, on that valley's bosom, If your step would seek the spot Where the old gray stump is mouldering.

Of that Oak-'tis not forgot. Right up from out its aged heart Behold! will greet your eye A brave young Laurel, gallantly Springing towards the sky.

No hand of man hath ever Planted that Laurel there, But the wild wind bore the glorious germ Free through the pathless air

And oh, ever be bright that dark green leaf Which thus from that dead trunk broke, To wreathe with a fadeless crown of fame The old Constitution Oak!

Select Gule.

MY PASSENGER.

FROM THE LOG BOOK OF AN OLD SEAMAN.

My ship cleared for Liverpool, and I was bound for the Indias. In the cabin I had some dezen passengers, most of whom were army officers, who had been home on leave of absence. Besides these I had a widow wo-man named Legrand, and her son whom she called Walter. Walter Legrand, was accor-ding to the register, thenty-five years old.— He was very slight in his build, or at least he seemed so, when compared with the infan-try officers who aurounded him, but there was no sign of feebleness about him. He was of medium height and smaller than the ordinary class of men. His hair was long and curly, and as black as night. His eyes were large and full, and burning like orbs of light set in jet. His countenance was very pale, and the brow which was much higher and fuller than is often seen, was strongly marked by the blue veins which stood boldly out upon it. His features were regular and eminently handsome—the nose prominent and straight, and the lips very thin and colorless. His hands were small and delicate as a baby's. His whole appearance indicated the close anof the animal man in his physiogomy, of any person whom I had ever seen. Mrs. Legrand must have been married when very young, for she could not have been more than forty years of age, and she was still as beautiful as ever. A more beautiful woman is seldom even. Her hair was of golden bue, and her eyes seemed made for the abode of smiles and love, though now sad and cast down. Her husband had died in India, and she was going to settle his estate, she having an only brother still there. Her hurband had been a colonel of cavalry and a brave and honest man.

Mrs. Legrand bad one female servant to accompany her, and together they occupied a small state room, which she had fitted up with my consent, at her own expense.
We found Walter to be a yery agreeable

companion, though he was reserved and sedate. He could converse freely on subjects of gencral interest, and at times was startlingly elo-quent. For one I enjoyed his conversation much. though I sometimes noticed that some of the military passengers were inclined to

wear a sneer upon their lips when he went deeply into moral philosophy.

Matters passed on quite pleasantly for several weeks. To be sure, at times, young Legrand received treatment from one or two of the other passengers which I thought meant insult, but he took no notice of it, and so I insult, but he took no notice of it, and so I did not make myself uneasy. One man, in particular, seemed to dislike the youth. It was an infantry captain named Savage. He was a profane, reckless man, and seemed to hate Legrand simply because he was so unlike himself. Legrand never laughed or even smiled at any of his vulgar jokes, but on the contrary, plainly showed by his looks that he did not like them.

We had cleared the southern capes of Africa, and were ranging out into the Indian Ocean. One day at the dinner table, Captain Savage allowed himself to become more pro-fane than usual. Neither of the females were present. He launched into a course of stories and jests, which were indecent in the extreme. The wine circulated freely, and his companions seemed to enjoy the sport bugely. Several times Legrand cast a reproving look at Savage, and the latter noticed it, but instead of becoming more decent, he only tried the harder to displease and annoy the quiet

At length the infantry captain became so outrageously profane and vulgar, that Legrand would stand it no longer, and quickly moving his chair back, he then rose from the table, and walked towards the deck.

"Come back here," shouted the enraged But the young man took no notice of him "Come back, I say."

Legrand did not turn, but with a steady step he kept on, and went upon the deck. At length the officers finished their desert, and most of them went on deck. Savage went up, and as soon as he saw Legrand standing by the weather mizzen rigging, he pas-

"Mr. Legrand," he said, in a highly pom-pous tone, why did you leave the dinner ta-

"Simply because I wished to," replied the

But why did you leave it?" "That is a question I do not wish to aneer."
"But I choose that you shalf."
"Oh I would answer it with please

I were to tell you."

"Allow me to judge. Tell me."

