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## Choice Poetry. THE PROUDEST LADY.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

queen is proud on her throne, and proud are her maids so fine; But the proudest lady that ever was known Is a little lady of mine. and ch! she flouts me, she flouts me, and spurns, and scorns, and scouts me; th I drop on my knee and sue for grace Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is twenty by the calendar-A lily's almost as tall; But oh! this little lady's by far The proudest lady of all. It's her sport and pleasure to flout me, To spura, and scorn, and scout me; But ah! I've a notion it's not but play. That, say what she will, and feign what she

She can't well do without me. When she rides on her mag away, By park, and road, and river, la s little hat so jaunty and gay. Oh! then she's prouder than ever!

And oh! what faces, what faces! What petulant, pert grimaces! Why, the very peny prances and winks, and tosses his head, and plainly thinks He may ape her airs and graces. But at times, like a pleasant tune.

A sweeter mood o'ertakes her; then she's sunny as skies in June, And all her pride forsakes her. Oh! she dances round me so fairly! the her laugh rings out so rarely! She coaxes and nestles, and looks and pries, In my puzzled face with her two bright eyes, and says, "I love you dearly!"

the queen is proud on her throne, And proud are her maid so fine; But the proudest lady that ever was known Is this little lady of mine. Good lack! how she teases and flouts me, And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me; But ah! I've a notion its nought but play,

That, say what she will; and feign what she

She can't well do without me.

Lord Nelson, when forced to see men ipped on board his ship, ascended to the brave fellow, on the day of battle, remem- | was a bee, without its buzzing or sting. Her ber me!" It was very rarely that the sailer aunt dying, she found herself the possessor guish himself at a later period. One day a and unprotected, what was she to do? han was going to be whipped. He was a maine. A beautiful young girl sprang through don, your honor," said she, "pardan, he will bever be guilty again !" . Your face,' said the admiral, "answers for his future good conduct, Untie that man; he who has such beaufiful creature as this for a friend cannot be a bad man," This marine became a

- The tongue of a humming bird is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two tubes of a double barrel-

### Select Cale.

From the London Family Herald. THE

#### SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The shadows of life surround us on all sides, and the sweet sunshine of our existence only serves to render them more distinct. Indeed life may be compared to a long avenue of trees, in the centre of which is a broad strip of glorious light, and on each side gloomy masses of darkness, that seem struggling to meet and devour that delicious track

So it is with man; on each side of him are shadows; but he may avoid them if he chooses, or make as much use of them as the weary traveller does when he shelters himself in their repose from the too scorching rays of the sun. Darkness has its uses as well as light; it is the earth's couch, and is as necessary to its healthy existence as light, for universal nature is made up of friendly extremes.

Not so, however, reasoned a young man, as he stood by the side of a sun-dial erected in one of those old churchyards so common in the rural districts of England, and which we all love for the quaintness of their sacred edifices and antique aspect.

He was evidently about twenty-two, and dressed in mourning, for he had just lost his only relation, and had to carve his way in the world alone and unaided. He was contemplating the sun-dial, and as he saw the shadow move, his reflections were rather of a sombre character.

"We are out shadows after all," he muttered half aloud. "We creep on like this shadow and then vanish in the deeper darkand round it goes for ages, marking the brief ted his time and abilities by not knowing, or the his forehead, "take it away!" ness of night. Not so this shadow; round time which man has carved out of the infinite.
But, ah mel I fear my lot will be a brief on doing when he had made the grand dison doing when he had made the grand distime which man has carved out of the infinite.
them, to say nothing of any power to keep down the coin, she scampered away.
"And has it come to this?" he And beg, and beseech, with the saddest face, But, ah mel I fear my lot will be a brief shadow, a stalking gloom, traversing through a few years, and then be swallowed up in the hideous night of the grave."

"Say not so, Frank!" exclaimed a gentle voice, as a hand light as the touch of a feather was laid on his shoulder. He started, and a gleam of joy shot over his features as he recognized the speaker.

"Say not so, Frank," repeated the maiden, for such she was, "this shadow teaches us our duty, and far from reminding us of our doom, it tells us how slowly but surely time travels, and that while we are here we should not be despondent. See! there is sunshine behind and sunshine before!-so look upon the shadow as a monitor, a friend, and take

a lesson from its unvarying industry." "You have grown quite a philosopher," the young man said, sadly, as he fondly caressed the delicate hand that was without any coyness placed within his; "but always were placid and hopeful. I will try; but oh! Lucy, it is hard to part with those we love. Years may elapse before we meet again, and then-

"Never, Frank Webster." replied the maiden, carnestly. "Lucy Dixon's heart was not given away lightly or to one undeserving, and she will not refuse her hand when the proper occasion arrives, unless upon such provocation as a Christian girl ought not to overlook. Have the same faith in me, Frank, as I have in you. I trust you."

