

Democrat and Sentinel.

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

EBENSBURG, AUGUST 11, 1858.

VOL. 5, NO 39.

NEW SERIES.

TERMS:
"DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL" IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at one dollar and fifty cents per annum payable in Advance, ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. If not paid within six months, and if not paid until the termination of the year.

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Select Tale.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

Service had commenced in the neat little sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Harlem had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had read the psalms and scripture lessons, and had repeated the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of the people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a sound and eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one too, and thus enchanted not only the attention of the true, but the false worshippers. The house was very still—the clear, melancholy tones of the preacher were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy golden air, which the midsummer's Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place.

The first syllable on the second line was trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a moment every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary interest the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to, and when fairly and quietly seated in the first pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was—ay, and how many whispers, too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no eyes, no thoughts for any body else but widow C., and widow C.'s young gentlemanly and dashing attendant.

How she had cheated them. Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once, dressed in white, and walked into the church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman.

Yes, indeed she had. She would have pleaded guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were, and to the last how many witnesses had been subpoenaed! She was actually dressed in white, with open corsage, displaying an elaborately wrought chemise, drapery-sleeves trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, under-sleeves of the same expensive material, with a white lace hat with orange buds and flowers, with kid gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue, to repeat over and over as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style, didn't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish" and white kids, too; and didn't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze off and lovingly on the fair features beside him?

Ah, yes, he did so, and there was no further room to doubt. Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on a bridal attire and was going to be married in church. But who the beau was, and from whence he came, it was difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place.

But to their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced, Widow C. and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement, he placed her hand very confidently on the beautiful coat sleeve, as they passed on.

What a morning that was in Harlem!—What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober, matter of fact gentlemen. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the annals of the village—there was something new under the sun—a lady had a beau and no body knew it.

Widow C. didn't your ears burn that day? And we wonder they didn't drop off; surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliment to him, though. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then, but every body was sadly disappointed; and if tongues had run at railroad speed before, they traveled then on electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and the sermon would have been quite as edifying. But one subject occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually seemed, too, as though the lady tried to make all the talk she could. After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman she walked the whole length of the village, and away out into the country, and never returned until the moon was high.

"A nice looking dress I guess she had," drawled out grandma W., as she listened to the story of the handsome widow's wanderings. "I'm glad I ain't got to wash it, all drabbed up with dew, as it must have been; but I don't 'pose she thought or cared a word about it, she's so carried away with him. But I'll give her a piece of my mind the first time I have a chance; see if I don't."

But the good old dame began to fear she would never have the desired chance. She hurried through her washing on Monday, and hobbled over to the widow's as soon as possible, but the door was locked, and one of the neighbors said Mrs. C. and the gentleman went off in a carriage, nobody knew where very early in the morning. "Yes, and never got home until nine o'clock in the evening." Look out widow your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went sailing with her beau, and the next day rambled with him off to the woodlawn, and the next forenoon went with him in a carriage to the railroad station

and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him!

"What! in broad day light!" exclaimed grandma W. "Well, if I ever heard or seen the like on't!"

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself if it was any worse in broad day light than at other times. Perhaps you will wonder, too. We did at least. There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the village sewing society. Every body went that possibly could leave home. And what a chattering there was when the bustling of assembly was over. There was but one topic, but that was all-engrossing—the widow's beau—the gettoman *must* be her beau—or at least ought to be.

Every body had something to tell, something to wonder at. But suddenly every magic tongue was hushed; an universal stroke of palsy seemed to have fallen on the group as, looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she in her usual quiet way; "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting."

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patch-work, inquiring for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced lemming a red bird with a yellow wing on a very green twig which latter had already been hem'd on to a square piece of white cloth, and the whole when completed was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-spread. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill and spoke to no one. Every body wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in; but her placid countenance soon reassured the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old grandmother W. was the first to venture. She meant to do up the matter very delicately, and in so roundabout a way that the lady would not suspect her of curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. C.'s dress.

"You get it's really a beauty. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it."

"Here? inquired the old lady.

"No."

"Where then?"

"In the city, last spring."

