

# 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.

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## Select Poetry.

### "Hoe Out Your Row."

One lazy day a farmer's boy  
Was hoeing out the corn,  
And moodily he listened long  
To hear the dinner horn;  
The welcome blast was heard at last,  
And down he dropped his hoe;  
But the good man shouted in his ear:  
"My boy hoe out your row!"  
Although a "hard one" was the row,  
To use a ploughman's phrase,  
And the lad, as sailors have it,  
Began to "haze";  
"I can," said he, and manfully  
He seized again his hoe;  
And the good man smiled to see  
The boy hoe out his row,  
The lad the text remembered,  
And proved the moral well,  
That perseverance to the end  
At last will nobly tell.  
Take courage man! resolve you can,  
And strike a vigorous blow;  
In life, a great field of varied toil,  
Always hoe out your own row.

## Miscellaneous.

### NETTIE GRAY.

Everybody said that Nettie Gray was a beauty; not one of your polished city belles, but a gay, rosy, saucy piece of nature's own handiwork, yet gentle and affectionate and possessing a depth of feeling and sentiment which few were able to fathom.  
Now "sweet Nettie Gray," as she was called, had long been beloved by one Charlie Grafton—the handsome young merchant, who kept the only store the little village of N— could boast; where he had, for some four or five years, dealt out tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, calicos, silks, pins, needles, hardware, and every variety of merchandise, to the villagers and surrounding farmers, till he had realized quite a little fortune; a part of which he invested in the purchase of widow Morton's beautiful cottage and grounds, which at the death of her husband, she had been obliged to dispose of, and took a cheaper place, where she could live less expensively; which from the surplus of the price received for the cottage, she realized a snug little income. Charlie had also taken the widow's son into the store, as his increasing business made it necessary to procure assistance. The salary paid to little Johnny was a material help to his mother for which she was very grateful to the young merchant, and she never failed to speak a word in his praise whenever an opportunity presented.  
This, with numberless acts of generosity which Charlie never tired of performing, made him the hero of the little village, and caused him to be beloved and respected, by both young and old, for many miles around.  
To say that Nettie Gray was indifferent to his wily visits, or for the ardent love he entertained for her, would be doing injustice to her warm, appreciative heart. But the spirit of mischief seemed to possess her; and though she was uniformly kind and gentle in her disposition towards her lover, and would converse freely and unreservedly with him upon any topic, yet, when he approached the subject that lay nearest his heart, she was off like a frightened bird. Not that she was afraid of him, or that the subject was distasteful to her, (for her own heart was equally interested,) but she delighted to tease him, and heartily enjoyed his discomfiture on such occasions. She knew he loved her with all the strength of his soul, and she had no fear of alienating his affections from herself—an event which would have given her the deepest pain.  
Charlie had begun to think seriously of marriage, and why not? There stood the cottage, embowered in trees, many of which were bending under their heavy load of rare fruit, unscathed. It needed only the gentle presence of his bright eyed Nettie to make it a paradise. His income was more than sufficient to satisfy their most extravagant wants and why should he not marry? Many times had he visited Nettie for the express purpose of making known his wishes, but had as often been prevented from saying what he wished to say by the little mischief's running away at the first word he uttered upon the subject.  
"To think of supplying her place from the many fair damsels in it—who would gladly have accepted his hand, was out of the question. It was Nettie he loved, and Nettie only," and he felt sure she returned his affections

but how could he ever get married, if he was not permitted even to propose. "I must resort to some stratagem," he thought; and he partially formed many plans to bring the little beauty to terms, and often abandoned them.

His mind was busy with such thoughts, as one bright morning in September, he walked slowly towards Farmer Gray's mansion. He leisurely ascended the hill, at the top of which upon a level table land stood the great old house, when he was startled by a familiar voice calling out:  
"Bring the ladder, Dick! I want to get down." And, looking up, he beheld Nettie seated in the wide spreading branches of a large apple tree that stood in the field near the road, Dick, perched upon the topmost round of a ladder, that leaned against a pear tree, was quietly filling a basket with the rich fruit.  
"Wait a minute, sis," replied Dick, without looking up; "I have got my basket almost full. I'll come in a minute."  
"Come now, Dick! quick! quick!" again called the impatient voice of his sister.

