

The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOL. 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1860.

NO. 29.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SHANK, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternatingly at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

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Disciples—Rev. Wm. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at	12 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " at	12 " " A. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern, daily, at	6 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " " at	6 " " A. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

West—Express Train, leaves at	9.45 A. M.
" Mail Train, " "	8.48 P. M.
East—Express Train, " "	8.24 P. M.
" Mail Train, " "	10.00 A. M.
" Fast Line, " "	6.30 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts.—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor; Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Estley, Richard Jones, Jr.

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Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm.

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Council to Commissioners.—John S. Rhey.

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Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor.

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EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Judges of the Peace.—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kincaid.

Burgess.—Andrew Lewis.

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Clerk to Council.—T. D. Litzinger.

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Weigh Master.—William Davis.

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Constable.—George Gurley.

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Assessor.—Richard T. Davis.

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Inspectors.—John S. Rhey, John J. Evans.

Poetry.

Love's Future Foreshadowed.

BY FLORENCE PERRY.

How strange it will be, love—how strange
when we two
Shall be what all lovers become—
You frigid and faithless—I cold and untrue—
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you—
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do,
Love's bright web unraveled, and rent and
worn through,
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,
Which makes me feel lovely to-day;
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de
rose*—
When every day serves some new fault to dis-
close—
When you find I've odd eyes, and an every-
day nose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the common-place way—
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, when we willingly stay
Divided the dreary day through!
Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say,
Or coldly converse on the news of the day,
In a wearisome, old married folk sort of way;
I shrink from the picture—don't you?
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

Dear love, if your hearts do grow torpid and
old,
As so many hearts have done—
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold,
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its
gold—
If we choose to live wretched and die uncon-
soled,
'Twill be strange of all things that ever were
told,
As happened under the sun!
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

Original Tale.

Written for THE ALLEGHANIAN.

THAT SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY TOBIAS TANDEM.

"There's that anxiously expected snow
at last, thank goodness! And now I'll
get that sleigh-ride I won so fairly, though
I must say, at a tremendous self-sacrifice.
But the ride had to be had, at all haz-
ards. Ha, ha, ha! Hurrah!"

It was a dark, damp, disagreeable De-
cember day, and the leaden atmosphere
seemed to benumb the faculties and oppres-
sion the senses of everybody. It was a
day when a person's imagination would
wander back to the bright, invigorating
days of spring, to the pleasant, calm days
of summer, to the balmy, refreshing days
of autumn—and then unwillingly return
to this particularly uncomfortable Decem-
ber day, rendered doubly unbearable by
the comparison. It was a day when, had
a person occasion to go out of doors, he
would perform his labors with expedition,
so as to get back in again; or, had he
business down town, would stalk silently
and swiftly along, as if the destroyer or
an urgent creditor was after him. It was
a day when even the tricksome little lap-
dog and sportive feline accompaniment,
generally so full of life, seemed completely
under the weather, and lay coiled up by
the stove, silent and unapproachable.

And no wonder. Everything seemed
wrong—topsy-turvy—upside down. The
mildest and most even-tempered felt dis-
posed to grumble at the want of discern-
ment shown by the clerk in giving us
such weather.

The streets were almost deserted. Save
and except an occasional pedestrian, whose
business engagements, perhaps, overbal-
anced his inclination, animation was sus-
pended.

I was aroused from a dreamy reverie
into which I had fallen, by the above ju-
bilant and slightly triumphant exclamation,
proceeding from the coral lips of my
fascinating friend, Miss Julia Leighton.

The way it came was this:

Miss Julia and I had eaten a philopena
(a double almond) the previous evening,
under the condition that the one who should
surreptitiously kiss the other first should
win—the loser, as forfeit, to pay the ex-
penses incident to a sleighing excursion
out to the romantic village of C—.

I had determined, in the meanwhile, to
take my Julia out sleighing the first oppor-
tunity that offered, so, as the calculating
ruler will at once observe, in any event or
under any combination of circumstances, I
would be the fortunate gainer of at least
one kiss by the present operation.