"Oh, you did, did you? But I thought you was never going to dress in any thing but black again?"

All scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as usual while she answered—"I did think and say so once, but I have finally altered my mind."

"You have, eh! What made you?"

"Oh, I had good reasons."

Here the hearers and lookers-on winked and looked very expressive at each other.

"But did you not spoil your beautiful white dress the other night, wearing it away up to the burying ground?"

"I did not wear it."

Here was a damper for the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she determined to do it, too, when, unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. C.'s dress hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be balked again. She would find out all about that beau before she went home, "that she would." She began by saying—"Your company went away this morning, didn't he?"

"He did."

"He did not stay very long, did he?"

"Not so long as I wished him to stay," was the reply. And how the ladies did look at each other. It was as good as confessing.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Were you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him for a fortnight or more."

"Why, do tell if you had then, and you never told on't either. Had he any business in the place?"

"He had," replied the widow.

"What was it? This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forthwith apologized.

But the widow interrupted her saying—"O, I'd as lief you'd know as not; he came to see me."

sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was by those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, nor an eye raised. Had the latter been done, and the roguish and expressive glances seen which passed between Mrs. C. and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshold as a silent spectator and a curious hearer, perhaps—mind you, we only say *perhaps*—they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession of the widow's beau.

Discovery of Illinois.

In 1673, James Marquette, with five Frenchmen as companions, and two Indians for guides, set out from Canada; and after a tedious journey, reached the great "Father of Waters," on which they embarked, with a joy that could not be expressed, and hoisting the sails of their bark canoes floated down the majestic river, "over broad, clear sand bars," and glided past islets swelling from its bosom with tufts of massive thickness, between the broad plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded with majestic forest and checker-boarded groves. After descending the Mississippi for about sixty leagues, they discovered an Indian trail, and unhesitatingly left their canoes to follow it. After walking some six miles, they came to an Indian village, where four men advanced to meet them, offering the pipe of peace, their calumets "brilliant with many colored plumes," and speaking to them in language which Marquette understood—"We are in Illinois," that is "we are men."

How beautiful is the sun, Oh Frenchmen, when thou comest to us! our village awaits thee; thou shalt enter in peace all dwellings." After staying with that hospitable people for a while James Marquette and his companions further descended the Mississippi river, until they were satisfied of its flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, when they returned, and reaching the 30th degree of north latitude, entered the Illinois river and followed it to its source.

The tribe of Illinois Indians, which occupied its banks, invited Marquette to remain and reside among them. But expressing a desire to continue his travels, he was conducted by one of the chiefs and several warriors to Chicago, in the vicinity of which place he remained to preach the gospel to the Miami, whilst his companions returned to Quebec to announce the discoveries. Two years afterwards, he entered the river in the State of Michigan, called by his name, and erected on its banks a rude altar, said mass after the rites of the Catholic church; and being left alone at his own request, he knelt down by its side, and offering to the Almighty, solemn thanks and supplications, fell asleep to wake no more. The light breeze from the lake sighed his requiem, and the Algonquin nation became his mourners.

Authors turn Themselves Inside out.

"Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton says in one of his recent novels, that authors are the only people with whom the public are acquainted, or words to that effect. Certainly it is not any easy thing for one who writes much, provided writings are widely read, to conceal himself from public knowledge. He publishes in some degree an autobiography. Nay, his very efforts at concealment, reveal traits of character which frankness itself would not have disclosed. His intellectual parts are manifest by the very nature of his vocation, and his moral status, whatever he may think to the contrary, cannot well be hid, even if he endeavor to hide it, which few authors take the pains to do throughout their entire writings. Not less than other men, authors may be known by their 'works.' Whoever talks largely, whether in print or verbal speech, talks himself out at last, and the world sees him as he is. Undoubtedly a clever writer may now and then, if he will, contradict his own taste, habits, or even principles. Charles Sprague, who praised the 'Spanish weed' so prettily (in his poem of 'Curiosity'), is innocent of its use, and was merely exercising his imagination, as poets have done before. There have been drinking songs by bards libellous only of Souchong or Hyson; love songs by poets who were never in love; sea songs by land-lubbers who get their inspiration from brandy, and found their subject in a horse-pond; hunting songs by men who never saw a fox outside of a menagerie; war-songs by sentimental young ladies who faint at the sight of blood, and 'cannot bear a gun'; sacred songs by profane scamps, who neither sing nor say the church service; mad songs by the most serene of quietists; work songs by lazy fellows who are as innocent of labor as a fine lady; baby songs by old maids and barren wives; home songs by old bachelors whose homes are in the cock-loft of the tavern; and songs of the country by Cockneys who don't know clover from dandelions. Such things may be done for once, but rarely well, and never with that fine fidelity to nature which gives permanent life to a work of art, whether in painting or poetry. It still comes to pass in the long run, that the author appears as he is—truthful or mendacious, a lover or a hater of men; a respecter or a contemner of women; a man of chaste or of unchaste imagination; sincere or affected; honest or unscrupulous; tender-hearted or cruel; amiable or churlish; high-minded or pusillanimous. Nor can the nature of his themes prevent this self-revelation. A religious polemic may show all the passions of the cock-pit; a philosopher may display worse vices than those which he reprobates; a philanthropist may disclose the malignity of an assassin; and a satirist, as it almost always happens, may reveal a nature at once gentle, loving, compassionate and magnanimous."

Irish Passantry.

A gentleman who has traveled much in Ireland, says the native urbanity of the Irish peasants to each other is very pleasing. I have frequently seen them take off their hats, and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these poor fellows, upon meeting one another, is full of cordiality. One of them in Dublin, met a boy after his own heart, who, in the sincerity of his zeal, exclaimed: "Patrick! myself's glad to see you for in truth I wish you well." "By my soul, I know it," said the other, "but you have but the half of it"—that is the pleasure of meeting was divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin, which is the way to such a place, he will take off his hat, and, if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so; (for nothing is more painful than to be thought ignorant,) he will either direct you by an appeal to his imagination, which is ever ready, or he will say, "I shall find it out for your honor immediately; and away he flies into some shop far inferior, which he is happy to be the bearer of without any hope of reward.

Among the mortuary peculiarities of the Irish, their love for posthumous honors is worthy of remark. An elderly man, whom a much esteemed clergyman attended in the last stage of existence, met his death with fortitude, but expresses his grief that his dissolution should take place at a time when the employments of spring would prevent his funeral from being numerously attended. This is a general national trait; and a grievous imputation, in the Irish language is, "May your burial be forsaken!" They have another very figurative malediction—"May the grass grow green before your door!"

At a convention of the clergymen, not long since, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each should entertain the company with some remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy, and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, the river of life, etc. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penuriousness and money-saving habits, stepped up to the narrator and inquired jocosely:

"Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?"

"Yes, I did."

"Indeed what was I doing?"

"You was on your knees."

"Praying, was it?"

"No—scrapping up the gold!"

HEARING ON BOTH SIDES.—A father asked a lazy son what made him lie in bed so long? "I am busy," said he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up; Sloth, to lie still; and so they give twenty reasons for and against. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides; and by the time the case is over, dinner is ready."

THE GALLANT LOCALIZER OF THE TROY TIMES describes "blasted hopes" to be—

"Marrying a woman with the expectation of getting \$30,000, and when the union is consummated to be presented with a bill for her last year's board."

How to Write Well.

It is an important question for our young writers to write well, and a late reviewer gives us a bit of wisdom on that subject:—

"Speed in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lopez de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. On leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume—the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartos. One gaining fifteen pounds—the other a hundred thousand ducats. One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of gray cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries—the other followed by crowds wherever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both that the fame and honor of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast, now lies motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down his singing robes, and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands—having his home and his welcome in every devout heart, and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world."

