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POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muses' lore."

The Spotted Frog.

A WESTERN REFRAIN.

On muddy Mill Creek's marshy marge,
When Summer's heat was felt,
Full many a burly bullfrog, large,
And tender tadpole dwelt.
And there, at noon-day, might be seen,
Upon a rotted log,
The bullfrog brown, and tadpoles green,
And there the Spotted Frog!
Oh the Spotted Frog!
Oh the Spotted Frog!
The light and life of Mill Creek's mud
Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

By stagnant Mill Creek's muddy marge,
The Spotted Frog had birth;
And grew as fair and fat a frog
As ever hopped on earth.
She was the frog chief's only child,
And sought by many a frog;
But yet on one alone she smiled
From the old rotted log.
Oh, the Spotted Frog!
Oh, the Spotted Frog!
The light and life of Mill Creek's mud
Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

From muddy Mill Creek's stagnant marge,
Her bridal song arose!
None dreaming, as they lapped about,
Of near encircling foes,
But cruel boys: in search of sport,
To Mill Creek came that day,
And at the frogs with sticks and stones
Began to blaze away!
Oh, the Spotted Frog!
Oh, the Spotted Frog!
The light and life of Mill Creek's mud
Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

On marshy Mill Creek's muddy marge
Next morn, no frogs were seen;
But a mortal pile of sticks and stones
Told where the fray had been!
And Time rolled on, and other frogs
Assembled 'round that log;
But never Mill Creek's marshes saw
Again that Spotted Frog!
Oh, the Spotted Frog!
Oh, the Spotted Frog!
The light and life of Mill Creek's mud
Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

Yankee-Land.

There's a pedagogue at St. Louis who seems to be very anxious to return to Yankee-Land, where he originated. He has given vent to his desires in some verses published in the St. Louis Revue. We extract a portion of them. They are eloquent and touching:—

All things grow ready made for use
In old New England's clime,
Oak-leaf-cigars, and woddle clocks
That keep the best of time.

Their essences come down in show'rs—
Their hail is sugar candy
And every bird can sing the tune
Of 'Yankee Doodle Dandy.'

They used to throw in pond-hole deep
A score of wrinkled wretches—
If down'd they were deemed innocent!
If not were burned as witches.

A man could neither kiss his wife,
Nor wipe his nose on Sunday;
And if the beer worked on that day,
The keg was whipped on Monday.

I'll not delay another hour,
But, after changing dress,
Will tow'rds the 'Bay State' wend my way,
And ne'er come back, I guess.

How to Marry.

When you get married, don't marry a pet,
A jilt, or a wizen, or yet a coquette;
But marry a maid—that is, if you can—
More fit for the wife of a sensible man.

Look out for a girl that is healthy and young,
With more in her eye than you hear from her tongue;
And though she be freckled, or burnt to a tan,
Yet she is the girl for a sensible man.

With riches will wretchedness often in life
Go linked, when your riches are got with a wife;
But marry, and make all the riches you can,
Like a bold, independent and sensible man.

Look for a girl who is gentle and kind,
And modest, and silent, and tell her your mind;
If she's wise as bewitching, she'll welcome the plan
And soon be the wife of a sensible man.

Then cherish her excellences wisely and kind,
And be to small foibles indulgent;
For so you make happy, if any thing can,
The wife of a sober and sensible man.

A DANDY observed that he had put a plate of
brass on his boots to keep him upright. Well
balanced, by jing, said a Dutchman, 'brass at both
ends.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE KLABOTERMANN.

From the Columbian Magazine for May.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

In the Seamen's Traditions collected by J. Schmidt, the Legend of the Klabotermann, "Klabautermann," as he calls it, is said not to be correctly given. The following is the tradition as it is current on the northern coast, and particularly in the small islands in the German Ocean.

A long time ago there lived on the rocky island of Helgoland, a poor widow whose husband, like most of the islanders, had been a bold and able sailor. He was boatswain on board his ship. She was lost in a violent storm, and the boatswain, with many others, along with her.

