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, DECEMBER 14, 1859. VOL. 7---NO. 3.

TERMS:

"DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL" IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.

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

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HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS.

It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease or disturbance of the bodily functions; but, with the aid of a good tonic and the exercise of plain common sense, they may be able so to regulate the system as to secure permanent health. In order to accomplish this desired object, the true course to pursue is certainly that which will produce a natural state of things at the least hazard of vital strength and life. For this purpose, Dr. Hostetter has introduced to this country a preparation bearing his name, which is not a new medicine, but one that has been tried for years, giving satisfaction to all who have used it. The Bitters operate powerfully upon the stomach, bowels, and liver, restoring them to a healthy and vigorous action, and thus, by the simple process of strengthening nature, enable the system to triumph over disease.

For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaints, arising from a morbid inaction of the Stomach or Bowels, producing Cramps, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these Bitters have no equal.

Diarrhœa, dysentery or flux, so generally contracted by new settlers, and caused principally by the change of water and diet, will be speedily regulated by a brief use of this preparation. Dyspepsia, a disease which is probably more prevalent, in all its various forms, than any other, and the cause of which may always be attributed to derangements of the digestive organs, can be cured without fail by using HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, as per directions on the bottle. For this disease every physician will recommend Bitters of some kind; then why not use an article known to be infallible? All nations have their Bitters, as a preventive of disease and strengthener of the system in general; and among them all there is not to be found a more healthy people than the Germans, from whom this preparation emanated, based upon scientific experiments which have tended to prove the value of this great preparation in the scale of medical science.

FEVER AND AGUE.—This trying and provoking disease, which fixes its relentless grasp on the body of man, reducing him to a mere shadow in a short time, and rendering him physically and mentally useless, can be driven from the body by the use of HOSTETTER'S RENOWNED BITTERS. Further, none of the above stated diseases can be contracted, even in exposed situations, if the Bitters are used as per directions. And as they neither create nausea nor offend the palate, and render unnecessary any change of diet or interruption of ordinary pursuits, but promote sound sleep and healthy digestion, the complaint is removed as speedily as is consistent with the production of a thorough and permanent cure.

For Persons in Advanced Years, who are suffering from an enfeebled constitution and infirm body, these Bitters are invaluable as a restorative of strength and vigor, and need only be tried to be appreciated. And to a mother while nursing these Bitters are indispensable, especially where the mother's nourishment is inadequate to the demands of the child, consequently her strength must yield, and here it is where a good tonic, such as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is needed to impart temporary strength and vigor to the system. Ladies should by all means try this remedy for all cases of debility, and, before so doing, should ask their physician, who, if he is acquainted with the virtue of the Bitters, will recommend their use in all cases of weakness.

CAUTION.—We caution the public against using any of the many imitations or counterfeits, but ask for HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, and see that each bottle has the words "Dr. J. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters" blown on the side of the bottle, and stamped on the metallic cap covering the cork, and observe that our autograph signature is on the label.

☞ Prepared and sold by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa. and sold by all druggists, grocers, and dealers generally throughout the United States, Canada, South America, and Germany.

AGENTS.—Davis & Jones, Ebensburg; J. A. Parrish, Summitville; Wm. Litzinger, Lorette. Peter Kinney, Munster.

August 31, 1859.—ly.

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,

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Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, Segars, Snuffs and other articles usually kept in Drug Stores.

R. S. BUNN, M. D.

Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859.-24-1y.

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JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large and splendid Assortment of American Pocket Knives. (Every knife warrantel.) by

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

August, 10, 1859. 3t.

BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECUTIONS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

Miscellaneous.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

It was the hour of midnight. The silvery echo of the beautiful time piece had ceased to mar the stillness, and even its soft tones had not disturbed the reveries of fair Amy Robsart. The soft hand, whose whiteness rivalled the beauty of rich jewels which clasped her delicate fingers, rested on her ivory chin. One white shoulder had escaped from the bondage of delicate linen, so soft and fair, that a snow drift might have marred its polished surface. The melting orbs, one moment pensive, then lit with piercing brilliancy, as her lonely wretchedness arose to wipe out her happy past. A wealth of auburn hair fell around her majestic form. One dainty foot played nervously with the rich carpet beneath, and, at each changing thought grew restless like the fair owner.

