



CHOICE POETRY.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. O. WHITTAKER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And, in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose steps upon the earth did press
Like a snow-flake, white and met;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
O, God! if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and our purest one;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for Grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we?
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven?

ORIGINAL SKETCH.

Written for the *Huntingdon Journal*.

THE PIC-NIC.

Ye shall have miracles; ay, sound ones too,
Seen, heard, attested, every thing but true.
MOORE.

It was a calm lovely morning in July, and nature seemed to have arrayed herself in her bridal robes, to greet its coming, that a company consisting of some twenty persons, set out from a village upon the banks of the Juniata, to that scene of many a delightful party, the *Caves*. Bright and joyous they pursued their way along the lovely river, whose banks, even at this day, remain rich in the native and uncultured charms of wood-land scenery. There are few lovelier spots, indeed, than that where it winds in, and out, between the gray and craggy hills that rear their pine-crowned peaks so high above it; brimful, and laving with its pure waters their base, as they enclose this wild sylvan solitude. But soon this had been passed, and the way leads over a rolling expanse of country, beautiful, perhaps, only on a morning like the present, when the newly risen sun is shining cheerfully among the rich green leaves, and filling all the air with light, which of itself, is tinged with an emerald hue—while not a breath of wind is stirring to shake the dew drops from the branches, or to awaken the murmuring voice of the tall tree-tops. The merry laugh of the different members of the party, with the soft warbling of the forest birds, lent the scenes through which they passed that sufficient degree of animation, that seems to fill up the void in silent nature.

Nice substantial farms, with comfortable buildings and cheerful inhabitants, whose bright prospect of sky and water, is never to be shut out by long piles of brick and stone masonry, every here and there, appear to deck the scene.

But at length they emerge into that singular vale, so appropriately named after its own eccentric stream, Sinking Valley; and after a short ride through this delightful dell, the scene of the party presents itself to view; and with all its wild variety of form and outline, its mountains, dells, and cascades, its pure cool springs, sparkling streams, natural and sublime curiosities, this region might well be called the land of pure delights.

But the party having alighted, and being all in the vigor of the day's sports, we must needs accompany them on their first visit to the cave, premising, that Clara, the acknowledged nymph of the company, has a figure below the medium height of womanhood, but beautifully symmetrical; clusters of bright golden hair falling over a brow of unsullied purity; eyes of cerulean hue; features moulded in the most exquisite proportions of loveliness, with a complexion, which the soft glow of happiness irradiated with its spirit-like and ineffable lustre.

Miss F— might be said to occupy the next place of honor; lively and agreeable, with soft dark eyes of the rich color of her dark chestnut hair, which at every motion of her head reflected a hue of gold. Her complexion was as unspiced as the snow, and so transparent was her skin that you might trace the course of the dark blue veins that ramified beneath. Possessing a lively spirit, a gentle temper, a musical laugh, a smile so sweet and expressive, one could not look upon her but with interest.

But by this time the party have reached the bottom of the immense cavity, into which opens the yawning cavern. And if ever there was a spot in nature to be appreciated, this was one; a scene of fiery beauty, which awakens a burst of admiration from all whose hearts are alive to nature's loveliness. Standing in the bottom of a hole, near a hundred feet in depth, you gaze in silent awe, upon its lofty and precipitous sides as they are reared above you; the gray rock clothed with the moss and fern of years, with here and there a gnarled oak starting out from its very side, waving its bright green foliage, in striking contrast to the unadorned portions of the precipice.

The orifice of the cave at first view is extremely imposing, its broad massive forehead befitting over the visitor, for some yards, ere he finds himself within. The mouth is formed into a semi-elliptical arch, springing boldly to the height of some twenty feet, and about fifty feet at the base, throwing over the whole a massive roof of uniform con-

cavity. Through the cave trickles a limpid stream which springs spontaneously from the rocky side of the before mentioned cavity, forming a most beautiful silvery cascade. The rock appears to be secondary limestone, so that the cave must evidently be a fissure formed by the streams whose course it follows.

Like many other curiosities of nature this cavern was thought, by the red "sons of the forest," to be the residence of some evil spirit, and many of the first settlers of this part of Pennsylvania found refuge, in its dark recesses, from their savage wiles.