"Dear, dear Lucy," returned the young man, earnestly. "May heaven shower every blessing on your head! I do trust you—I

Leaving them to their sweet though mournful conference-for they were about to part for an indefinite period-and what is sadder we will say something about their previous sessed of any experience or natural gift for history.

an aunt, Frank Webster by an uncle. Lucy had received what is called a good education for a country girl in humble life, and fortuck precipitately, read rapidly, and in agi- nately for her it happened to have been a ated voice, the rules of the service, and then practical one She could write English with eried, "Boatswain, do your duty; admiral propriety, knew a little of arithmetic, but pardon!" Lord Nelson would then look she knew a good deal more about housekeeparound at his officers -all keeping silence, he ing She was what is called a famous manawould say, "What! not one of you gentle- ger, and performed her work with such tact men, not one of you has pity upon that man, and delicacy that few noticed she was working or upon my sufferings! Untie the man-my until she had worked, and hard too. She

thus rescued by his admiral did not distin- of a few pounds and a little furniture. Alone Frank Webster had been educated in a different manner altogether, as it was only natperowd of soldiers; she fell on her knees ural he should have been. His uncle, being believe Nelson, and seized his hand. "Par- childless, doated upon him, and being a thriving, although a small farmer, placed him in a neighboring grammar-school, where he received a classical education, and the good old man even denied himself some indulgences to allow him three years' study at one of the universities. So that when Frank Webster

had passed his twenty-first year he was a good arraying herself in her neatest attire, she scholar, knew Greek and Latin, was well up waited upon the rector's wife, and to her joy in mathematics, and had even taken to Kant and the German school of philosophy. His unele was proud of him; but the former happounced on his property, and Frank turned promise of more. She also took in plain neeled gun. At the tip of the tongue the tubes pening to die suddenly, a host of next-of-kin thaped like spoons. The honey is spooned his back on the home of his childhood with dlework, and having diligently studied the

other way. It catches insects with it, for it | Church was closed against him; and as to the lives on these as well as on honey. It law, his pecuniary means forbade him to look catches them in this way; the two spoons to that as a resource. What was he to do? grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the London suggested itself to his mind; and, aftengue bending, puts it into the bird's mouth. ter a short deliberation, to London he resolution. hat merely one instrument, but it contains | thousands had done before him. And Lucy, everal instruments together—two pumps, his dearly betrothed, what was she to do with

ow the very moment he entered the metropolis. Being duly located at a coffee-house, his first step was to make a tour of this wonder of the world, London; the second, to visit some old college friends, wno having selected professions, were laboriously pursuing them; his last, to see what he could do for himself. He had a high opinion of his own powers, and felt confident that he could fill

any position either in law, divinity, politics or literature. He had recourse to the papers—every young man similarly situated does the same—and day after day did he carefully peruse those advertising columns which are so eloquent an index to the splendor, business, wants and miseries of the metropolis of

the world. At the end of the month he found nothing that would have suited him. He then advertised his own wants, with, at the end of a month, no better result. He began to be alarmed, and took to authorship, that tempting refuge for the friendless and embarrassed who fancy they have talent It is one of the leading peculiarities of a large class of the young men of the present day, that if they have received a tolerable education, they rush to the conclusion that they are geniuses .-Some aspire to the stage -others to the press

-others to the high art of writing books, and astonishing the world with new ides. A few succeed, but they are very few, and their success is purchased by severe privations and the most humiliating mortifications. The rest, after a faint struggle, fall back on less in more humble and profitable capacities.

Frank Webster, who really had ability, belonged to this aspiring class; but he had no genius. He possessed the machinery of thought, but not the tact, solid judgment, and keenness of perception necessary to give half-a-crown. it adequate motive power. He therefore wasearnestly striving to know what to do with His look frightened the girl; so, throwing fail, and are consequently severely punished covery. His continuous querelous complaint ling round the dial of misfortune." However, may you never know the misery that has falhe did write a book, full of Greek and Latin, len on me!" and, in his own opinion, a very learned composition. By the advice of an acquaintance he forwarded it to an eminent publisher, and

in due course waited upon that gentleman. "Sir," said the latter, "your book is very good book in its way, but it won't take The public don't want such books. They would rather know something about California, or Australia, or Borneo, or even Kamschatka, than ancient Rome or Greece, Good morn-

