Democratic Advocate.

$2.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1869. VOL. V.---NO. 3.

ATTORNEYS.

WM. M. MERRICK. J. J. BAUMGARTNER.

MERRICK & BAUMGARTNER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

HAVE associated to practice their profession in the several Courts in Carroll county. Their Office is at the residence of Mr. Baumgartner, in Westminster, Md. Mr. Merrick will be in Westminster during the Term of the Courts, and at such other times as business may require—he may also be consulted at his Office, No. 29 Saint Paul Street, Baltimore, Maryland. nov28-tf

S. K. SYESTER. JAS. A. C. BOND.

SYESTER & BOND

HAVE associated themselves in the practice of law in Carroll county and the several Courts of this State.

Mr. Seyster will visit Westminster when business requires it.

☞ Office, corner Main and Court Streets. april 15.

WM. P. MAULSBY. CHAS. B. ROBERTS.

MAULSBY & ROBERTS,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

Having associated themselves in the practice of Law in Carroll county, they will attend promptly and carefully to all business entrusted to their charge. Mr. Maulsby will visit Westminster whenever business requires it. Office *directly opposite Court House.* jan4-1y

A. D. SCHAEFFER,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

Office on Main Street a few doors East of Court Street. Can be consulted in the German language. All claims against the United States and State, for Pensions, Back Pay and Bounties, promptly collected. dec5-tf

ABNER NEAL,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office at the Court House.

HE will attend especially to obtaining Decrees for the settlement of estates of deceased persons &c. Deeds, Wills and all Instruments of Writing prepared. Charges moderate. dec5-tf

CROUT & REIFSNIDER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

WE have formed a copartnership in the practice of Law in the Courts of Carroll and Howard Counties, and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to our care. Particular attention paid to Collections and procuring Decrees for the sale of Real Estate.

Also, Applications filed for Back Pay and Bounty due heirs of deceased soldiers.

Office adjoining the residence of CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER. no30-tf

R. B. NORMENT.

Attorney at Law,

HAVING located in the City of Westminster, Office on Main Street, two doors west of Court, respectfully informs the citizens of Carroll, and adjoining counties, that he will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him, both before the Courts of this State and the Departments of the General Government at Washington D. C.

Practices in the Courts of Bankruptcy.

REFERENCES.

Rev. J. T. Ward and John Smith, Esq., Westminster.

Charles Abbott, Esq. and Dr. Thomas Feinour, Baltimore.

Samuel Norment, Esq. and J. B. Ward, Washington, D. C.

B. F. M. Hurley, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy, Frederick City, Md. nov14-1y

D. H. ROBERTS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

OFFICE, Corner Court and Main Streets. ma4-tf

ISAAC E. PEARSON SR. ISAAC E. PEARSON, JR.

I. E. PEARSON & SON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

WILL promptly and carefully attend to all kind of business in any of the Courts in this State. Office opposite F. H. Henry's City Hotel, Main Street, Westminster, Md. dec11-1y

JOHN E. SMITH. WM. A. MCKELLIP.

SMITH & McKELLIP,

Attorneys-at-Law & Solicitors in Chancery,

HAVING formed a partnership in the practice of law, will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.

Office on Main Street, a few doors East of Court Street. dec5-1y

PHYSICIANS.

DR. F. C. HOFFMEIER,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

HAVING permanently located in Westminster, respectfully offers his Professional Services to the patrons of Homeopathy, and all those who may be suffering from diseases of a *Chronic nature.*

Except when Professionally absent, he may always be found in his office.

☞ Office and Residence with Dr. S. L. Snowden, West End. aug 19—tf

Dr. J. H. Billingslea

IS still actively engaged in the Practice of Medicine.

☞ Office and Residence at John L. Reifsnider's. aug19—tf

DR. LEONARD ZEPP,

HAVING located at the East End of Westminster, offers his professional services to the public. When not engaged may be found at his office or residence, one door west of Stansbury's Hotel. may6,—6m

Dr. Wm. S. Shipley

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Westminster and vicinity.

OFFICE—adjoining Farmers' and Mechanics National Bank, lately occupied by Dr. J. L. Warfield. After 9 P. M. if not professionally engaged he can be found at the residence of Lewis Winters, two doors east of Marsh's Hotel. ap9-6mo

REMOVAL.