"So late yet he comes not," she murmured sadly, and in flute-like tones. "Once it was not so. Must the highborn talk of aching hearts?' and she pressed her delicate hand against the beating sepulcre of her hopes and fear. "Oh! Leicester, a higher power than mine bids you stay. You will bask in the sunshine of her smiles, while I, your wife, must be content with the stately walls of Kenilworth, to send back with mocking echo the gushing of my bursting heart."

Minutes grew into hours, and still the beautiful and neglected one sat. The god of sleep wound around her, and hused for a time her lonely cares.

In the private apartment of England's renowned Elizabeth sat Robert Earl of Leicester. A flush of gratified vanity lit his handsome features. His doublet of black velvet was starred with diamonds. The rich falling cuff, edged with delicate lace, fell gracefully over an almost tiny hand, enhanced by richest jewels. Beside him lay his plumed hat. He was not alone. Upon a splendid couch of purple velvet, fringed with gold, reclined the maiden queen. Twenty-five years sat lightly upon her high, stern brow. The majestic form, bright eyes, and haughty bearing were still the royal maiden's greatest charms. One little foot had been allowed to peep from beneath her splendid robe. A delicate hand, perfect in shape, and her greatest pride, toyed with the massive tassels of her couch, intended to excite the admiration of the earl. Gracefully kneeling, Leicester bent forward, and taking her hand, pressed it fondly to his lips.

"Your majesty needs rest, and it is past the hour of midnight," he said in gentle tones.

The queen replied, rising on her couch, her eagle eyes dilating as she spoke, "'Tis not the feeling thou hast for me, but to clasp thy baby faced wife. Dost know that I could crush her by a sign from this hand?" and she raised it trembling and hissed the words in his ear.

"I crave thy pardon, beauteous queen — For thy dear health I feared. And thou dost not love Amy, my wife? Thy love is all my own." And she allowed her head to fall with confiding fondness upon his shoulder. "By my faith, no, sweet one. Thou art my idol. Amy is alone my wife," and he pressed her fondly to his treacherous heart.

"Oh, man, where are thy vows to thy innocent wife? Thou dost love her, but thy ambition has overruled this noble feeling.

"Go," said the queen "thou art forgiven. Come soon to-morrow. This is our birthday," she said blushing, "and we have much to say to thee. No, no, not my hand, but my lips; it would ill become lovers," she added, as he bent to kiss her hand. One long fond embrace—the queen and her subject—yes, England's proud, unbending Elizabeth, and Leicester had gone.

CHAPTER II.

The hour of three chimed sweetly through the apartments, as Leicester entered the presence of his injured wife. She was still sleeping, with her head resting upon her rounded arms. There was a sweet smile upon her full, red lips, which told that in sleep alone she was happy. The husband gazed upon the beauteous being; and, parting her hair upon the fair young brow, kissed her tenderly while tears of remorse forced their way down his cheeks.

"Sweet but neglected one, could I but learn from the angels that guard thee to sever the ties which bind me to Elizabeth, I might yet learn to be a better man. I am not worthy to touch thy hallowed form. Sleep on, sweet one, for it brings thee that peace of mind thou canst not find when awake.—Thou must not know I am here, lest thy tears and entreaties melt my heart, and make me forget the commands of my queen. 'Come soon to-morrow.' Day is slowly peeping from you eastern sky. Once more, sweet Amy, I will press those cherished lips, and then off to Elizabeth, thy rival."

The rich Carpet did not echo his light step. He took one look back upon his injured wife and then wreathed his face in smiles to meet his queen.

'Twas the queen's birthday. Elizabeth, the pride of the English nation, sat arrayed in regal magnificence, surrounded by the accomplished statelites of her court, while a bevy of fair ladies graced the happy scene, and watched with fear the frown which darkened the royal brow. Her uneasy gaze swept over the vast crowd, even while receiving the congratulations of her royal subjects. Yet she spoke not, though the high, stern brow told a tale of much inward excitement. The entrance of the handsome Leicester served like magic to render all bright again. Approaching his royal mistress, he knelt and kissed her hand, while compliments so eloquently uttered summoned blushes on the royal coquett's cheek.

