emocrat

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, APRIL 29, 1857.

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Choice Portry.

Do They Miss Me at Home?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? Twould be an assurance most dear, To know that this moment some loved one, Was saying, "I wish you were here." To feel that the group round the fireside, Were thinking of me as I roamed; Oh! yes! 'twould be joy without measure, To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches the season, That ever is sacre ! to song, Does some one repeat my name over, And sigh that I tarry so long? And is there a chord in the music That's missed when my voice is away, A chord in each heart that awakeneth Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they place me a chair near the table, When evening's home pleasures draw nigh And the candles are lit in the parlor. And stars in the calm azure sky? And when the good nights are repeated, And all lay them down to their sleep, Do they think of the absent and waft me, A whispered good night while they weep?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me, At morning, at noon and at night, And lingers one gloomy shade round them That only my presence can light? Are joys less invitingly welcome, And pleasures less hale than before, Because on is missed from the circle, Because I am with them no more?

We Miss Thee.

WE miss the at home-yes we miss thee! And earnestly wish thou wert here, As the wearysome thought of thy wand'ring Awakes sad memory's tear; Be assured that we tenderly cherish Thine image, the' long thou may'st roam The flowers of love cannot perish, And sadly we miss thee at home!

The shadows of twilight are 'round us. Like visions of death they draw near; And while fears of the future surround us, Were sighing -- ah, would he were here! For grief at thy absence grows strenger When sunlight and hope from us flee ; We sigh for lost pleasure no longer, Unless we could share them with thee!

We miss thee at home-yes, we miss thee! At morning, at noon and at night; And only the by of thy presence Can fill our sad hearts with delight. Come home! and our sorrows will vanish. Our pleasures and love will increase, Oh! when may we welcome thy coming? Oh! when will thy wanderings ccase?

Misrellaneons.

ONLY A PRINTER!

A Tale of Virginia Aristocracy.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY GOV. FLOYD AT THE "WHITE HOUSE."

Had I a tale to recount of the olden time. laying the scene thereof in England, France, Spain, or any of the old countries, to us associated with so much romance and gorgeous grandeur, in which there would be a plenteous sprinkling of lords and ladies, priests and nuns, magnificent palaces, haunted castles and gloomy monaste ies, it would be far more acceptable to the great masses than if the scene was laid here in this land of plodding Youkees, railroads, manufactories, and cotton speculations; nevertheless, I will endeavor to spin a yarn, which, by the way, is not altogether a yarn, but facts and unvarnished

I had the pleasure of spending a few days recently, continued Gov. F., with a distinguished friend of mine in Richmond, and while there heard the following conversation between the wife and daughter of my host. "La! me, what impertinence!" exclaimed

Lizzie K., as she scanned a beautiful colored note handed her by a servant,

"What occasions your surprise my dear?" enquired her mother. "Rather say indignation, mother, at being

asked, and even urged to take ten this even-

ing at Mrs Downer's, the tanner's wife." printer. I did have a tender regard for him " And why should you not, my dear ?" once, and when I gave him my hand I deem-"Think you it would be proper, mother for me, the daughter of Judge K., one of the ed him somebody, so I acted from the prompting of the heart, but now I'll be ruled by my wealthiest and most distinguished men in the better judgment"

city, to associate with such low-bred mechan-"Indeed, my daughter, if they are me-

chanies, they are a people well to do in the world, respectable, pious, agreeable, and every way worthy your acquaintance."

" Really, mother," continued the young lady, as she tossed her pretty head, "I'm disposed to think differently, and so far from enmyself in converse with such people, whose from his fair betrothed, he turned for expla- "Heavens! what a face, how levely, how self "a man again" dear ?"

"Oh! se, Lizzie, siel But I am to blame she had, after mature reflection, and examifull upon bim him. for this. I've shown you too much indul- ning her heart, thought it best to dissolve the gence; you are spoilt; so I must even now set about repairing my garden, and pluck out the weeds and tares ere it be too late.

