

# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1859.

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

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## Select Poetry.

### The Kind Old Friendly Feeling.

The kind old friendly feeling!  
We have their spirit yet,  
The years and years have passed, old friend,  
Since thou and I last met!  
And something of grey Time's advance  
Seems in thy fading eye,  
Yet, 'tis the same good honest glance  
I loved in times gone by—  
Ere the kind old friendly feeling,  
Had ever brought one sigh!

The warm old friendly feeling!  
Ah, who need yet be told,  
No other links can bind the heart  
Like those loved links of old!  
The hand I joyed in youth to clasp,  
The touch of age may show,  
But 'tis the same true, hearty grasp  
I loved so long ago—  
The old friendly feeling  
Had taught one tear to flow.

The kind old friendly feeling!  
Oh, seem they'er less dear,  
Cause some recollections  
May meet us with a tear?  
Though hopes we shared—the early beams  
Anon showed our way—  
Bowed, dear friends, like morning dreams,  
Aid Youth's searching ray—  
But 'twere kept the kind old feelings  
That blessed our youthful day.

## Miscellaneous.

### SIMPLE NELL.

#### A VILLAGE CHRONICLE.

Hardened, indeed, must that heart be  
Whose pulsations are not quickened by the  
of a familiar voice, though long forgot-  
ten, or even a strain of music, raking from  
the chambers of memory tender, yet sad recol-  
lections of childhood's memory.

A sudden gust of melody from a blind  
player in the street, overwhirls me with  
a flood of sweet sensations, I close my  
eyes, I fancy I am once more beneath the  
tree of the old homestead, the  
gleaming peacefully through the casement  
upon the silvery hair of my venerable  
and his trembling voice joins feebly in  
solenn strain of the evening hymn, which  
rightly in adulation to the Most High,  
sweet evening hymn—its cadence still  
in my ear, mysteriously stirring in  
spirit, long, silent echoes of the past.

My artist never depicted, nor poet ever  
described a more exquisite spot than in which  
my valley-home, amid the Green  
mountains in Vermont, with its white coats  
around here and there, looking from the  
top of those high mountains, as if a  
hand shed her snowy leaves upon a tiny  
spot of grassy lawn. Nor can I forget the  
little little ruyvet near our cottage door,  
the musical gurgling back so oft lulled me  
to sleep. Our village, too, had its traditions  
of olden times, with nodding heads  
and hoarse voices, whose awesome tales,  
of the flickering freight, have made  
power and shiver, see strange sights and  
mad stage dreams, as no mortal ever  
dreamed before.

Among the varied phantasmagoria passing  
before my mind's eye, I still can see a bur-  
lesque woman, generally called "simple  
Nell." How well I remember the tall gaunt  
old woman, streaked with gray, hanging dis-  
tended over her shoulders, her large, dark  
eyes gleaming fearfully around, ever, and  
speaking behind her with a wearied and  
harsh voice. Such was Simple Nell,  
a woman who had known little Helen Gray in  
her bloom of youth and beauty, and  
marked the crimson blush man-  
ning her round cheek, watched the gleam-  
ing brightness of her large, dark eyes,  
and traced the long, dark lashes, and  
her marble brow, over which waved the  
gray hair—few, knowing her thus, would  
have guessed the total wreck of reason, the  
faded face of the young and lovely Helen.  
Helen's life was one gleam of  
sunshine—no shadow had ever fallen upon  
her path.

Christmas, merry Christmas, had come  
and the cheering festivities, holly boughs and

scarlet berries, its well laden tables groaning  
with good cheer, its festive games and diver-  
sions. It was Christmas eve. The slanting  
rays of the setting sun threw a crimson glow  
over the pure mantle of snow which covered  
the earth, as a gay party were assembled be-  
fore the door of Helen Gray, in sleighs, with  
the merry bells sounding forth a musical chime  
upon the keen frosty air.—Ah! there are few  
sounds so welcome to a young, joyful heart,  
as those same jingling, tinkling bells, particu-  
larly when protected from the biting air,  
the timid maiden nestled closer to the side  
of him she loves best on earth; at least so  
thought Helen Gray, as, blushing for the  
delay, she gaily sprang into the little facin-  
gious sleigh followed by Robert Lee, her be-  
trothed. And as the last merry laugh,  
mingled with the chiming bells, died away in  
the distance, the old matrons of the village  
closing their doors, and assembled around  
glowing hearthstones, beguiled the passing  
hours in pleasant reminiscences of by-gone  
days.

