M. M. O'Neill

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.

NEW SERIES. EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1859. VOL. 6---NO. 15.

TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT & 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 Two Dollars if not paid until the termination of the year.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be allowed to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editor.

Any person subscribing for six months will be charged one dollar, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.

		One insert'n.	Two do.	Three do
1 square,	[12 lines]	$ 50	$ 75	$1 00
2 squares,	[24 lines]	1 00	1 00	2 00
3 squares,	[36 lines]	1 50	2 00	3 00
		3 months.	6 do.	12 do
1 col. or less,		$1 50	$3 00	$5 00
1 column,	[12 lines]	2 50	4 50	9 00
2 columns,	[24 lines]	4 00	7 00	12 00
3 columns,	[36 lines]	6 00	9 00	14 00
4 columns,		10 00	12 00	20 00
1 page,		15 00	22 00	35 00

All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alterative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experience in many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:—

Scrofula and Scrofulous Complaints, Humors and Eruptive Diseases, Ulcers, Tumors, Blotches, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Syphilis and Syphilitic Affections, Mercurial Disease, Dropsy, Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux, Debility, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurity of the Blood.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the time-release expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do it through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder exists, people enjoy better health, and live lighter, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this stream of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life be disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation, of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend it shall supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for saying it has virtues which are irresistible by ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete expulsion from the system, the remedy should be liberally taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

Price, $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best mark it has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR THE CURE OF

Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Worms, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Purgative Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box; 5 boxes for $1.00.

A great number of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and other eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these pills, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our American Almanac in which they are given, with also full descriptions of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.

These pills are not to be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profit on, but the sick should have Ayer's, and take no others. The sick need not be told there is for them, and they should try it.

All our Remedies are

Sold by T. DEVINE, Ebensburg, and by druggists generally throughout the country.

April 16, 1858:1y.

I. O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 563 meets every WEDNESDAY evening at their Hall on High st., in rear of Lloyd Shoemaker's store

APPEALS.

THE Commissioners hereby give notice that they will attend at the time and places below stated for the purpose of hearing the appeals of the taxable inhabitants of Cambria county, when and where all may attend who think proper.

For Allegheny Township, on Monday, the 28th day of February next, at School House No. 9 in said township.

For Chest Springs Borough, on Tuesday, the first day of March next, between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M., at the house of Jacob Wagner in said borough.

For Clearfield township, on Tuesday, the 1st day of March next, between the hours of 2 and 9 P. M., at the house of John H. Douglass, in said township.

For White Township, on Wednesday, the 2d day of March next, at school house No. 1, in said township.

For Chest township, on Thursday, the 3d day of March next, at the school house on the farm of Richard J. Proudfoot, in said township.

For Susquehanna Township, on Friday, the 4th day of March next, at the house of Jerome Plott, in said township.

For Carrolltown Borough, on Saturday, the 5th day of March next, at the school house in said borough, from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M.

For Carroll Township, on Saturday, the 5th day of March next, from 1 to 5 o'clock P. M., at the school house in the borough of Carrolltown.

For Ebensburg Borough on Thursday the 17th day of March next, at the Commissioner's Office in said Borough.

For Cambria Township, on Friday the 18th, day of March next, at the Commissioner's Office in the Borough of Ebensburg.

For Blacklick Township, on Monday the 21st, day of March next, at the house of Adam Makin, in the Village of Belsano, in said township.

For Jackson Township, on Monday, the 22d, day of March next, at the house of Henry Rager, in said township.

For Taylor Township, on Wednesday, the 23d day of March next, at the School House near John Headricks, in said township.

For Richland Township, on Thursday, 24th, day of March next, at the house of Jacob Kring, in said township.

For Croyle Township, on Friday, the 25th day of March next, at the School House, in the Village of Summerhill, in said township.

For Summerhill Township, on Saturday, the 26th day of March next, at the School House, in the Village of Jefferson, in said township.

For Millville Borough, on Monday, the 28th, day of March next, at the Franklin House, in said Borough.