But see what another high authority says of Shakespeare's pen and Milton's:—

"Milton's descriptions of natural objects are rich, elaborate, and finished—Shakespeare's are spontaneous. Without losing sight of his morning freshness and exquisite beauty of his minor poems, he is surpassed even in this respect by Shakespeare; but so are all other uninspired writers. Milton leaves his own high impress on everything he touches—Shakespeare that of universal humanity. Milton is the Sabbath only—Shakespeare all the days of the week. Shakespeare is the full and many-voiced orchestra—Milton only one instrument; but it is the organ—the most perfect, the grandest, the loftiest of all instruments. The one is the noblest of rivers—the other the all-encircling and limitless ocean. In Shakespeare there is the infinitude of Nature herself—Milton is a Holy Land.—Shakespeare's universal genius is alone in the world; so is the sustained grandeur of Milton's lofty flight—the high aim, preparation, and learning—the originality, stately dignity, and power of his mighty muse—these being all concentrated and exerted in one given direction. The one, taking subject and treatment into account, is the greatest dramatic poet, and the other the greatest epic poet, the world has ever produced."

Where the Plaster was.

A certain doctor (rather a modest young man by the way) was recently called in to see a lady who had been taken suddenly ill. The found the application of a mustard plaster necessary, and accordingly went to work and made one, and laid it carefully by to prepare the lady for its application. Everything was ready and the doctor sought the plaster; but, strange to say, it had disappeared. The doctor and the negro nurse searched high and low, in every probable place for the missing plaster but in vain; it was gone, no one could tell where. The nurse had not seen it since the doctor laid it on the chair. There was no other alternative but to go to work and make another, which was accordingly done. But still the question would present itself to all—what had become of that plaster? The circumstances of its having been spirited away began to tell unfavorably upon the sick lady's nervous sensibility; but the doctor could not help it; he could not explain the mystery. The doctor in a deep brown study prepared to leave, and stood up before the fire to warm himself before encountering the cold without. Through the force of vulgar habits, he parted his coat tails behind, when the nurse, displaying about four inches of ivory, said:

"I found de plaster, massa doctor."

"Where?" eagerly asked the doctor, "where is it?"

"You got it ahind," said the nurse grinning.

The doctor clapped his hands behind, and there it was sticking fast to the seat of his breeches, where he sat down on it when it was laying on the chair. This was too much for the modest doctor. He seized his hat and bolted; nor could he be prevailed on to visit the lady during her sickness.

"As I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster bridge the other day, I met Pat Herwins Herwins, 'says I, how are you?"

"Pretty well I thank you, Doneley," says he.

"Says I, 'That's not my name.'"

"Faith, no more is my name Herwins," says he.

"So we looked at each other, and faith it turned out to be neither of us."

DYING CONSOLATION.—"I shall be happy," said an expiring husband to his wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise not to marry that object of unceasing jealousy, your cousin Charles." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow, "I am engaged to his brother."

SPINSTERS.—In former times, it was a maxim that a young woman should not get married until she had spun herself a set of body and table linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain in England in all deeds and legal proceedings.

"Boy, where does this road go to?"—I don't think it goes anywhere. I always sees us here every morning."

THE MILLINER'S BILL.

The wax lights illumined a Fifth Avenue hall, and the crinolines whirled in the mazy ball, and the persons of fashion were blithe and gay, during the hours of rest away.

The husband beheld with boyish pride the beautiful dress of his stylish bride; while she, in her fine clothes, seemed to be the queen of that splendid company.

Oh, the milliner's bill!

"I'm weary of satin," soon she cried, "I'll have a blue velvet, more full and wide; and none of my bonnets suit my face—small order another of sweet point lace, with emerald flowers; and then, dear man, let me indulge in a tarlatan."

And old Bubbles cried, as his wife he eyed, "The dearest of women is my dear bride."

Oh, the milliner's bill!

Fresh cambric that morning, green silk the next day, and white moire antique ere the week passed away.

The richest and newest of stuffs to be got, the blackhead's wife bought, and he grudged them not.

Two years flew, and the bills at last had arrived at a figure extremely vast.

And when Bubbles beheld the sum, he cried, "An old fool, done by a spendthrift bride."

Oh, the milliner's bill!

At length broke a bank, that had long kept hid the dodges by which it the public did; and a document long was discovered there—the milliner's bill of that lady fair.

And very much cash, it was confessed, had been let to her lord from the banking chest, and when the crash came, vain humbug's doom, the bride's display proved his fortune's tomb.

Oh, the milliner's bill!

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