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PROSPETUS.

THE SENTINEL.

W. W. PHELPS, Editor.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

BY

MARTIN MAGINNIS.

AT

RED WING, MINNESOTA,

An Independent Democratic Journal.

DEVOTED

TO THE INTERESTS AND RIGHTS OF THE MASSES.

As a Political Journal it will try all measures and men by the standard of Democratic principles, and will submit to no test but that of Democratic truth.

CONTENTS:

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Red Wing, Jan., 1860.

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Will attend to locating Land Warrants, payment of taxes, collection of notes, and to the purchase and sale of Real Estate throughout the State. Surveying, Mapping, and Platting of every kind done to order by a practical surveyor. Copies of township maps furnished.—Deeds drawn and acknowledgements taken.

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The Europe Hotel, on Main street, as good a stand as the town affords. For particulars apply to Wm. BRECHT.

Red Wing, March 20, 1860.

Information in regard to the above premeciesean be obtained at this office.

HOTELS.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

Levee street, immediately opposite the Steam boat Landing, Red Wing, Minnesota,

A. A. & E. L. TEELE, PROPRIETORS.

THIS new, spacious and commodious house is now open for the reception of guests. It has been constructed under the immediate supervision of the proprietors, and nothing has been omitted to insure the comfort and convenience of those who may favor them with their patronage. The numerous rooms are all well lighted, ventilated and furnished in a superior manner. In connection with the house is a good and commodious stable.

Red Wing, March 1, 1861. 83tf

KELLY HOUSE.

DAVID KELLY, Proprietor.

Near the corner of Main and Plum street.

The proprietor, who has just taken possesion of the House has furnished it in the most elegant and comfortable manner.

The Table—Is set with every necessary and luxury the market affords.

All the appointments are excellent, and the position of the House, both as regards the Levee and the business part of town is better than that of any other hotel.

A good stable, offering every convenience to the teams of farmers and travelers is connected with the house.

Red Wing, March 1st, 1861. 239

RED WING HOUSE.

JACOB BENNETT, Proprietor,

RED WING, - - MINNESOTA.

☞ Connected with the House is a large and convenient Stable. Stages leave daily for the interior. Teams and Carriages on hand to convey Passengers to any part of the country.

April 24, 1861. 90-tf

CHILLSON HOUSE.

CORNER OF BROAD AND THIRD STREETS

A. B. MILLER, Proprietor.

THIS new Hotel is now open for the reception of the traveling public, where they will find the best of accommodations. There is a good stable attached. Passengers and Baggage conveyed to and from the Boats free of charge. 171-1y

GOODHUE HOUSE.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

This new and commodious House is situated on Plum street, Red Wing. It has been built and furnished under the special supervision of the proprietor, all the rooms are well lighted ventilated, and furnished, and all persons wishing to get the worth of their money are respectfully invited to give him a call, and no pains will be spared to make comfortable all those who may favor him with their patronage. In connection with the House is a good stable, and well of water. Ostler always in attendance.

January 2nd, 1861. 179tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS J. SMITH,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR!

Next door to Smith Meigs & Co.'s Bank.

RED WING MINNESOTA.

BOND & ESPING

WATCH MAKERS

AND DEALERS IN AND REPAIRERS OF

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,

Red Wing, Minnesota.

☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED. ☜

Aug. 13, 1859. 153-tf

FAIRBANKS'

PATENT

SCALES

OF ALL KINDS.

FAIRBANKS & GREENLEAF,

35 Lake street, Chicago.

THE SIGN OF THE SADDLE

J. H. BRAND,

Saddle and Harness Maker.

(Next door to the Red Wing House.)

Main STREET,..... RED WING.

Will keep constantly on hand the very best Harnesses, Saddles, Bridles, Martingales, Fly-Nets, Whips, Cards, Combs and Brushes, and everything in the Harness line necessary to rig out a Horse or Team. All kind of work made to order, and

REPAIRING

of all kinds done in a most superior manner and at the shortest notice.