For Yoder Township, on Tuesday, the 29th, day of March next, at the School House in Cambria City, in said township.

For Johnstown Borough 1st Ward, on Wednesday, the 30th day of March next, at the Public House, in said Ward, from 9 o'clock to A. M. to 2 o'clock to P. M. of said day.

For Johnstown Borough 2d Ward, on Wednesday the 30th day of March next, at the Exchange Hotel in said Ward, from 4 to 9 o'clock P. M. of said day.

For Johnstown Borough 3d Ward, on Thursday the 31st day of March next, at the Mansion House in said Ward, from 9 o'clock A. M., to 3 o'clock P. M. of said day.

For Johnstown Borough 4th Ward, on Thursday the 31st day of March next, at the Public House in said Ward, from 4 to 9 o'clock P. M. of said day.

For Conemaugh Township on Friday the first day of April next, at School House No. 10, near the Farm of the heirs of David Singer, dec'd., in said township.

For Conemaugh Borough, on Saturday the 2d day of April next, at School House No. 1 in said Borough.

For Washington Township, on Monday the 4th day of April next, at the School House near the foot of Plane No. 4 in said Township.

For Summitville Borough, on Tuesday the 5th day of April next, at the School House in said Borough.

For Loretto Borough, on Wednesday the 6th day of April next, at the School House in said Borough.

For Munster Township, on Thursday the 7th day of April next, at the House of A. Durbin, in said Township.

THOMAS M'CONNELL, JOHN BEARER, ABEL LLOYD, } Commissioners.

Attest,

GEO. C. K. ZAHM, Clerk.

Commissioners Office, Ebensburg, January, 26, 1859.—10.

N. B.—The Commissioners will also meet at the house of Michael J. Smith, in the village of Gallitzin, on Friday, the 8th day of April next, for the purpose of hearing any of the taxable inhabitants in that part of Allegheny township who may wish to appeal.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, in view of the awful destruction of human life caused by sexual diseases, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS to all who apply by letter, with a discription of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in case of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE.

The directors of the Association, in their Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of Spermatorroea, Seminal Weakness, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism or Self-Abuse, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, &c., and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year.

An admirable Report on Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation, or Self-Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, will be sent by mail (in a sealed envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jan. 26, 1859.—1y.

C. D. MURRAY,

Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

OFFICE OPPOSITE CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.

[mar17,1858

J. C. NOON,

Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.

OFFICE IN COLONADE ROW.

Nov. 11, 1857:1y

Miscellaneous.

Incident of History.

'Twas a glorious morn—'a morn for life in its most subtle luxury.' The first faint rays of sunlight had begun to gild the eastern sky of an ancient city, when the sound of martial music, and the prancing of steeds, hurried feet, proclaimed a mighty nation going forth to war They have gathered themselves together, and now with glittering spear and flashing bayonet, they prepare to go forth amid the flourish of trumpets and the shouts of the people. But why this delay? The captain of the host, a mighty man of valor, speaks. Silence prevails, and all heads bend low, as with uplifted hands, the mighty man makes a vow to God that if he is victorious in this battle, if the enemy is delivered into his hands, he will offer as a sacrifice the first living thing that cometh from his gate to meet him when he returns. The vow is recorded; the word of command is given, and that gorgeous cavalcade moves on. Long they traveled ere they reached the field of battle. 'Tis reached at last.

A glorious array of men in warlike armor present themselves to view. And they are engaged in deadly conflict; man strives with man; the conflict rages fierce and terrible; blood flows like water; the shrieks of the wounded and dying rend the air; the field is covered with heaps of the wounded and the dying, and the dead, ere the flourish of trumpets and the shouts of victory announce the battle won—by the mighty man whose vow was recorded ere they left home, and now he prepares to lead his army in triumph to the city.

On they go for many a mile over hill and dale, through forest and city. They near the gates of their homes. Every eye is strained; they remember the vow, and look on the right and on the left for the sacrifice, but no goat is by the side, no heifer gambols near, no lamb is in sight, no bird skims the air, and even the dogs do not come forth to meet him.