DR. DANIEL S. COONAN has removed his office and residence, one door west of C. Zacharias' Hotel, West End, Westminster. july 1

Select Poetry.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier lot us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day,
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hast'ning streams must be,
That into one engulphing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all the glittering toys are brought—
The path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See then how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here!
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight,
The cheeks' pure glow of red and white
Has passed away.
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age come and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and woe,
When age comes on.

Select Story.

MY FIRST CLIENT;

Or, How I Found a Wife.

I was seated at a large window with the sash thrown up, and as the cool night air played upon my forehead, experienced some relief at least from an aching pain. My mind was ill at ease, however, and the suspicions that haunted me rendered it for some time impossible for me to collect my senses and think intelligently. All was quiet within, whilst the lawn beneath, with its thousand fantastic shadows, produced by the bright moon's rays among the foliage, looked even more quiet, and would, under ordinary circumstances, have induced that calm reflection which had always been so pleasant to me; but I could not center my thoughts upon aught else but the mysterious circumstances which transpired during the hour. What were they? you would ask. A little patience, kind reader, and you shall know.

My profession is the law, and although many years have passed since the events here recorded transpired, yet are they so vividly impressed upon my mind that the scenes are still fresh in my memory.

I had graduated; had studied hard; had gone through my long and tiresome season of initiatory tutilage in the office of a renowned attorney; had gained, as I supposed, enough knowledge of the intricacies and mysteries of the law to justify me in starting in the world for myself, and my "shingle" had been out for several weeks without having as yet had a single case. I had almost begun to despair of ever having a chance to render myself famous, until one pleasant evening, when as I was about closing up the office, I was startled by a quick, heavy knock at the door, I started up, but before I could say "come in," a stranger entered uninvited.

He was one of the most prepossessing looking men I have ever met, either before or since—a man of more than medium height, and apparently of thirty-five years, with a narrow face, prominent features, and eyes so fierce and black, that he seemed to look through one, stood before me. His face betokened a strong mind, and there were indications of gentility unmistakably defined, but there was an indeseribable something about the man that rendered him repulsive, and as I scanned his face I could not avoid an involuntary shudder, although I could scarcely tell why.

As our eyes met he examined my person for a moment from head to foot, and at the same time seemed to take in everything in the room. At last, seeming satisfied with his investigations, he turned abruptly towards me and exclaimed:

"Your name is Wharton, I believe, sir?"

"It is, I replied, James W. Wharton, Jr., sir. What can I do for you?"

"I am glad to find I am right, sir," said he, and placing his hat on the table, seated himself, and said:

"I was recommended to you to find a discreet and sensible young lawyer, and if you will give me your attention for a short time, I will state my business.

Nodding a response, I seated myself before the man whose eyes still seemed to searching my very soul. Again I shuddered, and again felt an indescribable fear of something, I knew not what; but disguising my feelings I assumed as much composure as I possibly could and listened.

Said he, with another piercing look, "my name is Albert Tucker, of Michigan. I have lived in the far West many years, but things have'nt been as pleasant as they might, and I packed up and came East again to see my folks. I found my poor old mother very sick, and it seemed as though I had been guided to her side just in time. Realizing that her end is drawing near she desires to make some disposition of her property, and I have come to take you to her if you can go, to execute the papers."

"Your mother wishes to make her will, then, does she?"

"Yes; exactly so, and we must go at once. I have a carriage at the door which will soon land us at the house, and I hope you'll make haste, as she is very bad."

He seemed very anxious, and was apparently much excited, and although I mechanically replied, "all right sir," still I felt a foreboding of evil. I had serious misgivings, but a moment's reflection decided me. I was a beginner in life; an attorney and counseller, &c, and here was my first client; what right had I to hesitate! I hastened, and donning my coat and hat, was soon seated beside the stranger in a close carriage, whirling along over the pavement. I remember that I had omitted to ask where his mother resided, and turning was about to enquire, but his look deterred me from doing so, and my mind was full of imaginary dangers. I wondered "if he were a madman"—or some bloody criminal. He was leaning back with closed eyes, apparently asleep, and did not speak once during our ride, whilst I, in order to shake off my fears, looked out and tried to enjoy the picturesque scenery, for by this time we had reached the open country.

