

**TERMS :**  
The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following yearly rates:  
**It paid in advance.....\$1.50**  
If paid within six months after the time of publishing.....1.75  
If paid at the end of the year.....2.00  
And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.  
The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
One square of sixteen lines or less  
For 1 insertion \$0.50, For 1 month \$1.25,  
" 3 " 1.75, " 6 " 2.75,  
" 12 " 3.50, " 3 months 5.00.  
**PROFESSIONAL CARDS,** not exceeding ten lines, and not changed during the year.....\$4.00  
Card and Journal, in advance.....5.00.  
**BUSINESS CARDS** of the same length, not changed during the year.....\$3.00  
Card and Journal in advance.....4.00  
Short, transient advertisements will be admitted into our editorial columns at the usual rates.  
No longer advertisements, whether yearly or transient, a reasonable deduction will be made and a liberal discount allowed for prompt payment.

### POETICAL.

#### Miscellaneous Hours.

BY M. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as I could blot  
All traces of mankind from earth—  
As if 'twere wrong to blast them not,  
They so degrade, so shame their birth,  
To think that earth should be so fair,  
So beautiful and bright a thing;  
That nature should come forth and wear  
Such glories appaling:  
That sky, sea, air, should live and glow  
With light and love, and holiness,  
And yet men never feel or know  
How much a God of Love can bless—  
How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down and light  
Like floods of glory on the sky—  
When every tree and flower was bright,  
And every pulse was beating high—  
And the full soul was gushing love  
And longing for its home above—  
And then, when men would soar as if,  
To the high homes of thought or soul—  
When life's degrading ties should sever,  
And the free spirit spun around—  
Then have I seen, oh how my cheek  
Is burning with the shame I feel,  
That truth is in the words I speak,  
I've seen my fellow creatures steal  
Away to their unhallowed mirth,  
As if the revivings of Earth,  
Were all that they could feel or share,  
And glorious heavens were scarcely worth  
Their passing notice or their care.

I've said I was a worshipper  
At woman's shrine—yet even there  
I found unorthodox thoughts,  
And when I deemed I had first caught,  
The radiance of that holy light,  
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—  
When eyes of fire flashed sent,  
And rosy lips looked eloquent—  
Oh, I have turned and wept to find  
Beneath it all a trifling mind.

I was in one of those high halls,  
Where genius breathes in sculptured stone,  
Where shaded light in softness falls  
On pencil beauty. They were gone  
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill  
Had wrought such power—but they spoke  
To me in every feature still,  
And fresh lips breathed dark eyes woke  
And crimson cheeks to never glowing  
To life and motion. I had knelt  
And wept with Mary at the tree  
Where Jesus suffered—I had felt  
The warm blood rushing to my brow  
At the stern buffet of the Jew—  
Had seen the God of glory bow,  
And bleed for sinners who knew  
And I had wept—I thought that all  
I feel like me—and when I came  
A stranger bright and beautiful,  
With step of grace and eye of flame,  
And tone and look most sweetly blest  
To make her presence eloquent,  
Oh, I then looked for tears. We stood  
Before the scene of Calvary,  
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—  
The gall—the writhing agony—  
I saw his quivering lips in prayer,  
"Father forgive them"—all was there,  
I turned in bitterness of soul,  
And spoke of Jesus. I had thought  
Her feelings would refuse control;  
For woman's heart, I knew was fraught  
With gushing sympathies. She gazed  
A moment on it carelessly,  
And coldly curbed her lip, and praised  
The High Priest's garment! Oh could it be  
That look was meant dear Lord, for thee.

Oh, what is woman—what her smile—  
Her lip of love—her eyes of light—  
What is she, if her lips revile  
The lowly Jesus. Love may write  
His name upon her marble brow,  
And linger in her curls of jet—  
The light spring flower may scarcely bow  
Beneath her step, and yet—  
Without that meeker grace she'll be  
A lighter than vanity.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### Backbiters.

Every community holds in its bosom a species of venomous bipeds called backbiters, spies, droppers, or slanders, who go about doing evil continually. They introduce discord where peace before resided—they wake up ill-will between peaceable and friendly neighbors—excite suspicion in trusting hearts, and substitute bitter controversy for social unity and quietude. They malign private character with impunity, because they are too cowardly and hypocritical to make their assaults boldly and manfully, so that those whom they traduce have a chance to defend themselves. They run up behind you and strike you in the back, and then fly to escape detection. They put on a great sanctity and friendliness to your face, but when your back is turned, look out for them! for they will cling to your heels like a rabid dog. Avoid them as you would a poisonous reptile—refuse their company—and above all, do not admit them to your family circle—do not induct them into your friendship, for if you do, they will leave the beautiful stain of their footsteps on your very threshold, and happiness will flee before them as from a deadly foe. For the love of peace, of order and of friendship, do not countenance their slanderous imputations against your friends and neighbors.

