

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, } EDITORS.  
ED. JAMES.

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

TERMS: \$2.50 PER ANNUM.  
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1869.

NUMBER 33.

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August 13, 1868.

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Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.  
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The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the imparted experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.  
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.  
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week. August 13, 1868.

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**SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [aug13]

Job Work of all kinds done at this office.

## Bill and Joe.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by—  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright with morning dew—  
The lustrous days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,  
Proud as the cockerel's rainbow tail;  
And mine a brief appendix wear  
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless gear;  
To-day, old friend, remember still  
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You won the great world's envied prize,  
And grand you look in people's eyes  
With HON. and LL.D.  
In big brave letters, fair to see—  
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—  
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the Judge's ermined robe;  
You've taught your name to half the globe  
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
You've made the dead past live again;  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you are Joe and I am Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,  
"See those old buffers, bent and gray—  
They talk like fellows in their teens!  
Mad, poor old boys! That what it means!"  
And shake their heads: they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe.

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling at his side;  
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—  
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill  
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?  
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;  
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;  
A few swift years and who can show  
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe.

A weary idler takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gaping thousands come and go—  
How vain it seems, this empty show!  
Till all at once his pulses thrill;  
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you Bill."

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
The names that pleased our mortal ears,  
In some sweet lull of harp and song,  
For earth-born spirits none too long,  
Just whispering of the world below  
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe.

No matter; while our home is here  
No sounding name is half so dear;  
When duties at length our lingering day,  
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?  
Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

## A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

"I'll keep a light in the window, Sandy,  
Till ye come back."  
"Never mind, mother," said the boy,  
standing at the door in an uncertain,  
slouching kind of a way, "I—I might be late."

"It's dark along the lane," said the mother, "and a bit of candle light would be ill-spurred, if you got a tumble by it.—I'll keep the candle burning till you come back."

She was a very hard featured Scotch woman, healthy and active, though no longer young, and, as she talked, she worked on, ironing the linen she had washed and starched, and heaping it like a snow drift, in a great basket beside her.—Four other children were in the room, girls and boys, too young to do much for themselves, yet Sandy was eighteen, a tall, handsome fellow, with ripe lips and cheeks and dancing eyes. "If Sandy only would have been a little steadier," the mother often sighed; but to be "steady," was not Sandy's forte. On, ever and always, to the river side, where other lounging boys watched the boats come in at the ferry, or plunged stones into the water for the village pet, the great Newfoundland, "Whiskers," by name, to "fech." No harm in that, the mother thought, if the boys had all been good; but evenings at the store, they were worse; and the decent washerwoman shivered as she listened for her boy's home-coming steps at nights, lest some day he should copy Squire Peeler's boys and drink too much.

Peeler's boys were her terror, though they were the sons of the richest man in the neighborhood. But now as Sandy stood in the door, so tall and fair, and bony, the mother's heart grew light.—"He'd be sure to settle down and help her with the bairns some day," she said. No doubt of that; he was a bit of a boy now; and she ironed on until her work was done, and then put the candle into the window to light the boy along the lane at his home coming. The candle burnt itself away and sunk into the socket, and the very wick smouldered out, leaving only small smoke behind it, and still lit no Sandy across the threshold of his humble home, for that night Sandy ran away.

The life at home was too hard for him. The restraints of his mother's watchful eye irked him. To do his own will, to have his own way, Sandy left his home behind him, but he had grace enough to remember with a pang, these words:

"I'll keep the light burning till ye come back, Sandy."

Some vague hope of being rich, and doing great things for those at home, was in his mind, or he believed so, but a selfish desire to escape the drudgery and the restraint gave the actual impulse to his steps. He shipped as a sailor the next day, and began in earnest a wild and reckless sailor's life.