T. L. ADAMS, Foreman.

1859. RED WING 1859.

STEAM PLANING MILL.

—AND—

SASH, DOOR AND BLIND FACTORY

(One Block above Freeborn's Saw Mill.)

WE SHALL BE PREPARED TO FURnish at all times, anything in the above line of business, and shall keep on hand all kinds of planed and matched Lumber, Mouldings, etc.

Orders promptly attended to, which may also be left with Brown & Betcher.

Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for work. COGEL & BETCHER.

Red Wing, April 19, 1859. 142-1y

HAWKINS & CO.

Painters, Glaziers

AND

PAPER HANGERS,

All orders promptly attended to and faithfully executed.

Red Wing June 1860.

BLACKSMITHING

BY

GEORGE W. PARKER.

At the new Shop on Main street, within 10 rods of the crossin of Jordon.

RED WING, MINNESOTA. 879

THE BABIE.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny tae,
Nae stocking on her feet,
Her supple ankles white as snow,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double dimpled chin,
Her puckered lip and baumy mow,
With nae one tooth between.

Her een, sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle liquid things:
Her face is like an angels face—
Were glad she has nae wings.

She is the budding of our love,
A giftie God gied us:
We munna love the gift owr weel
Twad be nae blessing thus.

A GAMING STORY.

The Independent Belge tells the following story of a young man who had squandered at the gaming table of one of the German Baths his entire fortune, amounting to about eight hundred thousand francs: He had lost, successively, park, *chateau*, city mansion and country house, and there remained for the unfortunate gamester, out of all his estates, only a single spot of ground—a small orange plantation—which he had carefully excepted from his other estates. The winner (for his antagonist throughout had been the same person) was an Englishman, phlegmatic and unsocial in appearance but whose curiosity was aroused at the solicitude of the rash youth for the preservation of a dilapidated and seemingly useless house, containing a few boxes of orange trees.

"What are you going to do with this?" he asked, "let us play for it."

"Never!" replied the young man. "This orangery is a *souvenir*, a relic of my childhood. My mother has passed many hours there with me. I may die there; I may try to live there, but I would blow out my brains rather than stake on a card a single flower of those trees."

"It was just one blossom that I was about to propose as a stake. Since you have nothing else I will play you for that, a single orange blossom.—Will you consent to it?"

"But what could you wager on your side against a flower, if I should consent to play?"

"Oh! a mere trifle of course. I too would sacrifice a little sentiment. Here is an autograph, for instance, which I will deposite as a wager in the hands of a third person."

The young man laughed and yielded. Notwithstanding his filial sentiment, he saw no profanation in the offering of a flower to Chance, the god who had served him so ill. As the game was about to commence, the Englishman said to the young Frenchman, "you swear, on your honor, if you win, to accept the stake however ridiculous it may appear to you?"

"I swear, because I have confidence in you my lord."

Cards were brought, the game commenced, and in a few moments the young man had gained the mysterious autograph. He received it with some emotion; but how greatly was it increased, when he read a donation, in regular form, of the eight hundred thousand francs he had lost! The blush of shame mounted to his face. He protested, he refused, he declared that the bargain was null.

"I have your word of honor," replied the Englishman smiling. "The agreement was in earnest. If I had won, I should have claimed the orange blossom! You thought more of your orange trees, for you would not stake them, than of the eight hundred thousand francs. The maeth was equal."

After two hours of debate, a court of honor have examined into and weighed the affair coolly, decided that the Frenchman should accept and he did so, on condition, that Lord Z— would remain his dearest friend.

A FROZEN SHIP.—A whaling vessel which sailed from London in the year 1840, found in the Polar sea a ship embedded in the ice, with sails furled, and no signs of life on board. The captain and some of he crew descending into the cabin, found coiled upon the floor a large Newfoundland dog, apparently asleep, but when they touched it, they found the animal was dead and frozen as hard as stone. In the cabin was a young lady seated at a table, her eyes open, as if gazing at the intruders in that desolate place. She was a corpse! and had been frozen in an apparently resigned and religious attitude. Beside her was a young man, who, it appeared, was the commander of the ship, and the brother to the lady. He was setting at the table, dead, and before him was a sheet of paper, on which was written, "our cook has endeavored since yesterday morning to strike a light, but in vain: all is over." In another part of the cabin stood the cook, with flint and tider in hand, frozen, in the vain endeavor to strike the fire that alone could save them. The terrors of the seamen hurried the captain from the spot, who took with him the log-book as sole momento of the ill-fated ship. It appeared that she also was from London, and had been frozen in that place over fourteen years.