The widow, whose name was Margaret, mourned day and night for his death; and wept so much that she lost her sight entirely. Now seemed her cup of misery to be full, for poverty was added to her other sufferings. Her only possession was a very small house, and a son fourteen years of age, whose name was Peter. Peter was her only consolation in the midst of hardships. He was a lad of excellent heart and had the fear of God before his eyes. His filial devotion was most exemplary; for not only did he forego the delight of a seaman's free life, to stay at home with his blind mother, but he was never weary working for her, and earned not the lowest employments for the poorest wages so that she might live comfortably and not want for anything. Nevertheless, all his toil availed not to keep them from penury; he was forced to borrow on the security of his house. Thus he performed the duties of an affectionate son for four years, often denying himself meals that his mother might have abundance; though he never allowed her to suspect that he wanted food.

At length it pleased Providence to release the poor woman from the wants and pains of this life. Before her death, she gave thanks to Heaven for having given her so good a son; blessed him, and commended him to Divine protection throughout his future life. Peter wept, and thought if his dear parent were only spared to him, he would be content to labor on land all his days; to weave nets, or do any thing else that other young men would be ashamed to do, for her sake. When she was dead, he wept a long while; then covered her face reverentially, and went out to make suitable arrangements for her decent interment. For this purpose he devoted the last few shillings he possessed. He first engaged the services of a priest, then the undertaker and sexton, and invited some old friends of his father to be present at the solemnity, and assist him in paying the last tokens of respect to the beloved corpse. When he returned home, he found the female mourners already assembled. They drank coffee, and wailed, as was the custom, for the dead. After the burial the pall-bearers, and those who assisted, returned to the house with Peter, where they were treated to the customary funeral feast of sweet buns, coffee, beer and tobacco. At evening all departed, well satisfied with the refreshment. Peter remained alone, and asked himself what he was next to do.

The bailiff soon relieved the poor youth from the trouble of determining his own course. He sent for him and showed him a paper, on which were the names of those to whom Peter stood indebted, with the amount of debts. When the bailiff asked him if he meant to pay, the lad could only look distressed and reply—"Heaven knows I would gladly pay all my debts, but I cannot now."
"Very well," said the bailiff, "I must make a register, for which you are to pay me two marks, and the clerk fourteen shillings, according to law."
"I cannot," answered Peter, "I have not a half-penny in the world."
"Then," said the bailiff, "I must detain you for the costs of judgment must be paid. Your house will be sold to the highest bidder, and the money will go to satisfy your creditors, and defray expenses, so far as they or the law have claim upon you."
"I know well," replied the youth, "that there will be nothing left."
And so it turned out; for there was hardly enough to satisfy the law's demands. The bailiff, however, was merciful, and gave Peter liberty to go where he pleased.

He went at once to the harbor, where an English merchant-man lay at anchor—a stately and beautiful ship. He inquired for the captain, and asked him if he wanted an active sailor. The captain was pleased with his manners, made trial of him, and was so well satisfied—for Peter had learned the craft with his father, and sometimes accompanied him to sea—that the bargain was soon concluded, and Peter went on board the merchant-man, and they sailed in a few days.

Their first voyage was to London. Peter, though he felt deep emotion at leaving his native island, was very happy at sea. How enchanting seemed the free-roving life of the sailor! When the proud ship flew onward before a brisk wind, ploughing the crystal waves, and dashing the spray high overhead, while the sun shone bright, and joy was in every heart, the sailor would not have exchanged his life for all the treasures of land. It is true, there were seasons of cloud and storm and terror; but the ship was good and stout, and her crew brave; and the dangers they worked through but enhanced their cheerfulness when past.

The first voyage was very prosperous, and without the occurrence of a single mischance, the ship entered the London harbor. While at sea the captain had every reason to be pleased with his new sailor. He was always cheerful, and even sportive with his comrades; but still thoughtful and pious, and esteemed by the whole crew. Not one of them but would share what he had with him, for the sailors knew him to be poor, though he never seemed to want any thing. He was called familiarly "poor Peter."

Their luck was destined to be short-lived. The good captain fell sick and died in London. Another captain was appointed to the ship, who proved a very wicked man. The steersman, who came with him, was as evil minded as himself; and the sailors, to a man, refused to sail under such command. They left the ship, all except Peter, who knew not where else to go; and who was asked by the new captain, with friendly words, to remain in his service. Bad as he was, he had his reasons for wishing to have one honest and pious seaman on board. The rest of the crew were of his own stamp.

