emocrat and sentinel

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

SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, MARCII 28, 1860.

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TERMS:

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HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

er of the human family is subject to disease isturbance of the bodily functions; but, rith the aid of a good tonic and the exercise lain common sense, they may be able so to ate the system as to secure permanent In order to accomplish this desired et, the true course to pursue is certainly ast which will produce a natural state of For this purpose, Dr Hostetter has ined to this country a preparation bearing is name, which is not a new medicine, but one has been tried for years, giving satisfac-to all who have used it. The Bitters mis powerfully upon the stomach, bowels, liver, restoring them to a healthy and your action, and thus, by the simple pro-

ncy, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious , arising from a morbid inaction he Stomach or Bowels, producing Cramps, entery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these

Diarrhes, dysentery or flux, so generally conacted by new settlers, and caused principally er, and the cause of which may always attributed to derangements of the digestive ysician will recommend Bitters of some kind; hen why not use an article known to be infalble? All nations have their Bitters, as a prerentive 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 ematated, based upon scientific experiments which have tended to prove the value of this great FEVER AND AGUE .- This trying and provokg disease, which fixes its relentless grasp on body of man, reducing him to a mere shawin a short time, and rendering him physcally and mentally useless, can be driven from the body by the use of HOSTETTER'S RENOWNED BITTERS. Further, none of the core-stated diseases can be contracted, even exposed situations, if the Bitters are used er directions. And as they neither create sea nor offend the palate, and render uni healthy digestion, the complaint is rested as speedily as is consistent with the proion of a thorough and permanent cure. For Persons in Advanced Years, who are ffering from an enfeebled constitution and ody, these Bitters are invaluable as a we of strength and vigor, and need be tried to be appreciated. And to a

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her while nursing these Bitters are indisable, especially where the mother's nourd, consequently her strength must yield, here it is where a good tonic, such as setter's Stomach Bitters, is needed to impart borary strength and vigor to the system. all cases of debility, and, before so doing, should ask their physician, who, if he is quainted with the virtue of the Bitters, will commend their use in all cases of weakness. CAUTION .- We caution the public against using

of the many imitations or counterfeits, but ask thi see that each bottle has the words "Dr. J. Bustetter's Stomach Bitters" blown on the side if the bettle, and stamped on the metallic cap wering the cork, and observe that our autograph agnature is on the label.

AP Prepared and sold by HOSTETTER & MITH, Pittsburgh, Ps., and sold by all truggists, grocers, and dealers generally throughout the United States, Canada, South America, and Germany.

45ENTS .- Davis & Jones. Ebensburg; J. A. a. Summitville; Wm. Litzinger, Loretto; Kinney, Munster.

ST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S .-UNN, M. D., A general assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, Spices, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs.

R. S. BUNN, M. D. Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859.-24-1y.

THIS WAY.

ST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large slpendid Assortment of American Pock-(Every knife warranted.) by August, 10, 1859. 2t. GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Select Poetry.

GONE. When the place of our abiding

Is known to earth no more, And the cold world, harshly chiding, Shall repeat our story o'er .-Far beyon! their idle guessing, Far beyond their praise of scorn,

Recking not their blame or blessing, O, my love, we shall be gone. "We shall be gone, past night, past day, Over the hills and far away."

When the friends whose love has crowned us, In the life we leave behind, And were wont to gather round us With their welcomes warm and kind,

Still our memory brightly keeping For the sake of long ago, Shall repair with tender weeping To our grassy pillow low, "We shall be gone, past night, past day,

Over the hills and far away." They shall ask with pitying wonder, In their mingled love and pain, "Shall the links death tore asunder

Never re-unite again? From the dark sea where they drifted To a dim, mysterious shore, Shall the shadows ne'er be lifted,-Shall they come to us no more?"

"We shall be gone, past night, past day. Over the hills and far away." As the Arab, in the desert, Folds his wandering tent at morn,-As the Indian in the forest

Dims his camp fire and is gone,-Is gone and leaves no traces Save the ashes smouldering gray,-So from our household places We shall wonder far away: "We shall be gone, past night, past day.

Over the hills and far away." Far in the infinate spaces, Past the broad sweep of the sun. We shall turn our pilgrim faces Where the new years are begun.