Since you are so urgent I will comply, returned Legrand, in a tone perfectly calm and pleasant. "The truth is, sir, your conduct and speech were so nupleasant that I suffered exceedingly, and so I choose to leave you with those who were better calculated to enjoy or put up with it."

"Allow me to judge. Tell me."

pearance of the suspicious looking boat. The presence of a pirate is not a pleasant theme faithful blade, and made a dark pool upon the deck about the point. He was still calm and serene, but the old look of amelancholy hants may not be exposed.

We had no carriage gun, but there were enjoy or put up with it."

enjoy or put up with it."

"Ah," uttered the captain, while his cheek
flashed and his lips trembled. "And may I be so bold as to enquire what part of my conduct you thought unbecoming a gentleman?"

"Do you mean to say that I am not a gen-

"I have said no such thing. I have simply answered your own question atisfaction for that: You shall find, sir, that

no one calls my character in question with "Then, my dear sir," said Legrand, "why did you not endeavor to have respect for the feelings of others?"

"I have, sir, all that is necessary. Do you suppose that I care for your sickening baby-ish, soft pated piety? Not a bit of it. You have insulted me. First at the table—for actions speak as well as words. Your leaving as you did, and thus interrupting me in the midst of a narrative, was a gross insult, and you meant it as such, sir !"

"You are mistaken, sir."
"You lie, sir!" exclaimed Savage, now fairly enraged at the young man's perfect coolness. "You did mean it as an insult.— You, sir, you must answer for it. You shall answer for it. Will you take the sword or

" Neither, sir. Let me be in peace-that is all I ask." "You won't fight, ch ?"

"No, sir."
"Now will you?"

As Savage spoke, he struck the young man with the flat of his hand full upon the check. "Now you will fight!"
Walter Legrand turned as pale as death

but not a nerve or muscle moved. In a mo-ment more the blood returned to his face, and he looked the Captain calmly in the eye

"Captain Savage," he at length said in a low, tomb like voice, "I cannot fight you, nor do I wish to do it. If you feel happier after what you have done, you are welcome to the emotion. You may think my course a strange one, but I have no explanation to Savage fell back to the poop, and his companions followed him. The pirates struck " Coward !" hissed the brute.

Again that deadly pallor spread over the oung man's face, and I could see that the ails of his fingers were fairly cutting into the palms of his hands. He was silent but a mo-ment, and when he spoke again, it was in the same calm strange tone.

"Captain Savage, leave me sir. I have harmod you not, and now I am in my right senses. Leave me, or I may be made a mad-

Savage was on the point of saying more when I interfered. "Captain," said I, " let the subject drop now. You are wholly in the fault, and I will

see the young man abused no more. "Do you interfere?" exclaimed Savage. turning madly towards me.
"I do," I returned, "and I mean what I

ay. I command here, and you will be wise you obey."

"And suppose I do not choose to obey?"
"I think it would be rather an uncomfortable experiment for you to try," was my reply. Now I owe to Dame Nature some th for having given me frame more powerful in its physical mould than she could ordinarily bestow upon her mortal children, and long command of turbulent spirits in the shape of refractory seamen, had given me not only a decision of character, but had written the fact pretty plainly on my countenance. Savage looked at me a moment, and then he said, with rather a chop fallen expression of countenance—"Oh, very well you are captain here, and I suppose it would be open mutiny to resist you. And with that he walked away. Now to tell the truth I had hoped that the fellew would have shown more sign of resistance for I had needed. tance, for I had made up my mind to knock him down and put him in irons, but I was glad affairs furned as they did. This event cast a sort of cloud over the

spirits of the passengers for several days, and though Savage refrained from most of his pro-fanity, yet, I could see that not only he but others looked upon Walter Legrand as a cow-ard. The young man himself seemed to no-tice it, for he was tacitum and sedate, and I often noticed that his eye dropped before the gaze of others, and that his lip trembled.