Peter's old companions shook their heads when they heard he was to stay, and the ship was to sail to the African coast. "Poor Peter!" they all said. Had they known what a protector he had brought on board with him from Helgoland, they would not have thought him to be pitted.

This powerful protector was no other than the Klabotermann of the ship, who had given Peter a token, on his first coming on board, that he was kindly disposed towards him and would be his friend. The Klabotermann is on shipboard what the goblins or fairies are who inhabit houses, or what the trolls or dwarfs are to the woods and mountains, or the gnomes or kobolds to the mines. It is an innocent spirit, that works to keep good order in the ship, and never forsakes it till it is about to sink. A ship haunted by the Klabotermann cannot be lost so long as he does not leave it, which he will not do, unless the crew are all evil disposed, or unless the captain or some one in authority does something to vex him. Like all other goblins, he is at times very capricious and easily to be moved to anger. The Klabotermann never allows himself to be seen so long as he is disposed to stay in the ship, except sometimes by one chosen person. But he can be heard often at work. At times he moves the chests and lading, when there is danger from a squall of wind, or the sea runs high. He is also busy on the deck pumping out the water that has got into the hold; and if the ship springs a leak that is not observed, he will keep up a hammering on the place where it is, till the carpenter comes and mends the leak. He has much to do also in the tackling; and is very angry if he discovers that the sailors are negligent about this. In such a case he will tangle the ropes and cords, and then from the masthead mock at the men with malicious laughter and roguish words or tunes. If at any time this spirit becomes visible to the whole crew, it is a certain sign that the ship is doomed to destruction. On this account the superstitious sailors dread nothing so much as the appearance of the Klabotermann.

The voyage on which Peter accompanied the new captain and crew was not so prosperous as the first. The wind was favorable but not strong; and though the ship was a first rate sailor, she made but slow progress. Peter now observed with pain, how unprincipled and impious a man was the captain, and what a dissolute set were his comrades. These last took pleasure in venting their spleen on the good youth, and played him all sorts of ill tricks. Not only that, but they laid the blame of every thing that went wrong upon him, so that the mate ordered him more than once a taste of the rope's end. The Klabotermann stood his friend, however, and prevented him from being hurt by the machinations of his enemies. He also managed it so that the wicked sailors were found guilty of the faults they had charged upon Peter, and were themselves punished with the rope's end. Once, too, when the mate enraged at the lad for his uniform piety and goodness, on some frivolous accusation ordered him to be beaten, the Klabotermann suddenly roused the captain to fury, so that he rushed forward, seized the rope, and laid it over the shoulders of the mate himself.

Thus they approached the end of their voyage. They were not far from the African coast. The day had been clear and the wind favorable. On a sudden the ship stood still, as if nailed to the water; and there was a dead calm. The sailors were quite put out, and looked at each other and at the sails that hung loose upon the masts, as if they knew not the meaning of this. The captain walked restlessly about for some time, and then broke into a furious oath, as he noticed a small white cloud on the edge of the horizon to the northeast. It was rapidly rising and spreading over the sky.

"A storm!" muttered the crew, "a storm, brewing!" It was so. The cloud still rose and spread, exchanging its white appearance for a dull, gloomy gray.

In less than two hours it covered the top of the mainmast. The heavens were black, and the sea had that peculiar appearance it wears before a storm. There was a frightful stillness, only broken by the captain's voice and the shrill call of the boatswain.

The storm came on with tremendous violence. There was a keen flash of lightning, and then the winds howled as if let loose from all their caves, and the sea began to swell and roar, the waves dashing with terrific fury upon the sides of the ship and sweeping her deck.

It was a fearful scene. The helpless vessel reeled and staggered, tossed about like a feather at mercy of the wild waters. Now she was carried upon the summit of some mountain billow, now hurled down again into the black and yawning abyss. Her strained timbers creaked and groaned

amidst the wild uproar, till it seemed that she must every moment be torn asunder.