It suited him. Now and then when the storm was at its height, and far in the distance the lamps of some tall light-house shone like a great red eye, the tiny flicker of that window sheltered candle would dawn upon his memory, and he would hear his mother's voice saying, "I'll keep it burning till ye come, Sandy." Now and then amidst the yams and songs of the forecastle merry making, he heard the crooning of the tunes she used to sing over her work—old Scottish ballads, or perhaps some hymn handed down from the time when the old Covenanters worshipped God and defied man amongst the purple heather. They never lured him home to her though.

The years rolled on, and even this one sting of conscience ceased its paining. In those days there were no such beings as sober sailors, nor captains of temperance principles. Hard drinkers were most old salts, and most young ones. Sandy drank with the rest. He grew broad and stout. His cheeks were bronzed, his light hair changed its tint, his voice grew deep and coarse. He was in no way a good man, but he was a good sailor. As the years passed, he came to be an officer—first mate of the Agamemnon. His pockets were full enough for all his purposes. The sea was better than land to him, and when on shore he led that sort of life that drives the thought of mother from men's very souls. He had friends, at least he thought so, men who knew when his pay jingled in his pocket, women who did not blush to receive the lavish gifts of the jovial sailor. He was not niggardly, nay—once he emptied his last remaining dollar into a beggar's hand. It happened to be a prettyish beggar girl, and he had gone on a year's cruise, shoeless, and during shipwreck, or when the Agamemnon found a sister vessel in distress, Sandy was bravest of the brave; but he had never been generous enough nor brave enough to go back to the eastward seaport, where his mother had left the candle burning for him in the window—never.

Five years were gone, and ten, and fifteen and twenty. A man nearly forty years of age stood in Sandy Cameron's shoes—a man who led the wildest life under the moon ashore, a man to whom fiery brandy was as water to a child; a man who remembered God only in his oaths; when the Agamemnon came after a long and stormy voyage just within sight of the coast—within sight of its light house, at least, for in the darkness of a stormy night nothing else was visible. Battered with storms already, bruised by the waves, wounded by rocks, still the Agamemnon fought her way homeward; by the morrow eve sound earth would be beneath the feet of the wave weary mariners—for once at least all longed for it, even wild Sandy Cameron. He was glad. He watched the towering lamps with joy, and swore that they were pleasant sights. Before he slept he stood while leaning over the taffrail, smoking and thinking, if he ever thought. It was an ail lingering for the Agamemnon. A spark from the cigar held in unsteady hands, regarded by eyes no brighter for recent draughts of brandy, makes its way somehow, wind-borne, or demon-borne, into the places where, at the dead of night they of the mid-watch saw stealing through the planks beneath them red and yellow tongues of flame. The vessel was on fire!

"Fire! fire! fire!" the word rang its way to Heaven, shouted by every tongue on board.

The scene that followed beggars description. None who lived to remember could ever forget it. There was no hope from the first, none, save in the boats. They were filled at once. Who could forget it? Oh, who can forget it? The old man pointing to the lights on shore and crying: "I wanted to see the children once before I died."

The captain was deathly pale, showing that strange bravery which sailors only possess at such a time.

Changing from a dictatorial old hard drinker to a very hero; clinging in romantic fondness to his ship; and while he did his best for every soul on board, forgetting himself, and vowing to sink with her.

The young passenger and his bride—she clinging to him; the mother with her babe bound to her breast—praying on her knees amid the tumult. The orphan child going home to its grand parents, wonder-stricken, and yet scarcely conscious of its danger. The sailors changed like the captain into heroes. Who could forget all this? Amidst them all, gigantic in his strength, sobered at last by the awful scenes around him, totted Sandy Cameron. They remembered him well whose lives he saved. The bronzed man with light hair, and the grip of Hercules. So all the boats and rafts—some to live, some to die—were all afloat. All gone into the darkness, and struggling forms had vanished from the waves, and alone together, the flames approaching them like dancing demons, stood

old Captain Oaks and his first mate, Sandy Cameron.

"Captain," said Sandy, "it's most over." "Aye, aye, lad," said the captain, "Give us your fist. We've sailed together a good while now. We seem bound for the long voyage now. Lord help us, Sandy." "There's a chance yet, maybe," said the first mate. "Try for it, captain." "No," said the sailor, "I go with her.—No wife waits for me, no child. She's my wife and children, all in one. Try you, I go down with her."

