

# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1860.

VOL. 7—NO. 19.

NEW SERIES.

**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 allowed to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.  
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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 will be able to regulate the system so 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 into 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 Complaint, arising from a morbid action of the stomach or bowels, producing Cramps, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these Bitters have no equal.

Diarrhea, dysentery or flux, so generally contracted by wet settlers, and caused principally by the change of water and diet, may always be 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 ascribed 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 person who has tried these Bitters, will testify why they use an article known to be infallible. All ailments 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 valuable remedy than the Bitters, 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.

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. 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.**—Be cautious the public against using any of the many imitations, but ask for Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters, and see that each bottle has the words "Dr. J. C. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters" blown on the side of the bottle, and stamped on the metallic cap.

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

AGENTS.—Davis & Jones, Ebensburg, J. A. Smith, Summitville; Wm. Litzinger, Loretto; John Kinney, Munster.

August 21, 1859.—ly.

## DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!

JUST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S. BUNN, M. D., a general assortment of

**DRUGS, MEDICINES,**  
Syringes, Oils, Faints, Dye-Stuffs,

**BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, FLUID,**

Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, &c., &c., and other articles usually kept in

R. S. BUNN, M. D.

Ebensburg, May 4, 1859.—24 ly.

## THIS WAY.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large

Assortment of American Pocket-

Knives. (Every knife warranted.) by

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

August 10, 1859. St.

**BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECU-**

**TIONS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE**

## Marshall's Sale.

BY virtue of a Writ of Vendition Exponas issued out of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and to me directed, I will expose to Public Sale at the United States Building, corner of Fifth and Smithfield Streets, in the City of Pittsburgh, Penna., on **MONDAY THE 7th DAY OF MAY 1860,** at one o'clock P. M., All the right, title, claim and interest of James M'Guire and James McDemis, of, in and to a tract or parcel of land, situate in Clearfield township, Cambria County, adjoining lands of Murray Hoffman, Jr., lands of Bingham and Holliday, and others, containing seven hundred and seventy acres, more or less, about thirty-five acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a frame house one story high, two log houses each one story high, and two stables, one saw mill, with the appurtenances in the occupancy of John Weakland and Samuel Witt. Taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Luke M'Guire and James M'Demis.

ALL the right, title and interest of Luke M'Guire, of, in and to a tract of land, situate in Clearfield township, Cambria County, adjoining lands warranted in the name of John Faunce, Jacob Faunce and Christian Hannan, containing three hundred acres, more or less, about fifty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and a frame barn, in the occupancy of Luke M'Guire. Seized and taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Luke M'Guire, at the suit of Murray Hoffman, Jr., and will be sold by me.

JAMES G. CAMPBELL, Marshall.  
Marshall's Office, Pittsburgh,  
March 14, 1860.—16-81.

## AN ORDINANCE IN RELATION TO THE BOROUGH OF CARROLLTOWN, IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

SECTION 1. Be it ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Carrolltown, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same, That from and after the first day of May A. D. 1860, no person or persons, shall be allowed to hitch any horse, mare or gelding or any other animal, within ten feet from the outside limits of the streets, or either side of the street within said Borough of Carrolltown. Provided however, that any person or persons, may erect hitching posts, for the purpose of hitching horses or other animals, ten feet from the outside of said streets, and in the manner and on the ground as directed by the Street Commissioner of said Borough of Carrolltown. Any person or persons, violating the provisions of this ordinance, shall be subject to a fine of FIFTY CENTS for the first, and ONE DOLLAR for every subsequent offence, to be recovered according to the provisions of the several Acts of Assembly relative to Boroughs, in such cases made and provided for.

SECTION 2. That from and after the first day of May, at or about any person or persons, who exhibits bad conduct within the limits of said Borough of Carrolltown, by being drunk or intoxicated, or by cursing or swearing, or by offending peaceable citizens in any manner whatsoever, shall be subject to confinement in the Lock-up-House of said Borough, for not less than twenty-four hours, and may be subjected to a fine of FIFTY CENTS for the first, and ONE DOLLAR for every subsequent offence, to be recovered as like penalties are recoverable by law. And any person or persons, being unable, or refusing to pay the fine for violating this section, shall be compelled to do work on the roads of said Borough, to the amount of said fine imposed upon him or them.