I was surprised—surprised, though, in
a very agreeable manner, and in a manner
which of all others I prefer—when, a few
hours later, as I was sitting by her side,
in total forgetfulness of our short-made con-
tract, Julia leaned over and gave me a pure
emphatic, unadulterated, and unmis-
takeable "buss,"—not one of the sickly, second
hand contrivances wherewith very senti-
mental persons are wont to regale them-
selves, and wherein the principal part of
the performance is the puckering, *a la* after
eating a persimmon,—but one that sent
the warm blood rushing and whizzing to
my heart, and from thence back to the tips
of my fingers, and even to the extreme
points of my boots.

Shades of Methuselah!
Words would be powerless to describe
the innumerable charms of my peerless
Julia. Her beautiful golden ringlets hung
in profusion over a neck of more than al-
abaster whiteness. And such eyes! you
should see them. They were not black,
neither were they blue, and I am confident
they were not brown—but variable, cha-
meleonish eyes, changing with every change
of her impulsive nature. And her—
but, pshaw! words are rapid, insipid, and
when applied to Julia, totally insufficient
to do justice to the subject. Should you
wish to see just such a charmer, however,
you have only to fall in love with any
concatenation of hoops, whalebone and cal-
ico—the effect will be the same. At least
it has with me, and I have the experience
of a dozen encounters to back the assertion.

In the meantime, softly and silently
descended the crystal flakes, covering the
ground with a chaste and beautiful sheet
of white; faster and faster did they come,
"Filling the sky and earth below,"
and piling themselves one on the other,
until a sufficient amount had accumulated
to form what is technically called by farm-
ers, "good sledding." The merry jingle
of the bells was heard in the streets;
fast horses and handsome cutters were in
demand; slow horses and indifferent cutters
were well represented; juveniles who
could boast of no turn-out at all, pulled
each other time about on their little sleds,
—and things began to seem life-like and
natural again.

So Julia and I made arrangements to
forthwith carry into effect the true intent
and meaning of the proviso attached to
our agreement of the previous evening.

After supper, a 2.40, a splendid sleigh,
a superabundance of buffalo-ropes and other
fixings, and myself, "might have been
seen" drawing up before the Leighton domi-
cile, and had the observation been continued
a short time longer, Miss Julia and myself,
comfortably ensconced in the aforesaid
sleigh, "might have been seen" taking the
initiatory steps toward the fulfillment of
"that sleigh-ride."

To say that sleigh wasn't narrow would
be an assertion open to strong doubts to
the contrary. It was narrow—so narrow
in fact, that Julia and I had to sit in very
close juxtaposition. But, as to a philo-
sophical mind, such a state of affairs would
be of trifling import; to me it seemed
decidedly preferable, inasmuch as it afford-
ed me the privilege of—

"Wo-o-ah!"

Here occurred a small discovery, to the
effect that our horse's qualifications, be-
sides that of "fast," comprised that of
"fractious,"—being an attainment the ab-
sence of which could easily be overlooked,
especially by timid drivers and ladies.

Long and devotedly had I loved this
particular piece of femininity now nestled
so snugly by my side; but I had never told
my love. From bashfulness, and a dread
of being thought "too previous," she was
in a very fair way of living and dying in
ignorance of the fact, so far as I was con-
cerned. I had determined, however, to
let concealment no longer prey on my
check, but to inform her of the state of
my mind on the first opportunity. That
opportunity had now arrived.

Merrily and swiftly did we glide along
over the clear, crisp snow, the horse's
hoofs scattering a penetrating white mist
over us, causing us to bundle the robes
closer and sit nearer.

Ah! how delicious is the first sleigh-
ride of the season, to be sure!

We had discussed and settled the usual
topics of conversation: the last ball, the
beauty of the late style of bonnets, (Julia
had one on; I decided in their favor;)

and the various other et ceteras of high
life in the country—and for a time silence
reigned.

So to begin:
"Julia, dearest, do you think—" I
got that far, and "stuck," so I ingloriously
subsided.

"Think what, did you say?" asked Ju-
lia, turning suddenly around, and looking
directly in my face.