Dick evidently began to think there was something wrong, for he turned around, and his eye instantly caught sight of her coming up the road, but a few rods from where they were. He instantly descended from the tree; but instead of carrying the ladder to assist his sister to descend, he gave a loud shout, threw his cap into the air, cleared the way with one bound, and ran rapidly down the hill, shouting at the top of his voice, "O, Mr. Grafton, I've treed a coon! I've treed a coon!" Then placing his hands upon the ground before him, he turned some five or six summersaults, uttered as many boisterous shouts and picking up his cap, ran with all his might to the house. The little rogue evidently loved mischief as well as did his pretty sister.

Charlie's first thought was to go to the assistance of Nettie, and he leaped the wall and approached the tree. Taking the ladder from the pear tree, he was about placing it for her to descend, when a sudden thought suggested itself. "She cannot run away from me now," and, not stopping to consider the ungentle act, he grasped a lower branch, and, with some gay remark, swung himself lightly up, and took a seat by her side.

Nettie was an amiable girl, and could take a joke as good naturedly as she could give one, only laughed heartily at the trick her brother played on her; complimented Charlie upon his agility, and invited him to help himself to the tempting fruit that hung in such profusion about them. After chatting on a variety of themes, he determined to approach the subject, and if possible, get an intelligible answer. For some time he sat in silence, then,  
"Nettie, I have something to say to you."  
"Ah! have you?" she replied. "Well, Charlie, please help me down, and you can say it as we walk to the house."  
Charlie saw the mischief in her eyes, and resolved to go on without heeding her request, yet he changed somewhat his mode of attack.

"Nettie, I am going to be married."  
"Married! Charlie, married!"  
"Without heeding the prayerful glance that was raised to his face, he went on.  
"Yes, Nettie. My business is now very prosperous; I have a pretty home, which needs only the additional charm of a pair of bright eyes. I have found a sweet, gentle girl, whom I love with all my heart, and who is willing to become my wife, and I have resolved to marry. I have tried a long time to tell you, but you would not hear it."  
Nettie had listened to this speech in utter amazement. She had long believed that she was the beloved of Charlie Grafton's heart; and she meant, after she had teased him to her heart's content, to listen to his love, and become his dutiful and loving wife. But her hopes were now suddenly dashed to atoms.— It was too much. A giddy faintness came over her, and, but for the support of Charlie's arm, she would have fallen to the ground.— Charlie noticed her emotion, and feared he had gone too far. It was but for a moment, however. She soon regained her self-possession, and sat upright by his side. Her face was very pale, but her eyes flashed proudly, and she replied, and there was a spice of bitterness in her tones.

"May I ask the name of her who has been honored with the offer of the hand and heart of my noble friend?"  
"First let me describe her. She is a beautiful girl, and possesses a warm, loving heart. She has but one fault—if fault it may be called. She delights to tease those who love her best, and often has she given me a severe heart-pang. Yet, Nettie, I love her deeply and fervently, and it shall be the object of my life to guard her from harm—to protect her, as far as I am able, from the slightest breath of sorrow, and I shall be abundantly rewarded by her love. Nettie, I have never offered her my hand, though she has long possessed my heart. I do it now, Nettie.— Dearest, can you ask her name?"

Nettie gave one long, inquiring look, as though she but half comprehended his words.  
"Will you be my wife, Nettie?"  
"What?" she replied, half bewilderingly.  
"Are you not going to be married? Are you not forever lost to me?"  
"Yes, if you will consent to be mine."  
She realized what it would be to love him; her head sank upon her bosom, and, bursting into tears, she murmured,  
"Yes, Charlie, I will."

Soon Master Dick came bounding into the orchard—and hand filled with a huge slice of bread and butter, while with the other he tossed his cap into the air, showing that he fully comprehended the state of affairs shouting at the top of his voice,  
"Hallo, Mr. Grafton! ain't you glad I treed her for you?"

Both greeted this rally with a burst of

laughter, and soon all three were engaged in a wild romp up the green turf.  
We hardly need add that the same autumn witnessed a rich merry wedding at the old mansion of Farmer Gray.