#### Two Sharpers.

An old man picked up half a dollar in the street.  
"Old man, that's mine," said a keen looking rascal, "so hand it over!"  
"Did yours have a hole in it?" asked the old man.  
"Yes it had," said the other sharply.  
"Then it is not mine," mildly replied the old man, "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy!"

#### There is no place like home.

Gable, "except the home of the girl you are after." Gable's good cat.

#### Ancient Babylon—Its Ruins.

It may be known to many of our readers that the French Government has employed a party of gentlemen to explore the site of ancient Babylon. From reports just received from them, it appears that they have ascertained, beyond reasonable doubt, that the ruins beneath a tumulus called the Kasr, are those of the marvelous palace citadel of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar. They are in such a state of confusion and decay, that it is impossible to form from them any idea of the extent or character of the edifice. They appear, however, to extend beneath the bed of the Euphrates, a circumstance accounted for by the change in the course of that river. In them have been found sarcophagi, of clumsy execution and strange form, and so small that the bodies of the dead must have been packed up in them, the chin touching the knees, and the arms being pressed on the breast by the legs. These sarcophagi have every appearance of having been used for the lowest class of society; but notwithstanding the place in which they were found, the discoverers are inclined to think that they are of Parthian, not Chaldean origin. There have also been found numerous fragments of enamelled bricks, containing portions of the figures of men and animals, together with cuneiform inscriptions, the latter white in color on a blue ground. According to M. Fresnel, the chief of the expedition, these bricks afford a strong proof that the ruins are of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, inasmuch as the ornaments on them appear to be sporting subjects, such as are described by Ctesias and Diodorus. The foundations having been dug down to certain parts, it has been ascertained that they are formed of bricks about a foot square, united by strong cement, and that they are in blocks, as if they had been snapped in all directions. In a tumulus called anram, to the south of Kasr, interesting discoveries have also been made. They appear to be the ruins of the dependencies of the palace situated on the bank of the Euphrates; and they contain numerous sarcophagi, in which were found skeletons clothed in a sort of armor, and wearing crowns of gold on their heads. When touched, the skeletons, with the exceptions of some parts of the skull, fell into dust; but the iron, though rusty, and the gold of the crown, are in a fair state of preservation. M. Fresnel thinks that the dead in the sarcophagi were some of the soldiers of Alexander or Seleucus. The crowns are simple bands, with three leaves in the shape of laurel on one side and three on the other. The leaves are very neatly executed. Beneath the bands are leaves of gold, which it is supposed covered the eyes. From the quantity of iron found in some of the coffins, it appears that the bodies are entirely encased in it; and in one there is no iron, but some ear-rings, a proof that it was occupied by a female. The sarcophagi are about two and three-quarters of a yard wide, and are entirely formed of bricks and united by mortar. In addition to all this, a tomb, containing statues, marble or alabaster, of Juno, Venus, and of a reclining figure wearing a Phrygian cap, together with some rings, car-rings, and other articles of jewelry, has been found, as have also numerous statuettes, vases, phials, articles of pottery, black stones, etc., of Greek, Persian, or Chaldean workmanship.—Literary Gazette.

#### Washington and Jackson.

Mr. Brancart, the historian, relates the following anecdote of the Father of his Country. "Once while in New Jersey, coming out to my farm, I found a child beside it attracted by the trappings. He placed the child on the horse's back, and led it around the yard with its youthful joyance. It was to Washington's honor, that although Heaven did not bless him with an offspring, he had a heart to love children, and take them to his bosom."

#### Dying Words of Noted Persons.

"A death-bed is a detector of the heart; the truest dissimulation drops her mask; the life's grimace that mistress of the scene; Here reappear the same." "Head of the army."—Napoleon. "I sleep now."—Byron. "It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh. "Kiss me."—Lord Nelson. "Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence. "I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow. "Is this your fidelity?"—Nero. "Clasp my hand my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri. "Give Dayrore a chair."—Lord Chesterfield. "God preserve the emperor."—Harden. "The artery ceases to beat."—Haller. "Let the light enter."—Goethe. "All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth. "What is there no bribing death."—Cardinal Beaufort.

#### Go Not in the Way of Sinners.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German: Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the gentle Lucinda. "Dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

#### Practical Eloquence.

The following very brief and decidedly pithy speech delivered by Oliver Cromwell, on dissolving the long Parliament, may be new to some of our readers. It is a fair specimen of the rude, vigorous, and hardy style of this singular character: "It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by the practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government—Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of silver. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one who doth not possess it? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God—Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that has the least care for the good of the Commonwealth? You sordid prostitutes!—Have you not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles, and wicked practices ye have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You, who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance. Your country, therefore calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house, and which, by God's help, and the strength he has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives; to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! Take away that shining bauble there, the Sp-ace! and lock up the door."

