## Democrat and Sentinel

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

SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1859.

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## Select Poetry.

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more of the clinking hoof, And the stage-coach rattling by; For the steam king rules the traveling world, And the old pike's left to die. The grass creeps o'er the flinty path, And the stealthy daisies steal Where once the stage-horse, day by day, Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads The toil of coming morn; No more the bustling landlord runs At the sound of the echoing horn. For the dust lies deep upon the road, And the bright-eyed children play Where once the clattering hoof and wheel Ruttled along the way.

No more do we hear the cracking whir. Or the strong wheel's rumbling sound; And ho! the water drives us on. And an iron house is found! The coach stands rusting in the yard.

And the horse has sought the plow; We have spanned the world with an fron rail, And the steam king rules us now! The old turnpike is a pike no more,

Wide open stands the gate; And we ride at a flying rate;

We have filled the valley and leveled the bills. And tunneled the mountain's side. And round the rough crag's dizzy verge Fearlessly now we tide.

Oh! on with a haughty front! A puff, a shrick and a bound --While the tardy echoes wake too late

To babble back the sound. And the old pike road is left alone, And the stagers seek the plough;

We have circled the world with an iron rall, And the steam king rules us now.

## Miscellancons.

Perseverance.

"There," said Seth Milford, as he brought his heavy hand forcibly upon the plow handle as he spoke. "There," he continued in a tone of bitter derision; "these five years I've toiled for you, Squire Williams, but this is the last furrow I will ever plow in your field. These five years, with nothing but my coarse clothing and miserable fare; treated more as a brute than as a human being; trodden down, drove and beaten like a beast have borne it all very patiently; I have abored from the dawn of day till night; I have been faithful to all trust you reposed in me; I have given back mild for harsh and bitter words, but I will bear it no longer -Do you remember my father, Squire? He was a noble man; and it was he who raised you from penury by his generosity once; but when misfortune came to him, you reached forth no helping hand to save him; and he, in his dying moments, asked you to be a father to his orphan boy; and while you saw him die, you promised you would provide for me. and educate me as a son. Has this been done, Squire Williams? Have I darkened a school-house door, or obtained one moment for study since I lived with you, although you snew my craving thirst for knowledge. Have I ever sat at your evening table, or spent an evening at your parlor fire? Answer me,

There was a fire in the youth's dark eye as | that his education was all he possessed. he spoke, and a world of bitter scorn in his tone. The old man's brow grew black with passion, and his lips trembled with rage.

"Go," he muttered between his closed man as he turned away.

pirited boy, and the stars kept watch over

It was a blessed sleep The old happy days of long ago came before him, kind words cheered him, loving smiles beamed upon him girl blossomed into the beautiful woman. and in the future bright henors awaited him, humberless hands beckoned him forward: the and riches were his roward.

from his dewy bed encouraged; he would M. D look forward; he would be a man; he would "A new doctor in town, Squire."

rise above every trial, and become one of whom the world might be proud. What dif- sank back wearily. ference if he toiled and suffered to obtain it if the prize was his at last

Seth Milford was about seventeen years of age, tall, dark, and awkward in appearance; his clothes were of the coarsest home spun, and very much soiled and torn, and an old period than six months, and no subscriber will be palm leaf hat, and coarse brogans completed

Weary and hungry, we can well imagine his appearance, as he climbed over the fence the next afternoon into a field where a number of men were at work harvesting; a goodber of men were at work harvesting; a goodnetured hale-looking farmer stood near by,
sert'n. Two do. Three do

to the bound of the house.

The ber of men were at work harvesting; a goodnetured hale-looking farmer stood near by,
with a basket in one hand and a jug of water

to the active, indefatigable, a rider from his cradle.

The ber of men were at work harvesting; a goodnetured hale-looking farmer stood near by,
with a basket in one hand and a jug of water

So raved the old man in his delirium—poor
the active, indefatigable, a rider from his cradle. 2 00 in the other,

Seth imagined him to be the employer; so, approaching him, he asked him if he wished another hand. Instead of answering the question, seeing that the boy was fatigued. he motioned him to a shady seat, and commenced to spread the "lunch" on the newly make himself known.