There was mischief in her eye. I have
since, after looking at the matter on all
sides, come to the conclusion that she
knew more of what was coming, or rather
what *wasn't* coming, than she would have
me believe.

"Think? Oh, ah! yes; do you think
it is going to rain soon?" I said, at a ven-
ture for I was slightly disconcerted.

She laughed a sly, chuckling little
laugh.

"Rain! Why, yes, I think it *will* rain
before long. Don't you think we had
better turn back, or have you an um-
brella?"

I was perfectly well aware of the fact
that she was laughing at me, although I
was looking intently in another direction.

But, thought I, this will never do: I,
Mr. Tobias Tandem, Esquire, give up a
fixed and settled determination—a deter-
mination signed, sealed and delivered,
(only in my mind, though, mind ye,—)
because a woman laughs at me. No-sir!

I resolved to take a more roundabout
course, and, like the hunters in a grand
circular hunt, come gradually to the point.

"Julia, dear, is it not pleasant, on a
beautiful night like this, when the little
stars overhead are merrily twinkling, and
the grand old forest is reverberating with
notes of sweetest melody, and when every-
thing else seems hushed in repose—is it
not sublime to sit in a comfortable sleigh,
with a spirited steed in front, and a lovely
girl by your side, and glide over the crystal
sneen with the wings almost of the wind?"

Julia wasn't rendered speechless—by
no means. She acquiesced in every par-
ticular, except that of the person cited as
companion—she said *she'd* prefer one of
the other sex.

"As I sit by your side, Julia, on this
our first sleigh-ride of the season, memory
takes me back to the many happy days we
passed at school together when young—
which term is not to be misinterpreted to
mean that we are "old" now. Doubtless
you remember them also. And the hill
behind the old school-house, where we
often coasted together on my little cutter.
Don't you mind, when one was absent,
how dull and monotonous seemed the sport
that when together was so pleasant?—the
fun was departed. Life, Julia, is only a
long coasting-hill: thinkst thou not we
could glide down its descent better and
happier on one sled than otherwise?"

"Do look at that horse, Mr. Tandem; I
am afraid he is going to run off, and
perhaps upset us, too; and you know I hate
so to be upset," said Julia, at the conclu-
sion of this affecting peroration.

"Upset, indeed!" said I, a little miffed;
"not while I hold the reins. Git up,
horsey!"

I do not know whether our fiery Pe-
gusus understood my imputations of his
inefficacy for doing bad, but, be that as it
may, he soon undeceived me. For scarcely
had my huge boast escaped me, ere he
took the bit in his mouth, cocked up his
ears, spread his mane, and—travelled.

I have journeyed in the good old-fash-
ioned stage-coaches; in the slow but very
sure canal-boats; in the swift cars; in
four-horse-wagons; in carriages, milk-
wagons and carts, but I do not recollect of
ever taking a trip under such auspices as
just then. Johnny Gilpin's famous ride
wasn't a circumstance to it.

We were going along *very* rapidly.

My whole attention was turned toward
keeping the horse in the road, for I didn't
wish him to run against some tree, or
worm-fence, and knock himself, sleigh,
and perhaps us, into everlasting smash.

My intentions were praiseworthy, but
not of much avail. For, all at once, the
runner of the sleigh hit a stump, and away
we went—and away likewise went the
horse, with some few pieces of the sleigh
attached, but considerably the largest por-
tion remaining behind.

Julia and I landed about nineteen feet
from that villainous snag, right in the bo-
som of as beautiful a drift of snow as ever
was seen. It was very cold, though, and
occasioned some considerable decline in
our opinion of the magnificence of sleigh-
riding ere we extricated ourselves there-
from.

After an exhilarating walk of about a
mile, Julia carrying the whip, and I the
buffalo-ropes and other "fixings," we came
up to our "fast" horse and magnificent
sleigh—in full anchor in another drift.

After a great deal of tugging and pul-
ling, and considerable repairing, for in-
stance, tacking the various pieces of the
sleigh together, tying odd snipped off bits

of harness, etc., we concluded to risk it
again.