It was a glorious sunset. The mountain  
tops and the unsmiled snow gleamed with a  
deeper crimson, while the pendant icicles and  
hoar upon the branches of the trees glittered  
with prismatic splendor, and huge masses  
of golden and purple clouds lingered  
in the west, catching the last rays of glory  
from their departed monarch.

Proudly rose the bright, full moon, in  
the star-gemmed sky, and onward cheerfully  
flew the gay party, beneath her pure silvery  
light, and as the keen air tinged each cheek  
with a more ruddy hue, the laugh and jest be-  
came more and more merry. At length, on  
arriving at a cross road, it was proposed that  
the party should separate, and each endeavor  
to reach the village at the same period.  
All agreeing, adieus were given, and the  
parting horses once more bounded beneath  
the lash.

It was a gloomy, deep defile through the  
mountains, that Robert Lee, in his wild  
spirits had chosen after the separation, in  
order to reach home more quickly. The rays  
of the moon shone through the branches  
of the gloomy firs and spectral forest trees,  
as their gnarled trunks met overhead, caus-  
ing a shudder to creep over the timid  
Helen, as, casting a fearful glance at the di-  
mal forest, and mossy gray rocks around her,  
she covered closer to the side of her lover,  
begging him to hasten.

"Fear nothing, dearest," replied Robert,  
at the same time applying the lash. "I know  
every inch of ground around—there is not a  
rock but I have climbed in my hunting expedi-  
tions."

As he spoke, a far off sound, like a wo-  
man's wailing wail, broke on the stillness,  
for Lee had taken off the bells to deceive  
their companions. Helen's cheek blanched  
as she listened, and cried:  
"It is, it must be some of our friends in  
distress!"

"No, no," hastily replied Robert, urging  
on the foaming horses, "tis but the wailing  
of an owl, so banish your fears, little one,  
and look at the peerless moon; 'twas on such  
a bright night as this, my Helen, a year ago,  
that you raised your innocent eyes to mine,  
with the moon gleaming full in your face and  
told me that you would be mine one little  
wife! One more week daring and you will  
redeem the word!"

Again the mournful wail was borne on the  
breeze, and this time seemed echoed again  
and again. Lee's stern lip quivered, and  
his cheek paled, as he eagerly scanned the  
dark, rocky sides of the mountains, and the  
shadowy trees, while his companion, fearing  
she knew not what, clung still closer to his  
side. Robert lashed the horses into a swifter  
gallop, and the speed silently on through that  
seemingly interminable defile.

Again the discordant sounds burst upon  
their ears, this time evidently nearer than  
they were before, Robert eagerly whispering:  
"Fear nothing, love they cannot harm you  
'tis only the owl or wild cats. Do not trem-  
ble—"

"Robert! Robert!" shrieked the agonized  
girl "you cannot deceive me—the wailing  
is upon us! They scent our track! Great God  
merciful Providence! see, see, they are here!"  
And there, winding down the steep side  
of the mountains, leaping eagerly from crag  
to crag, came the gaunt, half starved horde,  
filling the air with their discordant howls—  
Swiftly flew the maddened horses, whose  
instincts taught them the blood thirsty foe was  
near, while Helen, half fainting, incapable of  
speaking, shrank closer to Lee, who inwardly  
cursing his mad folly for leading him into  
so lonely a spot, unarmed, could only fier-  
cely lash the frantic steeds, and endeavor to  
comfort poor Helen.

On they came, the ravenous gang, gaining  
each moment upon the unhappy occupants of  
the sleigh. Helen, casting one horror-struck  
glance behind, could already discern the  
gleaming white fangs, the fiery red eyes  
of their lean hungry pursuers. It was a race  
for life and death!