"Methinks your lordship had nearly forgotten our birthday; but we pardon thy tardiness, and trust thee for more promptness in future. Thou has ever been faithful in our cause. Perchance thy gentle wife has won the back to domestic life, and thou hast been in this case forgetful of our interests." Then noticing the blush which mantled his cheek, she said hautily and with visable emotion—

"We must find one whose heart is untouched by woman's charms or tears. Our interests, and the welfare of our kingdom, must not suffer because a weak man sees fit to bask in a wife's smiles. Leave our presence until we shall have taught thee which is the best to serve or disobey."

Then with that ease which ever characterized her, she began to discourse with the French embassador upon the appearance of the handsome "Henry of Angon," whom it was one time thought she would marry.

CHAPTER III.

Twilight had stolen softly through the apartments of the maiden queen, and given to its richness a dreamy languor. Elizabeth reclined, as when we first met her, upon the same velvet couch. The dainty foot again peeped from beneatd her rich dress; and now and then the beauteous hands would clasp in silent, nay, hopeless agony.

Again the Earl of Leicester was beside her, though now his pale face was buried in his hands. Tears, bitter, scalding tears, forced their way down his manly cheeks, and left their burning impress there. Still he knelt and begged for his life rather than take it.

"Nay, Leicester, Amy must die! came slowly through her closed teeth. "She must die, and by thy hands. I will give thee poison wich will do the work quickly." And thrusting her hand in the bottom of her dress, she drew forth a tiny vial, whose clear contents seemed as harmless as the pure drops which fell from Heaven. "A drop of this and she sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Then Elizabeth will possess that happiness which a kingdom has failed to give her. Oh! Leicester, falter not; thy queen commands thee. There we cannot meet, and upon earth thou must be mine!" and she waved her hands wildly around. "When the deed is done, return to thy Elizabeth, and she will, with her love, drown that which thou fearest now to do.

Slowly he arose, and parting the auburn curls which clung in disorder around the white brow, brushed the burning drops from his cheek, pressed the form of her who vowed to love him, and was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

"Nay, sweet one, drink; the ruby drops will summon the red to those pale cheeks, and thou will be again my Amy of old."

"No, Leicester, thou must pledge me more of a husband's love and attention in future, and then I will obey;" and throwing her arms fondly around him, she kissed him tenderly, while her warm breath fanned his burning cheek. "Oh! thou canst not think how lonely I am without thee. What care I for this costly trash, when thou art ever absent," and she gazed with contempt upon the magnificence which surrounded her.

"Well, all shall be different, said the earl, tenderly kissing her, while a strange expression of agony passed over his face.

"Drink now, sweet one, and pledge me thy faith."

Amy took the cup, and drained its contents. Laying it aside, she seized his hand, for his expression of face alarmed her. He was deadly pale, and terror seemed to look forth from every feature. Falling upon his knees, he clasped her delicate form, and in trembling accents, said:

"Oh, Amy, forgive me; forgive me for the deed."

"Nay, husband, thy mind wanders; thou hast promised to do better in the future; thou art forgiven. Oh, what happiness is yet in store for us."

"Pray, Amy, thou art"— and the words died upon his lips. "Oh! I would give worlds if the deed had not been done. Dost feel nothing strange, sweet one?" And he parted her soft hair, and kissed again and again her white brow.

"I understand all, now, and this must be death—death I once so feared, and by thy hand, Leicester! Hold me, I feel so cold!"

Quickly the poison did its work. The beauteous features become convulsed. The musical voice grew fainter.

"One more kiss, and then lay me down where I can watch the setting sun. Weep not husband mine, I go with but one regret—thou art beloved. Think of me, and remember my greatest fault has been in loving thee too well. Press me close to thy dear bosom," came in a whisper from her dying lips. "Bless thee, my dear husband."

With one last effort she arose, and throwing her arms about him, clung until life had gone. Gently Leicester laid his murdered wife down; and falling upon his knees, burst forth in wild and terrible grief.

"Ah! Amy, sweet companion of my young and better days, thou art gone, and by my hands. Henceforth, my days are cursed, England's queen and thy destroyer bids me forget the deed in her love."

☞ If the Poor-house has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a jewsharp, see if you can't make just as pleasent a noise by whistling, for such nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that cost half the money. If she wouldn't let her crack her own walnuts, and buy her own clothes longer there, and a white turtle dove had taken its place.

The king then walked quickly to the door, whence he looked in the direction of the orange tree to assure himself that the guards were at their post. When this was done, he began to smile and shrug his shoulders.

