

Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1859.

VOL. 6--NO. 48.

TERMS:
DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, in advance. ONE DOLLAR and SEVENTY CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.
No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be obliged to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.
Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.
Advertising Rates.
One insertion, Two do, Three do
Square, [12 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1 00
Square, [24 lines] 1 00 1 00 2 00
Square, [36 lines] 1 50 2 00 3 00
Lines or less, 2 50 3 00 3 50
Square, [12 lines] 2 50 4 50 9 00
Square, [24 lines] 4 00 7 00 12 00
Square, [36 lines] 6 00 9 00 14 00
Half column, 10 00 12 00 20 00
Full column, 15 00 22 00 35 00
All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

NEW GOODS.
THE UNDERSIGNED has just received and is now opening, a full supply of Goods suitable for the season, consisting of
DRY GOODS,
MADE UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS.
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GROCERIES &c. &c.
Which will be sold Wholesale or Retail at the VERY LOWEST Market prices for Cash or Country Produce.
E. HUGHES.
Dec 29, 1859. tf.

THE RAIL ROAD IS COMING.
THE Subscriber has just received at his New
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
the door East of Thompson's Mountain House
a lot of ALL KINDS of
SPRING AND SUMMER HATS,
which he offers very low for CASH.
CLINTON R. JONES.
April 13, 1859--21-3m.

NEW ARRIVAL.
THE UNDERSIGNED, has added to his Stock of Boots and Shoes &c. A very elegant well selected assortment of MEN'S READY MADE SHIRTS, MENS MARSEILLES and Lion Collars,
WOMEN'S WHITE AND GOLD HOSE
and Ladies Mitts, and Gents, do. and Boys Suspenders, Brack Neck Ties, Neck Ties, Ladies and Gent. Linen Handkerchiefs, White and Colored Linen Flannel, Stationery, Carpet Sacks, Trunks and every article necessary kept in his line.
Give him a call and examine for yourselves.
TERMS CASH. CLINTON R. JONES.
April 23, 1859. tf.

DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!!
JUST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S. BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Spices, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs,
BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, FLUID,
Cutlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, Pipes, Snuff, and other articles usually kept in Drug Stores.
R. S. BUNN, M. D.
Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859--24-1y.

JACKSON & CLARK,
DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA.
The firm will be in Ebensburg during the first ten days of each month, during which time all persons desiring professional services can call on them at the office of Dr. Lewis, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel.
REMOVAL--PAUL GRAFF, MANUFACTURER and Wholesale Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, No. 684 North Second Street, between Arch and Cherry, Philadelphia.
[March 6, 1856.]

JOHN SHARBAUGH,
Attorney at Law, Summitville, Pa.
ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIS CARE will be promptly attended to. He will also act as Auctioneer at Public Sales whenever services in that capacity are required.
April 28, 1858-24

R. S. BUNN, M. D.
TENDERS HIS PROFESSIONAL Services to the citizens of Ebensburg. Office in Drug Store on High Street, opposite Thompson's Hotel.
Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859--24-1y.

THIS WAY.
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large and splendid Assortment of American Pocket Knives. (Every knife warranted,) by
GEORGE HUNTLEY.
August, 10, 1859. 2t.

Select Poetry.

THE MERRY HEART.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
What'er the world may say!
Philosophy may lift its head
And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw!

If life but brings us happiness--
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try,
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away--let others say
Whether they will or mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

There's a beauty in a merry laugh,
A moral beauty too--
It shows the heart's an honest heart
That's paid each man his due,
And lend a share of what's to spare
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And make the cheek less sorrow speak,
And the eye fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
Its sunlight is within!
Then laugh away, let others say
Whether they will or mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

Miscellaneous.

THE GONDOLIER OF VENICE.

BY FRANCIS C. DURIVAGE.