"I think you'll feel better for a bite, my enumber of insertions desired, or they will be lad; so sit up with my men and help yourself, while I get you a rake, as I see you have none.'

"Thank you." Seth's whole soul was in the words; how that young heart leaped with gladness as the first words of kindness for many a long year fell like music upon his ear! "I guess I'll want you as long as you want to stay, if you do well. But you must not

work too hard, and try and feel at home at

my house." And Seth did: harvest passed and autumn came, and still he remained an inmate of Mr. Wilson's family: and one could scarcely recognize in the cheerful-faced and neatly clad boy, the Seth Milford of other days.

Seth was very happy there; Mr. Wilson was so kind and fatherly, and his wife could not have treated her own child better; and in that town, after speaking of several celeblittle Mattie, with her laughing brown eyes rities buried in the grave-yard, says: full of merriment, was always at his side as be sat, after the day's work was done, in the is mortal of John Miller, printer. We linvine-covered porch, or neatly scoured kitchen, or large white-washed parlor, with its fautastic pictures and little ornamented pin- have seen and conversed with his descendants cushions, needle-cases and braided rugs, and rows of white dishes on the snowy shelves; it ed a fuller sketch of him. Mr. Miller was was indeed home there, for one who had been the oldest typo in the State. For the publi-

But one hazy October morning Seth stood in the vine-covered porch, in the garb of a traveler. The good farmer and his wife, and probably worked for a while in the office of little Mattie, stood before him, all talking the first paper published in this State at

have been a good boy, and done well by me. in his campaign; he did job-work until he I should like to keep you, but as your great commenced the publication of the Pendleton We have made a road for our horses to stride, desire, it seems, is to become a scholar, and Messenger-the second paper established in you choose to go alone into the great city, this State. and go through many trials and difficulties to The world has speculated much as to the be one; but Seth, my boy, I have lived longer authorship of Junius, but John Miller carried in this world than you; you will find some the secret to his grave at the "Old Stone things that will seem almost impossible, but Meeting House," and has left no information remember, take an old man's advice, PERSE- as to the name of the author. VERE. This has long been my motto; I have never known it to fail.'

"You must write to us just as soon as you learn how," said Mrs. Wilson, kindly. "A for refractory convicts has been abolished prosperous journey to you, good bye.

. You must come back very soon, Seth ; I will be lonesome when you are gone," said little Mattie, as the tears dimmed her brown eyes "I will wait for you at the gate every night." And so Seth left his home and hurried away.

numberless drays, coaches, expresses, omnicrowd of people hurrying to and fro-the

ness, he wandered on. His proud spirit was cles alone, for his knees canno touch any-wounded, not broken. Farmer Wilson's thing to sustain them in position. motto was constantly before him. He at last found a situation in a livery stable, where he was to devote all his time before and after school, and thus pay his way.

We might follow Seth to the Academy, unknown, poor and ignorant-laughed at and taunted by his schoolmates, and placed in the lowest room among the little children; slighted and scorned even by them. It was a lonely and sad time, yet it passed away.

Five years from the time he entered the Academy, he graduated, and entered one of the first medical colleges in the city; writing thirty loads were dcuble-distilled, and a semeeting his expenses.

At the age of twenty-seven, Seth Milford left the University with the highest honors, loved and respected by all; honest and up-right in all his dealings, educated with taleir; have you been as you promised you wo'd ents of a high order, no wonder the wealthy and honored sought his society, and forgot

Ten years-they had passed, with their storms and sunshine, over the old farm of Mr. Wilson, and the snows had whitened his locks and Time's rough finger had left its teeth, and a fearful oath followed the young traces upon his brow; yet the smile was still there, and the warm heart, with its kindly ooked kindly down upon the weary and dis- silver brown bair, and her step was slower, and her voice had less music in its tone. And Mattie-the daughter--loving, brown-eyed Mattie-those ten years had passed like sunshine over her young head, and the pretty

One bright spiling morning, when the daisies and buttercups bloomed, there was a briold mansion where he had spent so many dal in the old parlor at Farmer Wilson's, and weary hours, was his own—he was victor— Dr. Milford bore away the lovely Mattie, his he had conquered all difficulties, and honor bride, and in the village of N-, not many

The old man raised his head slightly, then "Where from?" he asked at last.