The crew struggled bravely, but in vain, against the power of the storm. Another flash of lightning—it shattered the mainmast, and struck the boatswain, who fell lifeless on the deck. A giant wave swept the pilot overboard, and broke the handle of the helm. The captain ordered guns to be fired as a signal of distress; it was done; and hope reanimated the crew, as they heard the shot answered from a distance. Again and again the signal was repeated; and at last some of them fancied they could see a sail nearing them. It approached swiftly; the outline of the ship could be distinctly seen; it came nearer and nearer. Horror of horrors! by the gleam of lightning the sailors could see that the deck of the strange ship was covered with skeletons! These ran and fro, as if busy—singing, or rather howling in chorus a frightful death song. On the very point of the bowsprit sat a little old man in sailor's dress, but all in white, with a white, high pointed cap on his head, and a short pipe in his mouth, from which he shot out sparks as he smoked.

"The carmillan!" shouted the terrified crew of the ship in distress, with one voice. At the same instant a broad glare streamed across the sky, lighting up the wild waste of waters, and they saw another little man, similar in appearance, sitting on their own bowsprit.

"The Klabotermann!" was the despairing cry of the sailors; and from the spectre ship came repeated the terrific words like a mocking echo—"The carmillan! The Klabotermann!"

The spectre ship came along side; the Klabotermann sprang from the bowsprit of the doomed vessel into the sea. At the same instant there was a deafening crash; the merchant-man went to pieces and sank, and the death-spirit glided away.

The good Peter was not swallowed up with the rest in the deep; for before the ship went down, scarce knowing what he did he had leaped into the sea after the Klabotermann. For some time he lost all consciousness. When at length he came to himself, he was lying in the large boat belonging to the merchantman. Beside him was a flask of rum, a cask of water, two kegs of biscuit and a large piece of smoked meat, all which the goblin had saved for him in the boat. When Peter first opened his eyes, he saw the Klabotermann sitting in the forward part of the boat. The spirit nodded kindly to him, then vanished, and Peter saw him no more, though he was continually aware of his presence and protection.

For many days the youth sailed over the sea in the open boat, without seeing ship or land. But his courage did not fail; commending himself to God, he worked all day to navigate his little vessel, and at night lay down and slept in peace.

At last, one night, he was awakened by feeling the boat striking against the ground. He knew he must have come to land somewhere; but it was so dark he could not see, and he was obliged to wait for daylight. Nevertheless, he could not sleep for anxiety.

Daylight came; the sun rose like a ball of fire from the deep, flinging a purple hue over the waves. Peter uttered a heart-felt thanksgiving, and looked to see where he was. He started—rubbed his eyes—but it was no dream. He was close to his own dear native island, whether the good Klabotermann had towed him. He brought his boat to the dock, landed, and met several of his old companions. They were astonished when they heard his story, and several said they should like to go to sea with him. When he went to remove his things from the boat, he found the other keg filled, instead of biscuits with hard thalers and guineas. These also the Klabotermann had rescued from the ship for his favorite.

Thus "poor Peter" became suddenly a rich man. He purchased a ship for himself, in which he made many voyages between Helgoland and Hamburg.

After several years he married, and was the father of a numerous family. He continued through a useful and virtuous life to be the favorite of the good natured Klabotermann.

Goon NATURE.—By Hook or by Crook.—Dame Grundy was the most good natured woman alive. Come what would, every thing was right—nothing wrong. One day Farmer Grundy (he used to the dame) told a neighbor that he believed in the world was the most even-tempered woman in his life, for he never saw her cross in his life—and that for once he should like to see her so. "Well," said his neighbor, "go into the woods, and bring home a load of the crookedest wood you can find, and if that doesn't make her cross nothing will." Accordingly, to try the experiment, he teamed home a load of wood every way calculated to make a woman fret. For a week or more she used the wood copiously, but not a word of complaint escaped her lips. So one day the husband ventured to enquire of her how she liked the wood. "I wish you'd get another load," said she, "for it lays round the pot complete!"

"Why is a pig looking out of a garret window like a dish of green peas?" This coming from Sheridan, excited great attention, every one setting his wits to work to discover the similitude, having racked their brains to no purpose for some time, they at length unanimously gave it up.