What means this stillness? Why doth no living thing come forth to meet him? Are they not victorious, fresh from the field of battle—upon their brows the laurel wreath, and in their hand the palm of victory? Do not they come with all the pride and pomp of martial glory? Why does no living thing come to greet their coming?

They approach the gates of the palace, and the eye of the captain casts quick and anxious glances around and his heart trembles for his vow. What shall come forth to meet him? Perhaps a well trained hound, or it may be a favorite servant.

Hark! a sound of music is borne upon the air. Soft and sweet its strains are heard in the distance, and now they sound louder and more near. It is a song of joy and triumph! Why does the cheek of that proud man blanch and his hand tremble upon his rein, and his head droop upon his breast? Behold issuing from the gates, a maiden of surpassing beauty, dressed in gala robes, with timbrel in her hands she comes to meet the conqueror, and congratulate him upon his safety. Well may his cheek blanch, and his heart quiver, for in that fair girl he sees his daughter, his only one! Beside her, he had neither son nor daughter. She is all in his aged heart. Can he yield *her* a sacrifice to the flames?

"Oh, my daughter," he exclaimed in anguish, "why didst thou come forth to meet me? Behold, I have made a vow that the first living thing I met on my return from battle I would offer as a burnt offering. *Thou art that living thing.*"

One earnest and imploring look she cast upon her father, then sank upon her knees, her whole form convulsed with agony at the dreadful import of those fearful words. The stillness of death prevails, as with blanched cheek and quivering lip, the maiden said—

"Do unto me according to thy vow, my father!" And these brave warriors who had waded through seas of blood and never wavered on the field of battle, turned silently away, and murmured, "Alas for thy vow!"

* * * * * * * *

A short time has elapsed, and now behold the maiden ready for the flames. Dressed in simple white, she comes accompanied by her maidens, singing a low, mournful chant. A large multitude had gathered to see the sacrifice For a moment father and daughter are locked in a close embrace, as if soul had melted into soul. The old man trembles, for paternal love is strong within his heart, and gladly would he recall that vow; but it may not be.

Meekly the maiden kneels; and with bare head and white locks streaming in the wind, her father commends her to his God. Now the flames enwrap her fair form; they clasp her feet, her hands, her head, but no shriek escapes her lips. *She is dead!*

The vow is performed, and the childless father turns in agony away, and looks to that God to whom he has performed his vow, for strength in that dark hour.

For many years after, the Jewish maidens celebrated four days annually, in commemoration of this melancholy sacrifice.

An Irish Love Letter.—Och Paddy! swate Paddy if I was yer daddy. I'd kill you with kisses entirely; If I was your brother, and likewise your mother, I'd see that you went to bed airly. To taste of your breath I would starve me to death, and lay off my hoops altogether; to joost have a taste of your arm on me waist, and larf at the mainest of weather. Dear Paddy be mine, and me swate vaulentine—ye'll find me both gentle and civil; our life we will spend to an illigant ind, and care may go dance to the divel.

☞ A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our exchanges:

"Married last week Locke Cobb to Miss Kate Webb." What a family of cob-webs may be the result.

THE TAIL GATE.

Many years ago an action of ejectment was on trial in our Court of Common Pleas to recover possession of a tract of land on the eastern border of the county. It was a valuable tract, and the trial excited considerable interest. The defendant relied on twenty-one years' continued adverse possession, and called, as one of his witnetses, an old Dutchman—a genuine Hollander. He was sworn and defendant's attorney,—Counsellor M.—told him to go on and tell the court and jury all he knew about the case.

"Vell, I vagons on de Coomberland road, and I vants a new vagon"

"Now, Mr. Diedrich," said the judge, "you must confine yourself to the case—no matter about your wagon."

"Vell, I dells mine sltory. I vagons on de Coomberland road, und I vants a new vagon; so I goes to de vagon-maker. und I says, 'I vants you to make me a vagon."

"Now, Mr. Diedrich," again interrupted the judge, "we really cannot listen to all this stuff about your wagon. Just tell us what you know about this case—never mind about the wagon."