As the earth grows dim and dimmer, Where the great Hereafter lies, We shall catch the golden glimmer Of new stars in other skies: "We shall be gone, past night, past day,

Over the hills and far away."

Miscellancous.

A VOICE FROM THE WAVES.

It is midnight, and I am alone! Yet my solitude is peopled with many busy memories; for beyond the preciuts of this silent little room, is the sound of rushing waters, dashing on impetuously, filling the air with hoarse firful murmers. Above the tumult rises one voice, speaking to my soul in the eloquence of wee. Thus it spoke to me once before in the years that are past.

My cousin Ruth and I shared this little room together. From its deep window we watched the windings of the beautiful stream rippling in the sunlight or leaving the drooping branches of the spreading beeches that mirrored their graceful forms in its cool sha-

Another, too, knew well its windings, and from that window we had watched him moor his little boat and sprung upon the mossy leach with a boyish hallo! as he caught the flutter of Ruth's waving handkerchief-her free cousinly signal of welcome.

My noble brother Horace! What wonder that Ruth's loving heart bounded at the sight of him, so manly and so brave! His presence made sunshine for the rainiest day that ever befel; and even old Growler, octogenarian as he was, according to the reckoning of the canine calender, gamboled in quite a juvenile way at the sound of the familiar voice; and the sleek little greyhound Flora, thrust her deepened to a crimson glow. Though masses as I could I passed through the outer door fer a salute after the most approved 'pug' fashion. The summer with its wealth of roses, was on the wane. But as the roses of of floating timber hurried along by the swift had glided down and awaited him in the hall. the garden were shedding there glowing current. leaves in the chill of the autumn winds; those on the cheeks of my beautiful cousin were growing deeper day by day.

How royally beautiful she was as she stood in the east window, in the bright glory of the consideration of her displeasure, if she would morning sunshine! So Herace thought, as grant him apon his return the boon she de- beseeching eagerness in my eyes, which he the day following. he stood looking down upon her so fondly. | nied him at parting, he would brave all the readily understood. Her soft brown hair was drawn smoothly back from her broad, white brow, and her small ning. beautiful head encircled with ivy leaves When she raised her deep lustrious eyes to his face, he compared her to Dante's "Beatrice." But Ruth was as sportive as a fawn, and that beseeching look, failing in its object, the white lids drooped over the tender eyes, and the red lip pouted omniously.

Horace held his gloves and riding whip in one hand, while he extended the other to

Ruth for a parting clasp. The little shoe, with its shining buckle, gard moments! how slowly they pass-I am tapped impatiently against the white oaken so impatient to acknowledge my fault, and but she kept silence.

averted eyes, he continued:

BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECU at the next convention of 'Naturalists'—a cingly; the other lay prone upon the earth.

No. 1869. St.

Your leave, I will present you as a rara avis ing erect waved its blighted brankess menating of the highest distribution of the bridge, pier, and clambered to the top of the bridge, pier, and clambered to the top of the bridge, paper.

"At what?" "That you are so unlike a man!" "What then am I like?"

"A monster!" "Brave, Ruth! You have been studying 'Giuilaume Tell!" And, since you are as defiant as the Swiss liberator, I must be as haughty as the tyrant Gessler. But I won't plead for a privilege that I have a right to clasping her quivering form in my arms. demand. So, cousin mine, here's to a better humor when we meet a weak hence!" And with a polite bow, he was about to withdraw.

Ruth made a step forward, and said in a

spirited way. ... Horace Wilmer, are my wishes really of them by so lightly? Two weeks before our by your presence this evening?"

"A little to austere, my rustic maiden; you must emulate the tenderness of your scriptural namesake, if you would gain your plea. But Hamilton is waiting; let us part friends; you are too exacting, dear Ruth. I am sure I have given you reasons enough to satisfy any generous person. So say good-bye, and I will return as quickly as I can?"

"Since my wishes are of so little cousequuence, my favor must be as lightly esteemed. You need not write, you are under the ban of my displeasure, sir! Good morning, Mr. Wilmer!"

And with a stately step she passed into an adjoining room, leaving Horace, half amused half pained, to bid me a hasty adieu, and find his friend, who was waiting for him in a carriage below.

