

Democrat and Sentinel.

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

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1860.

VOL. 8--NO. 3.

NEW SERIES.

TERMS: DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at...

TO CONSUMPTIVES AND NERVOUS SUFFERERS. For several years a resident...

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY.—HAVING purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the...

FORWARD ASSOCIATION. PHILADELPHIA. Medical Institution established by special...

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! NEW GROCERY STORE. Undersigned would respectfully beg leave...

WAR IN MEXICO. J. EVANS & SON, Agents for the sale of arms, accoutrements...

MANHOOD. How Lost. How Restored. Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope...

PHILADELPHIA WOOD MOULDING MILL. Willow street, above Twelfth, north side...

JOHN H. ALLEN & CO., NOS. 2 & 4 Chestnut Street, (south side, below Water)...

JACKSON & CLARK, SURGEON DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA. ONE of the firm will be in Ebensburg during...

NOTICE. The Pamphlet Laws of the last Session of the Legislature of this Commonwealth...

ABRAHAM KOPELIN, Attorney at Law.—Johnston. Office on Clinton Street, a few doors north...

AT WORK.—The cabinet makers.—Not less than a dozen cabinets have already been...

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS. A SUPERLATIVE TONIC, DIURETIC, ANTI DYSPEPTIC AND INVIGORATING CORDIAL.

TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA. APOTHECARIES, DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND...

I beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of the United States to the above Wines and...

Read the following from the New York Courier. Enormous Business for one New York Merchant...

PHILADELPHIA. Sole Agent for Philadelphia, George H. Asstrop, No. 832 Market St., Phila.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

MORE NICE THAN WISE.

BY MARGARET LYON.

A carriage stopped at the door, the bell was rung, and a few moments afterwards...

'Not a bit changed!' It is two years since you were married, and your cheeks are as...

'Oh, you needn't fix your sharp eyes on me after that fashion,' said Amy, laughing...

'Men are no more perfect than women.' 'Husbands should be perfect in the eyes of their wives,' remarked Aunt Phoebe.

'And wives perfect in the eyes of their husbands?' 'Of course.'

'Then we are exceptions,' said Amy, as they entered the chamber prepared for Aunt Phoebe.

Amy laughed again a gay little laugh—the sound of which was not pleasant to the old lady's ears.

'How is John?' she asked. 'Oh, he's well; and will be so glad to see you.'

'How does he get along in business?' 'Very well, I believe. But he complains of being worked half to death.'

'He's young and strong,' said Aunt Phoebe. 'And a close application to business won't hurt him.'

'But he comes home so tired out as to be right down ill-natured sometimes. And I don't like that.'

'I'm sorry,' was all Aunt Phoebe replied, and then asked for the baby. 'Oh, he's sweet! and a gleam of sunshine irradiated the young mother's countenance.'

'Come; he's sleeping in the next room; and she drew Aunt Phoebe into the chamber, where her baby treasure lay. 'Isn't he lovely, Aunt?'

'Dear Angel!' said the old lady, bending over the crib, and gazing with delighted eyes upon the rosy infant.

'And so John is a little cross sometimes?' remarked Aunt Phoebe, as they sat together in the sitting room, not long afterwards.

back the curtain, and commenced running it through his fingers. 'You'll fray that cord, John,' said Amy.

'John, don't you'll ruin that cord.' Mr. Leslie dropped it, without looking towards his wife, or replying, and still kept on talking with Aunt Phoebe.

Soon, in his earnestness, the young man forgot himself again, Grasping the top of the chair which stood near him, and balancing it upon one leg, he moved it backwards and forwards with a see-sawing motion.

'Do you wish to sit down on it?' said John, looking steadily into her face. 'No, but—'

'Why will you play with chairs in that fashion?' said Amy, with slight irritation. 'It makes me nervous to see you.'

'I am sorry your nerves are so delicate,' said John Leslie, pushing away the chair. 'My wife, Aunt, has grown as particular as an old maid.'

Aunt Phoebe made no reply. She felt uncomfortable. For nearly a minute silence pervaded the room. Then the tea bell rung, and the scene changed.

'Why, husband, how can you do so?' broke from her lips a few moments afterwards. 'You really seem to be trying yourself.'

'What has he done, child?' said Aunt Phoebe, looking across the table in some surprise at Amy.

'Done? Just look at his cup on the table cloth. A nice stain it will make.' 'Where are your cup-plates?' asked Aunt Phoebe.

'Oh, dear! nobody has cup-plates now-a-days,' answered Amy. 'That's just it, Aunt,' said John. 'Our Amy has grown excessively genteel. She won't have cup-plates, and I'm not the fool to burn my mouth with hot tea and coffee.'

'Nonsense, children,' spoke out Aunt Phoebe. 'This is a little worse than trifling.' The old lady's rebuking tone rather chilled them, and neither made any additional remark.

'How my poor feet do ache. They have been bound up in this tight leather since morning.' 'Don't take them off here!' exclaimed Amy.

'Why don't you go over into our room? Your slippers are there.' 'But he paid no more attention to his wife than if he had not heard her. The boot just removed he placed against the wall, and went on deliberately taking off the other.'

'There, that feels better,' he said. 'I tell you what, Aunt Phoebe, it's no joke to go all day with a pair of tight boots on. My feet feel as if taken out of a vice.'

'Well, I'm downright ashamed of you, John,' said his wife. 'I hope you will never have anything worse to be ashamed of,' he replied, and not in a very kind tone of voice.

'As soon as you have grown calm enough to listen to me, I wish to say a few words to you.' Amy sobbed more violently for a little while, and then, the paroxysm abating, she became silent.