The bells and buffalalo-ropes were alter-  
nately thrown out, to divert them, if but for  
a moment from the pursuit, but, furious with  
repeated disappointments, the savage animals  
renewed the chase with redoubled vigor. The  
falling horses strove their utmost, but the  
wolves were upon them. A moment more  
and the largest and foremost of the pack was  
at the side of the low cutter, his paws were  
upon the edge, when a sharp cut from Lee's  
whip across the face, left him behind for a  
moment, but with a howl of rage the fu-  
rious beast once more gained upon them.  
Lee then made vain attempts to free one of  
the horses from his harness, as a victim to  
assuage the appetite of the wolves; but it was  
too late. In vain the wretched man essayed  
to defend himself with whip. They were all  
upon him; their sharp fangs buried in his  
hands, in his arms, his throat, his breast.  
Oh! the agony of that moment, as his savage  
foes, midst fierce snarling and wrangling tore

him from the sleigh! His happy home, his  
aged parents, and more than all, his worship-  
ed Helen, who, having happily lost all con-  
sciousness was lying senseless at the bottom  
of the sleigh—all these fond recollections  
rose in the vista of memory in that one mo-  
ment of horrible agony.

The noble horses roused to new exertions  
by the fierce howls and yells behind them,  
renewed their flagging speed, and turning a  
sharp angle, a few moments more found them  
within the precincts of the village, exhausted  
almost before the well known door of the  
Greys.

The wandering party who had reached  
home some time previous, and had wonder-  
ingly watching for the tardy lovers, hurried  
forth with many a jest and merry laugh, but  
stopped short on viewing the apparently  
empty sleigh, the panting horses, their glist-  
ening sides covered with foam, their distend-  
ed nostrils and trembling limbs evincing their  
frigid agitation. In the bottom of the  
sleigh lay huddled the light form of the un-  
conscious Helen. Carrying her gently into  
the house, her friends endeavored to recover  
her from the fearful, death-like swoon. At  
length those large, dark eyes once more opened  
to gaze wildly about her. But, alas! reason  
had forever deserted her throne, and reason-  
ing none, the poor girl relapsed into  
terrible spasms, and her ravings alone afford-  
ed a clue to the horrible fate of Robert Lee.

A well armed party was instantly formed  
and sallied forth, with brave hearts, and trust-  
ing generous spirits, to the hoped for rescue.

The waning moon was partially observed  
by light fleecy clouds, as a portion of the vil-  
lagers entered the long, narrow defile among  
the mountains.

All was still and hushed. No sounds  
broke upon the dead stillness, save the sigh-  
ing of the high wind among the tall forest  
trees, while they rattled their skeletal arms  
as if defying the rude blast. On they tramp-  
ed, these resolute men, with hearts nerved  
for any encounter, but alas! scarce prepared  
for the appalling sight which now met their  
horror-stricken gaze. No wonder these stern  
men shook with emotion, no wonder their  
stout hearts quailed. Before them almost  
under their feet, the pure, far snow-belted  
by dark stains of deep red blood, a few bones  
a mass of dark tangled hair, clothed with  
gore, torn remnants of cloth, scattered here  
and there, were all that remained of the  
warm-hearted, brave and noble Robert Lee.  
Here he yielded up his last breath, alone,  
unarmed, no mortal eye to witness his agoniz-  
ing death throes, no kind hand to save him  
from so horrible a doom.

With one accord the little band dropped  
upon their knees, and with trembling voices  
husky with emotion, vowed untiring vengeance  
upon the scourge of their land, and then  
reverently collecting the scattered remains  
of the ill-fated Lee, they turned their steps  
homeward, with feelings partly subdued by  
grief, yet mingled with a burning desire for  
revenge! And they kept their vow for with-  
out the image of young Lee ever before them,  
these hardy men daily scoured the mountain  
heights and forest wilds, until every wolf  
was exterminated from their vicinity.

Poor Helen never recovered. Her mind  
was totally shattered, the last glimmering ray  
of reason seemed to be the recollection of her  
lover's being torn from her side by the gaunt  
dusky fiends, with their long, white fangs  
and glaring eyes; of those she was continu-  
ally muttering, while casting wild glances  
behind her. The jingling of a sleigh bell  
ever brought on her fierce paroxysms, the  
frequent recurrence of which finally reduced  
her to the grave.