It was the season of carnival, and nowhere else in Italy where the holidays celebrated with such zest and magnificence. By night millions of lamps burned in the palace windows, rivaling the splendors of the firmament and reflected in the still waters of the lagoons like myriads of stars. Night and day music was resounding. There were regattas, balls and fetas, and the entire population seemed to have gone mad with gaiety, and to have lost all thought of the Council of Ten, the Bridge of Sighs, and the poisons of the bravoes.

On a bright morning of this holiday season a group of young gondoliers, satirized in their gayest costume, were sitting at the head of a flight of marble steps that led up from one of the canals, waiting for their fears. A cavalier and lady, both gaily attired had just alighted from a gondola and passed the boatman on their way to some rendezvous.

The gondolier who had conducted them, an old, gray-headed, hard-looking fellow, had pocketed his fee, nodded his thanks, and pushed off again from the landing.

"There goes old Beppo," said one of the gondoliers on shore. "He will make a good days work of it. I can swear I saw the glitter of gold in his hand just now."

"Yes, yes," said another, "let him alone for making money. And what he makes he keeps. He's a close-fisted old hunk."

"And what is he scrumping and saving for?" asked a third. "He is unmarried--he has no children."

"No, but he is to be married," said the first.

"How? the man's past sixty."

"Yes, comrade, but he will not be the first old fellow who has taken a young wife in his dotage. Have you never heard that he has a young ward, beautiful as an angel, whom he keeps cooped up as tenderly as a brooding dove in his old tumble down house on the Canal Orfano? Nobody but himself has ever set eyes on her to my knowledge."

"There you are mistaken, Stefano," said a young man who had not hitherto spoken. He was a fine, dashing, handsome young fellow of twenty-six, in a holiday suit of crimson gold, with a fiery eye, long curling locks with a moustache as black as jet.

"Let's hear what Antonio Giraldi has to say about the matter," cried his companions.

"Simply this," said the young man; "I have seen the imprisoned fair one, the peerless Zanetta, for such is her name. She is lovely as the day, and her voice, why, *Corpo di Araccol!* La Giannina, the prima donna, is a screech-owl compared to my nightingale."

"Your nightingale! Bravo!" cried Stefano, in a tone of mocking irony. "What can you know about her voice?"

"Simply this, Master Stefano," replied the young gondolier; "When floating beneath her window in my gondola, I have addressed her in such rude strains of melody as I best knew how to frame. She has replied in tones so liquid and pure that the angels might have listened."

"By heaven, the fellow's in love!" cried Stefano.

"Long live music and love!" said Antonio.

"What were life worth without them?"

"Your'e in excellent spirits," said Stefano.

"And why shouldn't a man be on his wedding-day?"

"Mad as a march hare?" cried Stefano.

"Mark me," said Antonio. "That girl shall never marry old Beppo--my word for it. She hates him."

"She'll elope with some noble, then."

"She'll elope with wither when he is tired of her. No! The bridegroom for Zanetta is a gondolier."

"With all my heart," said Stefano. "But come, comrades, it is of no use waiting here. Let us to our gondolas and row to St. Marks. You'll come with us, Antonio?"

'Not I--my occupation's gone.'

'How so?'
'I have sold my gondola.'
'Sold your gondola?'
'Ay, that was my word.'
'But why?'
'I wanted money.'
'Your gondola was the means of earning it.'
'Very true--but I had occasion for a certain sum at once.'
'And why not have recourse to our purses Antonio? Light as they are, we would have made it up by contributions among us.'
'I doubted not your kindness, but my self-respect would not permit me to ask your aid. Good-by, comrades, we shall meet to-morrow.'
'To-morrow? Addio.'
There was a brilliant masquerade that evening at the palazzo of Count Giulio Colonna. Invitations had been issued to all the world, and all the world was present. The finest music, the richest wines, the most splendid decorations were lavished on the occasion. Perhaps, among that brilliant company, there was more than one plebeian, who, under cover of the mask, and employing the license common at these saturnalia, had intruded himself unbidden.