SECTION 3. That from and after the first day of May next, no person or persons or occupier of any house within the Borough of Carrolltown, shall be allowed to have stove pipes running through the floors of said houses, without having them secured by not catching fire, either by having stone or earthen crocks in said floors, or other wise secured; and that no person or persons or occupier of any house in said Borough of Carrolltown, shall be permitted to have stove pipes or pipes running through any roof of any house in said Borough; and that every person or occupier of any house in the Borough of Carrolltown, is required to build a chimney secure of fire proof and as directed by the Committee of Inspection appointed for that purpose by the Town Council of said Borough of Carrolltown. Any person or persons violating the provisions of this section, or any part thereof, shall be liable to a fine of FIVE DOLLARS, to be recovered as like penalties are recoverable by law.

Done and ordained in Council in the Borough of Carrolltown, this 10th day of March, 1860.

JACOB JAECKLE, Burgess.

JOHN E. MAUCHER, Clerk.

Carrolltown, March 21, 1860.—17-31.

## ESTATE OF IGNATIUS KOONTZ.

WHEREAS Letters Testamentary on the last Will and Testament of Ignatius Koontz, late of Carroll township, Cambria County, deceased, have been issued by the Register of said county, to the undersigned. All persons having claims against the said decedent are hereby notified to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted are requested to make payment without delay.

BENJAMIN WERTNER, {Execu-  
PETER STRITTMATTER, }tors.

Carrolltown, March 7, 1860.—15-61

## Estate of James Conner Deceased.

LETTERS of Administration having been granted on the estate of James Conner, late of Susquehanna township, Cambria County, dec'd, by the Register of said County, to the undersigned (residing in the township aforesaid,) all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted are requested to make payment without delay.

FRANCIS BEARER.

Susquehanna tp., March 14, 1860.—16-61.

## JACKSON & CLARK,

SURGEON DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

ONE of the firm will be in Ebensburg during

the first ten days of each month,

during which time all persons de-

siring his professional services can

find him at the office of Dr. Lewis, nearly oppo-

site Blair's Hotel. [may 25, 1859.]

## JOHN SHARBAUGH,

Justice of the Peace, Summitville, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS TRUSTED TO HIS

care will be promptly attended to. He will

also act as Auctioneer at Public Sales, whenever

his services in that capacity are required.

April 23, 1860.—24

## Miscellaneous.

### TOM'S WIFE.

OR MARRYING THE GIRL OF HIS CHOICE.  
BY ANNIE RAYMOND.

"Tom, what are you thinking about, standing there and drumming on the window pane, and gazing up at the stars—are you moon struck or love sick, said Thomas Hubert, Sr., to his only son; "I say, Tom it is high time you were thinking about marrying. Why don't you answer me—do you see Clara Carleton peeping out from among the stars?" "Were you speaking to me, father?" said Tom in a pleasant voice, for he had been thinking of Clara, and her name aroused him from his reverie.

"Been talking this half hour, but nothing could bring you to your senses, till I said Clara—you remember that girl yet?" said his father, a slight frown resting on his brow. "It is not so easy forgetting such a lovely face, and such a sweet expressive countenance," was the reply.

"Oh, fie, you are no longer a boy, Tom; but instead of appearing manly you have become as sentimental as a girl. Why don't you get married? There is Bell Griffin, handsome and rich, she will make you a splendid wife," said his father.

"She is a selfish creature, and there is nothing lovely about her," said Tom.

"Mary Ray, my dearest friend, will be here next week, and I wish you would marry her. Will you not think of that? That's a dear good brother," said his sister Lucy, laying her hand caressingly on his arm.

"Mary Ray has no mind of her own, and that is the reason you like her so well. I want a wife who can think for herself," said Tom.

"And who will suit you? asked Lucy petulantly.

"No one but Clara Carleton," was the reply.

"And what has become of her? I have heard nothing of her for the past two years," said Lucy.

"How should I know? Didn't you and father try to manoeuvre her out of my way, and if you succeeded, of course you know where she is," said Tom, and without waiting for a reply he left the room.

"How should Tom know that we tried to get that girl out of his way," asked Mr. Hubert.

"I don't know, but he must have heard it recently, as he never mentioned it before," said Lucy.

"Well, I shall know more if he ever finds her (but I hope he won't) and he is determined to marry her I never will consent," said his father.

"It was as always to live in the country, and that Clara is not accustomed to fashionable society," said Lucy. Then after a moment's silence she added—"what would people say if our Tom would marry an awkward country girl?"

"Just what they will say if our Lucy will marry that foolish Timothy Tabbs, whose father made his money by keeping a second hand clothing store in chatham street," said Tom in reply to the last words of his sister; but not wishing to hear more on the subject he took up the evening paper and retired to his own room.