She was laid in a quiet, grassy nook in the  
old church yard, near the graves of her aged  
parents, and the remains of her betrothed—  
and not a young maiden in the village but  
was familiar with the sad fate of the unhap-  
py pair. Aged willows drooped over their  
last resting place, and blooming flowers up-  
turned their wings, nestled lovingly there,  
as if conscious of its being a hallowed spot to  
all. And when, as oftentimes happened a  
merry party approached the spot, the loud  
tone is hushed, while the subdued demeanor  
and fearful eye speaks volumes of the sym-  
pathy felt by all for the unhappy fate of  
"Simple Nell."

### Indian Anecdote.

Sevashiquash, an Indian of the remains  
of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years  
since brought before a justice of the peace on  
some charge or other, which I do not recol-  
lect. John appeared to be drunk at the  
time, and instead of answering directly to  
the question put by the justice, merely mut-  
tered out: "Your honor is very—very wise—  
—very wise—y—your honor is very wise, I say."

"Being unable to get any other answer  
from him, the justice ordered him to be locked  
up till the next day, when John was brought  
before him perfectly sober.

"Why, John," said the justice, "you was  
as drunk as a bear yesterday. When I asked  
you any questions, the only answer you  
made was—'Your honor's very wise—very  
wise.'"

"Did I call your honor wise?" said the In-  
dian with a look of incredulity.

"Yes," answered the magistrate.

"Then," replied John, "I must have been  
drunk, sure enough."

Thirty-Three Stars must be on the national  
flag from and after the 4th of July next.  
This is in compliance with the act of Con-  
gress, passed April, 1848, which declares  
that on the admission of every new state one  
star shall be added, and that such addition  
shall take place on the 4th of July next,  
succeeding its admission.

### Early Rising.

There is a capital anecdote of the reign of  
Louis XVI of France, according to which  
some ladies got it into their heads from some  
book they had been reading, that it must be  
a glorious thing to see the sun rise. But as  
that took place in the only hours in which  
they were uniformly in bed, what was to be  
done? After much consideration, it being of  
course impossible for them to think of rising  
so early, they resolved to have a party to sit  
up all night and ride out just before day to  
the top of a neighboring hill and witness the  
strange phenomenon. This was duly per-  
formed, the friends then all went to bed, as-  
tonished at the degree to which they had ru-  
ralized themselves. Daniel Webster, it  
seems, during many years of his residence in  
Washington, used to get up an hour before  
sunrise in winter, light all the fires with his  
own hands, having a knack at that sort of  
thing, and then start off to market with a  
basket on his arm, to purchase himself the  
daily provisions, gaining afterwards, no doubt,  
many an hour's march on most of his associ-  
ates.

In New York there has been formed a  
Young Men's Early Rising Association, all  
the members of which are pledged to be up  
at a certain hour. It originated with about  
a half a dozen young men, who having kept  
up this habit for some years, were surprised  
at its beneficial effects, at the success in life  
of their associates.

A little watchful experience will render  
this not surprising to any thoughtful man.—  
He who rises at five instead of seven, daily,  
adds perhaps ten years of the brightest hours  
to his life of active thought and exertion.—  
Life will be prolonged, health and happiness  
will be preserved. All other animals but  
men sleep through the dark hours and wake  
with the light. The time of all the occupa-  
tions of the day will be moved forward or  
backward by the time of rising. The early  
man takes time by the forelock, and is always  
beforehand with his competitor and his en-  
emy, anticipates his designs, and has all his  
affairs arranged so that they cannot be dis-  
turbed or molested. Not the breakfast alone  
but all the meals, and the hours of retiring  
will be governed by this habit. Such a man  
will drop to sleep in his chair at nine o'clock.  
So much the better. Consider the effect on  
the young man. It is at the late hour that  
bad company becomes most dangerous. By  
ron abuses the moon as the light beneath  
which a thousand times more wickedness is  
done than the sun, and he who at twenty is  
never out at ten, will find it has saved him  
a fortune, and earned for him a character  
before he is forty, of which he may well be  
proud. Many a young man in college has  
been saved from dissipated habits by the  
ringing of the college bell for prayer at five  
o'clock. After getting up thus early and  
working hard at study all day, he was glad  
to get to bed between nine and ten, fairly  
worn out with honest, hopeful toil, instead of  
making a night of it in idle dissipation.