We turned our horse's head homeward.
I ruminated for a considerable part of
the way on the mutability of things in
general, and sleigh-riding in particular—
on the sudden and somewhat unexpected
termination of my tale of love—on how,
instead of popping the question and being
accepted, I had been popped out into the
snow—and on my very elaborate exhibi-
tion of the rapid and easy descent from
the sublime to the ridiculous.

"Mr. Tandem, if I may be permitted to
inquire, is this a fair specimen of the
beauty of 'coasting down the hill of life
together on one sled?'—for if it is—"

"Julia—"

"For if it is, I propose it's a humbug.
You are, I perceive, quite competent to
assume the reins in such a juncture, and
an adept in the art of steering; but, for
the present, I will content myself by re-
questing you to exercise your peculiar
ingenuity by steering for home as fast as
possible!"

And, to stop further colloquy, she be-
gan singing:

"Did you e'er go riding,
In a sled—
Dancing, fitting, sliding,
In a sled?
Care behind you—fleeing
Flits the time;
Heart and bosom beating—
So sublime!
Spirits buoyant humbled,
As we go,
Tipping, toppling, tumbled
In the snow!"

Julia, for a long time, thought I upset
her on purpose, and would hardly believe
otherwise; but I at last succeeded in con-
vincing her that it was all the fault of
that "fast" horse. [Mem: Don't take a
"fast" horse when you go out sleighing
with the gal you intend popping the ques-
tion to.]

It is also due Julia to state that I at
length overcame her objections to the
"down-hill" business, and we now double-
team it through life together.

We date our happiness from the occur-
sion of "that sleigh-ride."

A THRILLING STORY.—"Is it just twenty
years ago, yesterday," said our narra-
tor, "that a party of us fellows went up
the river on a skatin' match. The day
was colder than ten icebergs all stuck to-
gether, but the ice was as smooth as glass,
and we made up our minds to have a heap
of fun. Bill Berry was the leader of the
crowd. He was a tall, six-footer, full of
pluck, and the best skater in all creation.
Give Bill Berry a good pair of skates, and
good sailing, and he could make the trip
to Baffin's Bay and back in twenty-four
hours, only stopping long enough to take
a drink at Halifax. Well, we got to the
river and fastened our skates on; and af-
ter taking a horn from Joe Turner's flask,
started off in good style, Bill Berry in
the lead. As I was telling ye, it was a
gol dogoned cold day and so we had to
skate fast, to keep the blood up. There
were little breath-holes in the ice, and
every now and then we would come near
goin' into 'em. My skates got loose, and
I stopped to fasten 'em. Just as I had
finished buckling the straps I heard a
noise. I looked around and saw some-
thing shooting along the ice like light-
nin'. It was Bill Berry's head! He had
been going it like greased electricity, and
before he knew it, went into one of them
cussed holes. The force was so great as
to cut his head off against the sharp cor-
ners of the ice. 'It is all day with Bill
Berry,' said I. 'And all night, too,'
said Joe Turner. Just as he had got these
words out of his mouth, I looked at Bill's
head, which had been goin' on the ice,
and all at once it dropped into another
hole. We run to it, and I heard Bill
Berry say, 'for God's sake boys, pull me
out!' I looked into the hole, and there,
as true as I am a sinner, was Bill Berry's
body, which had skated along under the
ice and met the head at the hole in the
ice.

"It was so thunderin' cold that the
head had froze fast to the body, and we
pulled Bill out as good as new. He felt
a little numb at first, but after skating a
while he was as brisk as any of us, and
laughin' over the joke, we went home
about dark, all satisfied with the day's
sport. About nine o'clock in the evening,
somebody knocked at the door, and said
I was wanted over to Bill Berry's. I put
on my coat and went over. There lay Bill's
body in one place and his head in another.
His wife said that after he came home
from skating, he sat down before the fire
to warm himself, and while blowing his
nose, he threw his head into the the fire
place!"

"The Coroner was called that night and
the verdict of the jury was, that 'Bill
Berry came to his death by skating too
fast.'"