THE DEMON THIRST FOR LIQUOR.

Mr. McLeon, an English writer, puts the following language in the mouths of those who visit the liquor shop:

There's my money, give me a drink! here's my clothing and food, give me a drink! There's the clothing, food and fire of my wife and children, give me drink There's the education of the family and the peace of the house, give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shopkeeper, give me drink! Pour me out drink, for yet more I will pay for it!

There's my health of body and peace of mind; there's my character as a man, my profession as a christian. I give up all, give me drink! More yet I have to give! There's my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed; there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Savior I give up my God! I resign all that is great, good and glorious in the universe; I resign forever, that I may be *drunk!*

GREAT STORM IN NEW ENGLAND.

There was a tremendous snow storm in New England on Thursday last. The Boston papers are filled with accounts of it. Nothing like it has occurred at this season, for many years. In Boston, the snow fell full twelve inches accompanied with a keen, sharp air, and high wind—in fact, a gale. A vast amount of damage was done to the trees both in the city and suburbs. Large limbs were broken off and strown about the streets. The beautiful elm in front of Chelsea Church was twisted off and destroyed; many of the large trees on the Common were much broken by the wind and the weight of the snow. It is to be feared that some of those grand old elms in Massachusetts, chronicled by the Autocrat in the *Atlantic*, have suffered from the storm.

Fences as well as trees were here and there prostrated, and signs which are said to "fail in dry weather," were equally wanting in the moist term referred to. These of the swinging order endured the state of suspense as long as possible, and were then blown into the street. Mr. John Gilson the driver of the Winnissimmett coach was pitched therefrom into a snow bank fifteen [?] feet deep. All the trains running into Boston were delayed or stopped entirely. Miss Twitchell had gone with Gilmore's band to Salem to give a subscription concert, and on her return the party were stuck in a snow bank, where they remained long enough to burn up pretty much all the rail fences in the region round about. The storm on the coast was very severe. Two vessels were ashore on Nahant beach. The shipping in Boston harbor rode out the gale in safety, and no damage is reported. The Fall river and Boston and Worcester boats arrived in this city at ten o'clock this morning.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

At the meeting of the School Committee of Boston, held on the 13th inst, Mr. Tuxbury presented a report on this subject, signed by five members of the Special Committee. They reiterated some of their former arguments in favor of the introduction of physical exercises and calisthenics into Public Schools, but so far modify their suggestions as to recommend that the plan may be put to test in some of the schools. The report was accompanied with the followi'g orders: *Ordered*, That a Standing Committee on Physical Training be appointed, consisting of five members, whose duty it shall be to superintend the introduction of a more perfect system of physical exercises and training into such of the Public Schools, restricting the same to three Districts of each sex, as the several Districst may approve, with a view to testing the practicability and usefulness of the plan suggested in the report of the Special Committee on that subject. *Ordered*, That said Committee on Physical Training be authorised to supply temporarily a suitably qualified teacher of free gymnastics and calisthenics, whose duty it shall be to assist teachers in introducing the same into such schools as may be considered desirable and practicable under the direction of said committee. Dr. Palmer moved to indefinately postpone the whole subject, and after a lengthy discussion the motion was laid on the table, and the Board adjourned for four weeks.

The Richmond *Examiner* gives the following description of the Hon. Justin Merrill, of Vermont:

"He is the very embodiment of Yankee character. He looks *mean* in every fibre and lineament of his wretched body. Vulgarity, conceit, cowardice and rapicity are stamped unmistakably upon his frontispiece. He looks as if he had been brought up on Yankee Doodle—a tune which could only become a favorite among a mean and sneaking people, and which would invitably make any race so who were not so before."