We had ridden perhaps an hour, and the moon had just risen sufficiently to light up surrounding objects, when I noticed ahead of us a fine old fashioned country residence, standing some distance from the road. The carriage stopped at the gateway leading to the premises, which aroused my strange companion, who called out, "Drive up to the house, Reuben." The driver, who was thus addressed, obeyed, and upon reaching the dwelling the stranger leaped lightly out and we passed into the Hall, where I suddenly remembered having left my papers in the carriage. I turned to go after them, and as I did so, my client started up the stairway, saying as he departed, "Pass into that room, sir," pointing to a parlor.

I passed out of the door again, and leaning over the edge of the stoop, I was about to pick up the papers from the carriage, the door of which was still open, when, in my haste, one paper blew from my hand over the steps to the side of the house. I again ascended and was about to pick it up when I was rendered speechless with fright at seeing a skeleton arm and hand thrust through the grating beneath the steps, and a paper was placed in my hand, with a s—h, as though enjoining silence. I looked again but the hand was gone. Completely mystified, I passed into the house, and meeting the driver as I entered, coming out, I crushed the soiled paper in my hand and entered the chamber pointed out to me, which I found well furnished, with a bright, cheerful fire burning on the hearth.

In a few minutes Tucker entered, and seeming to notice my nervousness, he inquired whether I would have a cup of tea. I declined. "Good for the nerves," said he, looking intently at me, but wine is better. "Here have a glass of wine."

I obeyed mechanically, and we chatted for a few minutes more, during which time I had gathered up my courage again; but as I crushed the crumbled paper in my hand, and thought of the mysterious hand that gave it, my heart seemed to choke me again. I saw a long bony arm pointing as it were to ward Tucker, and I could scarcely refrain from an exclamation of horror. I must have exhibited my nervousness plainer than ever, for he turned toward me and asked if I were ill. I quickly answered: "Oh, no," and struggling hard, I said:

"Whenever you are ready, sir, I will call on Mrs. Tucker."

He led the way up the winding stairway and opened a chamber door near the top of the first landing, I followed on tip-toe, for he had warned me that his mother was very easily disturbed. Passing in I found myself in a large-sized chamber, very neatly but not extravagantly furnished. Near a window, looking out upon the lawn, was a spacious sideboard, profusely decorated with ornaments, medicine bottles, glasses, &c. A little to the left was a large double bedstead, and by the aid of the almost exhausted candle which shed but little light, I could barely discern the outlines of a woman lying upon it.

My companion called her attention to my presence, when she seemed to raise her head with an effort, and addressing me, thanked me for being so prompt. She informed me she wished to execute her will, as she felt assured she could not live for many hours. "I have a copy already prepared, of the form I desire to be made out, showing how I desire my estate disposed of; and I pray you," she added, "to follow the provisions of this paper very carefully."—She then handed me a folded paper, and I hastily glanced at the contents. Her estate consisting of property worth many thousands of dollars, was to be equally divided between her son "Albert" and her sister, Martha Page.—Across the back, in a large hand, was written "Mary R. Tucker." I folded it up and assured her of my willingness to regard her wishes in every particular.

As I addressed her she turned slightly in bed, and as she did so, I thought I saw a quantity of wavy black hair beneath the long grey locks which hung about her head. I also thought I discovered a mysterious motion from the man, but I concealed my suspicions, and was about to turn away, when she motioned to me, and in a choking voice exclaimed, "I had a dear daughter but a few weeks ago, but she died. Yes, sir, faded away like a flower, and I shall soon be with her. I am coming daughter, I'll soon be with you," (turning her eyes heavenward.")

I was much affected, and was about to whisper sympathy, when the man called me away, and bidding her adieu, Tucker and I left the room together and descended to the parlor, where, being seated, he drew a chair close to mine and said, "You see, Mr. Wharton, how the case stands, and it will be necessary for you to attend to this matter immediately. I trust you can draw up the will at once, so that before I bid you good bye I may have the satisfaction ——." Here he paused as though he had incautiously gone too far, but quickly recovering himself he continued, "of seeing poor mother made happy before she dies."

I was shocked; my suspicions were again aroused, but I managed in a careless tone to say, "Do you desire that I should remain here all night?"

"Oh, by all means," he said. "You cannot reach home to night in any way, and if you could, you little know the hospitality of our people if you suppose we would consent for you to go out at this hour.