"From C; his name is Dr. Milford; performing wonders, I tell you; better let me get

"Milford," he said at last, "and that name haunts my sleeping and waking hours. Why can I not crush it from my memory? No, no; 'tis hard for one like me to die; hard, with all my guilt, to go; hard to die"--and a cold shiver shook his frame. "And I drove him away into the forest, and he is dead; I

given me."

"Indeed I have." "Heaven bless you, my boy." Years have passed away since then; Squire Williams and his wife are sleeping beneath the willows in the village church yard, and of Dr. Milford and his lovely Mattie. It was and lost forever. a gift from the Squire. So much for a de-

## Death of a Printer who Knew "Junius."

and Persevere ?- Waverley Magazine.

The Pendleton (S. C.) Messenger in a sketch of the "Old Stone Meeting House,"

"Beneath a cluster of cedars ropose all that gered long by his grave, for his eventful life afforded us food for meditation If we could cation of Junius letters-the author of those papers he well knew-he was expelled from England. He came to South Carolina; Charleston, and thence removed to Pendle-

A HORRID PUNISHMENT .- At Sing Sing State prisen, the "shower bath" punishment since the death of a prisoner a few months ago, under its operation. In its place a mode of punishment which appears to combine all the refinements of torture has been substituted It is a box about three feet square, and as high as the tallest man. As it stands up, a door opens so as to let the convict step in, and there is a hole in the top through which his head projects. After he Weary, indeed, Seth found himself walking is in a sliding collar of wood fits around the the crowded pavements of a large city. The neck and keeps him in place. A false bettom of this box is raised or lowered by means busses and vehicles of every description, the of a pulley, so that it may be adapted to the altitude of the man to be punished. This handsome buildings and magnificent shows of false bottom is pulled up, so that the convict's merchandize of every kind completely bewil- legs are bent as if about to kneel He cannot straighten up-he cannot kneel down We need not follow Seth minutely, re- without throwing his entire weight upon his pulsed, scorned and laughed at for his green- neck-he must bear his weight by the mus-

> EXTRACT OF WORDS -The Mlowing anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is

exceedingly suggestive; The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels "1 cannot read all this," said he. "Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel loads. "Too bulky. yet," said the monarch. "I or working, as he had done before, and thus lection was made sufficient to lead a single ass. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch — Whereupon it was treble-distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines, written

> This is the sum of science: Perhaps. This is the sum of all morality: Love what is good, and practise it.

> This is the sum of all creeds: Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe.

A monster Distillery, recently erected in Bellevernoon, on the Monongahela river at a cost of \$200,000, is now turning out thirty barrels of whisky per day. Just And so Seth Milford wandered away in the beatings, was still the same. And his good of whisky per month, or almost ten thousand think of it-one hundred and eighty barrels dim old forest; that night he lay down to sleep. The calm moon from the azure throne open brow, though snowy cap shaded her lishment! If all the good to be derived from lishment! If all the good to be derived from this immense fountain could be placed in one end of the balance, and all the crime and misery in the other, what a contrast it would | legs ?

> A lady being about to marry a small man was told that he was a very bad fellow. 'Well, said the lady if he is so bad there is one comfort-there is very little of him.'

The young lady who refused to go miles from Squire Williams' mansion, a neat | into the rifle manufactory because some of It was only a dream, yet Seth Milford arose white cottage bore the sign of S. M. Milford, the guns had no breeches is spending a few got legs, be the mortal gob I've swolllered a tailed Lieutenant Ives as topographical engidays at Sandy Hock, looking out for a ship sthraddle-bug.' that is said to be in stays.

How to Meet a Duelist.