That was the last that Sandy Cameron saw or heard of the captain. A rush and roar from below, where spirits were stored, ended the words. Then came blindness and silence and the time passed for him.

At last there was a sound again. The sound of waters. Light, the red lamps of the light house. Feeling, that the wet sand against his face. Some strange providence had saved Sandy Cameron's life. Bruised and weak, he lay motionless for a long while. Bruised and weak, still he staggered to his feet at last.

Above him—his sailor eye used to remember such things—towered well known rocks kissed by the struggling moonlight. The sea had flung him into the arms of his native seaport; and up above, a man wandering along the shore, watching the light house signals, perhaps, was singing a Methodist hymn, "There's a light in the window for thee brother, There's a light in a window for thee;" and then the tears rolled down the sailor's cheeks, and his softened heart yearned for the mother who had said, "I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy."

Twenty years ago, and she was nearly fifty then. Probably she was dead; but some one might be in the house, yet who could tell him of her. And so, in the midnight darkness the sailor staggered up the river path—through the changed streets and, led by the compass of his heart, to the lane where his boyhood home had been so long before.

The lane was no more—a street of houses now—but at its end, or he dreamt, Sandy saw a candle gleam. He drew near. No fancy misled him. Yes, between the curtains stood a candle, in very truth; and in the window of his old home. He staggered on, his heart beating wildly. He struck the door with his hand. He waited trembling; and the door opened; at it stood an old, old woman, with white hair—his mother. He knew her stern strong features and her blue eyes still.

"What's this?" she said, in her Scottish accent; and he answered, "A poor sailor, shipwrecked and needing shelter."

"Come in," she said, "come in and warm ye. It's a bitter night. The candle led you here, no doubt. It's burnt these twenty years. Ye wonder at that? I'd a boy once. He left me. The candle burns for him. I've a fancy it will wile him back, yet; and I've gone without bread many a time to keep it burnin'. The others are all dead; but I'll not believe he's gone—and I said I'll keep a light till ye come back Sandy—and I will."

And then he flung himself upon his knees before her, she knew that Sandy had come back, indeed.

He never again forsook her. A better son and a better man than Sandy came to be, those of the seaport say they may never see him again. And if you go thither, they will point you out the little cottage window at which, strong in her faith for his return, Captain Cameron's mother kept a light burning for all the nights of twenty years—that, and the mansion where, with her son, now married and Captain of an ocean steamer, she yet lives to bless him.

## Turning the Tables.

A California paper tells the following story:

"Halt! Your money or your life!—Throw up your hands!" exclaimed a stranger, stepping out from the shadow, while accompanying the words might plainly be heard the sharp click of a pistol. The person addressed was a weary newspaper man wending his lonely way homeward in the city about three o'clock the other morning.

"Oh, yes, certainly. I'm in no hurry. Only walking for exercise. Just as soon hold up my hands as not. I'm not armed. Please turn that pistol a little to one side. It makes me nervous."

"Hand over your cash!" "Haven't any red with me. You see, they took that all away from me when they entered my name upon the books."

"Where did they take your money from you?" "Why, at the post-house. You see, I'm a small-pox patient, just out for exercise. They wouldn't let me walk about in daylight, with my face in this condition, so I have to go it after dark and late at night, when the street are empty. By the way, stranger, the wind is rather in your direction, and, unless you ain't particular about it, it might be just as well to stand on the other side. I've got my old silver watch, though. If you like it, come and take it. You're at perfect liberty to search me, if you like, but don't point that pistol this way—it's uncomfortable. D'ye want the watch?"

"No thank you," said the robber, back-

ing away and around toward the other side; "I couldn't take anything from a man as unfortunate as you are. Here—there's half a dollar for you, poor fellow. Go and get something to drink!" and he threw the coin toward him, still backing off. "As you're only walking for exercise it won't incommode you—"

"Oh, not a particle, I'd just as soon walk with you if you desire it. Either way, though, it's all the same to me. Thank you for your half. Won't you join me and drink to my recovery?"