Old Beppo, the gondolier, was in attendance at the vestibule of the palace, feasting his avaricious eyes on the glimpse of wealth and luxury he noted within doors, when a gentleman in rich costume, and wearing a mask, beckoned him to one side, and desired a moment's interview.

"Do you know me?" was the first question asked by the stranger.

"No, signor?" replied the gondolier.

"Do you know these gentlemen?" asked the mask, slipping a couple of gold pieces into the miser's hand.

"Perfectly," replied the boatman, grinning. "What are your lordship's commands?"

"Is your gondola in waiting?"

"Yes, signor. It lies below, moored to the landing."

"Well, hast thou any scruples about aiding in a love intrigue?"

"None in the world signor."

"Then I'll make a confidant of you."

"I will be all secrecy signor."

"Briefly, then, gondolier, said the mask, "I am in love with a very charming young person."

"Well--and this young person loves me in return."

"Good--and you are going to marry her?"

"Not so fast, gondolier. She has an old guardian, who, at the age of sixty or more, has been absurd enough--only think of it--to propose to marry her himself."

"The absurd old fool!" cried Beppo, not without some twinges for his thought of his projects with regard to Zanetta.

"Now, then," said the mask, "I have resolved to run away with her to night. I have now the opportunity--for she is here in the Palazzo Colonna. Now will and can you aid me? I will pay you well."

"Ah, my lord, you have come to the right market," said the old sinner. "I'm used to affairs of this kind. Has your lordship a priest engaged?"

"I have not."

"Then I can recommend one. Hard by in a chapel dedicated to our lady, where there is a man, accustomed to affairs of this kind, who will tie the knot for a moderate fee, and ask no impertinent question."

"His name?"

"Father Dommio."

"Good, he is the man for us; and you are the prince of gondoliers. Get your gondola ready, and we will join you at the foot of the stairs in a moment."

Old Beppo hastened to prepare his gondola, and while so doing muttered to himself, "Well, well, this is a good night's work. I'm getting old and I must soon retire from business. Every such stroke of luck helps on the day when I shall call Zanetta mine. So another old fool is to be dabel. Serve him right. Why don't he keep his treasure under lock and key as I do? But men will never learn wisdom. Here they come."

The young cavalier reappeared on the steps, leading a lady, masked and veiled, whose elastic step and graceful bearing seemed to designate her as one moving in the highest circles. The lovers took seats in the boat, and drew the curtains around them, while Beppo pushed off, and his vigorous arm sent the boat dancing over the waters of the lagoon. After a few minutes they arrived at their destination. After making the boat fast, the gondolier landed and entered the small chapel which stood upon the brink of the canal. In a few moments he returned, and informed the cavalier that all was prepared. The gentleman and lady entered the chapel, Beppo keeping guard to prevent or give notice of any intrusion. The ceremony was performed very rapidly by Father Dommio, for he was just going to bed when the gondolier arrived, and was duly anxious to dispatch his business, so that he might consign his weary limbs to rest.

"Is it all over?" whispered Beppo in the ear of the cavalier, as he came out with his lady.

"All right," replied the mask, in the same tone of voice. "But one thing perplexes me. I have no place that I can call my home to-night. The lady will be missed; my palace will be watched; I should incur the risk of sword's crossing and bloodshed, if I sought to take her hither to night."

"If my house was not so very humble," said the gondolier, hesitatingly.

"The very thing!" said the mask, joyfully. "No matter how humble the roof, provided that it shelters us. To-morrow we can arrange matters for flight--or for remaining."

"Then get into the gondola, my lord; and I will row you thither in a few minutes."

The party re-embarked, and soon reached

the gondolier's residence. After fastened his craft, he unlocked his door, and striking a light, conducted his distinguished guests up stairs. As he passed one of the chamber doors, the old gentleman, addressing the young lady, said:

"You have made a moonlight fitting, to-night, signora, and I wish you joy of your escape; but if you had been as safely kept as a precious charge I have in this room, you would never have stood before the altar to-night, with your noble bridegroom."