'In the first place then,' began the old lady, 'I would like to know if it is in this way that you receive your tired husband every evening when he returns from business?'

'In what way, Aunt Phoebe? I don't know what you mean.' 'In a fault-finding way, I mean.'

'But, Aunt, I cannot let him act in such a way?' 'Stop, my child!' said Aunt Phoebe. 'You are wrong. The love of your husband is more to you than these trifles.'

'What is the varnish on a chair-round to the smile of a husband? Or the freshness of a tassled-cord to his tender and loving thought of you? Why, child, you are throwing away precious gems for glitter and tinsel.'

'Aunt Phoebe paused.' Amy looked at her for some moments in a half-startled, half-bewildered way, a light breaking in upon her mind. Then she laid her face down against her Aunt and wept for some time silently.

'Am I not right, my child?' said Aunt Phoebe. 'Yes, you are right, and I have been wrong. Thoughtless, foolish woman! how weak and unwise I have been. Thanks, dear Aunt Phoebe, for your plainly uttered reproof.'

When Amy returned to the sitting-room, she had her husband's dressing gown on her arm, and his slippers in her hand. 'Give me your coat; John,' she said with a pleasant smile, 'here is your dressing gown.'

'Oh, you needn't have taken that trouble,' returned her husband in surprise. 'It's no trouble, dear,' answered his wife, putting her hand upon the collar of his coat, and then helping him to remove it.

'There she added, as she drew off the last sleeve of your dressing gown, and here are your slippers. I will take your coat and boots over to the chamber.'

All this was so unexpected to John, that the whole thing was done before he had time to object or remonstrate. There was no more sharp finding on that evening; no more sharp or complaining words, but considerate kindness and gentle attentions from one to the other.

A shadow had fallen on the brightness of their home; a spirit of accusation had come in; alienation had begun; their frightened bark had passed from calm water to a troubled sea; they were in danger of a shipwreck; but Aunt Phoebe came at the right moment, and by fitly spoken words, restored order, harmony, and peace.

Is it Cheaper? Is it cheaper to build jails than it is to educate your children in good morals, and thus prevent their becoming inmates of our prisons? What sort of men will these boys make who are allowed to frequent ram holes, to smoke swear, and play cards? Do parents suppose they can hold the reins of government over their sons, while they permit them to spend their evenings away from home, subjected to all the evil influences which are always concentrated in a village?

It is cheaper for a father to pay for the mischief which his sons do, than it is to buy them a library of books? If parents would keep their sons contented at home, let them take good newspapers so as to furnish them with mental and moral food.

Is it cheaper to furnish good books, good papers, and plenty of them, for our children, than it is to let them go without, and run the risk of their contracting a taste for immorality, tobacco and strong drinks? The daughters, too, should not be neglected. Take papers and magazines for them, give them something to think about and then they will not grow up silly, weak-minded women, who take no interest in anything but fashions, dress and flirtations.

Western Politics.—Do you support Abe Lincoln? 'No sir.' 'Do you support Douglas?' 'No sir.' 'Do you support Bell, then?' 'No sir.'

The Landlord Who Couldn't Keep People All Night.

A short distance from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage roads leading from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke.

'Who are you there?' 'Burder, and Yancey and Elmore, from Montgomery,' was the answer, 'on our way to attend court. We are hanged, and we want to stay all night.'

'Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible.' 'The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

'Well! can't you stable our horses, and give us chairs and a good fire till morning?' 'Oh, yes, gentlemen, can do that.'

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves, the few remaining hours, in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience, as they waited till daylight did appear. The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

'Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?' said Burder. 'I didn't say so,' replied Ford. 'You didn't? What in the name of thunder, then, did you say?'

'You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said that would be impossible, for night was night on two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds, why or earth didn't you say so?'

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all. 'I've learned a pedagogue at Nantucket used every morning to read passages in the Bible, and expound the same as he proceeded in order that by asking questions as to how much they remembered of his comments, he might ascertain who were the bright boys of the school. On one occasion he read from the book of Job thus:

'There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job, who feared God and eschewed evil. Eschewed evil, that is, he eschewed evil as I do tobacco, he would have nothing to do with it.'

With this very clear and forcible elucidation of the word 'eschew' he proceeded, and a number of verses were read and commented on in a similar clear and intelligible manner. After a long interval, when the young mind had time to digest its food, the pedagogue called upon one of the youngest boys, and the following dialogue ensued:

'Who was the man that lived in Uz?' 'Job.' 'Was he a good man?' 'Yes.' 'What did he do?'

'He chewed tobacco when nobody else would have anything to do with it,' was Bob Holmes' answer. The boy was permitted to take his seat.

A friend says an exchange, returning from the depot a few mornings since with a bottle freshly imported Man Law, saw a young lady whom he must inevitably join.—So putting the bottle under his arm, he softly walked along side. 'Well,' said the young lady, after disposing of health and weather, 'what is that under your arm, from which she discovered a dark fluid dropping.'

O, nothing but a coat the tailor has been mending for me. Oh, it's a coat, is it? Well you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one hole more,—it leaks.

The following is an exact copy of a notice posted up in a New Jersey town. Lost—A calf red. He had a white spot on one of his hind legs. He was a she-calf I will give three dollars to everybody what will bring him home.

An old gentleman who was never accused of being a wizard, went out with his gun one day to shoot partridges, accompanied by his son. Before they approached the ground where they expected to find the game, the gun was charged with a severe load, and when at last the old gentleman discovered one of the birds, he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to see him fall of course; but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to 'kick' him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son, 'Alphy, did I point the right end of the gun to the birds?'