But we must return to our party whom we left standing at the bottom of the cavity at the entrance of the cave. And here beheld the check of beauty borrowing new charms from this excess of loveliness—the lips which have heretofore been silent, become eloquent from the delicious excitement of unexpected ecstasies—the blood runs through the veins with a quicker flow—the joy-crowned goblet of delight passes round from lip to lip, and the nectareous draught gladdens the heart, without maddening the senses. During no part of the day did the party exhibit such evidence of their admiration of nature's wild and sublime grandeur, as while gazing upon this delightful spot.

But the wood nymph Clara, perched upon a rock within the mouth of the cave, beckons to the company, and tunes her voice in preparation for a song. And now it comes, wafted on our ears, through the orifice of the cavern, and as its dulcet swell is echoed back from rock to rock, and from side to side, in its efforts to escape, no pen can describe its wild beautiful harmony. It happens too, to be that singularly appropriate song:

"Hush, for my heart blood curdles as we enter
To glide in gloom these shadowy realms about,
Oh! what a scene, the round globe to its centre,
To form this awful cave, seems hollowed out;
Yet pause, no mystic word hath yet been spoken
To gain us entrance to this awful sphere,
A whispered prayer must be our watchword-token,
And peace—like that around us—peace unbroken
The passport here."

But the song, is, at length, concluded, and the party prepare to climb the steps of the cavity to dine. The repast has been spread upon the green sward under the ample shade of the sturdy forest oak, and thanks to their good friends George, and the "Judge," the party are enabled to regale themselves on all the usual luxuries of the pic-nic.

The merry dinner has been concluded, and the party have separated to take a *siesta* beneath the shade of the forest trees. And now, wandering through the *locules* of these scenes, let us take a brief view of some of the different characters of the party who have not yet been introduced.

And here, reclining beneath a shady oak tree, we see the lovely Clara, and at her feet no less a personage than her quondam friend, Mr. Y—, from the smoky city of the West. Young, rich, handsome, possessing all the advantages of life, he was determined to enjoy them by remaining single. In consequence of this resolution, he had courageously resisted the numerous attacks made upon him by manoeuvring mothers and marriageable daughters. But at last he met with the beautiful being with whom we now find him, and matters seemed to take a different turn—he thought he might trifle with the lady, but alas, finds himself, before he is aware of it, held fast by her trammels.

Next we see Miss Sue, with hair as dark as the ebony hue of the raven's wing, a quick intelligent glance from the eyes as soft as a fawn's, and pretty coral lips, half concealing as white teeth as ever woman delighted to show. Her countenance, although not decidedly handsome, is strikingly *spirituelle*, and is sometimes lighted up by expression, into a bright and intellectual loveliness; her voice is sweet as the song of the forest bird, and her very laugh is musical as the clear chime of the silver bell.

With her, and engaged in conversation, is seated George S—. He is of noble appearance. Though not regularly handsome, his face was one that could not fail to interest. Wasted away by a lingering disease, though still young, the strife of thought had stamped her ineffaceable lines upon his brow, yet there is something ineffably attractive in the smile that gleamed on his lip, and lighted up his sharp features.

But we will leave them to themselves, and proceed to take a view of those two sitting up on the side of the knoll, and making the woods ring with their merry peals of laughter. 'Tis Mary, the life and soul of every party of which she forms a member, and with her is her friend John, at times but little less merry than herself, but at others possessing a temper that does not fail to remind one of a certain animal who shall be nameless; and yet he is a warm friend and a jovial companion.

But here we see the sisters, Emma and Ella, conversing earnestly, apart from the company.—These two girls, both young, are widely different. No link of kindred could have been traced in their personal appearance, and as little in their dispositions. Ella was just verging on blushing womanhood, a period when many important developments of character are suspended on a hazardous poise. She gave the promise of a beautiful woman, but the excessive love for admiration and fashion, which she manifested, marred the beauty of creation, sullied the purity of her mind, and disrobed her of that artlessness which alone belongs to young.

Emma, if not so brilliant as Ella, was far more femininely lovely; her sweet face beamed with gentleness, and her whole character bore the stamp of ingenuousness.

But here comes Mr. George, who, by the way, we forgot to mention was master of ceremonies, to assemble the party in the Cave, to witness the magic display of Mr. Mouton.