"Three weary months wasted," Frank sighed, as he threw his manuscript into the

it has a few pounds in its pocket, So Frank | black indeed!" continued to write cheerful letters to Lucy, and in return received the most affectionate ones; but to her repeated inquiry "whether he had settled down," he always returned an

His second literary effort was a novel, which met the same fate as his learned composition. Then he betook himself to less pretentious sources, and failed in them all. Occasionally he carned a few pounds, which inspired him with hope for a time; but at the end of a couple of years he was almost penniless. In despair he accepted an offer to be amanuensis to a blind author, but the latter suddenly dying, in a short time, he was thrown on the world homeless, tattered and destitute. He was seen no more by any of his metropolitan acquaintances

So much for the man who came to London without a profession or an aim, and not posrequires a preparatory special training, but a brought up by a relation. Lucy Dixon by large share of that commodity, which, if not precisely talent, is a blending of ability with out of the churchyard, and took the road that unabashed confidence. But Frank was only led away from Lucy's abode. one among thousands who enter the metropolis with bright hopes and high aspirations, with the certainty of having them scorched and blighted. Success in any department of life requires capacity for it, and a pliant adaptability to circumstances as they rise. Genius will force its way anywhere; but mediocrity must be trained to follow some peculiar calling, and that alone. Like the shadow on the sun-dial, it must go its allotted round.

And what of Lucy all this while? The poor lonely girl had no very ambitious visious of the future. She was a practical little body; and instead of saying what she was to do, or what she should like to do, she asked herself, "What can I do?" We commend this wisdom to all young persons. It is one strength. of the secrets of success in life.

"What can I do?" she thought. "I can teach children and I can sew-well, what better can I do than this ?-I can do it, and

So, smoothing her rich auburn hair, and lady went round among the villagers, and in less than a month Lucy had twenty chubbyfaced little children for scholars, and the up, as we say; and then it is drawn into into just one hundred pounds sterling in his pock- higher branches of the ait, soon began to the mouth th the mouth through the long tubes of the et. What was he to do? He knew no bus-

To town Frank Webster came, with no settled aims, no defined purpose. He trusdown on old Tar River," if he could only get the fellow! he was swathed up in his own shadfellow! he was swathed up

letter, and post it myself"
Little did she know that at that moment Frank was approaching the village, way-worn

haggard, hungry, and almost shoeless. In the morning, as was usual with her, Lucy looked out of the window for the postman, and as the window commanded a view of the churchyard, she observed a meanlyclad person leaning on the sun-dial, apparently deeply absorbed. Surprised at such an occurrence, for the villagers were by no means addicted to such contemplation, she

regarded him with great attention. "Some poor highway pilgrim," she thought if he comes this way I will give him half-acrown for Frank's sake, for it was there we forthwith calling her maid of all-work (for Lucy Dixon now kept a servant) she despatched her with the coin.

Frank Webster-for as the reades may have guessed it was he-was leaning on the pillar in a sad reverie.

"My words were prophetic," he said to himself; "my destiny is but a destiny; it began and is ended; and there is an end of it. Shadows begin at nothing and end at nothing Three times three hundred and sixtyfive suns has this dial recorded, and yet there gone the round of the years, and have come back only to gaze on the symbol of my own fate. Roll on, shadow !- time and tide to

While he was thus morbidly meditating, a girl addressed him, saying, "Please, sir, ted, which was one of the mo missus sent you this," and she presented him and flourishing in England.

"Alms!" he cried, as the red blood man-

"And has it come to this?" he groaned, "and on this spot, too, sacred to the memory was, "I am only a shadow, usclessly travel- of my happiest days! Oh, Lucy, dear Lucy,

He was about to hasten away when the girl returned, saying her mistress did not mean to affront the gentleman.

"Who is your mistress?" he asked. "Miss Dixon, sir," replied the girl. "Miss who ?" shouted Frank Webster. "Miss Dixon, the milliner," said the girl "Lucy Dixon?" exclaimed Frank, inter-

rogatively. "Missus's name is Lucy, sir," replied the

'Not married! not married!' exclaimed the fallen man, "and true to me. And what am I? A wandering vagabond, about to enlist But younth is ever hopeful, especially when at the nearest depot. My shadow is now

He could no longer restrain himself, so leaning on the sun-dial, the hot tears gushed from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud.