#### "I Did not Obey my Parents."

The jail was a large, gloomy, looking stone building. The windows were made, stony by great iron bars, fastened across them. But the inside was most gloomy. It was divided into very small rooms, only five feet wide and eight feet long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door, with strong bolts and locks, when the jailer opened or shut the door the hinges grated frightfully on the ear. In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the Judge said he must go to the State prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow! once he could play in the green fields, down by the cool springs, or under the shade around his father's house, or when he was tired, he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But how different! shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. Oh! he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the state prison, I am so sick. Oh! if I was only ready to die it would not matter so much!" "Are you not ready to die?" "Oh, no," said he, "I am afraid to die!" "But why are you afraid to die?" "Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ." "I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation, but there is none for me; and that makes me afraid to die." "I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother then his lip trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek."

"Was not your mother a Christian?" "Oh, yes; and a good woman she was—Many and many a time she has warned me of this." "Then you had good religious instruction, kind Christian parents, who no doubt often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?" "Oh, yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?" "Said the dying man, "I can answer you all in a short sentence—I did not obey my parents!" "These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him I came away, reflecting on his awful condition, and the reason which he gave me for being in that dark and gloomy jail—I did not obey my parents."

#### Washington and Jackson.

Mr. Brancart, the historian, relates the following anecdote of the Father of his Country. "Once while in New Jersey, coming out to my farm, I found a child beside it attracted by the trappings. He placed the child on the horse's back, and led it around the yard with its youthful joyance. It was to Washington's honor, that although Heaven did not bless him with an offspring, he had a heart to love children, and take them to his bosom."

Mr. Hildreth, with equal justice and propriety, relates an anecdote of the revered Jackson, the man whose iron will re-eminates the following incident occurred: The grim General who presided over the bloody scene, which seemed to carry us back to the early Indian wars of New England, had still a tender spot in his heart. Moved by the wail of an Indian girl, picked up by the field, whose mother had perished during the battle, Jackson strove to induce some nursing women among the prisoners to suckle it. "It's mother's milk," was the cold answer, "let the child die too." The General himself a childless man, turned nurse himself. Some brown sugar formed a part of his private stores, and with this he caused the child to be fed. He eventook it home with him and reared it up in his own family.

#### Go Not in the Way of Sinners.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German: Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the gentle Lucinda. "Dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

#### Practical Eloquence.

The following very brief and decidedly pithy speech delivered by Oliver Cromwell, on dissolving the long Parliament, may be new to some of our readers. It is a fair specimen of the rude, vigorous, and hardy style of this singular character: "It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by the practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government—Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of silver. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one who doth not possess it? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God—Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that has the least care for the good of the Commonwealth? You sordid prostitutes!—Have you not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles, and wicked practices ye have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You, who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance. Your country, therefore calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house, and which, by God's help, and the strength he has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives; to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! Take away that shining bauble there, the Sp-ace! and lock up the door."

#### Suicide by Love.

The Indianapolis Sentinel gives the following account of the suicides of a young man well known to many of the Hollidaysburg folks, as he resided there in the family of Mr. G. C. McKee for some months; and the girl to whom he was attached was for a long time a help in the family of Mr. Paul Graf.

On Tuesday afternoon, about sunset, a young man was discovered hanging dead upon a tree in the woods, near the National Road, about seven miles East of the City.

Upon inquiry, it was found that the unfortunate man was German, named Gourel List, a citizen of Pittsburgh, Pa. He came to this city a few days since, for the purpose of marrying a young German girl, to whom he was engaged, in Pittsburgh, about a year ago, and who about that time, came from that city to this. Upon his arrival here he found her engaged to be married to another man; and the disappointment so operated upon his feelings as to lead him to the preparation of his own murder.

Yesterday morning he hired a horse, at Lehigh's livery stable, and paid for him in advance. About 11 o'clock he stopped at the house of Mr. Kieklitz, on the National Road, three miles East of the city, where he asked for writing materials, which were furnished him; and, after writing a short time, he left. Nothing was seen of him afterward, until he was found, about sunset, at the foot of a tree, where he had hung himself with the hitching strap belonging to the bridle of the horse he was riding, and with his face to the tree, so close that he might easily have saved himself, had he attempted to do so, even when nearly dead. From appearances, it was supposed that he hung himself about the middle of the day. The horse was found hitched to the tree, and a letter, written in German, was found in his pocket, of which the following is a translation.