Ruth came forward as the sound of rattling wheels struck her ear. Peering through the with a sigh she sat down to finish the velvet York, three mouths ago. as bridal presents valued most on earth, what would it be?" slippers she was embroidering for Horace, for you both. Now you saucy rogues," he With an indescribable terror in her face hour lately, I found her leaving idely upon the embrause of the window, with a miniature believe that you would sell me if you were of Horace lying before her, which she was offered such gimeracks in exchange. Now if ly on my face; then realizing the purport of regarding very attentively.

attend to some court ousiness, which required his personal supervsion, and which he could not possibly neglect or entrust to other hands. But Ruth had set her heart on having him given to a bride, for which she had officiated

The position was embarrassing, and she particularly wished Horace to be present, to attentions of the groomsman-a matter which she had not altogether explained to Horace, and which consequently did not quite underdifference, for they had loved each other from childhood, and for the first time in their lives insist on controlling him, and she half dispo-

sed to question his love. Three nights after Horace left there was a terrific storm. The tall poplars shading the avenue were tossed like reeds in the strong wind, and occasionally in the lull of the tempost we heard the roar of the swollen stream. as it overflowed its banks and tore up by the roots the knotted beaches that had east their shadows on its bosom for half a century. Ruth, startled from her slight slumber clung to me in an agony of fear, as the deep voiced thunder reverbrated along the lowering beavens, and the vivid lightning shed a blinding glare through the sullen gloom. Again and again she called Horace by name, and ejaculated prayers for his safety.

"Oh, cousin Annie," she would say, "should anything happen to Horace, I can never forgive myself.

Trembling and dismayed myself, agitated by strange forebodings. I sought to soothe her. So night passed and morning came.

The soft haze floated like a veil of gossamer over the yellow maples, till their bright leaves | door and decending the stairs. Then silently cold nose forward, in a privileged way, to of- of snow white clouds were rifts of smiling and stood at the landing till they had all blue-no trace of the fearful storm, except gone, and I heard my nucle closing the door the roar of the turbid stream and the masses as he re-entered the house. Like a spirit I

There was sunshine, too, in the trusting heart of cousin Ruth; for the good doctor, her father, had brought from the post office a formal note from Horace, stating that, in took me in his arms. adverse fates extant, and be with her that eve-

All day the name of Horace was upon her lips. Busily she plied her needle, weaving in the bright bule, 'forget-me-nots' upon the purple ground of the velvet spippers-peace offerings for Horace npon his return.

"It was so wrong of me, Annie," she would say, "to behave so imperiously to Ho- tle heart!" race. He has so often told me that my unwavering confidence in him endangered me to him more than all the rest. Oh! the lag-

and, cold and rigid as marble, she raised of interlacing branches that were rising and falling in the rushing whirlpool of water. I followed the direction of her eyes my blood congealing with an indefinite horror; but I could discern nothing to excite alarm. "What? what, Ruth?" I eagerly exclaimed.

"Oh, Annie," she said, as the color came fairly back to her writhing lips, "I thought I saw-but it is too herrible-belp me to dispel the dreadful illusion! Let us return; I cannot

remain here. Let us basten home!"

I did not are her to tell me the cause of so little importance to you that you can pass alarm. Hurrying through the gathering shadows, we spoke no word until we reached marriage, and you are already playing the the house. It needed all the cheerful aspect tyrant! Once more, Herace, will you forego of the comfortable little ten-room, with its this engagement for my sake, and sustain me genial inmates, to restore composure both to Ruth and myself.

As the evening wore on my uncle noticed

·Whom are you expecting, Ruth? Not Horace, my daughter. He surely would not to suffocation. be such a madeap as to attempt crossing the bridge with the stream rushing at such a fearful rate! The waters are subsiding, and tomorrow, perhaps, he will find the undertaking a little less dangerous. Keep up a brave heart and don't take trouble or interest .-Such a sunny face as yours was never meant to be clouded by sadness. Come into my office, you and Annie, and let me see if I can't cheer you up a little!"

We fellowed the dear old man. He untwo handsome jewel cases.