"You forget that 'love laughs at locksmiths,'" said the cavalier.

At the door of their apartment, the old man, ere bidding them good night, pausing said:

"Pardon me, signor, but I fain would know the name of the noble cavalier I have had the honor of serving to-night."

"You shall know to-morrow," replied the mask. "Buona notte, Beppo. Remember it's carnival time."

The next morning Beppo was up betimes anxious to learn the mystery connected with the married couple. His patron of the preceding evening soon made his appearance, but masked as before.

"Beppo," said the stranger, you rendered me an inestimable service last night, and I shall never regret it."

"Give me your word, then, that you will never upbraid me with the service I imposed upon you."

"I give you my word," said the old man, surprised, "but why do you exact it?"

"Because," said the stranger, raising the mask, "I am no Venetian noble, but simply Antonia Giraldi, a gondolier like yourself."

"You Antonio Giraldi! And the lady?"

"Was your ward, Zanetta. You looked her chamber door and took the house-key with you. But a ladder of ropes from a lady's balcony is as good as a staircase, and as I told you last night, 'love laughs at locksmiths.'"

Old Beppo stormed and swore, but he ended by forgiving the lovers. He not only forgave them, but gave up his gondola to the stronger hands of Antonio and settled a handsome portion upon Zanetta. Nor did he ever regret his generosity, for they proved grateful and affectionate, and were the stay and solace of his declining years.

A Swiss Capitalist and Miser.

A foreign correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, relates that the following history of a Swiss manufacturer

Switzerland is a very industrious country. Among her principal articles of manufacture are silk and cotton. Low wages and an inexhaustible abundance of water power to give to her large manufacturing establishments advantages over many other countries which make competition easy. Many of the proprietors of these establishments have amassed fabulous riches, unknown to the world, and, in some instances, to themselves. Last week one of these Swiss cotton lords of the last named category died. His name was Kunz; but he was generally known by the name of Spinner King. His large cotton mill is situated in the village of Uster, a short distance from Zurich. He was a self-made man, a man without any education, and with out any prominent talents. His principal qualities were a horrible avarice, an iron industry, and the art of extorting from his laborers as much work for as little pay as possible. He was 68 years of age when he died, an old bachelor. He never enjoyed any of the pleasures of life.

A low, small, dirty room, with an old bedstead, and no furniture, was his residence. Attached to it was a kitchen, where his old servant girl resided and cooked his scanty meals, which he used to devour standing, in order to save time. He never gave alms or any support to poor people. "Nonsense! Good for nothing!--Let them save, and work," was his stereotyped reply in such cases. He did not pay taxes on more than \$160,000, until two years ago, when he was compelled to raise his assessment to \$1,200,000. He never kept any regular books, never a stock book, never took an inventory. About twelve years ago he was persuaded by business men to get an inventory taken; but when that inventory, long before it was finished, showed net property of 20,000,000 of Zurich guilders or about 10,000,000 free of debts, he stopped the continuation of it with his usual words--"Nonsense! Good for nothing!" True to his principles, that modern Croesus has bequeathed nothing to his laborers, nothing to benevolent or useful institutions, and his laughing heirs will divide amongst them, the whole enormous property; the amount of which will be made out very soon by the courts.

Sacred Relics.--In the grading of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad at Chadd's Ford, the bones of a large number of soldiers, who fell at the battle of Brandywine, have been dug up. A number of men having on the Hessian uniform were dug up. The buttons on the uniforms were made of lead, and were not much defaced. The bones of one man were dug up measuring six feet six inches.

It is said that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

Our Southern friends are under the impression that if a genuine Yankee were to meet Death on the pale horse, he would banter him to swap horses.

"Tom who, did you say our friend B. married?"

"Well he married forty thousand dollars. I forgot her other wams."