"Vell, I goes on"—and again he began at the begining—"und I says. I vants you to make me a new vagon—und I vants him mit a four horse bed—und I vants him mit bows and side-box—und I vants him mit a tail gate."

But this time the judge was out of all patience, and, with rather strong emphasis, exclaimed:

"Mr. Diedrich, *we will not tolerate* this story any longer. What had this wagon to do with the case? Unless you confine yourself to the case, you must leave the stand."

Here Counseller M. interposed "Perhaps, if your Honor will permit the witness to go on in his own way, it may save time in the end."

"Well, I suppose we had better let him go on," said the judge. "Proceed. Mr. Diedrich"—and the witness went on.

"Vell, I vagons on de Coomberland road, und I vants a new vagon; so I goes to de vagan-maker, und I says, 'I vants you to make me a new vagon—und I vants him mit a four horse bed—mit bows und side-box—und I vants him mit a tail-gate, painted blue, mit de name, and de date on—und, by ging, John Schmidt, (the defendant) vas de vagon maker, and (reaching down behind the bar) by ging, here ish de tail-gate! John Schmidt live dare den, und; by ging, he live dere now."

And he held up the tail-gate, on which, in plain black letters, was printed—"*Jacob Diedrich June* 28, 18—."

The tail-gate was pretty strong "evidence" after all.—*Washington (Pa.) Examiner.*

Gen. Israel Putnam.

At the meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford, on Wednesday, the battle sword of Gen. Putman was presented in behalf of the late Lemual Putnam Governor, of Pomphret.

Hon. Judah Dana, a grandson of Putnam, and once United States Senator from Maine, left this graphic sketh of Putnam.

"In his person for height, about the middle size; erect, thick set, muscular and firm in every part. His countenance was open, strong and animated; the features of his face large, well proportioned to each and to his whole frame; his teeth fair and sound till death. His organs were all exactly fitted for a warrior; he heard quickly, saw to an immense distance; and though he sometimes stammered in his conversation, his voice was remarkable heavy, strong and commanding. Though factious and dispassionate in private when animated in battle, his countenance was fierce and terrible, and his voice like thunder. His whole manner was admirably calculated to inspire his soldiers with courage and confidence, and his enemy with terror. The faculties of his mind were not inferior to those of his body; his penetration was acute, his decission rapid, remarkably correct; and the more desperate his situation, the more colleted and undaunted With courage of a lion, he had a heart that melted at the sight of distress; he could never witness suffering in any human being without becoming a sufferer himself; even the operation of blood letting has caused him to faint. In viewing the battle field his distress was exquisite until he had offered friend or for all the relief in his power. Once after a battle, on examining a bullet wound through the head of a favorite officer, Capt. Whiting, who died on the field, he fainted and was taken up for dead. Martial music roused him to the highest pitch, while solemn sacred music set him into tears. In his disposition he was open and generous almost to a fault; he never disguised, and in the social relations of life was never excelled."

The sword is a plain old weapon, single edged, flat backed and slightly curved.

A Proof of Sanity.—In a court-room in North Mississippi, a man was on trial for larceny. His sanity was doubted, and the District Attorney thought it best to prove it, and put the following question to one of his leading witnesses:

"Do you think the prisoner can distinguish between right and wrong; can he tell the difference between good and bad?

Witness—"I think he can, sir, for I saw him take a drink of whiskey, and he said it was good whiskey; and from this circumstance, I should infer that he could 'tell the difference between good and bad."

They enjoyed a harty laugh over the novelty of the answer, in which his honor freely participated, and the proof was accepted.

☞ Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey dinner she had eaten on New Year's did not *set well.*

'Probably,' said Jenkins, 'it was not a *hen turkey*'

He got a glass of water in his face.

An Apparition.