"Who? the young lady in the black velvet mantilla? ha! ha! that's my protege, she is an orphan, her parent was a Maitre de Hotel young lady I had not seen for four years. I "Welcome home, my boy," he said, with complacency, while I settled the future of a the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well young lady I had not seen for four years. I "You have changed so, I should never have the weeds and tares ere it be too late.

"Come sit down beside me, Lizzie, and I an asby paleness, and his bloodless lips quiv- her under my charge, and right useful I find sing me never dreamed that she would not heart is in the right place, I know.

rience, by relating to you a story, which I | claimed-"And wherein is my offence? have I mertrust will lower your pride, and make you a ited this? good heavens! and is this the genbetter woman. A woman with no pride, my daughter, is but a droning, easy creature, but

one with too much, is haughty, niggard and

selfish; both the extremes contemptible and

mean. Be then neither too fashionably dres-

sed nor too slovenly, too devout nor too word-

ly A mere butterfly in the world of fashion

joyment, and shocked at the least merriment,

the young and sprightly to indulge. So, then

avoid extremes of every discription." But to

"Sixteen years ago, Salem, in Virginia,

was one of the most lovely villages imagina-

fore the sparkling fire after finishing his re-

past, "and expect ere long to lead to the al-

"She is a beautiful creature, indeed !" in-

"Not so, indeed, gentle Augusta, if she

you say, Miss Augusta, she is quite well,-

well, I will let this pleasing intelligence re-

strain you to-night, and to-morrow I will give

the fair enchantress, I trust, an agrecable sur-

Early next morning as etiquette would per-

But we will precede him and look in on his

In a magnificent parlor of the mansion, sat

Emma White and her mother, the one thum-

ming a piano, and the other interrogating a

" And you say. Sambo, he lodged last ev-

"Well, you can retire-and so Ma, it is

"Yes, Misse, de cook say he dare now."

even as I expected; I thought it was him as

brought him forward as one of the law stu-

dents, and not as a poor printer as he is-I'll

"He is not to blame, my dear, he is his

"Well, please yourself in that matter, my

dear, I'm disposed to think honorably of out la ! me, if he isn't at the door now !"

took gratuitously to bring him to the bar."

mit, the young man set out with buoyant

heart and high hopes to the mansion.

the village as I understand."

come to claim my bride."

ening at the Inn ?"

he rode past last evening.'

never forgive Mr. Logan.'

and delicate business.'

somewhat proud as is her father.

America.

and graceful.

tle, the tender, the confiding Emma White?" "Sir, this is not the stage of a theatre to enact scenes," now spoke up the daugater, "let it suffice to know we are ever to be stran gers to each other. You attempted to deceive me and pass yourself off for a gentleman scorned, juited and derided many years ago in and pleasure, making but small pretensions when it turns out you are of the working clas- the little village of Salem," and rising uncerto religion, is a character bad enough, but ses, only a printer, a portionless journeyman, emoniously, the young judge hastily crossed worse to my thinking is the fiery zealot, on a fortune seeker. If you bad an honorable the room, leaving the haughty girl covered the other hand, who has too many rigid vir- profession, sir, and was of a good family, as I with confusion and shame, to weep over her tues; who is continually railing against the once fondly thought, we could be united, but folly world, displeased at anything like rational en- as it is I cannot and will not descend so low!" and as the young lady thus spoke, she tossed dancing, playing, or any amusement that the her head, and with a look of ineffable scorn heart, in its fullness and gladness, prompts | and contempt, proudly sailed out of the room.