"Ah, Monsieur Robert Houdin," he said, somewhat ironically, "I much fear for the virtue of your magic staff." Then he added, as he returned to the end of the room, where several servants were standing, "Tell William to open immediately the last chest at the end of the avenue, and bring me carefully what he finds there, if he does find anything."

William soon proceeded to the orange tree, and though much astonished at the orders given him, he began to carry them out.

He carefully removed one of the sides of the chest, thrust his head in, and almost touched the roots of the tree before he found anything. All at once he uttered a cry of surprise as he drew out a small coffer eaten by rust.

This curious "find," after having been cleaned from the mould, was brought in and placed on a small ottoman by the king's side.

"Well, Monsieur Robert Houdin," Louis Phillippe said to me with a movement of impatient curiosity, "here is a box: am I to conclude it contains the handkerchiefs?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, with assurance, "and they have been there, too, for a long period."

"How can that be? the handkerchiefs were leat you scarce a quarter of an hour ago."

"I cannot deny it, sire; but what would my magic power avail me if I could not perform the unapprehensible tricks? Your majesty will doubtless be still more surprised when I prove to your satisfaction that this coffer, as well as its contents, were deposited in the chest of the orange tree sixty years ago."

"I should like to believe your statement," the king replied, with a smile; "but that is impossible, and I must, therefore, ask for proofs of your assertion."

"If your majesty will be kind enough to open this casket, they will be supplied."

"Certainly, but I should require a key for that."

"It only depends on yourself, sire, to have one. Deign to remove it from the neck of this turtle dove, which has just brought it to you."

Louis Phillippe unfastened a ribbon that held a small rusty key, with which he hastened to unlock the coffer.

The first thing that caught the king's eye was a parchment, on which he read the following statement:

"This day, the 6th of June, 1786,

This iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed among the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic, which will be executed on the same day sixty years hence before Louis Phillippe and his family.

"There is decidedly witchcraft about this," the king said, more and more amazed. "Nothing is wanting, for the seal and signature of the celebrated sorcerer are placed at the foot of this statement, which, heaven pardon me, smells strongly of sulphur."

At this jest the audience began to laugh.

"But," the king added, taking out of the box a carefully sealed packet, "can the handkerchiefs by any possibility be in this?"

"Indeed, sire, they are, but before opening the parcel, I would request your majesty to notice that it also bears the impression of Cagliostro's seal."

This seal, once rendered so famous by being placed on the celebrated alchemist's bottle of elixir and liquid of gold, I had obtained from Torrini, who had been an old friend of Cagliostro's.

"It is certainly the same," my royal spectator answered, after comparing the two seals. Still, in his impatience to learn the contents of the parcel, the king quickly tore open the envelope and soon displayed before the astonished spectators the six handkerchiefs, which a few moments before were still on my table.

Singular Circumstance.—During the time of the cessation of arms in the year 1777, while the articles of capitulation were preparing at Saratoga the soldiers of the British and American armies often discoursed with each other from the opposite banks of Hudson's river (which at Saratoga is about thirty yards wide and not very deep.) A soldier in a British regiment named Maguire, came down to the banks of the river with a number of his companions, who engaged in conversation with a party of Americans on the opposite shore. In a short time something was observed very forcibly to strike the mind of Maguire. He suddenly darted from his companions, and plunged into the stream. At the very same moment, one of the American soldiers, seized by a similar impulse, resolutely dashed into the water from the opposite shore. The wondering soldiers on both sides, beheld them eagerly swim towards the middle of the river, where they met. They hung on each other's necks, and wept; and the loud cries of "my dear brother! my dear brother!" which accompanied the transaction, soon cleared up the mystery to the astonished spectators. They were brothers—the first had emigrated from Ireland, and the other had entered the army; one was in the British, and the other in the American service, totally ignorant until that hour, that they were engaged in hostile combat against each other's life.

☞ A gentleman was walking along the Birkenhead docks one day, when his attention was directed to the floating church.—"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see it's High or Low Church, according to the state of the tide."

☞ A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears.—"Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water."

Houdin, The Conjurer.

Houdin's book, describing his exploits as a conjurer, is one of the most readable books of the day. Here is an account of a performance at the royal palace for the entertainment of King Louis Phillippe and his household:

At the beginning of November I received a "command" to St. Cloud to give a performance before Louis Phillippe and his family. I accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure, for, as I had never performed before a crowned head, this was an important event for me.