I know not why, but I felt delighted at his offer, for something seemed to say, "Stay," and stay I did. I was shown to my room, situated just above the sick chamber, and bidding my companion good night, I closed and locked my door, threw off my coat, and seated myself at the open window, excited, nervous and confounded. After a little time I thought of the mysterious woman, and suddenly remembering the soiled paper, I drew it forth from my sleeve, and read as follows:

"Save me, friend, from death. Be very cautious, but save me for God's sake, and you shall be rewarded. Save me, save me."

There was no signature, but the handwriting was clearly that of a lady, and the style convinced me that the writer was an intelligent person. What could this mean? What terrible mystery was contained in this scrap of paper? My head was in a whirl, my mind wandered. I could not think; I hastened to the window. It was a beautiful night; the blue canopy of heaven was studded with innumerable bright, twinkling, silvery stars. All seemed calmness and tranquility. What a contrast to the fearful uncertainty of my mind. I turned to listen inside. All was still as death. I opened my chamber door, still no sound. Yes, I hear a footstep; a moment more and I discover a light below. The light reflected the shadows of two men on the wall; I moved noiselessly forward, and leaning over the balustrade caught a glance of Tucker, as he disappeared through a closing door. I hesitated a moment to collect my scattered thoughts; I debated in my mind what to do; my first idea was to follow and discover, if possible, what these mysterious movements meant. Then I checked myself and said, "What is it all to me?" but the skeleton hand, the iron grating, the crumpled paper, and the appeal "save me," struck home, and I determined to descend, come what might.

I began my descent with all the care I could summon, fearing in the darkness that I might fall, and thus ruin all. With one hand grasping the balustrade and the other a pistol, with which I was happily provided, I groped my way down inch by inch. As I reached the lower flight, my foot caused a step to give a squeaking noise, and I halted. Hearing nothing, I concluded no one had heard me and passed on, reaching the bottom, when I suddenly heard approaching footsteps, and all being in darkness, I feared some one was on my track. I stood still, holding my breath. Seeing a light through a door to my right, I shrunk back against the wall and into a niche formed by an archway in the passage. I had scarcely concealed myself when Tucker looked out of the door and holding a light high above his head peered around, but in a moment closed the door again. I breathed again. I felt relieved, but still I dared not stir, and the deathlike stillness was only broken by the whistling of the night wind thro' the cracks and crevices of the old house. I pondered what to do next. I knew I was in the main hall way, but how to get out or where to move, I knew not. I finally espied a thin stream of light shining through a door in the rear of the house and approaching, I discovered it was the moon shining through the window and the door, the latter being slightly ajar. I pushed the door gently. It yielded, and I entered a large room, well furnished, the windows being hung with very many lace curtains. Within the shadow of one of these windows I discovered some dark object, and I at first feared I was discovered, but seeing no movement I approached, and was struck with fear and trembling to find *a corpse.*

I jumped back in affright; my limbs gave way, my blood curdled, and I felt as though fright was consuming me.—What can this mean, thought I; more mystery? What would come next?

Summoning up all my courage, I approached and raised the covering, and by the bright moon's rays I discovered that the deceased was a lady, well advanced in age, her hair being nearly white. A closer look developed that she bore a striking resemblance to the female that I had seen early in the evening so ill. Could she have died already, and her body have been removed there? Or was this some other person? All remaining still, I ventured to loop back the curtains and look again. The corpse seemed to be clad in the same clothing worn before death. The face wore a calm and peaceful expression, and the lips were set as though the soul had received a heavenly kiss as it winged its way, with assurance of "sweet mortality" in the future.—Around the neck was a chain with a medallion attached, which I found contained the picture of a beautiful girl.

Whilst in a partial stupor of amazement, I again heard the footsteps of some one, and fearing lest I might be caught, I hurried through a window on the balcony, and from thence easily reached the grounds, alighting near a cellar window similar to the one in which I had seen the "skeleton arm." I approach and called out, but no one answered. I groped my way around the house to the front, calling at each window as I went, but still no answer. I was about to give it up in despair, and almost concluded that the dead body above was the person I had seen, when I heard a faint voice and then footsteps, and a moment more and the owner of the skeleton hand was before me peering through the grating.

"Save me! oh, save me!" she again cried, and sunk down helpless.