"Well, you go round the block the other way, as I haven't hurt you, say nothing about having met me. I guess I'll go this way," and then watching till the supposed small-pox patient turned the corner, he started off on a full run in the opposite direction.

Mr. Newspaper man proceeded on homeward undisturbed, and slept the sleep of one who enjoys the consciousness of having done a good thing, and four bits better off for having met a highwayman.

## About School Teachers.

WILMORE, March 20, 1869.

To the Editors of *The Alleghanian*:  
With reluctance I take up a subject which is fraught with interest to the people of this county, and more especially to those residing in the rural districts. The subject is that of Public Education. My reluctance arises from a belief in my disability to do the subject the justice it demands, while at the same time I feel conscious that four-fifths of the inhabitants of the county will agree with me and endorse what I shall say.

In glancing over the reports of the Superintendents of Common Schools for the past few years, many are led to believe that our schools are in a flourishing condition—that the "spirit of the law" is carried out to the fullest extent—that public education is looking upward. You, with durable and commodious school houses, and well paid and experienced teachers, can fully realize the blessings and advantages of our common school system. But alas for the children in the rural districts—the children of the honest and industrious farmers! Must they be left to grovel in ignorance, for the only reason that they live in the country and wear homespun? Must there be a disparity between town and country? It would seem so. Many of the teachers, both male and female, in the rural districts are better qualified for picking wool in the Johnstown factory, or gathering blackberries in the neighborhood of Portage station, than for teaching the young idea how to shoot.

The young miss who has arrived at the advanced age of fourteen comes to the conclusion that she is qualified to take charge of a "country school." She procures a long dress, arranges her hair into an enormous waterfall, rubs a little of the "bloom of youth" on her baby-face, and, with the additional aid of a few pounds of cotton, suddenly transmogrifies herself into a young woman. She attends one or two examinations, becomes familiar with the lingo, and finally presents herself as a candidate. Hip! hurrah! The trying ordeal is over, and success has crowned her efforts. One week before, her tiny hands clasped a doll-baby; now, a certificate to teach school fills its place. She exhibits the certificate to anxious friends unfamiliar with the two rows of figures on its face, and informs them, in a highfalutin manner, that the figures 4 and 5 mean four-fifths, and that one-fifth more would make five-fifths, or a first-class certificate. Foolish child! Foolish parents, to sanction such deception!

The young boy throws his top and ball aside, procures a watch-chain from a playmate, fancy he can detect a few straggling hairs protruding from his upper lip, places a penny cigar in his mouth, and pompously announces himself a candidate for a country school. Like the young miss, he too is successful, a certificate is forthcoming, and he is a learned and intelligent pedagogue. From such material are the majority of our county teachers formed. Youth, ignorance, and inexperience are the main requisites, and we wonder much that the demand exceeds the supply.

By some strange coincidence, the December number of the *Teachers' Advocate* is before me. In it I find much to assist and instruct the practical teacher. The editor is an accomplished writer, and, I understand, a successful teacher. Yet I find that, like myself, he has a very poor opinion of his copartners in general. In a leading editorial, after dilating on the success of the *Advocate*, appears a paragraph which should bring the blush of shame to the face of every one-horse teacher. He informs his patrons that one column will in the future be devoted to teachers, their marriages, deaths, removals, &c. He wants the teachers to send him the items, and informs them that mistakes in orthography, or grammatical inaccuracies, will be corrected. What an avowal! Those we hire and pay to instruct our children in the rudiments of orthography cannot spell the simple words necessary to convey to the editor a marriage or obituary notice! We imagine ourselves in the office of the editor of the *Advocate*. The devil (not old Nick) advances and hands him a letter enclosed in a small, neat, and well-scented letter, look-

ing much like "the dear one of my heart" was wont to write many years ago. He hurriedly breaks the seal, and a smile brightens his serene countenance. We glance over his shoulder and get a *fac simile* of the missive:

"Bob's CRICK SCHULE DISTRICT,  
"March the second 18  
"hundred and 69"

"Married on yesterday week Miss Susan Jane Dingley for many years a schule Teacher in this district To Benjamin frankliu swope Who just finished the shumaker trade. By reverend Jeremiah Lowdenflicker.