A few years since, as a New England gentleman, whose name we shall call Brown, was passing a few days at a hotel in one of The horses are excellent, well-bred, handy our cities, he had the misfortune to uninten- active, and courageous The men are bold tionally offend the susceptible honor of a tall | riders; good swordsmen, and, better still, are Indiana Colonel, who was one of his fellow- the right weight,' and are recruited in great boarders. His apologies not being satisfac- part from two of the greatest equestrian natory, a challenge was sent him, which, how tions in the world, the Poles and Hungarians

in two or three encounters, quite a reputation pounds weight, laden with arms and accouhim away; Seth, Seth, come back; I drove as a dueli at once conceived the idea that trements astride of a beast not much bigger his opponent was a coward, and resolved to than himself, never witnessed. In short, the

in merched the duelist, armed with a formi- his bridle in his heels, and his hand, eye, and Squire Williams recovered. There was no dable cowhide, and advancing to Brown's heart on his sable, indefatigable in the march malice in the noble soul of Seth. Long days | chair proceeded to dust his jacket for him in | swift in the charge, every where by turns and he watched by his bedside, and not until the old man had fully regained his health did he ished. Luckily he had been a lieutenant of the Turkish sphai is a thing of the past, is "You are a noble man, and I could trust portance of incommoding the enemy by a di- ry in existance. His cuts are as fatal and you with my life," said the aged Squire, version So, seizing a gravy tureen, he sure as other men's thursts -His horse is a while the warm tears rained over his pale tossed the contents into the belligerant colo- part of himself; riding or fighting is his pastcheeks. "I know you have forgiven the harsh | nel, and before the hero could recover from | time | In former days he was the glory and old man. Tell me, Seth, that you have for- the drowning sensation thus occasioned, he boast of the Austrian army. These gay An extra train, containing several of the "You are an infernal-"

but at that time a plate of greens struck full be ever so swift, the sabre ever so sharp, or the bank of the river, and stood upon the the elegant mansion on the farm is the home upon his mouth, and the word was blockaded the rider ever so bold, the conical ball is too abutment. He was a foot or so from the rail

termination. Who will take Seth's motto whose blood was now up, "fond of greens, be henceforward impossible. Two hundred and shouted to him to get out of the way are you? take a potato, too !" and he hurled yds has been fixed by the best authority as the The boy heard him, but did not stir from his a telling volley of bard potatoes at him.— proper charging distance, and in by gone-Excellent egg here; capital things with days, it was only at two hundred yards that dulging in all sorts of boyish grimaces, when boiled eggs against the side of his cranium to be emptied. But new-a-days the iron tirely off! The engineer did not see the boy

wildly; and it became evident that the as- not bring a dragoon horse on the bayonet in sailant, half stunned, choked, and partially less than three minutes; and when he arrives blinded, was getting the worse of it. His he is blown and disabled. "When he arrives' her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked courage was fast cozing out.

who live in this vicinity, we could have gain- ble old mobbler descended fairly upon the speed, he receives half a dozen volleys from notion of men I told her I'd oceans of mon and eyes with delicious looking stuffing.

squash and jelly followed after. By this time the colonel was irretrievably seized a huge plum pudding, steaming hot, New York Evening Post. and holding it above his head with both his "Seth, my lad," said Mr. Wilson, "you ton, using the press which Gen. Greene had hande seemed about to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down the

the pudding!" shouted Brown.

listen to their kind invitations, and did not ting of the innumerable wonders to be seen papers cease running until he had locked himself

But, although the colonel escaped from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He who had a boy with him: subsequently challenged four persons, against whom his ire was excited, and they all con- me see that lion," sented to fight; but, availing themselves of 'Done," said the showman eagerly, "Put the privilege of the challenged party, appoin up your money." ted pudding bags for their weapons. At who was willing to shoot or be shot at, was liged to leave the State .- Portfolia.

The Considerate Doctor -A poor girl who had just recovered from a fit of sickness, gathered up her scanty earnings and went to the Doctor's office to settle her bill. Just at the door, the lawyer of the place passed into the office on a similar errand.

"Well Doctor, I believe I am indebted to you, and I wish you to tell me for how much." "Yes," said the doctor, "I attended you about a week, and what would you charge

me for a week's services "Oh, perhaps seventy five dollars," said the lawyer.

"Very well, then as my time and profession are as valuable as yours, your bill is seventy five dollars."

The poor girls heart sank within her, for if her bill was anything like that how could

The lawyer paid his bill and then passed out, when the doctor turned to the young girl and kindly inquired her errand. "I come," answered she, "to know what

I owe you, although I know I can never pay

"I attended you about a week?"

"Yes sir." "What do you get a week ?" "Seventy five cents," said she.

"Is that all ?" "Then your bill is seventy five cents." The poor girl paid him thankfully, and then went back with a light heart.