Early one morning land was reported on the larboard bow. I knew it to be the Bour-

bon Island. The wind was very light, the ship not making more than three knots with her royal studding sails. About the middle of the forenoon we saw a large quaic built boat or rather vessel, come out from one of the coves of the island. I leveled my glass at the craft and found it to be full of men. There

were seventy five at least.
"Captain, what is she?" asked Captain Savage, approaching the spot where I was

I think there is not much danger in setting her down as a pirate." I said. "I have heard there was a nest of pirates on Bourbon Island, and I think we are likely to find it

"Pirates!" uttered Savage turning pale They will be likely to be ugly custon

Of course they will. They certainly out all of them stout, reckless, daring fellows."

"But you don't think they will follow the

"Oh I would answer it with pleasure if I thought it would benefit you any to know, but I fear you would not improve upon it, even if I could see that Savage was much frightened and in fact nearly all were startled by the ap-

We had no carriage gun, but there were cutlasses and pistols enough on board for the crew, and I lost no time in arming my men. All told we numbered forty one men. The ship's crew, including myself, made twenty-nine, and there were twelve of the passengers, though I knew not whether to count upon Walter Legrand or not. However he could

fire a ristol and that was something. By the time I had made these arrangements, the quair was within two cables length of us, and men on board of her—not so great odds as we

had at the first supposed, but still two to one against us. We could see, too, that they were all of them powerful looking fellows, and of all shades and complexion—some of them white, red, brown and black. I arranged the men close to the bulwark with what muskets we could muster, and then

turned to see if Legrand was upon the deck. He stood by the cabin companion way, with a sword in his hand, and with two superbly mounted pistols stuck in his belt. The sword I had not seen before, and of course I judge it must have been his own. It was proud and heavy, of the most exquisite polish, and moun-ted in a hilt of gold and precious stones. I was for a moment chained to the spot. The youth looked most strangely. His face was yet calm and pale, but this expression was changed—wonderfully changed. The fire of his eye was deep and intense, the usual sedate, melancholy expression had given place to a sort of exultant, smiling satisfaction. saw that he stood over the place where his

mother had found refuge. By this time the quaic was nearly along-ide. I waited until the moment for pistol shooting came, and then gave the order to fire. There was a long yell from the boat, and the next moment she struck our side, and the pirates began to clamber up our rigging. Our shot had done much execution, for nearly all who had set in the quaic had leaped for the ship. We beat them back as well as we could but they began to gain upon us and at length my men gave away. I arged them all

down three of my men, and the rest fell back to the opposite side of the deck. By a hasty count I made out that there were about sev-enty of the enemy, and we had thirty-eight left. For a few moments there was a mutual suspension of hostilities. The pirates had all gained the deek—all that were alive—and their chieftain stepped out in front of them He was a Spaniard, but spoke English well.

He was a Spaniard, but spoke English well.

"Do you surrender your ship?" he asked.

"Of course we surrender," spoke Savage, seeing that I hesitated, "We may receive quarters if we surrender quietly."

"Never?" spoke a calm, clear voice, and on turning we beheld Walter Legrand.

"Never?" he repeated, while his dark eye flashed proudly. "Are we Englishmen?"

I saw that those words produced a wonderful effect were new your and so they did were. ful effect upon my crew, and so they did upon the other passengers, and I must confess that they went to my heart with a nerving power. Only on Caption Savage they seemed to grate

At this moment Mrs. Legrand came up on deck. She had heard her son's voice, and perhaps she thought that he was in danger.

"Santa Maria! that's my prize, exclaimed one who seemed to be second in command among the pirates, as soon as he saw the beautiful woman.

"No, no; by San Paulo she's mine!" ex-claimed the chieftain, and as he spoke he started towards the spot where the widowed mother stood. His licutenant followed him, so did several others.

"Stand back!" said Walter.

"Out, boy, or die!"

Thus spoke the pirate leader, but he spoke no more, for the young man's sword swept the air like lightning, and the villian's head was cleft in twain. Another blow, and the lieutenant shared the same fate." "Now, men of England, show the blood of

your proud nation." Every man heard these words, for they were like bugle notes—clear, ringing and dis-tinct. I remember how Legrand looked at that moment. He had just forced his mother below when he spoke, and then he turned up-on the crew. His head was up, his teeth were on the crew. His head was up, his teeth were set, his finely chiseled nostrils distended, and his eyes literally emitting fine streams of fire. He dashed like a lightning shaft among the foe, and we all followed him. Ever and anon I could distinguish his form amid the smoke, for there were many pistols fired—and I could see the flash of his blade where it was not covered with blood. I fought with all my might. Savage fought, too, but he did not seek places of danger, but rather seemed to keep his back against the bulwarks.