The girl stood petrified; but in a few seconds Erank, mastering his emotion by a great effort, picked up the half-crown, and pressing it passionalely to his lips, turned to the servant, and said, "Tell Lucy-I mean tell your mistress-that I will wear this next my heart, in remembrance of her goodness, till my dy-

ing hour. Is Miss Dixon well?" "Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And happy?" he asked.
"Yes, sir, she's got a nice shop," said the girl; "yonder it is." Frank looked in the direction indicated, and perceived a neat little shop-window,

graced by some choice articles of feminine at-"I would not see her for the world. She would despise me," he muttered. "Tell her," said he to the girl, "that the stranger will dence of his own senses, maintained obstinate ask for a blessing on her head every hour of ly, and even augrily, that he chewed his dinhis existence." And so saying, he walked ner by moving his upper jaw .-- Macaulay.

The girl's incoherent account, coupled with what she had witnessed in the churchyard, threw Lucy into a state of violent agitation. The stranger's knowledge of her, his extreme or commencing a remark before another has

extraordinary suspicion in her mind. "It must be Frank!" she exclaimed, and hurriedly putting on her bonnet, she ran down the road with the speed of a fawn.

She soon overtook the wanderer, and one glance at his face, although pale and emaciated, was sufficient. "Frank, dear Frank!" she cried, as she

laid her hand on his arm. "Lucy!" he gasped, and fell senseless on the road. The shock had exhausted his

Loudly calling for assistance, some laborers approached and carried the insensible form of the withered but once handsome Frank Webster to the nearest inn, where he was speedily put to bed, and Lucy despatched messengers

for medical assistance. For weeks poor Frank lay hovering between life and death. Lucy, the gentle, hopeful Lncy, was all the time his tender and loving nurse. How great was her joy when he was pronounced out of danger! She bowed down her head, and as tears glistened in her eyes, her lips moved, but only one knew the language they breathed.

When Frank was sufficiently recovered, he related his adventures. After he left Lontongue. But the bird uses its tongue another way the bird uses its tongue anher business increased, and at the end of two ed; for he was continually making blunders. years more was so flourishing, that she was He then became a strolling player, and, beschool to a young woman, who, like herself, ceived a kind of bread and water salary. On cidentally left his watch on the dressing table. obliged to have assistants, and transfer her ing the worst actor in the company, only re-The tongue, then, of the humming bird, is ved to go and try his fortune, as hundreds of let merely one instrument. but it restricts a soldier but an unconquerable de-"How rich I am getting!" she innocently sire to visit his native place, and once more complimentary presentation. A presentation his dearly betrothed, what was she to do with her scanty purse? We shall see.

To town Frank Webster came, with no rice surprise for Frank! I wonder he don't his properties of the companion of

4 %

to write to me. I will send him a long sweet | without disgracing her, or wounding her feel-

You tried to do what you could do, and have succeeded. I tried to do what I could not do, and have failed, and deservedly so; for my eyes are opened now."

"Hope for the better," said Lucy, sweetly. of priceless value t you bereafter."

"Ab, Lucy dear, that sun-dial teaches a great lesson. I grumbled at the slow, monotonous travelling of the shadow, without thinking if it went round quicker it would show parted. But I had better send it." And that there was confusion and disorder in the world. The lesson has not been profitless. I now feel that a man should be content with the station he is fitted to fill, and never be the door-post. and stuck a calf's tail into it, tempted from it by any object entirely unsuited with the bushy end flaunting out. After a to his habits.'

"My dear Frank," said Lucy, archly "you became morbid on the subject of shadows. You interpreted their meaning wrongly; for we all of us have a shadow, and if we only would admit it, perhaps it is one of our

best friends." When Frank was restored to convalescence, is the shadow still-silent, sombre-slowly the good rector, one of his earliest friends, moving as ever. So with myself, I have procured him the situation of usher in a neighboring school. It was just the employment that suited him, and he rapidly rose to the highest class as a teacher. In due time, he ambitious pretensions, and seek a livelihood | thee are as nothing. Thy dumb authority | married the wise and good Lucy Dixon, and ends where it began, and begins where it en- | the benevolent rector and his lady lived long enough to see him head master of the very grammar school in which he had been educated, which was one of the most richly endowed

So much for people doing what they can do, and continuing to do it, and for those who try to do what they cannot do, and, of course,

Oliver Goldsmith.