In married life this habit of being early to  
bed is worth years of life and happiness. The  
children are never wakeful till they have got  
through their first sleep. But after that, if  
a man has got all his repose to get, it will be  
so often broken as soon to break down. He  
will become nervous simply for want of sleep  
—sleep that he would have got from nine to  
midnight, unbroken, but which he cannot se-  
cure after. Intellectually a man can do twice  
the work while his mind is calm and clear, as  
it is early in the day, and as it is not and  
cannot be later. It was before ten o'clock  
generally that Sir Walter Scott wrote his  
sixteen pages per day of those novels which  
are the delight of the civilized world, and it  
has been before nine o'clock that, in our own  
city, Dr. Barnes has written those commen-  
taries on the Scriptures of which four hun-  
dred thousand volumes have been sold in this  
country, and as many more in Europe. The  
very self-denial and self-command indicated  
and encouraged by this habit is not its least  
value. He who learns to govern himself in  
one matter will in others.—*Phila. Ledger.*

A few days since one of the Metro-  
politan cars was stopped for the purpose of  
taking up an elderly lady and a sickly look-  
ing little girl. In the car were ten females,  
five on a seat, and the seats will carry nine.  
Every inch of room seemed occupied, for the  
occupants of the car were fashionably dressed,  
and their skirts expanded like peacocks' tails.  
No one offered the old lady a seat, or made  
room for her, or seemed to care whether she  
was tired or rested. For a moment the old  
lady scanned the faces of those before her,  
and then she smiled at the want of courtesy  
which characterized females of the present age.

"I say, you," the old lady exclaimed,  
nudging the knee of the nearest female, and  
pointing to the little girl.

"Did you speak to me?" demanded the  
astonished female, on her dignity immedi-  
ately.

"Why, yes! I want to know if you would  
believe this little girl just came out of the  
ship fever hospital at Deer Island?"

Ten hands delicately gloved were raised  
toward the bell-strap, and ten voices were  
shrilly raised for the cars to stop, and in less  
than one minute the old lady and the girl had  
the vehicle to themselves.

"Wall, I declare," exclaimed the old lady,  
"I forgot to tell 'em that there warn't any  
patients there sick with the fever. How-  
ever, I'll let 'em know it the next time we meet.  
Take a seat, dear, and make yourself at  
home."

An editor says his first attention was  
drawn to matrimony; by the skillful manner  
in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A  
brother editor says the manner in which his  
wife handles a broom is not so pleasing.

An artillery company of Boston cele-  
brated their 21st anniversary on the 6th of  
June.

### A Kentucky Egg-Eater.

Among the prisoners ushered before Judge Pruden  
this morning, says a Cincinnati paper, was a tall,  
robust, big-boned Kentuckian, from the vicin-  
ity of Oaseville. He is, evidently, a de-  
scendant of the pure old Kentucky stock—  
stout as a lion, fearless as a knight, as in-  
dependent as a free man dare be. He was  
charged with disorderly conduct. The ar-  
resting officer stated that he found him  
"slashing around" in an eating and drinking  
house, and arrested him to preserve the peace.

"What have you to say to this charge?"  
asked the court.

"A might, that's sartin," replied the pris-  
oner. "You see, squire, I'm a stranger up  
here, from away down in old Kentucky, an'  
I hain't larned yer ways. Shall I tell you  
how I was cotched?"

"We will listen to you," remarked the  
judge, who saw he had a character before  
him, and was disposed to let him have a vent.

"I go five that you're a trump," replied  
Kentucky. "But that's neither here nor  
thar. I'm to tell you how I was cotched."

"That's it."

"Wall, squire, I cum to town yesterday.  
I spected not to stop long, so I didn't go to  
no tavern. I got kind a hungry, though, so  
I made a lunge for a eatin' house. I sot  
down to the table, an' I axed for a dozen an'  
a half of eggs, an' the critter who waited on  
the customers opened his eyes, grinned, an'  
then fetched 'em to me. They was good,  
but I wanted a little mixture. I called for  
a cold beef-steak—cold, squire, kase it's agin  
my constitution, an' I axed they hadn't got  
none. That kind a riled me, but I kept my  
temper, and ordered another dozen an' a half  
of eggs."