The dwelling occupied by the Huberts as a summer residence was one of the largest and most aristocratic in a pleasant town on the East bank of the Hudson.

For two summers previous to the commencement of this sketch, the rooms had been crowded with the gay and fashionable city friends of Lucy, young ladies of her own age, some of whom were accompanied by miscellaneous manna; and Tom, becoming wearied of being flattered by the wammans, and witnessing the coquetish airs of the simpering daughters, resolved that they wouldn't catch him playing the agreeable again. Accordingly he astonished his father and sister by announcing his intention of leaving home on the day a number of guests were expected to arrive, among whom was the splendid "Bell Griffin" and sweet "Mary Ray." Lucy implored him to remain, saying that they should then have no gallants but her father, and what would her friends say; but Tom was inexorable, suggesting that she should send for Timothy Tabbs, who, doubtless would be happy to wait with them. The guests arrived, and a week later Lucy received a letter from Tom, postmarked Boston, in which he stated it would be many weeks before he returned, but he hoped his friends were happy, assuring them he thought often of them. Many regrets were uttered by the disappointed ladies, and meantime, Tom was spending the time happily in a New England village. But let us turn back four years.

It was a calm starlight evening, and Tom Hubert was walking listlessly along a quiet street upon the outskirts of the town, when he heard a sweet modulated voice, caroling a touching melody, and, pausing before a vine embowered cottage, he saw a woman, pale and emaciated, reclining in easy chair, while upon a low ottoman at her feet, sat a young girl of not more than sixteen years, the thin, transparent hand of the girl, while the large lustrous eyes, in which crystal tear drops were trembling, were resting lovingly upon the beautiful features of the girl, whose varying expressions told the emotions of the pure heart as the lips uttered the beautiful sentiments of the poet. Tom Hubert felt guilty of rudeness in remaining so long but he seemed chained to the spot, and gazed through the open shrubbery like one entranced. The face of the invalid reminded him of the fond mother whose loss he yet mourned, and there was something so winning, so angelic in the expression of the girls countenance that made a deep impression upon his heart. The low windows opened to the ground, and when

the song had ceased, the mother said:—"Clara, I cannot hide the truth from you any longer, and therefore will now speak plainly. I shall not be with you long—a few more weeks, a few months at the farthest, and I shall have passed away—shall be a dweller in that calm where pain, sorrow and death enter not. I could look forward to that day with calmness, as the day of a peaceful rest, were it not for leaving you alone and unprotected," and she pressed her pale lips to the upturned brow.

For a moment the young girl did not appear to hear the mother's meaning;—then as the truth flashed upon her mind, she wound her arms around her mother's neck, and in a tremulous voice exclaimed:

"Say not so, my dear mother! O, how can I live without you—life will be so dark and gloomy—no mother—no friend—I cannot live without you!"

"God never forsakes the orphan; sometimes it may appear very dark, but the sun of happiness, when it does shine, is all the more brilliant for having been obscured in dense clouds; and friendless orphans are watched over by a guardian who shields them from evil. Yes, my dear child, I feel assured that your will be protected when I am gone—your own pure heart will shield you from danger."

"Who would be so base as to harm one so lovely? Yet, has it not often been so? but I will protect her," Tom mentally exclaimed, and without waiting to hear more, he slowly walked away, revolving in his mind many plans for the future.

Flattering himself that he was actuated by motives of disinterested benevolence, Tom Hubert sought and obtained an introduction to Mrs. Carleton and her daughter. Almost every evening found him a welcome guest at the cottage, and ere many weeks he loved Clara returned his love with all the ardor of a young and trusting heart, and ere the mother or passed from earth she sanctioned their betrothal, and as they stood before her, laying her almost powerless hands on their bowed heads, she blessed them with her dying breath.

The chill winds of autumn sighed a mournful requiem as that loved mother was laid to rest in the peaceful shades of the country cemetery; and the sorrow stricken daughter was welcomed to the cheerful home of the pastor. It had been Mrs. Carleton's request that she should complete her education under the guidance of Mr. Hartley, the pastor, and that kind hearted man and his estimable wife took the lonely orphan to their own home where she soon became contented and happy. The cottage was sold and when all expenses were paid, there was only enough left to defray the expenses of Clara's education; but Tom Hubert loved her all the same whether rich or poor.