-necklaces, braces and brooches-"I verily | catastrophe. Horace had gone to a neighboring town to all others, I will pull the ear of you. You see, Annie, since you are not to have a husband, but to stay and tyranize over me, after this ungrateful girl leaves me, I am going to at "Clovermead" that evening, to a company won't keep you in check, why, I will sell you which I so scornfully repulsed!-that warm

thanks and betook ourselves to our room to Thus at intervals, she mouned and laurhed spare her the annoyance of the too pointed try the effect of our beautifull gifts Very incredulously, looking with an eager, queslovely the white pearls looked on Ruth's tioning look into the faces of each one who scarcely less snowy throat; but she laid them entered our rooms with words of sympathy aside and turned to the window, looking lin- and consolation. stand. She felt piqued at his seeming in. geringly at the clear cloudless moon, and Then, as the day wore on, there was the thinking of the morrow. We chatted hope- sound of wheels without, and then followed fully until the night wore on, and I knew by the harried retreat of shuffling feet in the hall had parted coldly-he vexed that she should Ruth's regular breathing that she slept I below. I knew too well the import of that was restless; dark thoughts kept surging over sound. Ruth raised her bloodless face from not subdue. Finally a light slumber was steal- ling. For two hours, she had spoken no word sudden ring at the office bell. My cousin kind, firm hand restrained her. Henry slept in the adjoining room, and in a "Not yet, my child," said the soft voice of few minutes I heard my uncle's voice calling aunt Esther. "Bear up yet a little while, to him in a low, suppressed tone I sprang and you shall go to him. from my bed and stood at the door listen-

quickly, for God's sake! Horace is drowned!" I laid my hand upon my heart-my wild beating heart-for even then came a thought of the silent sleeper, breathing so camly under the very sound of the appalling words, that would fall upon her ear like the crash of a thunderbolt! Through an explicable bewildered exclamations, as his father said softly, "Get up quietly, my son, and do not disturb those unhappy children!"

I heard the sound of voices below; then my cousin Henry's cautious step passing by our He came forward holding the lamp in his hand, the light falling upon his white hair, and face strongly compressed. At the sight of me he started, then sat down the lamp and

"My child" he said, "I will not repeat what I see you know too well. They have gone in search of the body. There is no possibillity of his being found alive. But, Ruth, my poor darling! how can we break the dreadful tidings to her? You must tell ber Annie-I never can. It would be like thrusting a dissecting knife through her gen-

Then he told me all.

My brother and his friend had left O-

"Such a favor would scarce compensate for as she stood by the wreck of her old fa- Horace had lost his life in trying to save, the loss of your wit," she replied indignant- vorite. Glaffeing towards the stream the col- were swept down by the current. Horace ly. "I am dumb with surprise!" the stream, thinking, perhaps the body might acute observer. This is evinced in his "Virher finger and pointed to a huge tan gled mass be found, but as yet were unsuccessful. A ginians," quite as remarkably as in his other deputation of young men had called for Hen- works. For example, how striking is this ob ry, and they were now on their way to seek the beloved dead.

Kissing me tenderly he sent me back to my own room.

sweet painless rest. Without, was the sullen there is after all a good heart at the bettom roar of remorseless waters, filling my ears of his ten thousand vices. Nay, it is such with wild requiems for the loved and lost. I Ruth's restlessness, and asked, in his abrupt from her peaceful auconsciousness. Oh! the there a sillier and more fatal mistake! Though

ing my hands closely in hers, exclaimed:-

back of the strong sob that pained my throat

"Dear Annie, how cold you are!" Then suddenly raising her head she looked into my face with an expression of tender sympathy. Nothing! my palenes, she continued, 'Oh! Annie you are very ili! Let me call pa instantly."

But as she was in the act of rising I mastered my emotion, and bade her dress herself locked his private desk, and took therefrom quickly, as I had something important to tell

"See here!" he said, as he pushed back Half bewildered, she passively allowed me the spring, "what a simpleton my two spoiled to assist her; and then I held her head closely blinds she saw the carriage pass over the pets make of me. Hartman insisted upon to my breast, and asked her, "If Heaven had bridge and loose itself among the trees. Then my purchasing these while I was in New demanded of her a sacrifice of that which she

continued as we both fell into extacles of ad- she only clung to me the closer, and I told from her mind. Entering the room, a half miration over the exquisite pearl ornaments her, as composedly as I could, of the dreadful For a little while she sat gazing abstracted-

> you don't promise to value my present before my words, in a sudden revulsion of feeling she sprang to her feet exclaiming: -"Oh, Horace! Horace! let me die, too! cannot-I will not live without you! Oh, Horace, my cousin! come back and speak to bind you with a chain of pearls, and if that me, just once more and let me class the hand

to the first hidde, and think it a happy rid-dance."