I had sixty days before me to make my preparations, and I took all possible pains, even arranging a trick for the occasion, from which I had reason to expect an excellent result.

On the day fixed for my performance, a fourgon came at an early hour to fetch me and my apparatus, and we were conveyed to the chateau. A theatre had been put up in a large hall selected by the King for the representation; and in order that I might not be disturbed in my preparations, a good guard was placed at one of the doors leading into the corridor. I also noticed three other doors in this apartment—one, composed of glass, opened into the garden opposite a passage filled with splendid orange trees; the two others, to the right and left, communicated to the apartments of the King and the Duchess of Orleans.

I was busy arranging my apparatus, when I heard one of the doors I have just mentioned open quietly, and directly a voice made the following inquiry in the most affable manner:

"Monsieur Robert Houdin, may I be permitted to come in?"

I turned my head in the direction, and recognized the King, who, having asked the question merely as a form of introduction, had not waited for my reply to walk forward to me.

I bowed respectfully.

"Have you all you require for your preparations?" the king asked me.

"Yes, sir; the steward of the chateau supplied me with skilled workmen, who speedily put up this little stage."

My tables, consoles, and tabourets, as well as the various instruments for my performance, symmetrically arranged on the stage, already presented an elegant appearance.

"This is all very pretty," the king said to me, drawing near the stage, and casting a stealthy glance at some of my apparatus; "I see with pleasure that the artist of 1846 will justify the good opinion produced by the mechanician of 1844."

"Sire," I replied, "on this day I will strive, as I did two years ago, to render myself worthy of the great favor your majesty designs to bestow on me by witnessing my performance."

"Your son's second sight is said to be very surprising," the king continued; "but I warn you, Monsieur Robert Houdin, to be on your guard, for we intend to cause you considerable difficulties."

"Sire," I replied, boldly, "I have every reason for believing that my son will surmount them."

"I should be vexed were it otherwise," the king said, with a tinge of incredulity, as he retired. "Monsieur Robert Houdin," he added, as he closed the door after him, "I shall feel obliged by your punctuality."

At 4 o'clock precisely, when the royal family and the numerous guests were assembled, the curtains that concealed me opened, and I appeared on the stage. Owing to my repeated performances, I had fortunately acquired an imperturable assurance, and a confidence in myself, which the success of my experiment fully justified.

I began in the most profound silence, for the party evidently wished to see and judge before giving me any encouragement. But, insensibly, they became excited, and I heard several exclamations of surprise, which were soon followed by still more expressive demonstrations.

All my tricks were favorably received, and the one I had invented for the occasion gained me unbounded applause.

I will give a description of it:

I borrowed from my noble spectators several handkerchiefs, which I made into a parcel, and laid on the table. Then, at my request, different persons wrote on the cards the names of places whither they desired the handkerchiefs to be invisably transported.

"Let us see," Louis Phillippe said, "what this one says: "I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabras on the mantlepiece." That is too easy for a sorcerer; so we will pass to the next card: "The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides." That would suit me, but it is much too far, not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. "Ah, ah!" the king added, looking at the last card, "I am afraid Monsieur Robert Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what the card proposes?"

"Will your majesty deign to inform me?"

"It is desired that you should send the handkerchiefs into the chest of the last orange tree on the right of the avenue."

"Only that, sire? Deign to order, and I will obey."

"Very good, then; I should like to see such a magic act; I therefore choose the orange tree chest."

The king gave some orders in a low voice, and I directly saw several persons run to the orange tree, in order to watch it, and prove any fraud.

I was delighted at this precaution, which must add to the effect of my experiment, for the trick was already arranged, and the precaution hence too late.

I had now to send the handkerchiefs on their travels, so I placed them beneath a bell or opaque glass, and, taking my wand, I ordered my invisable travelers to proceed to the spot the king had chosen.

I raised the bell; the little parcel was no

A Liberal Contributor.—A Western correspondent of the "Zion Herald," in describing the stingy habits of the people of his ilk, when called upon to assist in any benevolent work, relates the following amusing story:

"One of our friends was called on by a railroad agent who was soliciting stock along the line. He had a fine farm and plenty of money, and listened with an animated countenance to the glowing detail of blessings to be realized from the proposed railroad. The agent made an eloquent palaver, and thought he had won our friend and his money, when he suddenly got his eye-teeth cut in this wise.