What could I do? The windows were grated; the iron bars were too strong to be broken, and there was no method of relieving her. I called to her to know where the entrance was, but received no answer. I begged her to tell me, but she had swooned away. I groped about me and finally procured a piece of timber; with this I labored, and ere many minutes I had loosened a bar. It finally gave way; I jumped into the miserable cell, and succeeded in arousing her sufficiently to make her realize that she was about to escape.—We reached the open air, when she quickly revived, and although weak, she sped along in our flight as though impelled by a fear of something horrible were she detected. I took the road and hurried onward. When about disappearing over a hill some distance from the house, I espied lights flashing about the building, which informed me that our flight had been discovered

Ere long we reached a farm house, and having aroused the inmates, I deposited my charge with the elderly matron, who seemed to know her; and the farmer with his three sons and myself, started for the house of Tucker, all well armed.

Reaching the premises, we heard a scuffle up stairs, and cries of murder. We hastened in through a window, and as I entered I heard Tucker's voice, as he angrily exclaimed: "Die, then, you treacherous dog!"

We rushed around only in time to see his companion in guilt, the driver of the carriage, fall back a bleeding corpse.

As I entered Tucker recognized me, and he turned upon me with his uplifted and still bloody knife like a tiger, but a blow from the old farmer's bludgeon laid him sprawling at my feet, and he was quickly bound by the farmer and his sons.

I hurried up stairs to the sick chamber, the door of which I found open, and upon entering my first suspicions were confirmed, for, standing before me, apparently stupefied with terror, was the invalid—the dying woman—no longer with pale countenance, a wasted form and silvery hair, but a robust looking female of about thirty-five, with black hair streaming over her shoulders.

Still I could not unfathom the mystery, and not caring to believe anything I might hear from either she or Tucker, we took them both prisoners, and marched them off to the farmer's house, where the mystery was solved by the escaped maiden, whose deliverance I had effected under the guidance of an ever watchful Providence.

Having secured our prisoners, we all adjourned to the large parlor of the mansion, where Miss Annie Tucker, the much abused victim, made the following statement, showing one of the most villainous and diabolical intrigues I ever heard of.

Several years before, her only brother, Albert Tucker, left his home to seek his fortune in one of the Western Territories. Shortly after his departure, his father died, leaving his mother in possession of a worldly competence. All efforts to learn of his whereabouts proved unavailing until about one month before the events above recorded transpired, when Tucker suddenly appeared and claimed to be the long lost son. He was admitted into the family and was gladly welcomed back, but Annie had often noticed her mother gazing intently upon him as though she doubted his identity. He proved to be a very morose and disagreeable inmate of the house, and about two weeks after his arrival created the first disagreeable scene that had ever occurred in the family, by setting Annie's aunt, the the woman Martha Page, named in the will, against Mrs. Tucker. The latter failed very rapidly, and three days before I was summoned she died, leaving a will in which she bequeathed all her property to Annie; then an invalid herself, and giving to her son and aunt each a handsome donation. This will did not suit Tucker, and he at once destroyed it and forged another. He then proposed to Miss Annie to surrender her share and assent to the new will. She refused so to do, when he thrust her into the cellar where she was found, declaring "she should soon join the old woman." He then induced the woman Page to enact the part of Mrs. Tucker, in order to have the new will executed; and it was she who was found impersonating the deceased widow whose dead body was then lying in the room below, and but for the timely arrival and the soiled note the object of the would-be murderer would doubtless have been accomplished.

Tucker and his female accomplice were arraigned for trial, when I assisted the prosecution, and as the case was proceeding another mystery was developed. A police detective happening to enter the court, identified Tucker as a notorious western desperado, named "Jack Burton," and procured a warrant for him, charging him with murder.—Finding subterfuge to be all in vain, the scoundrel then acknowledged that he was not the long lost son, but had attended his death bed, and having gotten his family history, came east and assumed his name in order to get his mother's property, if she might have any. He was convicted, as also his female accomplice, and both were consigned to prison for several years.

The discovery that the vile wretch was not her brother was of course a most agreeable discovery for Miss Annie, but she was sorely troubled about her aunt, to whom she had always been attached, and who she believed incapable of such a horrible crime as that which she had attempted.