Overwhelmed with dismay and stung to the quick, the young man sat paralyzed many moments, but recovering somewhat of the shock, rose and staggered out of the room. Alas! how crushed were his hopes nov .-

ble ; situated in the heart of the great valley of Virginia, yet commanding a magnificent trayed, laughed and treated with scorn and Augusta to the altar, she could but acknowlview of the bold outlines of the Alleghenies contempt by one whom he adored and loved and the Blue Ridge. The village contained alas! to well, and all for being a "low bred. base mechanic!" And rushing madly to the no buildings of note save two; one of them, a magnificent tenement, the princely residence Inn, he sought his room and threw himself happily, prosperously and contentedly togethof one of the " old Virginia aristocracy;" the | desperately on his humble cot, from which he other, the only Inn, a small, quaint, yet did not rise for two long, weary months; for pleasant house nestled in the centre of the the unwonted disappointment and excitement town. The proprietor of the one, a wealthy of the morning had brought on a burning feplanter and distinguished officer of the State; ver. From morn to night and night to morn the other a poor widow, whose only living de- the patient raved a wild maniac, calling and pended on the profits of her table, which were conjuring his Emma to come back to him. but scant, as there was little traveling done, and with his impatience and querufousness, at that day, through this retired village And wearied all about him, save one. The physi- I, am the 'hostess' daughter." the advent of a stranger was always a subject | cian despaired of restoring him, and resignof curiosity and interest to the good towns- ing him to the care of the gentle Augusta, the young Miss threw herself into her mother's within that little ring of gold! folks, as it is always so in the secluded villa- who watched at his bedside night and day arms, she vowed never to be so selfish, ges and inns, in the out-of-the-way places of with unremitting assiduity, bore with his imbecility, administered to his wants with kind-To this little Inn a gaily dressed, yet weary ness and soothed his irritated spirits by the evening?"

worn, traveler picked his way one evening in | gentlest words and treatment. the autumn of 18 -. The buxom hostess and | Finally, after the lapse of several weeks, her tidy daughter were all life, and frisked he began slowly to recover, and reason recakes and eggs, much to the satisfaction of covered, he thanked the kind hostess and all but the denouement. our hungry t aveler, who appeared to be a daughter with tearful eyes and heart over- "What is it?" what is it?" rang around the young man of some twenty summers, tall, flowing with gratitude for their kindness in circle commanding, of fine appearance and pleasing watching over him in his weakness and inwith the latter of whom he appeared much ful remembrance, and though he was then plaudits of the assembly. struck, for she was as lovely as she was neat about to depart and would not see her again for years, yet when fortune smiled upon him "Possessing charms not unlike one almost | again, she should hear from him. Till then equal to whom I adore," exclaimed the young he bid her a sorrowful, a tearful farewell, and traveler admiringly, as he placed himself be- departed.

Years passed and still the unfortunate stranger was unheard of, and almost forgotten by ter, and with whom you are doubtless acquain- the good gossips of Salem, and even by the ted, as she lives only in the mansion above one who caused his misfortunes, Emma White her herself; yet there was one in that little vil-"What! Emma White?" enquired the hostess. "Even so my good dame. I met her memory, but also in her heart. It was her at the Springs some months ago, became the hostess' daughter.

terposed Augusta, the hostess' daughter, "but Legislature was in session, and had brought | was Mary Moore. its usual retinue of strangers, office and pleasure seekers. It was by far the gayest season school house, drawing my painted sled up to has pride it is nothing but nature, maidenly the capital had seen for many years; and the door, and arranging my overcoat upon it, pride, which every lass should have And balls, parties, soirces, picnics, followed each that Mary might ride home. Many a black other with unabated zest.

windows of one of Pearlstreet's stateliest man- pinafores. How daintily she came tripping sions, and sounds of music and revelry are down the steps when I called her name! how heard within. Luscious and sylph-like forms | sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from skip over the richly carpeted floor, and grave | the envious folds of her winter hood! how gentlemen sit comfortably in the back ground | gaily her merry laugh rang out when, by talking politics, and admiring the light-hearted, the lovely and happy beings around them. before the rest, and let her stand upon the We will draw near one of these companies, steps exultingly to see them all go by ! That that one near the chandelier, consissing of fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever let two gentlemen and a young lady, and listen her heart lie so upon her lips! I followed -and as we are in cog. in matters but little that laugh up from my days of childhood till harm will ensue if we are caught eavesdrop | I grew an awkward blushing youth-I follow-

islature has done but little as yet, still I think | my hair, and many children climb on my kree they have redeemed themselves somewhat by and call me "Fatner." I find that the memone judicious act, in appointing our young ories of youth are strong, and that grey hairs "Well, Emma, how do you intend to bluff friend K --- to the fifth judicial judge- and all, I am following its music still. him off ; I'm thinking it will be a shameful