Two Irishman were one evening engaged in the highly interesting task of steal-Pat being the more nimble of the two had

climed the tree, and was busily engaged in shaking the fruit therefrom, when he was stopped by Jamie with the exclimation-

'No, you fool, why do you ask that question ye biatherhead, don't be making a noise but pick up the payches,' replied Pat. ·But, Pat, are year sure that payches haven't any legs?' continued Jamie.

spalpeen,' rejoined Pat. 'Well thea.' said Jamie, 'if payches bain't

Jamie bad awallowed a tree-toad.

The Austrian Cavalry.

No power can boast of such a body of cayalry as Austria. It is enormous in number. ever, he declined on the ground of scruples. In her service the monstrosity, so often wit-The colonel, who, by the way, had won, nessed in France, of a giant of two hundred militia in his native State, and knew the im- the only light cavalry, in fact the only cavalsprung upon the table, and began to shower swarms of hardy men which it shot from its upon him, with a liberal hand, the contents sides on the march were its surest aids in vic-of the dishes around. Sides on the march were its surest aids in vic-tory, the best safeguard in defeat. Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, was approach ing Grafton, coming towards the city, at a

"Coward" the colonel was about to say; field rifle and Armstrong gun. Let the horse the Black River bridge, a small boy ran up much for him A charge of cavalry upon a and evidently fancied himself secure from "Ha!" cried the little New Englander, body of properly armed infantry bids fair to danger. The engineer Mr. Rust, saw him, calf's head !" and crash came a plate of soft | the fire of a square begun to tell, and saddles | the engine struck him, taking his head en-The blows of the cowhide, which had hith- rain patters on the horsemen before they get until he was almost upon him, and of course erto descended apon the Yankee's head and within a half a mile of the foe. If they quick it was impossible to stop the locomotive in shoulders, now began to fall more weakly and en their pace to close the maddest charge will time to save him -Cleveland Plaindealer. if he arrives, we should say; for even in tra- her to marry me then, but she sent them all "Take a turkey," shouted Brown, as a no- versing eight hundred yards at the top of his back, insensible thing, and said she had no colonel's head, and bursting, filled his hair practiced sharp-shooters. To send cavalry ey and goods, tried to frighten her with a "Here's the fixing !" he continued, as the henceforward be considered madness The up in the woods to be frightened by the cartouche-box than the fleetest buzzar, and and everything bad; I slighted her features defeated; and, as his merciless opponent Austria loses her most efficient weapon .- and form; till at length I succeeded in get-

A Showman Sold .- Showmen as a general rule, are tolerably "sharp," and it is no easy cowhide, turned about and made a rush for matter to over-reach them; but when they are fooled, it is a matter of great amusement "Stop for the pudding, colonel, stop for to those present. I was a witness of one of the best "sells" of the kind that I ever heard "Pudding, colonel, pudding!" screamed of. Last summer there was an exhibition in all his fellow-boarders, amid convulsions of a tent, on one of our public lots-a sort of menagarie on a small scale. Before the But the colonel was too much terrified to entrance to the tent, the proprietor was boasfor a shilling, to a considerable extent -Whilst in the midst of a speech, he was somewhat summarily interupted with the folplum-pudding, he could not escape from the lowing exclimation from a man near him, "I'll bet you a 'five' that you cannot let

The man placed a five dollar bill in the length, the unhappy duelist, finding no one hands of a bystander, and the showman, counting out the change, did the same. "Now walk this way," said the showman, and I'll convince you.

The man and his little boy followed him in the tent, the whole crowd following. "There," said the showman triumphantly Look in that corner at the beautiful Numi-

"Where?" asked the man looking in every direction but the right one. "Why, there!" was the astonished reply

"I don't see any," responded the other. "What's the matter with you?" asked the showman, who began to smell a very large "I'm blind," was the grinning reply.

The showman was very industriously employed in turning out the crowd for the next few minutes, while the blind man pocketed the stakes and went his way.

Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which has never been in print, and which is too good to be lost. It was customary to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather. On Sunday morning in the autumn, Searl brought his Hogg is the Free Soil candidate, and T. H. down from the garret; but the wasps had ta- Dye is the Whig candidate, So with the ken possession of it during the summer and votors we suppose it will be Root Hogg or were having a nice time of it in them. By Dyc-and no mistake dint of effort, he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from one of the small waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, and they were in commotion as to what to do, but he explained the matter by saying, "Brethren, don't be alarmed, the Word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the Devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with glee, to the ministers.

At Pittsfield, while a young lady and gentleman were playfully contending about a gold locket the former accidently swallowed

The young gentleman immediately asked for the casket containing the jewel.

ciety having applied to the Secretary of War 'Didn't I tell yeas they hadn't, ye bloody for an engineer officer, to take charge of the monument, under direction of the Society as engineer and architect, the Secretary bas deneer for the service, in addition to his duties | mother's big iron pot, too, in five or six pieunder the War Department,

Gen. Shields on Barrels. A short time since, Gen. Shields, landing at Hastings, on the Mississippi, compared his freight and bill of lading, one item calling for seven barrels. Strange to say, however, the General could only find on the landing, six of his barrels. He was heard counting them over several times with the same unsatisfactory result each time. Moving the index finger of his right hand up and down in a pointed manner at each barrel, thus he soliloquized aloud, with deliberate miletary emphasis: "One two three four five, six" And shaking his head with dignified gravety saying. 'Something wrong here,' he recommenced his account. 'One -two-threefour-five-siz; where the-is the other barrel?' Full of wrath, he was proceeding to demand the production of the missing cash from the officers of the boat, when, lo! on his getting up for this purpose from where he was surveying, with characteristic dignity and gravity, his goods and sundries, it was discovered to his infinite amusement and that of the bystanders, that he had been sitting on the seventh barrel.

A Boy's Head Cut Off by a Locomotive .leading officials and stockholders of the ing Grafton, coming towards the city, at a All this however, goes down before En- rapid rate Just before the engine reached

WE'LL MARRY THIS FALL."-I gave on such service will, we may safely predict, growl; but she answered she wasn't brought foot-soldier has a swifter messenger in his schreech of an owl. I called her a beggar ting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all, she fell in my arms like a weary some child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall."

On EDITORS .- An editor, who lived at a hotel, being absent one night, the landlord took the liberty of allowing a stranger to occupy his room. In the morning the ungrateful lodger left the following, written on the margin of one of the editor's old news-

"I slept in an editor's bed last night, And others may say what they please; I say there's one editor in the world

That certainly takes his ease. "When I thought of my bumble cot, away I could not surpress a sigh. But thought as I rolled in the feathery nest

How easy Editors lie! STRANGER. A TRIPLER .- A young lady recently applied to a city lawyer of Richmond, Va., for advice as to how she would procede to obtain damages against any individual who trifles with her "feelings." The following note was submitted in proof of the gentlemans's

endeavors to win the affections of Juliet: of flours They is like my love for u. The nite shaid menes kepe dark. The dog fenil menes I am ure slaive. Rosis red and posis pail Mi luv for u shall never faile."

Bene Plant for Bees .- H. H. W. Sigourney, Norfolk, Co., Mass , sends us an extract from a paper, stating that oil-cake from the seeds of the Bene Plant (Sesamum Orientale) furnishes an unequal food for bees. This may be true, but it needs confirmation! It could not however be made very available in this latitude, as the Bene plant requires a temperature equal to that necessary to raise cotton. We have tried to raise it two seasons but with no success so far .- Am . Agr .

An exchange paper says that there are three candidates in one of the counties in Wisconsin for the legislature: Mr. J. M. Root is the Democratic candidate, Robert

A man was found lying in one of the publie streets in Norwalk, Conn., one day last week, with tombstones at his head and feet. On examination it was discovered that he was dead drunk, and some wag, on discovering his shameful state, had erected these monuments to the memory of departed man-

The latest and most wonderful cure effected by patent medicine, recorded, is the

A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. An nour afterwards the bow threw up the dollar all in small change, principally in five cent

--- The women of Blisfield, Michigan, have organized a lodge of the "Daughters of Malta," and are holding their mysterious meetings two or three evenings in each week. The Washington National Monument So- The men have thus far failed to ascertain the object and manners of the new society.

Le "Sammy, my son, do you know that you have broken the Sabbath ?"