The remains of Mrs. Tucker were followed to the grave by a host of loving friends, and Miss Annie placed the settlement of the estate in my hands, a trust which I executed satisfactorily. She still resides in the same neighborhood and is known far and near as the "good Mrs. Lawyer Wharton." To say that my first case was successful is saying but little, and as I look upon the beautiful woman now seated beside me, I have cause to bless the night that brought me "my first client," for without him I might never have secured my darling wife.

A Boy Again.

A company of gentlemen in Reno, were, not long since, whiling an evening away by singing songs and relating anecdotes, when one asked for the song of "Would I were a boy again," at which "Old Pi Ute," (John K. Lovejoy,) who was present, broke out as follows:

"A boy again!" Who would be a boy again if he could? to have measles, mumps and itch, to get licked by bigger boys and scolded by older brothers, to stub your toes, to have the belly ache from swallowing cherry stones, to have chapped hands and frozen toes, to slip up on the ice, to do chores, to get your ears boxed, to get whaled by a thick-headed school-master, to be made to stand up as the "dunce" for the amusement of the school, to have visitors to come to school and tell you how miserably weak and stupid you were when you were born, and to ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in life if your parents had not been so patient with and so kind to you, to eat at the second table when company comes, to set out cabbage plants because you are little, and consequently it would'nt make your back ache so much, to be made go to school when you don't want to, get spelled down in school, to lose your marbles, to have your sled broken, to get hit in the eye with frozen apples and soggy snow balls, to cut your finger, lose your knife, to have a hole in the rear of your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you, to be called a coward if you don't fight at school, to be whaled at home if you do fight at school, to be struck after a little girl and dare not tell her, to have a boy too big for you to lick tell you that your sweetheart squints, to have your sweetheart cut you dead and affiliate with that boy John Smith whom you hate particularly because he set up your nose the week before, to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy, to have no fire crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas, to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled, to be kept from the circus when it comes to town and when all other boys go, to get pounded for stealing roasting ears, get run by bull dogs for trying to sip watermelons, to have the canker rash, catechism and stone bruises, to be called up to kiss all the old women that visit your mother, to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own dear sister, to be told of what a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like George Washington, to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school ma'am on the sly, and wish you was big so you could kiss her, too, and—and—why darn being a boy again.

A LOUISVILLE ROMANCE.—The New Albany *Ledger* says. "Years and years ago a worthy young man of foreign birth arrived in the city of Louisville in search of employment. He at length obtained a situation as barkeeper in a fashionable saloon. To this establishment came bright and early every morning a little girl with mint for sale. She was always dressed tidily and carried a smiling face. The young barkeeper took an interest in the child, and upon inquiry learned that she did not carry her sunny face with her mint only, but also in her own home, and in the humblest employments. Setting apart a portion of his own earnings, he sent her to a school, and she soon surpassed most of her mates. He then employed music teachers for her, and she soon became a proficient.

Years rolled on, and fortune favored the young barkeeper. He became the owner of an establishment of his own. The wealthiest men in Louisville were his friends. The poor little mint seller had now grown to woman's estate, and was as accomplished and virtuous as she was beautiful. She in time became the wife of the man who had early befriended her. The man is now reckoned one of the wealthy men in Louisville—a large owner of real estate—respected by all who know him for his noble qualities, of which kindness of heart is the chief. We read of such events as these in the story books, but they seldom occur in real life. This, whoever, is true to the letter."

Why are sheep the most dissipated animals in creation? Because they gambol in their youth, spend most of their days on the turf; the best of them are blacklegs, and they are sure to be fleeced at last.

The good man's life, like the mountain top, looks beautiful because it is near to Heaven.

The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins.

Select Poetry.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Fiddle faddle! what's the use?
You can't make her a man;
The great Creator fashioned her
On quite another plan.
Man's joints are strong and firmly knit,
His thews and sinews tough;
But woman is of daintier mold,
And formed of finer stuff.

Men are the prose—the timber half
Of this sad world of ours,
And women are the poetry,
The sweet fern and the flowers.
Throughout the blessed Book this thought
Runs beautiful and clear,
That woman lives to sanctify,
To grace and to endear.

Don't let her, then, be smutched and soiled
By mingling in the fray,
But keep her free from grosser acts
To win her own sweet way;
Let purity remain her shield,
Without a blot or stain,
To guard her mental bloom from taint,
Or touch of hand profane.

Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, Fate!
Forbid it, men of sense,
That she herself should aid the plot
To shame her own defense.
She is all glorious as she is—
Why should the fretting few
Conspire to banish from her soul
The fragrance and the dew?

Why take away her chiefest charm—
The crown that's hers by right—
The quiet influence that compels
Proud man to own her right?
She knows her power—why can't the sex
Remain contented, then,
To rule as in the good old way?
Lord bless us all—Amen!

Miscellaneous.

Little Women.

There is a charm about a handsome little woman, one of those *petite* gossips, that always carry a man by storm, no matter whether he is old or young. The tall stately lady, looking a queen in her attire and mien, impresses you with awe, as well as admiration. She is calm, speaks methodically, and saunters slowly and so quietly along that you scarcely note her progress. If she has a lover she never allows him to go beyond the bounds of a mere speaking acquaintance, and, if married, and a mother, she fondles her child in public, at least, as if she was its aunt, come from a long way to look at, but not caress it, for fear its little wee fingers would disturb a collar or pluck one of those frigid flowers from her bonnet.

All is different with little women. If they want a charitable subscription, you can give it out the moment they enter, for they never leave without it. They go at you with a rush, know you in a minute, and so long as you are a gentleman, they will ramble along, gossipping, chatting of fashions, music, and business in a way that makes old hearts pinch and ache to be young again. They have no false dignity. If they want to run, they run; they toss a baby as if he was a cat, sure, if he fell to alight on his feet without harm, and if clothes are ruffled or ribbons pulled away, they don't care, for a little woman never looks any other way but handsome, dress herself as she will. And how they coax! They are veritable lawyers to argue, and dispute you with the coolest audacity, laugh at your arguments, and, as a last resort, put on a "pout" that is a clincher on anything belonging to the human family. A little woman never lives to old maidhood. They can't help but marry, for they have to do it to keep the peace, and settle the vexed question among their adorers. Where a handsome tall woman waits for one lover, the little *petite* runs away with the hearts of twenty. They never go out without exciting admiration, though they are not coquettes. They are born to draw attention, and they know it, and how they sympathize! Let a child fall on the walk and the little woman rubs off the dirt, adjusts the clothing, chases away the tears, and rattles on with "poor child," "nice boy," "there don't cry," in a way that makes the urchin dream every night for a month of fairy forms and angel beings. If sick, the form of a little woman is like sunbeams, her sympathizing voice ever in your ear, and one must get well out of a feeling that the act will oblige her. Little men are ridiculed by the female sex, and they do look odd, but little women are a whirlwind which blow the worst old bachelor into the sea of matrimony, in spite of any grip he may take or solemn vows to live a single and a wretched life. If there are angels in Heaven and the Good Book tells us so, they surely are the blithsome spirits of the merrieal, dutiful and winsome little women.

A Wonderful Climate.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American, writing from San Francisco, under date of November 20, 1869, says:

The wonderful climate of the Golden City is the universal theme of the numerous strangers now assembled here. Some who arrived to-day were blocked up by the snow in Illinois and Indiana, and on arriving here are ransacking their trunks for summer clothing. They left everything frozen up at the East, and here they find the hills clothed with verdure, the trees in full foliage and the gardens redolent with the perfume of sweet flowers. I am assured that the thermometer does not vary more than five degrees throughout the whole year, and that the coldest weather is in July and August, when the atmosphere is chilled by cold winds that blow in from the ocean. I saw both boys and men bathing in the harbor on the 20th day of November, and was so warm myself that I felt very much like following their example.

We arrived here on the 14th, and each succeeding day has been warmer than its predecessor. The atmosphere is so dry during the day that the moisture which would otherwise be perspiration on the body is at once dried up, and both man and beast can endure more and do more work than in any other climate. The horses have a speed and endurance that amaze a stranger. Some idea of the reasons here may be obtained from the fact that the barley and wheat crop is gathered early in May, just about the time that our cereals are beginning to shoot forth. From May to November there is no rain or dew in California. The wheat, the barley and everything has been harvested. The grass has dried up all seeded, and still making rich pasture for the cattle—and there is no part of the year when the flocks fatten so fast as when they eat what we would call the dried up grass in the fields, good for nothing with us, but full of seed and nourishment here. The ground on the surface parches and cracks and wrinkles, and rests until the fall rains. The green fields and meadows of our June and July are all gone, and you must wait until the next winter, when we are covered with snow and ice, to see creation all fresh and green here. February is the month of glory and beauty here, as June is with us.