None knew of the engagement except Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, and when it was rumored that Tom Hubert was attracted to the parsonage by the pastor's ward, the wealthy Mr. Hubert questioned his son as to the truth of the report. Tom acknowledged his love for Clara Carleton, but did not speak of his engagement, and his father forbade him to visit her any longer, as by so doing he would incur his displeasure. Lucy Hubert, who had been educated at a fashionable boarding school in the city, had met Clara a few times and called her awkward country girl, but Tom heeded not father nor sister, and followed the promptings of his own manly heart.

Through the influence of Mr. Hubert, Clara, when she was eighteen, received an advantageous offer to go to a western city as governess in a wealthy family, but Tom overruled the plans of his father and sister, and had his plans also. A few days later Clara Carleton had left town, and as he never spoke of her afterward, his father and sister would have entirely forgotten her, had not been indifferent to the most beautiful and fascinating belles. Meanwhile Clara was residing with a relative of Mr. Hartley in a pleasant village not many miles from the city of Boston, and pursuing her studies.

The cottage formerly occupied by Mrs. Carleton had a new purchaser, and was being repaired, while the embellishments of the ground received many an artistic touch, and when in early autumn all was to be completed it was to be the most beautiful and romantic residence in town. Furniture was sent on from New York, and an upholsterer came to see its arrangement, but he evaded the questions of the gossips who were in a fever of excitement to know all of the particulars, how long the owner had been married, if his wife was beautiful, etc. Even Lucy had observed it, and she had written to Tom, saying that the cottage was finished, giving a glowing description of its external beauty, and it was rumored that the family would soon take possession.

It was a pleasant morning in September, when Tom Hubert entered his father's dwelling, and was warmly welcomed by father and sister, while Bell Griffin told him how much he had been missed, and after replying politely, he said:

"How about the cottage that was being fitted up when I left home—have the family arrived?"

"The cottage was brilliantly illuminated last evening, and as we drove by a carriage drew up before the gate, so I presume they have come," said Lucy.

"The fact is, Lucy, I have bought that cottage, and my wife will be happy to see my sister, and her friends this evening," said Tom.

"Married, eh? and without even asking me I'll cut you off, you'll not have another cent exclaimed his father.

"But father, I hope you will forgive me when you know my wife, who is as anxious to see you, said Tom, and in a few moments he persuaded his father to accompany him.

Tom had married Clara Carleton; and Lucy found that Clara was not only highly accom-

plished, but her education was superior to her own, and most of those with whom she associated. And the following winter when Tom's wife entered fashionable society in New York city, her "awkward manners did not cause Lucy to blush, but she was proud of her lovely and accomplished sister-in-law. Mr. Hubert soon learned to love Tom's wife, and was never so happy as when with "our Clara," as he familiarly called her, and has often been heard to say:

"Tom married the girl of his choice, and she is a jewel."

### A Thrilling Incident.

The following thrilling incident is extracted from a very interesting paper in Bentley's Miscellany, entitled "Hours in Hindostan." The Cobra Copella is said to be one of the most venomous species of serpents in the East, its bite being attended with almost instant death:

"We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stakes had been good molar points, and twenty on the rubber, Maxey, who was always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us losers, any thing but pleased, when he suddenly changed his countenance and hesitated to play. This the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pouted, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body guard.

"Hush responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had been suddenly taken ill.

"For the love of God, sit quiet," replied the other, in a tone denoting extreme pain or fear, and he laid down his cards.

"If you value my life, move not."

"What can he mean?—Has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to myself.

"Don't start—don't move, I tell you," in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey.

"If you make any sudden motion, I'm a dead man!" he exclaimed.

We exchanged looks. He continued: "Remain quiet, all may yet be well. I've a cobra copella around my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appalling look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted a dead man, so frightful is the bite of that dread monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely, breeches and silk stockings. Therefore he wore plain fly-ribbon movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without the feature altering its position, so rigid was the look, so fearful was he that the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent and hasten his bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round!" muttered Maxey.—"I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he thickens—for the love of Heaven, call for some milk! I dare not speak loud; let it be placed near me; let some be placed on the floor!"

Churchill cautiously gave the order; and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir! Northbore, you moved your head. By everything sacred I conjure you not to do so again. It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I've a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them. The snake is winding around my calf—I leave them all I possess—I can almost fancy I feel his breath 'Great God, to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought, and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor and the afflicted servant drew back.

Again Maxey spoke: "No—it has no effect. On the contrary, he has uncoiled the upper fold! I dare not look down but I am sure that he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more than fatal precision. Receive me, O Lord, and pardon me—my last hour has come. Again he pauses. I die firm, but this is past endurance—ah, no! He has undone another fold, and loosens himself. Can he be going to someone else? We involuntary started.