THE ATTLEBORO DODGE!—How many of our readers know what it is? It was a plan adopted years ago by manufacturers of cheap jewelry, to buy of the really hones housest in the trade, the moulds which they had made for the manufrcture of really first class gold jewelry. In such moulds, according to a New York paper, our "Dollar Jewelry" men make up these articles which for the last six years have been seen and wondered over by the public, exhibited in certain shop windows in our thoronghfares. Every species of jewelry ornament is made up the same; sets of ear-rings and breast pins, bracelets, watch chains, rings, seals, watch keys—some set with those French glass baubles, tinted to represent pearls; some with polished white and colored white and colored bone, cut and fashioned in imitation of coral; some with plaster moulding and called cameoes; some with daubings on shaded clay, to imitate mosaics; all of them set in, attached to, or surrounded by the so called gold, and each piece displayed in the windows, and spread out on cards in glass cases inside the store, and labelled prominently, with a card on which in, staring letters, is painted, "Any article of jewelry in this store for one dollar." Reader, let us tell you that in seven-eights of this stuff there is not one grain of gold! and even in that single proportion the quantity of gold in each piece does not amount to two and a half cents! The principal composition used in the manufacture of this stuff is a manufactured metal, the invention of a Frenchman, and introduced to the jewelers of this country several years ago, and is known by the name of Oreide.

About ten weeks ago the first shop for the sale of this trash was opened in Philadelphia, and about the same time another was started in Boston. It is not quite two months since the "original" one was started in Broadway, New York, and now they swarm in every prominnet promenade and business street of each of these cities, and are represented by at least one in almost every town or city of any prominence in the Union.

Unless the public accept the warning in time, these men who have gotten up this fraud will actually fulfill their intention in originating it, of actually duping the credulous of the city and country out of more than five millions of dollars, which they have earned hard enough, but which in such a case as this, to purchase this stuff would be nothing else than casting it with open eyes and clear senses, yet wantonly, into the streets.—*New York paper.*

AN ENGLISH IDEA OF THE ANGELIC STATE.—A gentlemn walking through Knightsbridge, in England one Sunday lately, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just coming from some pleasure trip in the country: "Blow me Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world this is! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born, I wish myself dead again." Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you new? What are you grumbling about?" Woman—Why I tell yer I'm as miserable as a rat?"—Man—"Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would you have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you havn't had pretty near enough to day. If that ain't pleasure enough for yer I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel ere hupon hearth."

☞ Civil war was thus alluded to by Henry Clay in one of his noblest Senatorial efforts:

"I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a distracted people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people! If there be any who want civil war—who want to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilled, I am not one of them. I wish to see war of no kind; but above all, do I not desire to see civil war. When a war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human foresight is competent to foresee when or how or where it is to terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up in the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are marching and commanders are winning their victories, and fleets are in motion on our coast—tell me, if you can tell me, if any human being can tell its duration. God alone knows where such a war will end!"

At a dinner party, Erskine was seated near Miss Henrietta———, commonly called Miss Hennie, who was celebrated for her beauty, but was then somewhat past the meridian of life. "They say you're a great man for making puns," said Miss Hennie to the wit. "Could you make a pun on me?" "Ah, Hennie," was the reply, "ye are no chicken!"

THE RECENT POPULAR MANIFESTATIONS AT WARSAW—POLAND AGAIN GIVING SIGNS OF LIFE.

From the account published elsewhere, it appears that the recent popular tumults in Warsaw were of a much more serious character than at first represented. The Russian soldiery, who, since the affair of the 25th, had occupied all the principal squares and streets of the city, attempted on the 27th to drive back a funeral procession which was leaving the Church of the Bernardians, and in the conflict that ensued six leading citizens, who happened to be crossing the street, were shot dead. The excitement created by this event became intense, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the populace were restrained from a general rising. A deputation, headed by Count Zamoyski, immediately waited upon Prince Fortchakoff to complain against the military, and to demand that the safety of the inhabitants should be assured. On the 28th, the bodies of the victims were paraded through the streets and taken to the house of the French Consul, who however, refused to appear or take any part in the manifestations. On the 1st of March the troops in accordance with an assurance previously given by the Governor, were confined to their barracks, and the funeral of the persons killed, followed by a cortege of more than 100,000 people, passed quietly through the streets, the Russian pickets presenting arms.