"Why, yes," said the good old farmer, "I know it is wonderful, it must be a powerful thing them air railroads—they run like jehu! Surely, I go in for it; I subscribe something *ollers* to sich things."

"How much stock will you take, sir?" said the elated solicitor.

"Why, you may put me down fifty cents," was the munificent reply.

No Doubt of It.—A few days since, two men—one a champion of Bourbon whiskey, and the other a patron of brandy—were discussing the respective merits of those liquors at the Burnet House, in Cincinnati. Finally, as a clincher, the Bourbon man cited a well-known "Colonel," who had drank pure Bourbon freely since he was fifteen years old, and who is now sixty, and hale and hearty at that. "What do I care for that!" responded the brandy advocate, triumphantly. "If he had drank brandy he would have been eighty by this time!" No doubt he would.

Old Noah B.'s Question.—Old Noah B. was, in his old age, given, when in his cups, to religion. One day his 'old woman' sent him out to split wood, but coming across a brandy bottle, he returned home very much 'obfusticated,' his errand unaccomplished.—Taking a seat, he commenced with:

"Wife—wife, do you think the Lord, in his goodness (hic) kin send us all into fire everlastin'?"

No answer from his wife, who was highly incensed to find her lege lord in such a condition.

"Wife, kin the Lord intend to burn us all in fire everlastin'?"

Mrs B by this time was boiling over with indignation, but still no answer.

"Wife, (hic) do you think the Lord means (hic) to burn us all (hic) in fire everlastin'?"

This was more than human patience could endure, and she could not hold her tongue any longer; she'd speak, out if she died for it.

"No, yer old fool you, I bet if he waits for you to split the wood!"

An Old Boy.—One of the takers of the school census in Cincinnati in his perambulations through the city recently, went into a domicil, where he found a lady, who said she was one hundred and three years old.—On being asked if she had any children about the house, she replied that she had but one boy, who was at work in the other room, and was eighty-one years of age.

An Enthusiastic Fisherman.—A barefooted youngster was fishing on the banks of a pond out in York State, when a monster pickerel grabbed the hook so suddenly as to jerk the little fellow 'into the drink.' He was rescued, with some difficulty, by an elder companion—the fish, in the meantime, having cleared himself from the hook, and darted away. As the little fellow's head came above the water, he at once saw the situation of affairs, and grasped out, "Catch me another grasshopper, and I'll get him next time."

☞ A young prince of the Illustrious house of Monaco, was asked why he married a rich old woman. "*Ma foi*," was the gay young Prince's reply, "let me ask you, what poor man in a hurry to get an enormous bank note cashed, troubles himself to look at the date of it?"

A Man Wearing Hoops.—A person supposed to be a female, giving the name of Anna Page, was arrested in Savannah, Ga., on Monday, wearing very extensive hoops. An examination, however, showed that the person was a male. On his examination, he stated his name to be Charles Williams.—The Savannah Republican says he converses freely and well, and with all of the soft and delicate toned voice of an woman. He is an exquisite counterfeit, and seems up to the arts of the sex, assumes the female animably in his manners and department, wears his clothes gracefully, and these are arranged with a certain degree of taste, wholly inconsistant with the habits of males. The Mayor sentenced him to prison for ten days.

In Fern-ally Pointed.

Fanny Fern, in the New York *Ledger*, thus describes an "innocent creature," of fashionable life:

"She is very petite, holds her head on one side, and peeps out of her eyes quite coquettish fashion. She approaches you with a hop-skip-and jump, which she imagines immensely fascinating, and giggles out a silly laugh which she fancies is musical. When the company is in the parlor, she runs across the room, stopping in the middle of it, with her finger on her lip, (a favorite attitude,) as if she were trying to remember something, then she tosses back her head, smiles depreciatingly at herself, settles back to an ottoman, with the hand her bracelet is upon, uppermost on her lap, and relapses into a pretty little reverie. Delicious, small hands! How interesting it is. One feels like tying a blue ribbon around its neck and—strangling it."

☞ A German naturalist has described six hundred species of flies, which he had collected within a district of ten miles. Thirty thousand different kinds of insects which prey upon wheat, had been collected.