"Old Kaintuck, you've eat 'em all up."  
"That set me to bilin', an' I just squashed  
things for a while. That's the hull on it,  
squire, as sure I am from old Kaintuck."

"Then you considered yourself aggrieved  
by the last remark of the waiter?"  
"Just so."  
"How do you take your eggs—boiled or  
fried?"  
"Fried, squire, all the time fried. Biled  
eggs, specially when they're hard, don't set  
well on a fuller's stomach."

"Can you eat three dozen eggs at one  
meal?"  
"Just like a knife, and throw the shells in.  
All I ax is to have 'em fried."

"You must be fond of eggs?"  
"Now, hush, squire, you're teakin me on  
a tender pint."

"Is it your practice to squash things when  
you get riled?"  
"Not commonly. I'll tell you what it are,  
squire, this is the first time in my mortal days  
that I was ever locked in. Let me off, and  
I'm off for old Kaintuck like a streak."

"You are, eh?"  
"Sartin as I'm from old Kaintuck."  
"And you will eat no more of our eggs?"  
"Darn the one, squire."  
"Then take your hat and leave."  
"You're a hoss—old Kaintuck for ever!"  
yelled the Kentucky egg-eater, as he strutted  
out of the court-room with the air of a prince  
and amidst the hearty laughter of all who  
had witnessed his trial.

The Post tells a story about an Ameri-  
can citizen now resident at White Plains,  
who commenced wedded life under flattering  
auspices. One morning the couple found an  
addition to the family in the shape of a  
bouncing infant several months old. This created  
much excitement, particularly as the married  
husband was understood to sustain paternal  
relations to the little stranger, a woman of  
the place, having a spouse in California, be-  
ing the mother. Legal advice was taken,  
and exemplified the usual "glorious uncer-  
tainities of the law." "One learned counsel-  
lor" says the Post, "gave the opinion that  
as the mother was married, the man in  
California was obliged to father the infant—  
A sister of the bride did not object, she said,  
to the baby being passed over to its father;  
that was all just enough, but she did not wish  
her sister to have the trouble of it. The  
question is now undergoing investigation at  
the tea tables, and a report is expected short-  
ly." This reminds the Post of a Yankee in  
Arkansas, whose wife, a few weeks after  
marriage, became the mother of a quadroom.  
The father went at once to a lawyer for coun-  
sel. "It is a plain case," said the attorney,  
"we will make out the papers at once and  
obtain you a divorce."

"That isn't what I am after," said the  
Yankee. "I want to know who is to own the  
nigger."

I'll buy it for you.—How admirably is  
the egotism of purse-proud vanity taken off  
by the following anecdote:  
In the interior of South Carolina there lived,  
some years ago, an old man, very rich  
and very ignorant. His only son was edu-  
cated at the South Carolina College, and after  
graduating, was sent to Europe by his indig-  
ent parent. On his return the father asked  
him what he had seen in Europe. The son  
replied that he had seen a great many rare  
and wonderful things, and many fine cities.

"Did you see any place that you liked bet-  
ter than home?"  
"Oh, yes," was the reply; "I saw London  
and Paris—both very fine cities."  
"Which did you like best?" queried the  
father.

"Paris," replied the son.  
"You liked Paris a great deal, did you?"  
continued the old man.  
"Oh, yes, very much."  
"Then I'll buy it for you!" triumphantly  
replied the old gentleman.

Two Irishmen were in prison, one for  
stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a  
wheat. "Hello, Mike! what o'clock is it?"  
said the cow-stealer to the other. "An' sure,  
Pat, I haven't any time-piece handy, but I  
think it's most milking time."

### What a blessing to tradesmen is a liberal customer!

A farmer went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper  
that a neighbor of his entrusted him with  
some money to expend to the best advantage,  
and he meant to do it where he was best  
treated. He had been used very ill by the  
traders in Boston, and he would not part with  
his neighbor's money until he found a man  
who would treat him about right. With the  
utmost suavity, the trader says:  
"I think I can treat you to your liking;  
how do you want to be treated?"

"Well," said the farmer, with a leer in his  
eye, "in the first place, I want a glass of  
toddy," which was forthcoming.

"Now, I will have a nice cigar," says the  
farmer.