Thus terminated the disturbance arising out of this affair. Its after consequences, however, are likely to cause more trouble and uneasiness to the government than a more physical demonstration. No sooner had the funeral ceremonies taken place than a petition to the Emperor was immediately circulated, representing that this tragical occurrence was one of the inevitable results of a system which deprived the people of all the legal power to bring before the throne of the sovereign their complaints and wants, and demanding the restoration of the constitution of 1815. This document was signed by an immense number of citizens, headed by the martial of the nobility. It is rendered still more impressive by the fac that the most of the Polish officials had given in their resignations.

Thus, like the Emperor of Austria, the Russian Autocrat is about to acquire the conviction that no system of centralized despotism can unite into a homogeneous empire a number of distinct nationalities, each having a separate language, traditions and customs. It is only constitutional institutions that can give cohesion toraces so different and frequently so antagonistic. Russia has made a great strid towards these in the emancipation of her serfs. Until they were rendered independent of the nobility, no real advance could be made towards this attaiment.

It is to be hoped that this wise and beneficent measure will soon be followed by concessions, which in giving the Poles what they seek for, will assure to Russia generally the blessings of a representative system of government.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A BACHELOR'S MODESTY ASSAULTED IN HIS BEDROOM.—A gentleman and lady at Pittsburgh arrived at a Philadelphia hotel and were assigned room no 61. They went out separately, the gentleman to transact some business and the lady to purchase a "love of a bonnet." Now 61 reversed is exactly like 19, and the lady mistook the label on her key, and unlocked and marched boldly into 19, occupied by an elderly bachelor, who was at that moment engaged in changing his clothes. Hysterics and screams ensued; the indignant husband threatened terrible vengeance, and actually approached the respectable bachelor with two revolvers and a cheese knife, determined to "take his heart's blood, or perish in the attempt." The bachelor bolted his door and fortified himself still further with a barricade of bureaus and chairs. The hotel proprietor arrived in season to reconcile the parties, quiet the lady's alarmed modesty, and caused champagne to flow where blood was expected.

☞ An Ex-Empress died in Philadelphia last week, as we learn from the Buletin of that city. We refer to Madam Huate de Yturbide, widow of the former Emperor of Mexico, whose decease took place on Monday last, at her lodgings in Broad street. This estimable lady, who had resided in Philadelphia since the execution of her husband by the Mexican Government in 1824, belonged to a distinguished Spanish family long resident in Mexico. Her misfortune, as well as her good qualities as a woman, had secured her the regard of the society in which she moved. A pension from the Mexican Government enabled her to educate her family liberally, and she has performed her duty as a mother and a member of society in a faithful and exemplary manner. One or two sons of Madam Yturbide have, we believe, resided in Mexico of late years, and have held office under the Government!

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Business Cards of five lines, 1 year	$5,00
do ten lines do	8,00
One column per year	80,00
do six months	45,00
Half column per year	45,00
do six months	25,00
Fourth column per year	25,00
do six months	15,00
Each square (10 lines, or less) first insertion	1,00
Each subsequent insertion	25
Legal Notices, per sq. (first insertion)	1,00
" " each subsequent "	25

All advertisements continued until ordered out.

Advertisements set in double columns, price additional.

☞ Advertisements will be changed as often as desired, by paying 25 cents a square for composition.

Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, continued advertisements quarterly and legal advertisements before the day of sale.

ACCIDENT TO "WAX FIGGERS."

The following is a letter written by Artemus Ward, from his seclusion in the bosom of his family, and contains a touching reminiscence of a former "bender."