While Goldsmith was writing the Deserted employed on works of a different kind-works from which he derived but little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a History of Rome, by which he made £200, a History of England, by which he made £300, a History of Greece, for which he received £250, a Natural History, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging and translating into his own clear, pure and flowing language what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders; for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus in his History of England he tells that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct the mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the History of Greece an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his Animated Nature, he relates with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travel about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," said Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge cast away forever. I took little care and of zoolegy. How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences, is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is larger in the northern than in the southern signs. It was in vain to cite the authority of Maupertius. "Maupertius!" he cried, "I understand these matters better than Maupertius." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evi-

ILL-BREEDING -There is no greater breach of good manners, or rather, no better evidence of ill-breeding, than that of interrupting another in conversation while speaking, emotion, and Frank's long silence, raised an fully closed. No well bred person ever does it, or continues a conversation long with one that does. The latter will find an interesting conversation often waived, or declined by the former without even suspecting the cause .-It is a criterion which never fails to show the true breeding of the person. A well bred person will not interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If with those with whom you are but slightly acquainted, mark them strictly in this respect, and you will assuredly not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent, casy, even graceful a person may appear for a short time, you will find him or her soon prove uninteresting, insipid and coarse.

- To cure corns, soak the foot in warm water for a quarter of an hour every night; after each soaking rub the corn patiently with the finger, using half a doxen drops of sweet oil; wear around the toe during the day two thicknesses of buckskin, with a hole in it to receive the corn. Continue this treatment not, sir; but I dare say you will find it in the until the corn falls out; and by wearing moderately loose shoes it will be months, and even years, before the corn returns, when the same treatment will be efficient in a few days. Paring corns is always dangerous, besides making them take deeper root.

- Sold!-A popular actor of Philadelphia went to Cape May a few days since. He zo-

The Calf's Tail and the Auger Hole. ings by his woefu! appearance.

Some days afterwards, Frank said to Lucy.
When I contrast what I have done with what you have done, how humiliated I feel!

The North Carolina Argus tells the following capital story, for which it is indebted to the stump speech of a Virginia member of Congress. We have read nothing that has called our cachinnatory muscles more vielently into play for a long while:

"The proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or a sort of store, on one of the "You have passed through a severe ordeal. but the experience you have gathered will be of priceless value t you hereafter."

a stand, or a solve, on the order of the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it was best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject Several devices were adopted and on further cousideration rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through while he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the farmer was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed

individual: "Good morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the storekeeper.

"Dou you wish to sell hiles?"

"No." "Are you a farmer?"

"No dre you a merchant?"

No." "Are you a lawyer?"

"No." "Are you a doctor?"

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour, trying to see it certain how that calf got through the auger Village and She Stoops to Conquer, he was hole. I can't make it out, to save my life.

- A Grand Offer.-Carrie A. Clarke thus writes to the Louisville Journal:

I bring thee a heart,-a stainless heart, As fresh and as pure as the mountain snow; Still echoing back, with a clearer strain,

The song that you taught it long ago. 'Tis an humble thing. The gift I bring;

My all, my fortune and my store, Yet I bring it to thee, I can bring no more, What more could her lover ask? A stainless heart, a fortune and a store, possibly a dry goods store. Hold on to that gall

- A Home Thrust from Flavel -"Two things a master commits to his servant's care, saith one, "the child and the child's clothes ' It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say at his master's return, "Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost." Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day. Lord, here is my body. I was very grateful for it. I neg-lected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but for my soul, that is lost and

- A verdant youth, went to church, on Sunday night, in Boston. Coming out, a young lady-mourning dress-Grecian face black eyes, &c., -dropped her handkerchief, which verdant returned. She thanked him, and said that the sermon had affected her eyes so that she did not know what she was about. They then took a sentimental walk, and he left her at the door of a fashionable residence. Next morning verdant found himself minus his pocket book and twenty-seven dollars. Says the sermon and adventure will do him good.

NOT VERY PUNCTUAL .- A Kinderhook shoemaker once promised to have a pair of boots finished on a specified day, for ex-President Van Buren, but failed to have them done when called for. Meanwhile the ex-President started for Europe, and was away for three years. Upon his return he called for his boots, and was told they were finished with the exception of treeing out.

- Pretty Good .- At the fourth of July celebration, at Lexington, Ky, the following toast was read, and received with hearty ap-

Hoops and Tight Pants-The unqualified epresentatives of financial extremes. May the charms of the ladies be as boundless as their skirts; and may the gents never get as tight as their breeches.

- "I wish to procure the Biography of Pollock," said a student to the bookseller at the corner of Water street, Boston .- "Wo have it not, sir," was the reply.—"Can you inform me where I can obtain it?"—"I can-'Course of Time.'

- 'Thanks!' said an old bachclor, 'no more women in heaven-They can't get in-their hoops are so broad they will have to go to the broad road-can't get through the parrow gate.'

- A scientific friend of ours has discovered the cause of the potato blight some years ago. He ascribes it to the rot-tator-y move-

- There is only one bad wife in the world

- The girls use powder on their face as