Anecdote of Jefferson.

A party, Mr. Jefferson, then President, among them, were out riding. A smart shower had fallen during the forenoon, and when they got back to Moor's creek, the water was running up to the saddle girths of a horse. An ordinary western looking man was sitting on the bank with a saddle in his hands. He waited until the party had entered the stream, but Mr. Jefferson, and then asked him for a ride across. To rein up to stone, suffer him to mount on the crupper, and carry him to the opposite bank, was a matter of course. In a few minutes the party in the rear, who had witnessed the affair overtook our besaddled pedestrian, stretching away at a sturdy pace along the foot of Carter's mountain.

"I say," quoth a junior, "what made you let the young men pass and ask that gentleman to carry you over the creek?"

"Well," said Kentucky, in a broad pathos, "if you want to know I'll tell you;--I reckon a man carries yes and no in his face--the young chap's faces said no--the old one's said yes."

"It isn't every man that would have asked the President of the United States for a ride behind him," said the other, expecting, perhaps to blank the bold visage of Kentucky. If such was his object however, he was much mistaken.

"You dont say that was Tom Jefferson do you?" was the reply, and he immediately added, "he's a darned fine fellow anyway."

"That was the President," was the reply.

"Kentucky looked up and looked around, the locality well known to travellers at once conveying conviction to his mind. He appeared to be in a brown study for a moment--the massive features then relaxed--he burst into a loud laugh, and thus he spoke:

"What do you suppose my wife, Polly will say, when I get back to Boone county, and tell her I've rid behind old Jefferson? she'll say I voted for the right man."

Sarcastic Sentence.

Old Elias Keyes, formerly first judge of Windsor County, Vermont, was a strange composition of folly and good sense; of natural absurdness and cultivation. The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow, convicted of stealing a pair of boots from General Curtis, a man of considerable wealth, in the town of Windsor.

"Well, said the judge, very gravely, before pronouncing the sentence of the court, undertaking to read the following lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before the court for stealing. They say you are poor--no one doubt it who looks at you; and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody but rich people have a right to such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless--that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done to you; all, by unanimous consent pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now you might know you would be condemned. And now you must know that it was a great aggravation that you stole them in that large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible. And not only so to Windsor to steal--but steal from that great man, Gen. Curtis. This case the clerk may not your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had or could get? And then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great General Curtis, the court sentences you to three months imprisonment in the County jail, and may God give you something to eat!"

Queer Employment.

We heard a pretty good story the other day, which we think merits a wider circulation than it has yet got. The story runs that some honest faced Hoosier went into a fancy store in Cincinnati, in hunt of a situation.

The proprietor, or head clerk, was sitting in the counting room, with his feet elevated, contemplating life through the softening influence of cigar smoke.

Our Hoosier friend addressed him modestly, as follows:--

"Do you want to hire a hand about your establishment?"

The clerk looked up indifferently, but seeing his customer, concluded to have a little fun out of him, so he answered very bruskly, at the same time pulling out a large and costly handkerchief, and blowing his nose on it.

"Yes, sir, what sort of a situation do you want?"

"Well, I'm not particular. I'm out of work, and almost anything will do me for awhile."

"Yes, I can give you a situation if it will suit you."

"What is it? What's to be done, and what do you give?"

"Well, I want hands to chew rags into paper, and if you are willing to set in you may begin at once."

"Good as wheat! Hand over your rags."

"Here, take this handkerchief and commence with it."

The Hoosier saw the "sell," and quietly putting the handkerchief in his pocket, remarked, as he turned to go out:

"When I get it chewed, stranger, I'll fetch it back!"

Profound silence in a public assembly has been thus neatly described:--"One might have heard the stealing of a pocket handkerchief."

A man who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life, is compared to one who would amputate a leg to save his toes from snow.

A Nigger Story.