We half smot red him with kisses and No, no; I will not believe ut."

me, which despite of a resolute will I could the pillow, against which she had been nesting over my seases, when I was startled by a She moved burridly towards the door, but a

Another long blank period passed, and then, when all was still, I took the hand of "Henry! Menry, my son," he said, get up Ruth, and we descended the stairs, and passed through the hall, where groups of auxious faces were silently waiting for a look at the

We entered the room so dark and chill, and together we two, whom he had loved best in life, stood, pale, tearless, beside him dead -dead! The noble features were no trace of whirl of confused thought, I heard Henry's | the death struggle. A benign peace rested upon her brow and lip. The kuife was still clasped in the right hand, with a grasp no power could unloose.

Ruth lifted the wet hair from the temples, until the holy repose of the dead face passed into her own stricken soul. I left her there alone with him to whom, in life, her heart had been kuit with firmness that not even death could sever. I hastened back to my room, and the wild passion of woe that had been garnered up in my soul, found relief in

Our dead was borne out of sight, and in the agony of her grief. Ruth told me how she had seen as she thought, the face of Horace looking out at her from the eddying waves. His I could not weep-only look at him with a body had been found some miles below, on

Time came to both, with healing in its wings, but the brightness had passed from Ruth's life forever. And now, as she passes on her holy mission through the heedless throng, many are the faces that look into hers for sympathy, unconscious of the death-thro that sanctified her heart, and made her one of those "wbo profess godliness and a lora them selves with good works."-Home Journal.

ter in an exchange, communicates the follow- ing through the cars with gentle sighs, and ing bit of information obtained where she brought a cinder from the engine, which that afternoon, in a one horse carriage. Upon took tea last. A dish of what I took for pre- sprang into my eyes; few and short were the reaching the stream they found it very much serves was passed to me, which, upon tasting, prayers I made, and spoke not a word of sorswollen, but anticipated no difficulty in cross- I was surprised to learn contained no fruit. row, but I rubbed my eye till I made it red, floor, while the rosy fingers busied themselves | convince him that I appreciate his noble worth. | ing the bridges, which stood some few feet | The ease with which it was prepared, and the and knew 'twould be sore on the morrow .--Catlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Station with an embroidered slipper. Perverse girl Let us go down to the old ash tree, Annie, above the water with a gradual ascent from triffing cost of its materials, are not its chief We soon got home at the rate we ran, at an Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, that she was! not to be daunted by the half and perhaps we may hear the sound of 'Harthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank on either side. On urging the horse recommendations, for unless my tasting apthe bank of the bank of t deprecatory glance of those expressive eyes; ry's' hoofs as he crosses the little bridge!" through the stream towards this ascent, his paratus deceived me, as it is not usually went the post came the engine man, and the fire-I humored my cousin's wish for there was feet became entangled in some drifting bran- to do, is emphatically a tip top substitute for man ceased his firing. And thus I too will "Come Ruth, cousin mine, have pity, and a something oppressing my heart of which I ches, and in striving to extricate himself he apple sauce, apple butter tomatoe preserves cease with this, a moral to the tale-be aldon't dismiss me without one cousinly salute. dared not speak—a half recognized foreboding beyond his depths. Sev- and all sort of thing. Its preparation is as ways sure to 'mind your eye,' when riding on How can I bear up under a whole weeks ex- of ill. The sun was setting gloriously as we eral persons standing on the bank called to follows: Moderately boil a pint of molasses a rail" ile from my little wife that is to be, without even one kiss at parting.

Playfully bending down to look into her very recklessness of joy. Alas! its day of on the wheel, and in reaching over to cut the beaten, hastily stirring them in, and contin-

Keenness of Thackery.]