"What!" said Sheridan, "can't any of you tell why a pig looking out of a garret window is like a dish of green peas?" "No, no," being thereby, he enjoying the perplexity he had thrown them into, good humoredly rejoined, "faith, nor I neither."

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

The value of Time.—An Admonition.

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time but from its loss; to give it then a tongue is wise in man. As if an Angel spoke I feel the solemn ailment. If heard aright, it is the knell of my departed hours. Where are they! With the years beyond the flood. It is the signal that demands despatch: How much is to be done!"

Madame Necker de Saussure, in one of her admirable Essays, says that "each hour that arrives, is commissioned by God with a command for us to execute; and then buries itself in eternity, to condemn or absolve us there." What solemn thoughts, as to responsibilities and duties in this life, is the above eloquent and forcible quotation calculated to excite! "Who," exclaims the same lady—in another passage—who can tell to what space in eternity, each hour of our existence corresponds? There is nothing, perhaps, more precious than time to the majority of mortals, and nothing, that is regarded in a lighter or more inconsiderate spirit.

With the young, as well as those who are in the enjoyment of the summer of life, this is surely the case. Hours, and days and years are wasted in pursuits of a comparatively trifling nature; and we only discover, when age begins to whitening our cheeks, enfeeble our limbs, take the bloom from our locks, and the brightness from our eyes, that we are descending the hill of life; that the time for mental improvement, for the acquisition of valuable and available knowledge has, in a great measure, gone by; that we have been pursuing phantoms, bubbles shadows,—that a little longer, and we will sink among the dust of the millions that have already passed through "the Valley of the Shadow of Death"—and still a little longer, and the wail above our graves will have ceased, the tears of the mourners will have dried, and our very names will gradually fade from the memories of those who will live after us.

It is only when about to part from the changing scenes of earth, or when we have in a great measure lost our relish for what are regarded as worldly pleasures, enjoyments and excitements—that we pause, reflect and measure the life of man, so limited and insignificant, when compared with the thousands of years that have gone by since the work of creation commenced. It is only at such a time, that we look wistfully, and in some sense with spiritual eyes, into the future, and call up a thousand vague imaginings as to its depths and duration, and as to our destiny there, resulting from our duties and actions here. Death is busy all around us.—Not a day nor an hour goes by, that victims do not fall, not only within the limits of the city, but sometimes within the sound of our own voices, among our immediate neighbors—within our neighbors—within our very households. For a brief period, the lifeless form is before us—when the crape is suspended from the door-knocker,—when the windows are bowed, or the funeral is passing slowly on, the mind becomes thoughtful and meditative—we feel the uncertainty of life—and the possibility that the allotted time for the bounds of our being, is but a little while in futurity. But with the mass, with the multitude, how evanescent are these feelings! We are so familiarized with the scenes of departure from this life—funerals are of such ordinary occurrence in large cities and towns, that the mind becomes indifferent, and we rush on from day to day, seldom thinking, even for a moment, that each, as it passes shortens our mortal career—each gray hair is a monitor, each furrow upon the brow or cheek, is an evidence that the bloom and fullness of our being is departing, and that therefore, time to us being more limited, more precious, is more valuable, and should be made more fruitful and benevolent, virtuous, humanizing and redeeming works. At best, and even with a long life, the limit of our being is but a flash in comparison with the ages that have been, and that will be.

"This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vesper.
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free!"

And yet, to recall the thoughtful admonition of the writer already quoted—who can tell to what space in eternity, each hour of our existence corresponds? Nay, who can define or describe the condition of happiness or misery, in the never ending ages yet to come, that will be produced by the employment wisely or viciously of the hours or the days of our earthly pilgrimage! If vicious here, is it not reasonable to infer, even independently of Revelation—that the penalty of such vice will be visited upon us hereafter? And if we measure Eternity by Time—or suppose that the conduct of our life will be punished relatively, not only with regard to its purity or otherwise, but as to its extent—may we not also infer, that the work of an hour the guilt or the goodness—will affect our being, happiness, or misery, in the mysterious future, for vast periods that may not be measured by time? Certain it is, that even in this life, the brightness and beauty of youth, if characterized by benevolence and good deeds, serve to soften and sweeten every period of after existence. Why not, then, infer in the same philosophy, that after we shall have closed our mortal career, the hours will come back to us, measured, however, in conformity with our new state of existence, and that thus we shall live for what would be limitless ages in this world, and rewarded or punished according to our conduct here below? In this view, not only the value of time, but the duties of employing the hours, the days and

the years allotted to us, wisely, profitably, and religiously, must be apparent to every reflecting mind. Each day should be made subservient to some good end—should be marked by the performance of some truly benevolent and christian duty. Thus, we should live, not only for the present, but for the future, and in a spirit suited to realize through faith in the Redeemer, the sublime enjoyments of an Eternal Paradise.