Ever and anon the flash of Walter's sword would catch my eye And I failed not to see a man fall when it descended. My own men looked on him as their leading spirit, and I did not feel offended. I rather felt proud of him. How could I help it! The very geni-us of Mars seemed to be set within him. It us of Mars seemed to be set within him. It was almost a miracle how he swept the foul villians from him. At length the deck began to grow thin of standing men; streams of blood were flowing towards the scuppers. I reached Legrand's side, and I saw stout men flee before him.—I saw his arms move, and I saw another pirate fall. Then a cry broke upon our ears. It was the cry for quarter, for mercy: The fight ceased, and the living pirates were limited together in the starboard. pirates were knowled together in the starboard gangway and disarmed. They numbered eleven men. My next work was to count my own, and I found eighteen of them and nine of the infantry officers. In the centre of the

I quickly answered "yes. "Then," said he, "I will go and comfort

my mother, she may be anxious."

The prisoners were put in irons and placed in safe confinement, and then we set to working, and ere long the dead were sewed up and buried in the deep blue sea, friend and for, together. There were but few wounded h as they were, however, were prompt-

per, no one could have told from the appearance of Walter Legrand that anything had happened. He met us with that same calm smile of recognition, and his face were that same look of unobtrusive and modest reserve. The meal was eaten mostly in silence. I could see that the other officers gazed upon the youth with looks of admiring wonder, and even Captain Savage was humble and

Legrand saw the looks that were cast upon thim, and he knew well what they meant. After he had finished his supper, he wiped his lips, and we knew from his movements that he was going to speak. A pin might have been heard to drop at this moment.

"Gentlemen," he said, while a slight tremulousness was visible on his nether lip; - "you all know what passed since I came on board the slip, and I shall not recount the painful tale. I have been called coward," and I have not resented it, and had not this day's event came to pass, I could not have made the explanation I am about to make, for it might only have been received as the hollow excuse of one who dared not fight. You have some of you heard of my father. He was a brave and good officer. But in an evil hour he had a difficulty with a brother officer, and he accepted a challenge to fight a duel. He met his companion upon the field, and he fell. He had marched boldly up to the cannons He had marched boldly up to the cannons mouth for his own beloved country; and his life was spared that his bosom friend might take it. My mother heard the sad story—she knew my hot blood—she knew I was my father's child—and she feared for me. She drew my head upon her grief stricken bosom, and she asked me to promise her that I would never give or receive a challenge to mortal combat, and that I would never lend my countenance or assistance to the same in the capaci-ty of a friend. I made the promise and caled it with a vow, and a mother's prayer went up that I might be true to it. Gentle-

men, you know all now. There was a tear in his eye, but he quickly arned and west on deck.

"Gentlemen," uttered Savage, starting quickly from his seat, "follow me to the deck."

He started for the ladder, and we all went after him. Legrand stood by the lee quarter railling, and Savage quickly moved up to

"Mr. Legrand said the humble officer. in trembling but frank tone, "I have wronged you deeply, and here, before all the living witnesses of my error, I humbly ask your pardon. Forgive me, sir, and I will never do such wrong again."
Walter kindly took the proffered hand and

while tears stood apon his dark lashes he "Captain Sayage, most joyfully do I ac-

cede to your request. Let the past be forgot-ten, sir, and may its darkness be more than obliterated by the friendship of this hour."

The temptation could not be revisted. My first mate, noble hearted sailor, threw up his ap and called for three cheers. And they were given-three times three for the noble youth who had not only been the direct agent of saving our ship and crow, but who had also the moral courage to do his duty, even though it brought out the leer and scoff of his ompanions against him.