"A very proper appointment, sir, very ; "Shameful, indeed! When attorney Lo- but yonder he is now-see, the servant is ush- to a western school, and was obliged to part gan introduced him to me at the Springs, he ering him into the room."

admiringly, "how interesting he looks, and a sentence of death, for Mary was like life so young too, to be appointed a judge."

"He is a clever young man, Emma, and able too, or he would not have been honored papil, didn't the letter say he was a journeyman printer at A----, but in consideration with the responsible office just conferred upon

of his promising abilities, Mr. Logan under-"How I should like to become acquainted with him; Pa, pray introduce him-"Well for all that I'll never marry a poor

comes now." " A pleasant evening to you, gentlemen-Colonel White, pray how do you do?"

"Quite well, quite well, I thank you daughter. Judge K—, Miss White." I trust I may be believed when I say that Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all And with low differential courtesy the lady self-conceit has left me also. greeted the gentleman and scated him beside Scarcely had she done speaking when our her. With many an art and wile did she at-

meet the object of his idolatry, but imagine judge. But her efforts were in vain, her ar-

full upon him him.
"Who? the young lady in the black velvet I stroked my budding moustache with great

will give you your first lesson of wordly expe- ered like an aspen leaf, as he falteringly ex- her; she answers both for a companion and stoop, with greatful tears, to pick up the maid. I would not have brought her here, but she seems so sad and melaucholy that Pa her feet. would make me bring her thinking it might somewhat revive her drooping spirit'

"It is, it is, the pure the gentle Augusta! How fortunate! Pray Miss White excuse me -but I know you will, when I inform you I am 'only a printer'-the poor mechanic you

It was the lovely Augusta, with a doating heart, eyes sparkling with joy, and counte-nence suffused with blushes, the fair being

welcomed the happy and excited young man. Much as Miss White suffered by the gnawings of conscience, much as she upbraided herself, much as she grieved and sorrowed over her past conduct, her sore disapointment, yet in a few weeks after, when the admired Deceived, slighted, wronged, confidence be- Judge K--led the happy and envied edge that her punishmet was just, and that it selected with a beating heart. A ring of think she looks very much as her mother used was merited.

> Judge K--and his lady have lived er ever since, but Emma White unhappy girl, it upon the tip of my finger. is stiff a spinister-an old maid.

"So now, Lizzy my story is ended, all but the Denouement " Denouement ?"

"Yes, for you must know, your dear father is the bero and I the heroine; he the 'base-born mechanic', the 'poor printer,' and

" Pardon, pardon. dear mother!" and as so proud again.

" And you will go to Mrs. Downer's this

" Oh that I will mother, with pleasure " The company began loudly to appland Govenor F- as he concluded his reminiscence. about bestirring the savory viands, delicious turned once more. When having entirely re- when he bid them cease as he too had finished

"Why, nothing more or less, than that the manners He soon, by dint of frankness and firmities. He called Augusta bis preserver, hero of my story has just entered this room," suavity of manner, insinuated himself into the his guardian angel, and told her he owed her replied the Govenor, as he pointed to his disgood graces of the hostess and daughter, life, and that he would ever hold her in grate- tinguished and astonished friend, amid the

MARY MOORE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life long, too, I had known I loved

Our mothers were old playmates, and first lage who still gave him a place, not only in cousins. My first recollection is of a young gentlemen in a turkey-red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-baired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a Five years from the events just related, year old. That young gentlemen was I my-Richmond was crowded to overflowing, for the self-Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby

Later still, I saw myself at the little red eye have I gained on such occasions; for other boys liked her beside me, and she, I am Gorgeous lights streamed from a score of afraid, was something of a flirt, even in her dint of superhuman exertions, I kept her sled ed it through the heated noon of manhood, "It is just as you say, Col. White, the Leg- and now, when the frosts of age are silvering dueted so strangely.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon me. I was sent away "La! me, Pa," exclaimed the young lady for three long years! This, to me, was like opened my arms, and said

But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of tall, slender stripling, with a very good opin- them all. ion of myself in general and particular. If how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainmentsnever thinking that she might dazzle and be-

An advantageous proposal was made to me | cured life's choicest blessing, many a joy rehere entered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love, sprang forward to met and with a heart overflowing tempt to amuse, please, and insinuate herself ideas of a profession, and prepared to go to into the good graces of the promising young the Indies In my hurried visit home, of two who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One at this time, and accepting it, I gave up all mained for me in this dear sanctuary of home

ket and their own private concerns. Quite general embarassment, stepped forward, and countenance !" exclamed the judge as he ed away from our door again, "in a year, or heavy window curtain that fell to the floor an intellectual tete-a-tete would it be, mother offering him a seat, explained to him that caught the beautiful black eyes of a levely three years at the very most, I will return, since her daught r's return from the Springs. lady in a distant corner of the room, riveted and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be-

as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, save a regret that I should make such an unlimited donkey of myself-I know her better now.

India was my salvation, not merely because of the plentiful share of gold I laid up, but answered quietly, as I looked in his full handbecause my earnest labor counteracted the evil in my nature, and made me a better man. And when at the end of three years I prepared to return, I wrote nothing to the dear ones I was about to meet, of the reformation

which I knew had taken place. "They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find for themselves if I am better worth the loving as I am."

I packed up many a token, from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I was to meet. The gift for Mary Moore was one I rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers to?" engraved inside; that was all, and yet the little toy thrilled me strangely, as I ballanced

To the eves of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts perhaps by its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that young day-ch, Harry ?" and he slapped me was to wear it. But to me-oh, to me-how on the back. "For the sake of old times, its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that much was embodied there! A loving smile and because you were not at the wedding, I on a beautiful face-low words of welcome will give you leave to kiss her once-but mind. -a happy home, and a sweet face smiling old fellow, you are never to repeat the cerethere-a group of merry children to climb my knee-all these delights were hidden will see how you will manage those ferocious

A tall, bearded, sun-bronzed man, I knock ed at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company were assembled there. 1 door, and that I might greet my family when no stranger's eyes were looking curiously on

But no-a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one when he asked for admittance. Some such bitter thought was passing through -my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor and saw the half-sunpressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head-a tiny, face and blue eyes were lifted up to mine, so like-so like to one that had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What may your name be, little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the

She lifted up her hand as if te shade her eyes, (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time,) and answered in a sweet bird-like voice, " Mary Moore."

"And what else ?" I asked quickly.

. Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child. My heart sunk down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won the woman away from me! This was his child-his child and Mary's! And I must go in there, and meet her once again, and then go away forever, and die, if God would let me!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. And hiding my face in my hands I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant hearts, was celebrated in the Eleventh Ward, stepped to the parior door, and called my sister out, to find out who it could be that con-

"Did you wish to see my father, sir ?" I looked up There stood a pretty sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. ed in Grahom, of "Hans Breitmann's Bar-I looked at her a moment and then stilling ty.' with Mary. We were not to see each other | the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I

" Lizzie, don't you know me?" "Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she eried, and threw herself upon my breast .-

She wept as if her heart would break. my nineteenth year. I was no longer awk- I could not weep. I drew her gently into ward and embarrassed. I had grown into a the lighted parlor, and stood with her before

There was a rush and a cry of joy; and "Most assuredly I will do so, for here he I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine then my father and mother sprang towards pout dee hundret pound. me, and welcomed me home with heart-felt tears! Oh, strange, and passing sweet, is such a greeting to the way worn wanderer! wilder me still more. I was a sad puppy. I And as I held my dear old mother to my Judge. Permit me to present you to my know; but as youth and good looks have fled, heart, and grasping my father's hand, while

days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She was the blue eyed child whom I had already his surprise and dismay when he received on- rows were aimed against a heart of steel, and had gone to a boarding school in Massachu- seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chescouraging, I prefer always being removed as ly in return a cold, distant courtesy, which the countenance of the judge the while wore setts, and was not expected home till the next ter, clinging to his hand. Near by, stood far as possible from the laboring classes. Besides, how is it expected that I should enjoy

Bewildered and astonished at such greeting baffled all hearts and penetration.