Says Prentice:-Thackery is not only a consumate literary artist, but a deep and servation which we take from the "Virginians." "There is no greater error than to "And now, my child," he said, "go to suppose that weak bad men are strangers to Ruth, but keep the painful tidings from her good feeling, or deficient in sensibility. Only as long as you can. My poor child your own beart is breaking, but sympathy for another, kind of debauch of sentiment, as old libertins will make your own grief less hard to bear!" are said to find that the tears and grief of their victims add zest to their pleasure."-This is profoundly true, and it accounts per-The light was gleaming faintly from the feetly for the tender expressions we sometimes east, and in its soft glow I could see the flush- hear respecting the most infamous seoundrels. ed face of the speaker. The toosened hair It is such transfent and morbid exhibitions of lay in wavy masses around the fair temples; feelings in a ruffian, which often induce peoand very flexible delicate feature, indicated a ple who witness them to think and to say that fitful and sickly manifestations that frequentnestled close to my cousin's side, and clasped ly cause a cut throat to pass for a better man my arms tightly around her, gathered strength at heart than his honest victim. Never was intensity of that silent suffering! the crushing | dangerous always, it might perhaps be excusable in boarding-school misses; but grown up men & weemen should blush to sanction it. The morning sun broke radiantly thro' the The world is altogether too full of false sentifolds of the close curtain when Ruth, clasp- ment at any rate, with augmenting the corrupting volume by a mistaken sympathy with villains who smile, and mousters that weep.

How Prize-Fighters are Trained.

The course of training to which the 'buffer' is subject is pretty much the regular routine. He rises at six o'clock in the morning, and, after swallowing a mixture of wine and raw eggs, he starts off for a seven mile walk with his trainers. On his return he is carefully rubbed down, and puts on dry clothes. At eight o'clock he takes his breakfast, coasisting of a porter-house steak, without fat. He takes neither tea nor coffee, and accompanics his steak with bread After breakfast he rea's the news for half an hour or so, after which he starts off on another seven mile's walk. On his return be is again rubbed down, and changes his clothes; after which he exercises bimself with the dumb-bells, and balls and pulleys, and punches a sand bag which is placed in a hanging position. He sits down to dinner between twelve and one o'clock, when he again regales himself with a substantial beef steak and bread, varied occasionally with a broiled chicken, which he

washes down with a solitary glass of sherry. After dinner he starts on a third walk of about eight miles, after which he has a set-to with the gloves with his trainer, and with such of his forends as may wish to take a turn with him. At 7 o'clock he takes his supper. which consists of precisely the same materials as his breakfast, eschewing tea and coffee as before. Between 8 and 9 o'clock he retires

This course of treatment tends to develope and harden the muscles, while it diminishes the fat, which is thereby converted into muscle. To this end, the 'buffer' is forbidden to cat anything of a greasy or sloppy nature .-None of his food is boiled, stewed or fried .-

Anecdote.

When John Brown, D. D , first settled la Haddington the people of his parish gave him a warm and outhisiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congre gation stood out in opposition to him. The Rev. Dr. tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to the unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however they happened one day to meet in the street, when the Doctor held out his hand, saying, "My brother, I undestand you are opposed to my settling in Haddington.

"Yes, sir," replied the parishioner.
"Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?"

"Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post-" "That is just my opinion," replied the Dr. but what, sir, is the use of you and I setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole

The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever. How very true and forcible God's word. "A soft answer turnith away wrath." - Western Watchman.

Machine Poetry.

The following is a specimen of the mechanical in the way of poetry making. The author of it describing a railroad excursion. "So much I wrote in Courtland's bounds,

and would have finished there had not the down train's whistle loud, resounded through the air. So shaking Fairchild by the hand, who said come up again, I bid farewell to evry fear, and jumped upon the train. Rushing round the hillside, darting over the plain, over the rivers, under the roads, Van Bergen drove his train The moon threw bright effulgent rays on each small ripple's crest; the river seemed ribband stretched across the A Substitute for Preserves - A lady wri- meadow's breast; the evening wind was steal-

A country dominie had a hundred boys and no assistant. "I wonder how you verted eyes, he continued:

"Why, you are as silent as a sphinx. By the lightning's unerring bolt! One half stand- lost to sight beneath the foaming waters.

"Oh!" was the answer, "I could manage them

"Oh!" was the answer, "I could manage the bundred boys well enough; it's the two hun-Reading matter on every page of this dred parents that trouble me-there's no managing them."