"For the love of Heaven, stir not? I'm a dead man; but bear me. He still loosens—he is about to start. Move not, but beware Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh! this agony is too hard to bear. Another pressure and I am dead. No, he relaxes."

At the moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had uncoiled himself, the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved! I am saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed,—the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried, more dead than alive, to his room.

"A Virginia negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at cholera, took to the woods to avoid it, and was there found asleep. Being asked why he went there, he said: "To pray."

"But," said the overseer, "how was it that you went to sleep?"

"Don't know, massa, sactly, but I spec I overprayed myself."

Reading matter on every page.

### "Seven up" for a Wife "Good as Wheat."

In the State of Tennessee there is a certain village boasting of a tavern, three stores and four groceries, where, from morning till night and from night till dawn, a person entering the town may find in the tavern, stores, groceries, stores, and more groups of persons playing cards. Gambling there is resorted to a science, the history of the four kings is thoroughly studied, and from the school-boy to the grey-haired veteran, from the man in his teens to the mother of a large family, they are initiated into the mysteries of high low, jack, game, right and left towers—the honors and the odd trick. One of the best players in the village was Major Smith, the tavern keeper; or, as he expressed it, the proprietor of the hotel; a widower, who, like

"Jephtha, Judge in Israel, fair," had a daughter passing.

Fanny, the daughter, was one of the prettiest girls in Tennessee, and therefore one of the prettiest in the world; for we here digressed in order to lay down as *ipse dixit*, that Tennessee women, in point of beauty, are matchless. The sweetheart of Fanny, was a young farmer residing in the neighborhood whom we shall designate by the name of Bob ert.

It happened one day before harvest, the young man was detained in the village, and found him, as usual, at the hotel, seated between the Major and his daughter. After a desultory conversation between the two gentlemen, on the state of the weather, the prospects of the approaching harvest, and such important staples of conversation, the Major asked Robert how his wheat crop promised to yield.

In reply, he was told that the young farmer expected to make at least one hundred bushels. The Major appeared to study for a moment, then abruptly proposed a game of old sledge, or "seven up," the stakes to be his daughter Fanny against his crop of wheat.

This, of course, the young man indignantly refused, because he could not bear the idea that the hand of her he loved should be made the subject of a bet, so that he should win a wife by gambling for her, and perhaps, because he knew the old man was hard to beat and there was a strong probability of his losing both wheat and wife.

It was not until the Major, with his usual obstinacy, had sworn that unless he won her he should never have her, that the young man was forced reluctantly to consent to play.

The table was placed, the candles lit, the cards produced, and the players took their seats, with Miss Fanny between them; to watch the progress of the game. The cards were regularly shuffled and cut, and it fell to the Major's lot to deal. The first hand was played and Robert made gift to his opponents high, low, game. Robert then dealt, the Major begged; it was given, and the Major again made three to his opponents one.

"I'm good for the wheat, Master Bob." The old man turned up a trump—it was a spade. Fanny glanced at her father's hand—her heart sank; he held the three, eight-spot, and the king! She then looked at Robert's hand, and lo! he had the ace, queen, deuce and jack, or knave. She whispered to Robert to beg—the bid so.

"Take it," said the Major.

Robert led his deuce, which the Major took with his three spot, and followed by playing the king. Robert put his queen upon it.—The Major supposing it was the young man's last trump, leaned over the table, and tapping his last trick with his finger, said:

"That's good as wheat."

"Is it?" asked Robert, as he displayed to the astonished Major the ace and Jack, yet in hands.

"High, low, jack, gift and game," shouted Robert.

"Out!" ejaculated Fanny.

"Good as wheat," added Robert, as he flung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

In due time they were married, and ever after that, when anything occurred of a pleasing nature to the happy couple, they would express their emphatic approbation of it by the phrase "Good as wheat."

Excused.—Miss Molly and Miss Peggy are two sisters. Miss Molly is the elder. She is not a member of any church, but like all well bred young ladies, says her prayers before retiring. One night she carried to her room a pickle, and laid it upon the bureau, thinking she would eat it after her devotions. She knelt at the foot of the bed for the purpose. Peggy entered the room, and seeing her deeply absorbed, thought to improve the opportunity by appropriating the pickle to her own use. She had bitten off a piece and in chewing it, made a noise which her sister heard, who wishing to know the cause, looked up, and beholding Peggy devouring