If you wish to make this winter go along quickly, get your note discounted so that it is December for ninety days—and spring will be here before you are ready for it.

The Jefferson Cheese.

The last number of Littell's Living Age contains an interesting article of Elihu Burritt's from The Gentlemen's Magazine, on the great cheese which the people of Cheshire, Massachusetts, made for Thomas Jefferson. Elder John Leland was a great pulpit politician in those days, and preached to the people of Cheshire such stirring Jeffersonian democracy that for generations they never voted anything but a straight democratic ticket. When Jefferson was chosen President after a contest of tremendous excitement, Elder John Leland proposed that his flock should celebrate the victory by making for the new Chief Magistrate the biggest cheese the world had ever seen. Every man and woman who owned a cow was to give for the cheese all the milk yielded on a certain day—only no Federal cow must contribute a drop.

A huge cider press was fitted up to make it in, and on the appointed day the whole country turned out with their pails and tubs of curd, the girls and women in their best gowns and ribbons, and the men in their Sunday coats and clean shirt-collars. The cheese was put to press with prayer, and hymn singing, and great solemnity. When it was well dried it weighed 1,000 pounds, and as it could not be trusted on wheels, it waited till mid winter, when it was placed on a sleigh and Elder John Leland drove with it all the way to Washington. [There was more snow you see in those times than there is now.] It was a journey of three week. All the country had heard of the big cheese and came out to look at it as the Elder drove along. When he got to Washington Mr. Jefferson received him in state, made a speech, and in the presence of the heads of departments, foreign ministers and other distinguished persons, cut the cheese and served some of it around with bread. Then he sent a wedge of it home to the makers, and when it arrived they also ate it in state. We are further informed that the cheese was very good.

SIMPLE CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—A gentleman, who for some years was so deaf as to be utterly unable to hear conversation in an ordinary tone of voice, called on us the other day and requested us to publish the method by which his cure was effected, for the benefit of all who may be afflicted, with his infirmity, whether arising from catarrh or other cause. Says an exchange:

After trying the remedy prescribed by his physician, this gentleman—now over sixty years of age—was recommended to inject into the ear a mixture of castile soap and tepid water; or, it may be as hot as the part will bear.—By this simple and entirely innocent preparation, used daily for about two weeks, the hearing of the gentleman who recommends it was completely restored.

The addition of a few drops of pure oil of glycerine is also of advantage, as it softens the wax of the ear when it becomes hardened; or if the deafness is accompanied with a sense of uneasiness or pain, a few drops of laudanum will be of advantage in relieving the pain. A very large number of people are afflicted with partial deafness, and it can, we trust, do no harm to try so simple a remedy—a remedy which our informant assures us is a certain cure in many cases.

HOW TO FIT A COLLAR TO A HORSE.—In purchasing a collar for your horse, it is important to get one that fits him, as both the animal and yourself will thus be saved much annoyance. The *Harness and Carriage Journal* says:—"The plan adopted in the West, and which, we are assured by men who have been long in the collar business, does not injure the collar in the least, is to dip it in water until the leather is thoroughly wet, then put it on the horse, secure the hames firmly, keeping it there until it becomes dry. It is all the better if heavy loads are to be drawn, as that causes the collar to be more evenly fitted to the neck and shoulder. If possible, the collar should be kept on from four to five hours, when it will be perfectly dry and retain the same shape ever afterward, and as it is exactly fitted to the form of the neck, will never produce chafes or sores on the horse's neck."

Some time ago there was a trial for trespassing in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's council, a blustering man of brass, thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. Therefore interrogated him thus:

"Mr. Hodge, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?"

"Yes sir."

"Does he know anything."

"Very little."

"How much does he know?"

"Well, almost nothing. Not much more than you do."

The witness was allowed to retire without further questions, amid the most uproarious laughter.

The prevalence of dashy neckties has given rise to much incongruity in male costume. For instance, it is common to see persons otherwise plainly dressed wearing the rainbow, the aurora borealis and other celestial phenomena around their necks.

"You had better lay in your coal soon," said somebody's wife the other night, when her husband came home down town, and he obeyed. He came home drunk and laid in six quarts of whisky right.