And a moment after an elderly gentleman entered with a slow and measured tread; he was dressed in black, and his countenance was marked by deep contemplation. He had not mingled with the party at any time previous, and was only with them, at their earnest request, to see the natural and sublime curiosities with which the vale abounded. The step of Mr. Mouton, his eye, lowering lashes, and forehead wrinkled by thought, impressed the beholder with a feeling of awe, that elicited his breathless attention. He seated himself upon a rock, and drew from his pocket a curiously wrought goblet, dipped it full of water pure from the chrysal stream, and into that emptied a powder, which being concluded, he repeated the following lines:—

"Mortal, would you wish to know,
To prove, to feel, to think,
And understand your weal or woe,
Then, of this goblet drink."

But no one of the party seemed desirous to partake of his magic beverage, except the fair Miss Sue, who, stepping forward, raised the goblet to her lips, and drained it of its contents. Immediately the rocky side of the cavern was a sheet of flame, which, passing away, left her standing in the midst of a beautiful garden, illumined by night save the beautiful silvery crescent, and the twinkling stars that gem nights azure arch. Then in mournful tones is heard the voice of Mouton repeating:—

"Little thanks shall I have for my tale,
Even in youth thy cheek will be pale;
By thy side is a red rose tree—
One rose droops withered—so thou wilt be.

Round thy neck is a ruby chain,
One of the rubies is broken in twain.
Thrown on the ground—each shattered part
Broken and lost—they will be like thy heart.

Mark you star, it shone at thy birth—
Look up again—it has fallen to earth.
It's glory has passed, like a thought, away,
So—or yet sooner—shalt thou decay.

O'er your fountain's silvery fall,
Is a lunar rainbow's coronal;
Its hues of light are melting in tears—
Well may they image thy future years.

I may not read in thy mild blue eyes,
For the long dark lash that o'er them lies;
So in my art—I can only see
One shadow of night on thy destiny.

I can give thee but dark revelations
Of passionate hopes, and wasted feelings:
Of love, that passed like a lava wave,
Of a broken heart and an early grave."

As he concluded, the cavern was shook by an awful peal of thunder, which reverberated through the recesses of the Cave, as though all the fiends of the infernal regions had been suddenly loosed. Soon it ceased, and left the amazed and frightened party standing as before; but Mouton had disappeared, and was no where to be seen.

But at length the party having recovered from their surprise, proceeded to the surface of the ground, and, to dispel the recent scene, a visit was proposed to the Natural Arch. But not even the sublime grandeur of this bold Arch sprung across the Sinking Creek, and forming a most perfect natural bridge, could entirely obliterate the effect of the frightful scene.

Next they pursued their way to what is usually termed the upper "Sink Hole." This is an immense cavity in the earth, of about one hundred feet to the surface of the water, but how far it may extend below that, none can tell, as it has, as yet, never been fathomed. The sides of the cavity consist of massive rock, covered over with moss, fern, and the untrained vine hanging in rich and graceful profusion.

The party were standing upon its brink, gazing into its immense depths, when they were startled by a slight rustling noise, not far from where they stood, which gradually increased, and was shortly succeeded by a terrible, almost deafening roar—a crashing, thundering report, till every echo for miles around was awakened, and the woods resounded with the uproar.

An enormous forest tree had thundered down the sides of this awful chasm, within but a few yards of where the party stood.

The fall of an aged oak, in the noiseless lapse of time, is ever an event not unworthy of interest—but at a time like this, when all was still around, and the party gazing in silence on one of the wild freaks of Nature; it was doubly so. Ages since, long ere the foot of the white man had pressed the soil of this western world, did that tree lift up its green head from the earth, under the genial warmth of the sunlight, and the summer wind. Ages passed away, and it reared itself into a gigantic pillar, and tossed its green head proudly amid the upper skies. The red thunder-bolt of heaven had visited its lofty head with a baptism of fire, and ere it had rifted the storm-cloud sang, and moaned thro' its naked limbs. But the worm at the root, and rotteness at the heart, had done their work. Its day and hour were appointed, and it could not pass their bounds. The moment had come, and in the deep stillness of the forest, when not a sound was stirring, not a whispering zephyr to move a single leaf, the offspring of centuries was laid low, and bowed himself to the earth. "Oh! there is a moral in the falling of an aged forest tree."