Bewildered and astonished at such greeting baffled all hearts and penetration. only talk would be about the stocks, the maruntion to the mother, who, perceiving the angelic! But methinks I should know that "In a year," I thought, as the stage whirltall and slender figure, balf hidden by the schlap me on the kop, and the gompany fought

When the first rapturous greeting was over Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

The ruddy cheeks of the suitor became of in Salem Virginia, so being left alone I took never thought of the possibility of her refu- known you-but up matter for that-your

"How can you say he is changed?" said handkerchief whenever I chose to throw it at ber feet. my mother, gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver and more like a man than But now I know that had Mary met me when he went away-but his eyes and smile then, she would have dispised me. She was are the same as ever. It is that beavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still," "Aye, mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still."

God belp me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the heating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and

some face. "You have changed, too, Frank, but I

think for the better "Oh yes-thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh "My wife

tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife! could I hear that name and keep silent still? 'And have you seen my little girl ?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms and kissing her crimson check.

"I tell you. Harry, there is not another one like ber in the United States. Dont you

"Very much," I faltered
"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently "I have for-gotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your mony. Come-here she is, and for chee I moustaches of yours, in the operation "

He pushed Lizzie laughing and blushing, towards me! A gleam of light and hope. almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought:

"Nor Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was saidhoped my sister Lizzie would come to the even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary-Mary Moere," I said in a low eager voice. "Have you alone no welcome to give to the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly-"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words-and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown! For there was the happy home group and the dear home fireside, and there sweet Mary! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and by night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine-and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed to see, was there before me- more beautiful, more womanly, and more loving than before! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning gray. I am growing to be an old man and can look back to a long and happy, a well spent life. And yet sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day for the love that made my manhood so bright. shines also upon me in my white hairs. An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can rever grow old, nor change. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered her piously in the flush and beauty of womanhood can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it Nor even then-for love still lives in HEAVEN.

A LAGER BEER Row .-- A few days ago the linking together of two young Germanio by a grand jubilee, at a lager beer saloon, which resulted in all the parties getting gloriously drunk and pugilistic; which attracted I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice the attention of the police. One of the men who were arrested, related the circumstances of the affair in a style which convulsed the

"Hans Breitmann gife a party -dey had biano blayin'-I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau. Her name vas Madilda Yane. She hat harr as proun as a pretzel bun, de eyes were himmel blue, and ven she looket into mire, dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty-I vent dar you'll pe pound. I va zet mit der Madilda Yane -- und vent shpinnen round und round. De pootiest freilein in de house-she vayed

Hans Breitman gif a barty-I dells you, it cost bim dear. Dey rollt in more as seven keegs of foost rate lager bier, und venefer dev knocks de shpicket in, the Deutschers gif a cheer I dinks dat so vine a barty nefer coom

Hans Brutmann gife a barty. Dar all wes souse and brouse. Ven the sooper come in, de gompany did make themselves to house -Dev ate das Brot and Gensybroost, die Bratwoorst and Braten fine, and wash das Abendessen down mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty-ve all cot trocuk as bigs. I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier und schvallowed it down mit a schwigs -und den I kissed Madilda Yane, und she mit table lecks dill de coonstable made us schtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty-vhere is dat barty now? Vhere is de lofely golten clout dat float on der mountains brow? Vhere is do himmelstrahlende stern-deschtar of de spirits light?-all gone afay mit de Lager Bier-atay in der Evigkeit" (Passed into Eterpity.) - Pennalimaton.