A Companion for Life.

Miss Fuller, in her work entitled "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," is quite eloquent in favor of the first consideration which woman should receive in her marriage relation.

She says—Centuries have passed since, but civilized Europe is still in a transition state about marriage; not only in practice but in thought. It is idle to speak with contempt of the nations where polygamy is an institution, or seraglio a custom; when practices far more debasing habit—well high fill—every city and town. And so far as union of one with one is believed to be the only pure form of marriage, a great majority of societies and individuals are still doubtful whether the earthly bond must be a meeting of souls, or only suppose a contract of convenience and utility. Were woman established in the rights of an immortal being, this would not be. She would not, in some countries, be given away by her father, with scarcely more respect for her feelings than is shown by the Indian chief, who sells his daughter for a horse, and beats her if she runs away from her new home. Nor, in societies where her choice is left free, would she be perverted, by the current of opinion that seizes her, into the belief that she must marry, if it be only to find a protector, and a home of her own.

Neither would man, if he thought the connection of permanent importance, form it so lightly.—He would not deem it a trifle, that he was to enter into the closest relations with another soul, which, if not eternal in themselves, must eternally affect his growth. The household partnership. In our country, the woman looks for a "smart but kind" husband, the man for a "capable, sweet-tempered wife."

The highest grade of marriage union is the religious, which may be expressed as pilgrimage toward a common shrine. This includes the others; home sympathies and household wisdom, for these pilgrims must know how to assist each other along the dusty way; intellectual communion, for how could it be on such a journey to have a companion to whom you could not communicate thoughts and aspirations as they sprang to life; who would have no feeling for the prospects that dawn more and more glorious as we advance; who would never see the flowers that may be gathered by the most industrious! It must include all these.

ANNEKE OR MRS.—A Vermont, intending to seat his wife at table, and snow-ball a hog out of the yard, politely handed the pig to the table, and began to snow-ball his wife. He found out his mistake when the snow-balls came back faster than they went.

GOON SPEAK.—A Kentucky girl marrying a fellow of mean reputation, was taken to task for it by her uncle. "I know, uncle," replied she, "that Joe is not good for much, but he said I defo not have him, and I won't take a stump from any body."

A man with a tall thin wife, remarked, that whatever he might have on his table, he was always sure to have spare ribs at dinner; and, he added, very ingeniously, "it is something of which I am extremely fond, I assure you."

A client once burst into a flood of tears, after hearing the statement of his case by counsel, exclaiming, "I didn't think I suffered half so much till I heard it here!"

"I come straight from London," said a crooked little lady in answer to a question put to her. "Did you," said a wag, "then you must have been confoundedly warped by the way!"

A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed—"Oh! that splendid gold watch of his—give me that—give me something to remember him by!" Amiable simplicity!

Thomas, my child, tell me the biggest lie that you ever told, and I will give you a mug of cider. "Me; I never told a lie in my life." Draw the cider my son,—you've done it!

A lady of fashion stepped into a shop and asked if they had any matrimonial baskets, she being too polite to say cradles.

THE ALARM CLOCK.—A Dutchman bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as his reason, "dat as he loff'd to rise early, he had now nodding to do but to pull a spring, and he could wake himself."

"You are no gentleman," said an angry disputant to his antagonist. "Are you?" quietly asked the other. "Yes, I am sir." "Then I am not," was the caustic reply.

"I'll be blessed if I do," as the girl said when her lover popped the question.

"I'll let you know when I come back again, as the rheumatism said to the leg.

"You don't look a-miss," as the young lady said to her beau when he got her bonnet on.