At length the party having recovered from their alarm, and warned by the lateness of the hour that it was time to return, prepared to retrace their steps.

The bustle of departure is over, and they proceed on their way, pleased and satisfied with the sports of the day. After a delightful ride in the calm evening, and along their own beautiful blue Juniata, they find themselves treading once more the street of their quiet village, and soon they have

separated and are sunk in the arms of Morpheus. May their dreams be pleasant, and may they meet with no dark Magician to read to them the page of a darker destiny.

But there is one, in whose memory the remembrance of that day will long remain fixed; and though her cheek is more pale, and her gait more sober, yet they are the only external evidences she gives of the effect the story of Mouton has left upon her. And if we are permitted to express it, our earnest wish is, that it may prove untrue, and that the course of her future years may be bright and joyous as the past.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CREOLE'S DAUGHTER.

"What breast so cold, that is not warmed here."

Another child was the happy means of saving her father's life. He was a Creole of St. Domingo, and was guilty of no other crime than that of being rich and preserving the inheritance of his forefathers. At that time, when the contagious example of the French Revolution had spread as far as the New World, the horrible practice was adopted of assembling in groups the victims who were ordered to be executed, and firing indiscriminately upon them, with cannons loaded with grape-shot.

The eyes of the Creole had been blindfolded, and he stood among a crowd of other unfortunate beings expecting every instant the signal of death.

When, however, the order to discharge the artillery was about to be given, a girl rushed forward with a loud cry of "My father! oh, my father!" and making her way through the victims, threw her arms around her parent's neck and waited for the moment of dying with him. In vain were all threats or entreaties; neither the representations of his danger, nor the commands of her father, could intimidate her. In reply to the latter, she earnestly rejoined, "Oh, my father! let me die with him!"

"What power has virtue over the most ferocious minds! This unexpected accident disconcerted the commander of the measure; but doubtless he was a father, too! The voice of admiration and exclamation of pity, which he heard from all sides, touched his heart, and under some specious pretext, the Creole was delivered from the expected punishment, and accompanied by his child, reconnected to prison, whence he soon after obtained his release. After that happy escape, he was often accustomed to relate, with feelings of tender emotion, the heroic action of his little girl, then only ten years of age.

African Spartans.

Travellers in Southern Africa have often praised the beautiful and symmetrical forms of the native inhabitants, and the people really deserve the encomiums. As they generally go nearly naked, their bodies appear as they really are; and among thousands of native Zulus whom I have seen, I do not remember to have met with one marked by any important congenital deformity. Deformed persons are said to be equally rare among several other tribes of South Africa; but the explanation of this fact is by no means creditable to the moral character of the inhabitants. It appears to be their custom to destroy, at birth, all maimed, deformed and defective children. This work of destruction is done very secretly; and hence, in this country, we never see infants floating down our rivers, nor exposed in fields and forests to the rapacity of birds and wild beasts. When a deformed infant is to be put out of the way, its mouth and nostrils are filled with mud, ashes or grease, until life is extinct, and then it is quietly buried out of sight.—*Paritan Recorder*.

Things that Cost Nothing.

Sunrise and sunset cost us nothing, all glories as they are. Colors that are only to be seen in the heavens, and brightness beyond description, are profusely spread, and we have sight to behold them, pulses to throb, hearts to beat, and minds to contemplate with wonder, thankfulness and joy.—Rising and setting suns are common-place exhibitions; when, were there only one such exhibition to be witnessed in a century, multiplied millions, may almost lose the population of the globe, would behold it with rapture.

We give money and time and labor for many things of little value, but we never give either the one or the other for the cheerful sunbeam and the grateful shower, the gray of the morning, the twilight of evening, the broad blaze of noonday, and the deep silence and darkness of the midnight hours! The poorest of the poor have these, and they have them for nothing!

"Be Sure You are Right."

The motto of David Crockett—an admirable one—was, "be sure you are right, then go ahead." If one is in the right, whatever path he may pursue, he cannot fail of success; or if perchance he fail, he can lie down with his clear commanding conscience, and sleep sweetly by the way-side, though his head rests upon a stone. Right is a principle allied to those happy combinations, which, in the great aggregate of life, are certain to triumph. Right is like light and truth, indestructible, eternal. "Be sure you are right."

Little by Little.