Hear in the buzzum of my family I enjoying myself at peas with awl mankind, and the wimin folks likewise. I go down to the villege accasionly and take a little old rye for stummicks sake, but I avoid spiritous liekers as a general thing. No man evir seen me intoxicated but once, and that air happened in Pittsburg. A passel of onery cusses in that mizerable city busted inter the hawl during the nite and aboosed my wax work shameful. I didn't obsarve the outrajus transactshuns until the next evening, when the people had begung to kongregate.

Suddenly they commenced for to holler and larf in a boysterous stile. Sez I good people what's up? Sez they, them's great wax work, old man. I immejitly looked up ter where my wax worx was and my blud biles at the think of the site which met my gaze. I hope to be dodrabbitted if them afoursaid raskals hadn't gone and put a kaved in hat onter George Washington's head and shuved a short black clay pipe inter his mouth. His nose they had painted red and his trousers legs they had shuved inter his buts.

My wax figger of Napoleon Bonyparte was likewise maultreated, his sword was danglin tween his legs, his coked hat was drawn kiean down over his ize and he was plased in a stoopin posishun zackly as he if was drunk as a biled owl.

Ginerai Taylor was standin on his hed, and Wingfield Skots coattails was pined over his hed, and his trowsis were completely torn orf hissef. My wax worx representing the last supper was likewise aboosed. Three of the Postles were under the table, and two of them had on tar powlin hats and ragged pee jackets and ware smokin pipes. Judas Iskarriott had on a cocked hat and was apparently drinkin at a bottil of whisky sot before him. This ere specerical was too much for me. I closed the show and then drowned my sorrows in the kowin bole.

Probly ile rite you again before I take my departure on the summer campain. Very respectfully, yours,

ARTEMUS WARD, T. K.

☞ Grant Thorburn' ectinues to issue his personal bulletins. The last is as follows:

This day I enter on my eighty-ninth year. Mine eyes, and ears and limbs fail, otherwise my health is good. I eat, sleep and saw stove wood, as comfortably as I did twenty years ago. I am asked how I have lived. I answer, I was never drunk in my life; I never eat enough since 1798; I have worn white flannel next my skin, from my neck to my ankle, summer and winter, hence, I never felt a rheumatism, pain, nor headache; I have felt the toothache and some twinges of the heart among the bonnie Yankee lasses, to remind me that I was yet in the body.

GRANT THORBURN, senior.

CARL SHURZ PROMOTED.

Carl Schurz goes to Spain instead of to Portugal; Cassius M. Clay, to whom the Spanish Mission was just offered, is going instead to Russia. The Premier's foot, which was set down so firmly at first on the position that Schurz could go nowhere as the representative of the government in Europe, has had to come up gradually, but most unwillingly. Spain was not what Schurz wanted; but that was better than Portugal, and as little as he and his friends would submit to. We presume that Clay is satisfied with Schurz's promotion, as it lifts him to the object of his own ambition.

A footman learned from his master that malapropros meant "out of place." Meeting a brother footman who had been discharged, he exclaimed, "Ah! my dear fellow, I am sorry for you; you are a malapropos."

☞ "Pray, excuse me," said a well-dressed young man to a young lady, in the second tier of boxes at a theatre, "I wish to go up stairs and get some refreshments—done leave your seat." A sailor seated in the box near his girl, and disposed to do same thing, arose and said:—"Hartee, Moll, I'm going aloft to wet my whistle—don't fall overboard while I'm gone."

A three year old nephew of one of my friends, had finished his usual prayer at his mothers knee, when she said:

"Now, Willie, pray for your grandfather and grandmother." He did as directed. "Now for your aunts and uncles." His petitions went up singly for each class. "And now, Willie, pray for all the world,' said his mother. Wearied out, perhaps, by the length of his exercises, he immediately exclaimed: "Ma it's as much as I can do to pray for my own 'lations."

"Tom what's monomany?" "Why, you see, Dick when a poor woman steals it is called larceny; but when its a rich 'un, the jury says it's monomany, and can't help it—that's it."

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