It was promptly handed him, leisurely  
lighted, and then, throwing himself back in  
a chair, with his feet as high as his head, he  
commenced puffing away like a Spaniard.

"Now, what do you want to purchase?"  
says the storekeeper.

"My neighbor handed me two cents when  
I left home, to buy a plug of tobacco—have  
you got the article?"

The storekeeper sloped instantly.

RATHER COMPLIMENTARY.—We have a  
blind phrenologist in town who is great on  
examining bumps. A wag or two got one of  
our distinguished judges, who thinks a good  
deal of himself, and has a very bald head,  
which he generally covers with a wig, to go  
to his rooms the other day and have his head  
examined. Wags and Judge arrived.

"Mr. B.," says one, "we have now bro't  
you for examination a head as is a head; we  
wish to test your science."

"Very well," said the phrenologist, "place  
the head under my hands."

"He wears a wig," says one.

"Can't examine with that on," replied the  
Professor.

Wig was accordingly taken off, and laid  
head of highly expectant Judge was placed  
under manipulations of examiner.

"What's this? what's this?" said phrenolo-  
gist; and pressing the hands on the top of  
the head, he said, somewhat ruffled, "gentle-  
man, God has veyted me with an affliction;  
I have lost my eyesight, but I am not a fool;  
you can't pass this off on me for a head!"

A Temperance Story.—Deacon Johnson is  
a great temperance man, and sets a good ex-  
ample of total abstinence as far as he is seen.  
Not long ago he employed a carpenter to  
make some alterations in the parlor, and in  
repairing the corner near the fire place, it  
was found necessary to remove the wainscot-  
ing, when lo! a discovery was made that as-  
tonished everybody. A brace of decanters,  
a tumbler, and a pitcher, were cozily re-  
posed there as if they had stood there from the  
beginning. The deacon was summoned, and  
as he held the blushing bottles, he exclaimed:  
"Wall, I declare that is curious, sure enough.  
It must be that old Bains left when he went  
out of this 'ere house thirty years ago."

"Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter,  
"but, deacon, the ice in the pitcher must  
have been friz mighty hard to stay till this  
time."

A Conscientious Widow.—A poor peasant  
on his death-bed made his will. He called  
his wife to him and told her of his provisions.  
"I have left," he said, "my horse to my pa-  
rents; sell it, and hand over to them the  
money you receive. I leave you my dog;  
take care of him, and he will serve you faith-  
fully." The wife promised to obey, and in  
due time set out for the market, with the  
horse and the dog. "How much do you  
want for your horse?" inquired a farmer,  
"I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may  
take both at a reasonable rate. Give me  
ten pounds for the dog, and five shillings  
for the horse." The farmer laughed, but as  
the terms were low, he willingly accepted  
them. Then the worthy woman gave to her  
husband's parents, the five shillings received  
for the horse, and kept the ten pounds her-  
self.

Pennsylvania County Fairs.—The Dauphin  
County Agricultural Fair is to be held at  
Harrisburg on the 20th, 21st and 22d of  
September next. The annual Fair of the  
Farmers and Mechanics' institution of North-  
ampton county, will be held at Easton on the  
20th, 21st, and 22d of next September.—  
The Northampton County Agricultural So-  
ciety will hold its seventh Fair at Nazareth  
on the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th of October next.—  
The Montgomery County Agricultural Soci-  
ety have fixed upon Tuesday Wednesday and  
Thursday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th of October  
next, as the time for holding their next an-  
nual exhibition. The Lehigh County Agri-  
cultural Society will hold its eighth annual  
Fair on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th days  
of September next. The second annual Fair  
of the Carbon County Agricultural Society  
will be held at Weissport on the 12th, 13th,  
14th and 15th of October next.

YOUNG AMERICA AND HER FATHER.—The  
 appended "notice" which actually appeared  
among the advertisements in the Jamestown  
(Chatauga county) Journal, beats any ex-  
hibition of Young Americanism ever caricat-  
ured in Punch:  
NOTICE.—Whereas, my father Newton Sa-  
lisbury has forbid me his bed and board, for  
the reason I visited and assisted at my sis-  
ter's house during her husband's sickness and  
death; therefore, I forbid his harboring any  
other boy in my stead  
WALTER A. SALISB