### Short Patent Sermon.

I shall give you a sermon to-day drawn from the following text:  
The lady who before the tub,  
Is not ashamed to ring and rub;  
Or on the floor ashamed to scrub.  
Aad cares not who calls to see,  
Her laboring so industriously,  
Will make a wife for you and me.

My brethren, since you know that marriage is a divine institution, and that every one of you should have a wife, what kind of a wife would you select? A pretty useless little doll, or one big and spunky enough to wrestle with a bear, and come off first best? I imagine you would care nothing for either extreme, but you would look for personal charms. O, you foolish idolaters, at the shrine of beauty! Know you not that hundreds of husbands are made miserable by handsome wives, and that thousands are happy in the possession of homely ones?— homely without, but beautiful within. Alas! what is beauty? It is a flower that withers almost as soon as it is plucked, a defunct will-of-the-wisp, sublimated moon shine. The kind of wife you want is of good morals and knows how to mend trousers, who can reconcile peeling potatoes, with practical or fashionable piety, who can waltz with the church dash, and sing with the tea kettle—who understand broomology, and the true science of mopping—who can knit stockings without knitting her brows, and knit upon her husband's raveled sleeve of care; who performs sewing tears with her needle to sewing tears of scandal with her tongue, such is decidedly the better half. Take her if you can get her—let her be up to the elbow in the suds of the wash tub, or picking the geese in the cow stable.

My hearers—my text speaks of a lady before the wash tub. You may think it absurd but let me assure you that a female can be a lady before the tub in the kitchen, as much as in the drawing room or in the parlor.— What constitutes a lady? It is not a costly dress, paint for the cheek, false hair, and still false airs, but it is her general deportment, her intellectual endowments, and that evidence of virtue which commands the silent respect and admiration of the world. She would be recognized as a lady at once. It matters not where, or in what situation she was found—whether scratching for bed-bugs with a hot poker, or following hallelujah at a Methodist camp-meeting. All that I have further to say, fellow bachelors, is, that when you marry, see that you get a lady inside and out—one who knows how to keep the pot boiling and look well to her household. So note it be.—Done Jr.

**Beating the Devil.**—In the early days of the State of Indiana, the capital was Corydon: and the annual sessions of the General Assembly usually brought together as wild a set of wags as could be found in the State, who had to rely upon their own resources for amusement, for there were then few theatres, concerts, or shows.  
The lovers of mischief had established a *mock Masonic Lodge*, into which they would entice such as were a little green, and take them through a variety of ridiculous ceremonies, to the infinite amusement of the crowd. On one of these occasions, it being understood that a good natured, athletic young man, about half a simpton, was to be initiated, the room was crowded. Judge Grass, (it being a character in which he was peculiarly happy) had consented to act the role of the devil; and, to make the services more impressive, had put on a false face and a paper cap, surmounted with horns, and with some chains in his hands placed himself behind the screen.  
After taking the candidate through a variety of ceremonies, he was brought to a stand before the screen, and told that he had then to confess all the crimes he committed during his life. The candidate confessed some trivial offences, and declared that he could recollect no more. At this the Judge came out from his hiding place, groaned and shook his chains. The frightened candidate related some other small matters, and declared that he had disclosed all the crimes he had ever committed. At this the groans of the pretended devil became furious, the chains rattled, and he shook his horns in the face of the terrified candidate, who, starting back in alarm, cried out:  
"H-h-hold on, M-m-mister D-d-devil, if I m-m-must t-tell you, I d-d-did k-k-kis J-judge G-g-grass' w-w-wife a c-c-couple of t-times!"  
The groaning ceased.

Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end.

"Oh! don't be afraid," said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria."  
"Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A newly imported "help," after being established as maid-of-all-work, was sent shortly after with a pail full of slops, carefully exploring the parlors, the drawing room, the library, the boudoir, the music-room, and other places, as if in search of something which she could not find. At last meeting the lady of the house, she inquired, seriously, "If ye please, mistress, where's the pig?"

—Spring is come again.