Those islands which so beautifully adorn the Pacific, were reared up from the bed of the ocean by the little coral insect, which deposits one grain of sand at a time. We have seen the picture of a mountain with a man at its base, with his hat and coat beside him, and a pick-axe in his hand; and as he digs, stroke by stroke, his patient looks correspond with his words, "Little by little." So with human exertions. The greatest results of the mind are produced by small but continued exertions. Perseverance is the secret of success.

Why is type setting beneficial to a nervous man? Because he can compose himself.

It Spoils a Man to Marry Him.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Believe, dear girls, this maxim true,
In precept and in practice too,
That it spoils a man to marry him;
The creature never ought to go
Beyond a honey-moon or so;
If they survive that, they will show
That it spoils a man to marry him.

When first he kneels before your feet,
How soft his words, his looks how sweet;
But it spoils a man to marry him.
When once a late consent he'll wring,
And get your finger in a ring,
Oh! then he's quite another thing—
It spoils a man to marry him.

Have you a fancy?—you must drop it;
A will, it may be?—you must lose it,
Before you think of marrying;
And even if you venture then,
Select the very worst of men;
For in nine cases out of ten,
'Twill spoil a man to marry him.

A Hint to Farmers.

In driving thro' the adjoining township of Bristol, a few days ago, we saw that some prudent farmer had placed an old pump log at the bar entrance to a field from the high-way, as a conduit for the water, as well as to provide a gentle access to his field. It struck us as a capital arrangement; and while we have no doubt but that similar means for similar usages are applied by others, we presume, indeed we know, they are not in general use, as we have not met one before in our journeys for years, and hence we desire to call the attention of our agricultural friends to the matter. Almost every farmer can provide from off his own premises, logs of the kind and size suitable for boring, which, if used at the entrances to their fields from the public roads, where the rise is considerable, will obviate, at small expense, a dangerous inconvenience, which is now submitted to by many.—These logs last much longer than the plank bridges, are much safer, and we should judge, much cheaper. They enable you to make a smooth gently-inclined road into the field, which will remain there for many years, without repair or injury.

The abrupt entrances to many fields, are frequently of a nature treacherous to strain, and sometimes even to break, heavily laden wagons; and we have, on many occasions, seen the loads of hay and grain partly, and sometimes entirely dislodged by them. The "log culvert," then, offers an excellent preventive from all these dangers.—*Editor Germantown Telegraph*.

The World's Fair.

The preparations, at London, for the great exhibition, in 1851, of the industry of the World, are progressing, and on a scale of the greatest magnificence. The building to be erected for this Fair in Hyde Park, will, at the lowest estimate, cost half a million of dollars. The edifice is to cover 18 acres, to be 100 feet in height, and is to contain eight miles of tables. The amount already obtained by subscription is over \$300,000. It is estimated that at least half a million of people will visit the Exhibitions, in the course of the six months it is to continue, and the receipts from this source, at the probable admission price of one shilling, or twenty-four cents, per head, will amount to \$120,000. More space in the bazaar has been allotted to the United States than to any other nation excepting France. The prizes to successful competitors will amount to \$600,000.

Family Receipts.

AROMATIC BEER.—Twenty drops oil of spruce; 20 drops of winter green, and 20 oil sassafras.—Pour on two quarts of scalding water, then eight quarts cold water one and a half pints good molasses, and a half pint of yeast. After standing two hours, bottle.

TO PRESERVE APPLES, PEARS, &c.—Select the best and fairest fruit; wash carefully, and cut them into eighths; extract the seeds and cores, and dry in a kiln or common oven, moderately warmed, till hard, when required for use, wash in cold water, then pour on water boiling hot, and let stand for five minutes. Use the same as fresh fruit. In the water an excellent substitute is found for fresh juice.

Very Small for its Age.

A friend of ours was asked a few days ago, by a close fistled old customer, to partake of some very old whiskey, which he valued very highly. He consented not reluctantly, when his hospitable entertainer took the bottle and poured out what our friend regarded as a very small dose. The latter taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked, rather sceptically, "You say this is forty years old." "Yes," replied the host. "Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is, that it is devilish small for its age."

A Suggestion.