The widowed mother had followed her son upon deck, and had seen all that had transpired, and never shall I forget the strange look that dwelt upon her countenance as she clasped her hands and raised her streaming eyes towards Heaven. It was a look, a joyful oride and ardent gratitude such as words can-

not tell, took in anchors success and, he switch a In due time we arrived at Calcutta without further trouble, and from that evening of recollection, I heard not a profane word or ribald jest fall from the lips of Captain Savage. He was a better and a happier man. Legrand was urged most strongly to join the army, but his love for his mother restrained him. He settled his father's business, and he and his mother returned to England with me. Three years after he was sent to parliament from his native borough, and no man can enjoy more extensively the confidence and enjoy more extensively the confidence and esteem of his fellows than he; but I know that all the honors that men could heap upon him, can never take that place in his heart and love which is filled by the gratitude and trusting of his own dear mother.

A JUDGE PRESCRIBING .- Judge Oakley does not joke every day. But shortly since a son of Erin who was afflicted with the dis-ease to which Hahnemann traces almost every one, came into his presence beseeching line Honor to be excused fron jury duty.

"But," says the Judge, "if all that ask But," says the Judge, "If all that ask are excused we shall have no juries left."

I know, your Honor," said the applicant, with down cast head, while his finger nails were busy here and there and everywhere that ten practised digitals could reach. "I know—but mine is a peculiar case. I hate to say it judge, but if I must, I must, I suppose.

I've got the itch."
"Here, Mr. Matsell," hastily interposed the Judge, "scratch this juror out .- N. Y. Sketch of Baron Rothschild.

"To Miss Buxton .- Devonshire street, February 14, 1834 :- We yesterday dived at Ham House, to meet the Rothschilds, and very sinusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. There was not," he said, " room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods One great trader came there, who had the market to patterns. This was on a Tuesday. I said to my father, I will go to England, I could speak nothing but German. On Thursday I started. The nearer I got to England, the Manchester, I laid out all my money—things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dveing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, I will supsupply me with manufactured goods. So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time, I made my twenty thousand pounds into sixty. My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can; and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them. Another advantage I had. I was an off-hand man — I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had eight hundred thousand pounds of gold to sell. I went to the sale, and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that; and I sent it through France ; and that was the best business I ever did. Another maxim on which he seemed t place great reliance was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place, or an unlucky man. I have seen, said he, many clerer men—very clever men—who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good for me? By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money. I hope, said ——, that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusions of money and business, to the exclusions of money and business. you would not wish that. I am sure I should not wish that, said Rothschild. I wish them not wish that, said Rothschild. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything, to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep to. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man, said he, to Edward; stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette. One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak, but this does me no harm. I am always in a good hamor. Fometimes, to amuse myself. I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it a mistake, and, for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea aumaline.

it is very amusing.

(The above is extracted from the recent) published biography of the late Sir T. F. Buxton. The letter was written by that gen

vise vou to give a beggar a guinea somet

QUANDARIES .- Knocking at the wrong door, and besitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it or stay and apologized.

Crossing the road until you see a gig coming one way and a cab another; so if you move on you are sure to be knocked by one, and if you stand still you may be possibly crushed by both.

Finding yourself in a damp belon a cold night, and cogitating whether you will lie still and eatch your death, or get up and

dress, and pass the night on the two cane bot-

Paying your addresses to a pennyless fair one, under the impression that she is an heir-ess, and on discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady, or being shot by the young lady's brother.

Dining at a friends house, where you must either drink wine until you become intoxicated or refrain until you become disagreeable.

Coming to four cross roads, one of which you must take at random, or just wall back a mile or two and inquire your way.

mile or two and inquire your way.

Being blandly informed by a surgeon that you can either have your leg ambutated, or let it alone and die in a few days.

To A fellow at a race course was stragger ing about the track, with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo! what's the matter now!" said a chap whom the inchriate individual had just run against.

"Why—hie—why," said the fellow, so drunk he was hardly able to articulate; "tho

fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they've got in to hold the stakes."

Mr. Jones, after having spent an evening over his bowl, went home a little "how come you so." He was fortunate enough to find his better-half asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's conversation, he thought is would be policy to turn over, lest his breath should betray him; when Mrs. Jones oponed her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world, said; "Jones, you needn't turn over, you're drunk clear through."

Martha have you hung up your clothes?"
No, madam, I placed them in a state of suspension—bung is vulgar."