### New Movement to Revolutionize Cuba.

The New York Sun, which is a filibuster journal, whenever a Cuba expedition is on foot, this morning prints the "flag of Free Cuba," in its columns. It says editorially,  
"We display once more in our columns the emblem of Cuban liberty—the emblem under which her patriot sons are, perhaps, at this moment starting the ears of their oppressions with the cry which rang through the thirteen colonies; in the glorious days of our Revolution—Give us Liberty or give us death!"

"We seek to raise no idle excitement. We have good reason for the belief that if the flame of revolt has not already been kindled in the Island of Cuba it will be before the end of this week. The Cubans have, by many bitter disappointments, realized the truth of the poet's lines, that  
"Who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

"Therefore ever since their abandonment by Quitman and others, their betrayal by professed friends in the United States, and the squandering of the resources of revolution which they had collected, they have devoted themselves to a new plan in which the initiative and the first effort for freedom should be exclusively Cuban. Upon this basis they have organized patriot clubs throughout the Island, and the members count by thousands. Their co-patriots in the United States have aided all their plans, and will share with them in the dangers and the glory of the struggle for Cuban rights.

"All the stories set afloat about the organization of American expeditions, are wide of the truth. This last is a pure Cuban movement. The first of this month was the time fixed by the Clubs throughout the Island for a general rising, and, unless their plot has been discovered, or some untoward event has happened, they are in arms against their oppressors.

"The New York Convention of Cuban patriots—a small but determined band—sailed on their dangerous mission in the latter part of March. If the patriots in the Island had not already risen on the day fixed, the landing of the New York Convention would be the signal for revolt. Arms and ammunition have been provided, and all are bound by a solemn obligation to stand by the cause until victory crowns their efforts or the last man has fallen. Most of the Cubans who have gone from New York are young men; many of them sons of the leading men on the Island, and all fired with the determination to free their native soil or die in the attempt.— They go forth taking their lives in their hands.

The Cubans will now prove the sincerity of the loud-spoken American sympathizers.— They strike for their own liberties. Will government see to it, that they have fair play? Will Mr. Buchanan stand up to his pledges and professed policy? Will Senator Brown and Tammany Hall back their brave words by deeds of practical sympathy? The next steamer from Havana may bring us stirring news—in the meantime, let those who have talked Cuba, prepare to do something to strengthen the hands of her patriots.

"A good action is never thrown away." This is the reason why, probably, that we find so very few of them lying around loose.

True beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjoined by nature herself.

Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody.

Men are like weathercocks, which are never constant or fixed but when they are worn out and rusty.

If a man is happily married, his "rib," is worth all the other bones in his body.

Fashionable intelligence—long dresses make clean crossings.

Lies are hitless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

What is that which shows to others what it cannot see itself? A mirror.

The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed for two hundred years.

Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

Whatever enlarges hope, will also exalt courage.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which every body can peruse.

He is no mean philosopher who can give a reason for half of what he thinks.

The last invention in Ohio is an India-rubber meat saw. Progressive age, this.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility is like striking a harpsicord with your fists.

Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

ON THE BESTLE.—The editor of the Huntington Globe, (we judge he is an old fogy,) thus prates about something which he has seen in a store window.—  
"We observe in some of the stores, an article called a *bustle*, for the ladies, but which, to our mind, would make a better horse-rake, or something else. It looks to us to be made of sheet iron, and twisted round the waist. The ladies think it a model invention. When we first saw them we were very inquisitive to know what they were, and when informed, we were then anxious to know if they were a substitute for hoops, but no sir, only an addition. We think they are very handy, for the reason that when a lady goes out walking, if she has any children, she can set them on behind so nicely, and save the trouble and inconvenience of being bothered almost to death leading them."

"Good morning, Patrik! slippery this morning." "Slippery I and be jabsers it's nothing else, yer honor. Upon my word I slipped down three times without getting up once."