"Oh! Susan Jane we'll miss you much At institute next year You used to talk sich bally Dutch Yare married O sint it queer!" "Pleas correct and publish.

"Yures,  
"AMANDA ANN BROWN,  
"Schule teacher."

And this is a school teacher in the nineteenth century. Return, oh happy day, when such men as R. A. McCoy, R. L. Johnston, John Thomas, Ed. Evans, and such women as Mrs. Landis, the Misses Nesbit, and many others, graced the profession! With the few good teachers in the profession, public education may be said to be looking upward.—But if the present state of affairs continues, in a few years we might as well turn our school-houses into ball-rooms, or better yet, dispose of them to the highest bidder and apply the proceeds toward the liquidation of the National debt.

Many imagine that teachers' institutes are destined to work wonders in the advancement of our schools. Not so. I regard them as a first-class humbug. A majority of the teachers attend them merely for pleasure, business, or recreation, and to indulge in a little flirtation. An oration or lecture delivered by such men as Singleton, Burt, Kerr, and Dick would be equivalent to "casting pearls before swine," simply because many of the teachers could not comprehend the beauties of an exordium or the sublimity of a peroration. Teachers' institutes are about as advantageous to the "knights of the birch" as the ice in the vicinity of Alaska is to the citizens of New York, or a prayer meeting in the dance-house of the "Wickedest Man" to the "Wickedest Man" himself.

Before I close this imperfect yet truthful account, I would urge upon the authorities—that be the necessity of remodeling our common school system. Look, for instance, at despotic Prussia. Of all the nations of Europe, she was reduced to the greatest extremity by the wars of Napoleon. The system of confiscation went so far that even the revenue from the endowment of schools and poor-houses, and the fund for widows and orphans, were diverted into the treasury of France. Foreign loans were made to meet the exorbitant claims of the conqueror. An army must be created, ruined fortifications in every quarter repaired, and so great was the public extremity that the Prussian ladies, with noble generosity, sent their ornaments and jewels to supply the royal treasury.—King's crosses and other ornaments, of cast iron, were given in return to all who made this sacrifice. They bore the inscription—"Ich gab gelt um eisen" (I gave gold for iron). Such jewels are much treasured at this day by their possessors and families.

This state of things lasted till after the War of Liberation, in 1813. But it is the pride of Prussia that in the days of her greatest humiliation and distress she never for a moment lost sight of the great work she had begun in the improvement of her schools. If under such circumstances the people of a monarchical government sustained their schools and sent forth learned and experienced teachers, how much more should we, the citizens of a free and enlightened republic, accomplish. Something must be done, or the system will go down and become a relic of the past.

In conclusion, I would say that this article is not aimed at the teachers in general, but at a certain class who infest the country schools, whose forte, as the lamented Ward would say, is not "teaching schule."

—Scene in a printing office which advertised for girls to set type; Enter young woman—"Do you want to employ any one to print, sir? I saw your advertisement."

"Can you set up well, ma'am?"

Young lady blushes; says she hadn't had a beau yet, but expects that she could, if it was necessary.

—Friend Jones, prepare yourself to hear bad news.

"My gracious—speak, what is it?"

"Your wife is dead!"

"Oh, dear, how you frightened me; I thought my house was burnt down."

—Not having heard from the debating societies in relation to the conundrum, "Why do hens always lay eggs in the day time?" a cotemporary answers, "Because at night they are roosters."

—Great men direct the events of their time, wise men take advantage of them.

—A rare mind—Mind your own business.

—Reading matter on every page.