Strange things have been seen lately, and none more strange than the one we are about to narrate. The facts were furnished us by a gentleman of the highest respectability, who obtained them from the individual himself, to whose waking vision the wonderful apparition appeared. It seems that on the night of the 19th ult., about midnight, a Mr. Davis, of this county, was lying in his bed awake, having just awoke. Whilst lying there, he perceived a small, yellow flame—emitting only a small light—issuing from the floor, only a few inches from the stove, in the room Becoming alarmed, he rose from his bed and spoke to the flame, it having by some magic means, gradually increased until it assumed the form and figure of a very old man, but of very small stature—being only about three feet high. When addressed, it moved toward the window and faded into the yellow flame first seen. He took courage and spoke to it a second time, when immediately it reassumed the appearance of the old man, but almost simultaneously disappeared, and arose in a flame at the head of his bed. Upon speaking to it a third time, it approached him. Reaching for his axe, he bade the remarkable personage not to come where he was.—But it answered, begging him not to strike, and it would show him where the money was. The door opened and they went out together. After disclosing where the money was, about which it had been speaking, it sprang from the porch, and went to the end, where the steps led off. Mr. Davis drew near where it was standing, and the little figure, taking his hand, bid him not to search for the money until a certain time, after which it suddenly vanished, and has not been seen since. Its hands and fingers were long, slim, and bony cold. Mr. Davis says his hand has been in a numbed state ever since that little nocturnal visitor shook hands with him. It has often been seen before in the same house. How can it be accounted for?—*Camb. (Md.) Tel.*

Immensity of Creation.

At the close of one of Prof. Mitchell's Lectures on Astronomy, in which he had been considering the immensity of creation, he repeated in illustration the conception of a German poet, as follows:

"God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'Come up hither and I will show you the glory of my house.' And to his angels who stood about the throne he said, 'Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart"—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles. A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sound of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some time on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death At length, from a distance not counted save in the arithmetic of Heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on in their terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment the blazing of suns around them—a moment the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again on the right hand and the left appeared more constellations. At last the man sank down, crying, 'Angel, I can go no further; let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.' 'End there is none?' demanded the angel.—And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout, 'End there is none!' 'End there is none?' demanded the angel again, 'and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer, end there is none to the universe of God! Lo! also, there is no beginning.'"—*Life Illustrated.*

Female Beauty and Ornaments.

For the sake of ornament and beauty, the ladies of Japan gild their teeth. For the same purpose the ladies of India paint their teeth red and the Gazaret beauty dyes hers black.

The modern Persians greatly dislike red hair, while on the contrary the Turks much admire it as a mark of beauty.

In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow paint, and a Muscovite woman, no matter how fresh her complexion, would think herself very ugly if she were not plastered over with paint.

The women in Turkey paint their eyebrows with the tincture of a black drug, and tinge their nails with a rose color The Syrian Turkish ladies dye their hands in *henna.*

In some countries mothers break the noses of their children, and in others press the head of their children between two boards to make it grow square

The characteristies of an African beauty are small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose pearly teeth, flat feet, and skin "beautifully black."

The Peruvian ladies wore a heavy ring suspended from the nose—sometimes two rings—of gold and precious stones. Some invidious traveler, no doubt an old bachelor, has remarked that "they never perform the very useful and salutary operation of blowing the nose." The ring prevents it.

In China a beauty is characterized by small feet, and long thin eyebrows, and small round eyes. The Chinese belle, in addition to these personal charms, tops herself off with a bird of copper or gold, according to rank. The spreading wings all over the front of the headdress conceals the temples, and the tail forms a beautiful tuft of feathers behind.

☞ "Do you believe in second love, Mister M'Quade?"

"Do I believe in second love? Humph! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isent it swate? and when it's gone don't he want another pound; and isn't that swate too? Truth Murphy, I believe in second love!"

"ALWAYS FORWARD."

In the terrible battle of Molina del Rey which immediately preceded the fall of Mexico, Col. Graham was ordered up from the reserve to carry a battery, from which a column of American troops had already been repulsed. The gallant eleventh, at their leader's cry of "forward," raised a hurrah, it is said, and dashed ahead. As they dashed along over the bodies of their fallen comrades the batteries opened, tearing their ranks frightfully, and obscuring the prospect with smoke. "Forward! Forward!" cried Colonel Graham. Again the grape and canister came crashing from the Mexican parapets. Six bullets struck the Colonel Yet still he shouted "forward!" At last a seventh shot proved fatal. But as he reeled before he fell he waved his sword, and cried again, "forward! my word is always forward!" His men swept onward like a torrent, the story goes, carried the enemy's guns, planted the stars and stripes on the disputed walls. It is possible that those gallant words, "Forward! forward! always forward!" alone saved the day.