### Important from Jamaica—Insurrection of the Black—Soulouque.

The New York Courier des Etats Unis has a private and reliable letter from Kingston, Jamaica, from which we quote as follows: Encouraged by the acts of their neighbors, the Haytiens, our blacks are also disposed to attempt a revolution in the parish of Westmoreland has recently been imposed a new tax, to which the negro population are not willing to submit. Some of the disaffected raised the standard of revolt, and entered the little village of Savannah, where they destroyed some property. The police having arrested three or four of the ringleaders; their partisans, far from being discouraged, continued their work of destruction, menacing with fire the City Hall, if the prisoners were not released. Informed of these facts, Governor Darling had dispatched against the revolt a body of five hundred men under the command of Col. Whitefield.

"As these troops were marching towards the place of embarkment, they met a long file of carts, upon which were perched a number of blacks, attracted thither by the sound of the drums and trumpets. These people blocked up the passage from the soldiers, and the colonel ordered them to retire. His order producing no effect, it was necessary to unshackle the weapons, and the sword of Col. Whitefield, which had not probably seen the light since the battle of Waterloo; fell upon the shoulders of more than one of the poor wretches. Soulouque, who lived near by, beheld these exploits from his window. Far from grieving over the strokes from which the negroes suffered, he contemplated the scene with evident delight. "Ah," cried he, "the whites begin at last to see how the blacks are to be treated, sweet words are not for them; they need blows and nocks." Soulouque evidently adheres to his own system, and his misfortunes have not yet cured him of his delusions."

**The Tables Turning.**  
The municipal election held in Trenton on Monday last, resulted in a complete Democratic victory. The entire ticket having been elected by a handsome majority. This is cheering when it is borne in mind that the Opposition were in the ascendancy at the Capital, and quite sanguine of remaining so. The Trenton papers attribute it to the fact that the people there are close observers of the mis-rule of the dominant party than elsewhere, and have consequently rebuked them. This is the signal gun of the coming campaign in this State, and is indicative of the manner in which the People will repudiate a party that, during the last Legislature, set their will at defiance, and defrauded them of their rights.

The election in Beverly also shows a decided Democratic triumph, the whole ticket being elected by a large majority, notwithstanding the Opposition made the most strenuous efforts to defeat it.  
In Princeton, on Monday last, the Democratic ticket succeeded by an average majority of forty-six.  
In East Jersey, wherever an election has taken place, the Democracy have been uniformly successful, the vote giving unmistakable evidence of the determination of not only our party, but the people, to fix the seal of condemnation upon a corrupt and reckless administration.

The Democracy of Hartford, Connecticut, have nobly redeemed that city. At the election on Monday they secured all the municipal officers. The triumph is a glorious one, and shines like a star in the darkness which now broods over the rest of the State.

**AN EYE-SOLATED CASE.**—A nice question for the lawyers has just turned up in France. An old man living near Paris, rich but of course querulous and exacting, could keep none of his servants over a month. They succeeded each other like travelers at an inn. Puzzled to know how to attack one to his service, he at length hit on the idea of letting a new comer understand that he had left in his will two thousand francs a year to the one who should "close his eyes."

Informed of this testamentary clause, the new servant bore and forbore, sticking manfully to his post. He had not to suffer long. At the end of five months the old man died, and Pierre chuckled at the thought of his handsome income for life, easily enough earned.

"But my good fellow," said the notary, in reply to his inquiries, "I cannot put you in possession of your fortune. The heirs of Mr. C. have opposed the will, and put it in suit."  
"In suit! Why! Isn't the bequest clear enough?"

"Well, yes, Mr. C. left two thousand francs a year to the one who should close his eyes, but the heirs claim that you have not fulfilled the condition."

"Not fulfilled it. Who closed his eyes, if I did not?"

"The heirs say you couldn't fulfil it."

"And why not? What do they mean?"

"They say that as Mr. C. was a one-eyed man, you could only have closed one eye, and not 'his eyes.'"

Sir Walter Scott once gave an Irishman a shilling in payment for something which only amounted to sixpence. Paddy fumbled considerably, but couldn't make the change.

"Be jabsers, yer honor, an' it's meself can't change ye."

"Remember," said the baronet, "you owe me sixpence."

"Augh, long life to yer honor, an' may ye live till I pay ye," quoth Paddy.

**A SATISFACTORY REASON.**—A short time ago a schoolmaster was wanted for a Western village. A pompous little fellow, one of the applicants, being asked to give a philosophical reason why cream was put with tea, replied, "Because the globular particles of the cream render the acute angles of the tea more obtuse." He was elected.