At a meeting of the Sons of Temperance, in Canada, not long since, a young man, in addressing the ladies, said:—"Let me urge you ladies, one and all, not to countenance any young man who refuses to become a teetotaler. I would also beg of you to advise all the young men to become Sons; and if you cannot accomplish this, make fathers of them?"

The man who commenced reading Webster's Dictionary through in course, reports that he finds it very nice reading, but "somehow the subjects are dreadfully mixed up." He "don't more than get launched upon one, before off the writer starts upon another."

Smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, often conceal a traitor.

SCHOOL-ROOM EXERCISE.

BY QUIZ.

"John, bound the state of Matrimony."
"The state of Matrimony is bounded on the north by Solitude, on the east by Double-trouble, on the south by Sore-shins, on the west by Vexation."

"What are its chief products?"
"Peevish babies, scolding wives, hen-pecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt hams and sour pies."

"What is the state of its climate?"
"It has more variant temperature than that of any other state in existence. In that portion of it called Hony-moon the climate is salubrious and healthy—the atmosphere laden with the sweets of the bowers of Hymen. In some parts the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception when they expect most warmth, and in some other parts there is all the burning sensations of the torrid zone. Sometimes a fellow's house, in the state of matrimony, gets too hot to hold him, and strange to say, he travels well with all speed, not to, but from the poles, where cold is generally supposed to exist."

"Sarah, has John given a correct outline of the state of Matrimony?"
"Can't say, sir,—never was in that state. Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in with him, and when I return I'll answer the question."
"Well, Sarah, as you seem to be ignorant in geography, I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'marriage is a civil contract.' Parse marriage."

"Marriage is a noun; because it's a name.—And though Shakespeare asks what's in a name, and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name, shows that the rule established by the Bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of very great importance, and being a noun and therefore a name, ergo, there is something in a name."
"Good! Well, what is the case of marriage?"
"Don't know, sir."
"Decline it, and see?"
"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. Had rather conjugate."

"Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case marriage is?"
"Yes, sir, it's a common case, and I wouldn't care if it were a little commoner. And I 'spose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's case."

"Can you decline marriage?"
"Jane blushed extremely, and answered; 'had rather not, sir.'"
"Well, Sarah, what person is marriage?"
"Second person, sir, because the one you speak to is the one who is going to marry."

"What number is marriage?"
"Plural number now, sir, because Bill and I are two at the present time. When the person ties the knot, marriage will then be singular, because the bible says that twain be one flesh."
"What gender is marriage?"
"Common gender, because either male or female may get married."

"Does marriage govern anything, or does it agree with something?"
"Both, sir. It governs both mankind and woman-kind, and as to agreeing, it agrees with the world and the rest of mankind."
"Give your rule."
"My rule is that Bill shan't grumble if I buy two silk dresses a year, and he shant have but one teaspoonful of sugar to two cups of coffee."

He Had Him There.

The following squib was "perpetrated" in one of the public schools of Philadelphia county:—"I am not aware of its ever having appeared in print, and it is too good to be lost."
It seems that a few hours' exemption from mischief had greatly enlarged the bump of "treachery" in the upper stories of some of the "young ideas," and they took and besmeared the balustrades from top to bottom with mud, and when the master came in he very naturally laid his hand on it when he mounted the stairs. He was soon aware of his sad mishap, but said nothing about it until all the scholars had been called in and had taken their seats, when he acquainted them with the fact, and said he would give any one five dollars who would inform him who had a hand in it.

At this moment up jumped a little red-headed archin, who said—"Thir, you thay you'll give any one five dollarth who'll tell who had a hand in it."

"Yes."
"Now, thir, you'll not whip me, will you?"
"No."
"Well thir, y—Now you won't whip?"
"You young scamp, I'll lick you if you don't tell pretty soon."
"Thir, y-o—oh, I don't like to."
"Go on, or I'll skin you alive!"
"Well, thir, you had a hand in it."
The master gave in, and forked over.

Just Like Them.

The ladies have taken to shirt collars and short jackets. The next jump will be pants forty inches round the bottom, with high-heeled boots and a moustache. How the tailor would blush, when a sweet little creature, with a pair of piercing eyes, a killing pair of moustaches, and a siren voice, should enter and exclaim, "Sir, take my measure—pants—fashionable—tight fit, you know." Who would not be a tailor then?

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No you don't," exclaimed his shoemaker; "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."