Two darkeys had bought a mess of pork in partnership; but Sam having no place to put his portion in, consented to entrust the whole to Julius's keeping.

The next morning they met, when Sam says:

"Good mornin, Julius, anything happen strange or mysterious in your vicinity lately?"

"Yass, Sam, most a strange thing happen at my house yester last night. All mystery--all mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, sam, I tole ye now. Dis mornin' I went down into de cellar for to get a piece of hog for dis darkey's breakfast and I put my hand down in de brine and felt around but no pork here--all gone--Couldn't tell what bevent wid it, so I turned up de bar'l and Sam, as true as preaching, de rats had eat a hole clar fur de bottom of de bar'l and dragged de pork all out!"

Sam was puffed with astonishment, but presently said:

"Why didn't de brine run out of de same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat is de mystery--dat is de mystery!"

Mrs. Partington at the Aquarial Gardens.--"Are those the Inquiring Gardens?" asked Mrs. Partington, as she knocked at the door of the Aquarial Gardens, in Bloomfield street. She was informed that she had come to right place to inquire. "I wish to see the seals and other animals that you have here," continued she. She was told to walk in, and she did. "Gracious goodness!" she cried, as she stepped on the tail of the alligator, "is that awful looking reptile alive?" The reptile manifested a disposition to answer her question by moving away. She looked at the seals with astonishment--one of them tame and gentle as a kitten, the other fierce and vindictive--and asked Mr. Cutting, if the savage one wasn't the "seal of retribution;" that she heard tell of? "Don't touch anything, Isaac," said she, as she saw him in the act of bridling the turtle, "for if you should break any of these glass tanks, there would be a pretty kettle of fish." She passed around admiringly, viewing the exhibition, and wondering at its rare beauty, while he watched the tautog, wishing that he had a pin-book and a worm.

"What party do you belong to Bill," said Joel the other day.

"I belong to the Know, no--the American, no--the--hanged if I haint forgot Joe. What sort of a varmint was it you ketcht tather nite stolen chickens?"

"It was an opossum?"

"That's it Joe--that's it! Op--op--what did you say it was Joe?"

"Opossum."

"It was something like opossum."

"Opposition," said Joe.

"I knowed it was somethin' or tother. My party changes so often, darn me if I don't keep up."

Judge H. was once holding court in a certain town in the spring of the year, when calling a constable up to him in a quiet manner, he told him that there was a new office to be created by the court, and that he was to be the lucky recipient of the post of honor. The constable, with bashful diffidence in a sort of no-yes manner, did not exactly say anything, and the old Judge, after getting him to hold up his hand to swear told him that as he was a sworn officer of the law already, they would dispense with the ceremony; and for him to go and out a dozen clubs, raise a posse, and keep the frogs still whilst court was in session, that the proceedings might not be interrupted.

An Irishman referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high. Like the United States Bank, he was suspended."

A negro, on being questioned, was asked if his master was a Christian. "No, sir, he's a member of Congress," was the reply.

A country editor says a farmer in that county made a scarecrow so very frightful that an old crow actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days and left it in the field.

A married lady being asked to wait, gave the following appropriate answer: "No, thank you, sir--I have just as much hugging at home as I can attend to."

Poor Caudle said he dreamed that he had an angel by his side, and upon waking up found it was nobody but his wife.

A pretty girl recently attended a ball out West decked off in a short dress and pants. The ladies were shocked! She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck, as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers!

A prominent speaker at a Republican gathering in Ohio, said that he "expected to spend an eternity in company with Republicans," to which a ripe old Democrat replied that he "rather thought he would unless he soon repented of his sin!"

A dull parson cornered a farmer who he seldom saw at his ministrations, by asking him directly, after a little reproof of his sin of omission:

"Shall we see you at church next Sabbath?"

"Y-o-s," he replied slowly. "Yas, I'll go--or send a hand."

We would educate the whole man--the body, the head, the heart--the body to act, the head to think, and the heart to feel.