### A Heavy Draw.

"I liked your sermon very much to-day, with a single exception," said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sabbath.

"Well, what was the exception?"  
"I think you used too many technical phrases."

"Did I?—I didn't think of it."  
"You repeatedly spoke of drawing inferences. Now that was Greek to many hearers."

"Oh, no. Most every one knows what we mean by drawing an inference."  
"You are mistaken, brother, as sure as you live; I do not believe one-half of my congregation would understand the phrase."

"You certainly cannot be right."  
"I am. Now there is Mr. Smith," pointing out a man just turning the corner from the meeting house, "who is quite an intelligent farmer; we will overtake him; I will ask him if he can draw an inference, and I do not believe he will understand me."

Accordingly the two ministers quickened their pace; as they came up to Mr. Smith, his pastor said to him,  
"Brother Smith, can you draw an inference?"

Brother Smith, thus summarily interrogated, looked at his pastor some fifteen seconds quite surprised and then rather hesitatingly said:  
"Well, I don't know, I s'pose I could if I've got a pair of steers that can draw any thing to which they are hitched—but I shouldn't like to on Sunday."

**A CALIFORNIA WIDOW.**—Captain Saltwater says his first essay to effect a matrimonial character resulted in a manner so discouraging that he don't believe he'll ever be induced to try it over again. The captain being out of service some months, conceived a passion for a rather mysterious young lady boarding at the same hotel. Says the Captain, I conveyed her round the shops, balls, theatres, churches, and every other place of amusement and information, and at last, when I thought things had gone about far enough, I squares my yards, and says I just as cool as a powder monkey—"Ma'am, I've been thinking I'd like to be spliced." "Spliced," says she, as artless as a turtle dove. "Spliced," says I, "and if you've a notion, why—I'm ready to share my luck and dunnage with you, ma'am!" "Captain, I've been thinking if my husband don't write soon, and send me some money and a gold watch from California, I'd just as leave marry somebody else as not, and if you will wait a few days I'll give you the preference." Her husband had been gone to the Pacific just four months, and here was a California widow. "I stood off after that," said the Captain.

**A MIGHTY SOUND.**—A very smart lawyer of Washington, D. C., had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain farmer, was astonished by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said—  
"I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit!"

"So I did," answered the lawyer, "but you see when I brought it up there before the judge, they said it was *quorum non judice*."  
"Well, if they said it was as bad as that," replied the old farmer. "I don't wonder why we lost," and he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

**How to Stop Bleeding.**—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer says—"I have noticed various ways for stopping blood. The article you will find enclosed is as easy and sure a remedy as I ever saw tried. It is called punk, and is found in old trees. It can be obtained by splitting the wood that has it in, and peal it with your fingers. It has to be rubbed up with the hand, and applied to the wound without any other preparation. It will stick itself to the wound, and stop the blood immediately, and without pain or irritation."

**Card Playing.**—"To dribble away life," says Sir Walter Scott, "in exchanging bits of painted paste board, round a green table, for the paltry concern of a few shillings can only be excused in folly or superannation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your utmost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of a mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never raise an inch."

**THE NEW CENT POISONERS.**—It is stated that several instances have occurred in different parts of the country, where children have died from the effects of poison taken into the system by swallowing the new nickel cent—the one with the Indian squaw on its face. As this coin is small and easily swallowed, there is great danger in allowing young children to have them in their possession. The metal which composes it has had a fatal effect, and would seem to be poisonous.

During the search for female composers, it is reported that the following dialogue took place.  
"Good morning, Mr. Henpeck. Have you any daughters that would make good type setters?"

"No, but I have a wife that would make a very fine devil."

Charles Lever, in one of his stories tells of a dashing individual who boiled his hams in sherry wine; whereas an honest hibernian exclaimed, "Bejads, I wish I were a pig meself!"

A good cure for the dyspepsia is to collect bills for a newspaper. If that don't give you an appetite, you might as well sell your stomach for tripe and be done with it.

Why are ladies like bells? Because you can never find out their metal until you have given them a ring.