No man knows what danger he can safely pass, what difficulties he can overcome, what apparent impossibilities he achieve, until he has thrown himself, heart and soul, into his task, determined to succeed.

Would Washington have conquered at Trenton if he had shrunk back at the wildly running ice that threatened to impede his passage of the Deleware? Would Napoleon have been victorious at Arcola if he had stopped, despairing, on the hither side of that awful bridge? Would Wellington have won at Waterloo if he had not said, when the French cuirassiers swept round him like a whirlwind, that he had to throw himself into a square for personal protection, "Hard pounding this, gentlemen, but we will see who can pound the longest!" A strong will, believe us, is often better than intellect itself. There is a talisman in "Forward! always forward!"

Often in life there occurs crisises when everything conspires to dishearten us The nervous system itself becomes worn out by the severe tensions to which it has been subjected; a morbid state of feeling ensues; the poor, half-drowned swimmer is about to give up in despair. That is just the time to say to oneself, "forward, always forward." The triumph under smooth skies and when the wind is fair it is no honor. It is the tempest that proves who is strong-hearted. Had Col. Graham, in that terrific rush at Molino del Rey, thought only of the defeat which had preceded the attack, he would have failed in the assault; Mexico, perhaps, would not have fallen. It was the "forward, forward, always forward!" ringing in the soldiers ears, that carried them on its hurricane of high-hearted courage up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, over the parapet, triumphant into the fort. Never despair. Forward, ay! always forward!

What Can You Do?—"What is your name?" said a New Orleans merchant to a half-horse, half-alligator sort of fellow, who applied to him for employment.

"My name's Ichabod Wing when I'm at home," was the answer.

"Where was you born?"

"I was born no-where—but was picked out of the Mississippi, floating down stream on a raft."

"What can you do if I employ you?"

"I can whip twice my weight in wild cats—swim up Niagara Falls—twist a rope with three live rattle snakes, and climb seven trees at once." Of course, the merchant employed him right off.

☞ Who has not been frequently amused (though it is a painful and disgusting sight,) at hearing the muttered and broken soliloquy of some man laboring under the influence of liquor. An amusing incident occurred the other day. A genuine son of Erin, who, to use a common expression, was "most unanimously drunk," had got into difficulty with another individual, and in the attempt to express his opinion his "laboring thought broke forth in words," as follows:

"I like (hic) pork. I'm *very* fond of pork. I *always did* (hic) like pork, but I *hate a d—d hog!*"

Virtues of Red Pepper.—The *Scientific American* says:—Put three or four lumps of sugar, with a half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, in a tumbler, and fill up with hot water; when the sugar is dissolved, drink—It is not only pleasant to the palate, but warms the body more effectually and quicker than spirits. In India, priests who have made a vow to wear no clothes, rub themselves of a cold night with red pepper. This gives a glow equal to the "warmth of several blankets."

Ain't it Queer?—An old lady was highly delighted and edified by a view of the vessels on Long Island Sound towing their boats astern. "L-a-w s-a-massy!" exclaimed the innocent old soul, "how perfect is all the works of nature—even the great big ships have all got their little ones runnin' along after 'em just as playful as lambs."

A Pert Reply.—An office holder in Illinois challenged a colored barber who came to vote, and asked him if he was worth $200. "Yes sir," replied the barber, "and if I was in St. Louis, I would be worth seven hundred dollars." The witty retort of the "cullud gemmen" created a roar of laughter among the bystanders

☞ Jenkins was asked whether he was fond of sausages He replied that he had never eaten any; they were *terrier incognita* to him.

Three Young Ladies, of Anderson, Ill. were married a few days since to three brothers by the name of Ice. Cold bed-fellows we think.