How He Kept the Pledge.

Old Ben — was a jolly old soul, and
much addicted to the use of intoxicating
drinks. He was very well known about
the neighborhood where he resided, and
was most generally to be seen in a "slight-
ly corned" condition. As may be sup-
posed, this genius had a number of boon
companions who followed him as leader,
and were, under his able tuition, already
adepts in the various arts of "smiling,"
"imbibing," etc.

It was just about the time of which we
are writing that the temperance cause was
creating a great sensation through the vil-
lage where lived our hero. Meetings were
held, the public mind was excited, and
numbers signed the pledge.

Now Ben, hearing of these meetings,
determined to attend one, just to see what
it was like; and, accordingly, the next
evening found him and his companions
seated in the lecture room awaiting the
issue. The lecturer that night was unusu-
ally eloquent; and Ben, who was of a very
excitable nature, became so enthusiastic
that when the usual invitation to sign the
pledge was given out, he rushed up to the
stand and affixed his name to the document.
His example was contagious, and all his
friends went and did likewise.

The temperance folks congratulated
themselves on having achieved so glorious
a victory; for all knew that Ben was a man
of his word and would do as he said. On
the other hand, as may be imagined, Ben's
situation was, if not absolutely unbearable,
very disagreeable; and, now that his ardor
had cooled, he began to deplore his rash
act. But what was he to do? He had
signed the pledge forbidding him to drink
any intoxicating liquors; and his honor
(Ben was a great stickler for honor) would
not allow him to break it.

A few days after this, Ben and his
friends were going on a fishing excursion;
and the prospect of a hot day, added to
their long abstinence (three days) was
unendurable.

"I'll tell yer what it is, Ben," sagely
remarked one of these worthies, "we've
been and gone and done a foolish thing in
signin' that ar consarn. Our fun'll all be
spiled to-day because as how we ain't got
nothing to drink."

"Hold on a bit, boys," replied Ben, "I've
got an idea. Wait here till I come back."
And without waiting for an answer, off
he ran to the village store. Presently he
returned with two or three loaves of fresh
bakers' bread and a gallon of "red-eye."

"What are you goin' to do, Ben?" asked
his astonished companions. "Remember
you've signed the pledge!"

"I know it," returned Ben, as he pro-
ceeded coolly to cut the loaves in two, dig
out a small piece in the center, and pour
in the liquor, which the bread absorbed
like a sponge; "I know it; I've promised
not to drink any more rum; but I didn't
say anything about eatin' it!"

They all saw the ruse, and gladly avail-
ed themselves of it; and, as may be sup-
posed, they returned that night, rather
"wet."

This coming to the ears of the society,
Ben was arraigned before them—where,
after having told his tale, he had the secret
satisfaction of seeing his name scratched
off the list.

A BASHFUL MAN.—Washington Irving
at a party in England one day, playfully as-
serted that the love of annexation of the
Anglo Saxon on every occasion proceeded
from its *mauvaise honte* rather than its
greediness. As a proof he cited the story
of a bashful friend of his, who being asked
to a dinner party, sat down to the table
next the hostess in a great excitement,
owing his recluse life. A few glasses of
wine mounting to his brain, completed
his confusion, and dissipated the small re-
mains of his presence of mind. Casting
his eyes down, he saw on his lap some
white linen.

"Good heavens," thought he "that's my
shirt, protruding at my waistband!"

He immediately commenced to tuck in
the offending portion of his dress; but the
more he tucked in, the more there seemed
to remain.

At last he made a desperate effort,
when a sudden crash around him, and a
scream from the company, brought him
to his senses.

He had been all the time stuffing the
table cloth into his breeches, and the move
had swept every thing off the table!

Thus our bashful friend annexed a ta-
ble-cloth, thinking it was the tail of his
own shirt.

The following very good rules have
been adopted in a school down in Maine:
No chewing tobacco in school hours.
No kissing the girls in the entry.
No snapping apple seeds at the master.
No cutting benches with jack-knives.
No novels allowed to be bro't to school.