"I am dying in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Amen. I write this to inform my friends what has become of me. I know that persons who commit suicide, will be punished for it in another world, but I would rather suffer punishment there than suffer here with such severity as I now do. My dear sisters and brothers, you must not think hard of me that I committed this act—I would not live any longer under existing circumstances. Divide my property among you. I do not owe anything, but have yet to settle with Mr. Bessinger, but I owe him nothing. Say farewell to my good old mother for me, and ask her to forgive me for this action. But you will want to know the reason why I do this. I was in love with ———, and she preferred to put an end to our acquaintance. She is a noble girl, a better one cannot be found on this earth. If she should ever marry, and I should meet her, I would not greet her, but I would kiss me in my grave. Farewell."

#### CONRAD LIST.

"As an old soldier, I should have preferred another death, but I cannot help myself." "A number of papers, accounts, &c., was also found upon his person, and also his will, from which it appears that the property he leaves is worth about \$2000.

A coroner's inquest was held upon his body early yesterday morning, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

#### Singing Conducive to Health.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accompaniment to the exercise of the organs of the voice, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly notices that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been subjected to me by my professional friends, and has excited the organs of the breast by singing, contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is partly occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music master of an academy," says Mr. Gardner, has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of singing. In the new establishment of infant schools, for children of three or four years of age, every thing is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of reciting. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity and powers of the vital organs.

#### Persistence.

It is astonishing how much may be done by economizing time, and by using up the spare minutes—the odds and ends of our leisure hours. There are many men who have laid the foundations of their character, and been enabled to build up a distinguished reputation, simply by making a diligent use of their leisure minutes. Professor Le acquired Hebrew and several other languages during his spare time in the evening, while working as a journeyman carpenter. Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while herding sheep on the Highland hills. Stone learnt mathematics while a journeyman gardener. Hugh Miller studied geology while working as a day-laborer in a quarry. By using up the odds and ends of their time—the spare bits which so many others would have allowed to run to waste—these and a thousand more men have acquired honor, distinction, and happiness for themselves, and promoted the well-being and general advancement of the world.

#### How to do up Shirt Bosoms.

We have often heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss on new lines, shirt-bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following recipe: "Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire), and then having covered it let it set all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tumbler spoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to linen, with white starch printed—a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing."

#### New Limekiln.

A correspondent of the Eastern Argus, says: "If you will allow me the space, I wish to say a few words in relation to a patent Lime-kiln, recently put in operation on the farm of Joseph Yenger, below Hollidaysburg, in Lower Susquehanna County. It is of a novel and entirely new construction, and is destined to create an entire revolution in the mode of burning lime. This kiln is the invention of Mr. Schweder, of Rochester, New York, and Mr. Yenger has secured the patent for Northampton County, in connection with George W. Foeberg, Esq., of Lehigh, Pa. The kiln is entirely new. It is built on the side of the hill, quite near Mr. Yenger's extensive quarry, and is constructed pretty much like an Iron Furnace. The kiln is lined with fire-brick and is 31 feet high, with a hopper on top, capable of holding a large quantity of stone, which keeps falling down into the kiln, as fast as the lime is drawn out below. It will burn on an average, 300 bushels of lime per day, and one hand can quarry stone enough to keep the kiln in operation—Nothing but wood is used in burning, and 3 or 4 pieces of ordinary hickory or oak wood will burn three or four hours. Two cords of wood will burn between two and three hundred bushels of lime, and of a quality that is equal to the best Whiteburn lime. The lime is drawn off every 12 hours."

#### Pay as You Go.

The N. Y. Times forcibly writes upon the idea involved in our article on the Philosopher's stone—a talisman to lead on to success and happiness: "What, not avail myself of this capital opportunity for a bargain, just because the money is not in my pocket? There are a great many smart fortunes made having on time—But our mercantile friends, who draw most largely on their credit, will agree with us in advising a young man to 'pay as he goes.' A six-penny loaf of bread without butter, and no debt on it, is a better relish than your best dinner that is to be paid for to-morrow. The potatoes that are paid for before eating them have no bitter taste, while a coppery flavor mingles with the vanilla of the creams that are bought on credit. Cash lends hand to the leanest beef. Credit makes the fattest slices shrink in the pan. If you pay as you go, very likely you will fall astern of your bold speculating neighbor, but you will have your vessel in better trim for a squall. Men do not always get rich very rapidly, who adopt the motto, but very seldom can make out to fail. It may be hard for them to get rich, but it is harder for other people to suffer very bitterly on account of their poverty. The man who pays as he goes, and has nothing but the suit he has on, and the meal he is eating, that he can call his own, how much poorer is he than his neighbor who keeps a carriage and a servant, and lives in splendor, and owes more than he can ever pay? The latter one will enjoy all the money that his splendor represents. It is very much a matter of taste. We should not enjoy it. Widows and orphans will weep when they die, not because he has gone, but because his estate only pays twenty cents on the dollar. 'Pay as you go' and leave no unpleasant business for your executors to transact. It is not gratifying for the widow to have your debts to settle, and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. Your account book will be a collection of wearable garments, and your wardrobe a collection of comfortable and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from