

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5 1861.

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TERMS:
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Ebensburg April, 17, 1861. If.

JOB WORK,

OF ALL KINDS,

NEATLY DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

Agricultural.

Sheep Husbandry.

At a discussion held at the New York State Fair on the above named subject, we find the following in the *Gen. Farmer*.

Solon Robinson, of New York, said Mr. Thomas Bell, of N. J., usually kept 100 fine sheep. He buys common sheep of rather large size in the fall, and crosses them with a full-blooded Southdown. The lambs are dropped about the 1st of April. The ewes in the fall cost from \$2.25 to \$3.50 per head. He selects the best and pays the highest cash price. He has good August pasture, and he keeps the sheep well, so that they go into winter quarters in good condition. In the winter he keeps them in yards, with open sheds, 50 in a yard, with feeding racks, or lie in the open air as they see fit. He feeds them almost entirely upon corn stalks, cut up at the ground as soon as the corn is hard enough to ripen in the stock. He does not chaff the cornstalks. The sheep cut off the leaves, and the butts serve for bedding. A few weeks before lambing, the ewes that are heavy are drawn out by themselves, are fed with good hay and a little grain. He seldom loses a lamb. By the end of July he has his lambs, which are strongly marked by the Southdown characteristic, all sent off to the butcher. This year he obtained \$4.45 per head for them. After the lambs are weaned they get fat, and are sold to the butcher in time to take on a new supply. They have just been sold this year, and he netted from lambs, wool and old sheep, a profit of \$7.50 per head, over the first cost of the sheep.—The year before he made a profit of \$7 per head. Besides this, he finds that the sheep are enriching his land.

Vegetable Garden.

One of the most important operations in the garden is frequent stirring of the soil, & the facility presented for this periodical culture is one of the strongest arguments in favor of drill cropping as opposed to the now almost absolute system of broad cast. The frequent and thorough stirring of the soil around growing crops, not only keeps weeds under subjection, but allows the gasses of the atmosphere to reach the soil surrounding the roots of plants, facilitating the decomposition and preparation of the food of plants. Such tender crops as Lima beans, Egg plant, and Sweet potatoes, should not be set out too early; let the soil be warm and active, and a rapid, healthy, active growth will ensue.—The best mode of preventing injury to melon vines from striped bugs, which we have tried, is to enclose a small space around the young plants, either by placing four bricks on edge, or inserting four small pegs in the soil around the plants. A square of glass, sufficiently large to cover the space, is laid on these supports. This not only wards off the bugs, but prevents consolidation of the soil by heavy showers, and accelerates the growth by additional warmth consequent upon the shelter thus afforded. Young plants of tomatoes, &c., should not be allowed to crowd too much in the seed bed. If they are transplanted in rich, light soil, on a shelter border for two or three weeks, previous to final removal, they will form a mass of roots, and assume a stocky habit of growth characteristic of future health, and rapid recovery after being transplanted.

Tan Bark for Potatoes.

This subject is brought before the farmers of England, by a communication in the *Mark Lane Express*.

Mr. B. Banford claims thirty years experience in this matter; and has issued a pamphlet giving his method of using it, which is briefly stated as follows—

He does not cut his potatoes for setting, but sets them whole; and the largest he can select. The rows are thirty inches apart, and the potatoes are put nine inches from each other in the row. The land is ploughed 8 inches deep; and treats the manure firmly in the furrows, puts in the tubers, and covers them with tan refuse nine inches deep, instead of earthing. In this way he reports that in 1859 he raised 675 bushels of potatoes—not a rotten one among them—to the acre, with nothing but waste tan as a covering. This is of great importance, the tan refuse being of little or no value, and if it be put to, so important advantage as in this case, it should be widely known and practised.

Salt to save Manure.

Dissolve common salt in water, sprinkle the same over your manure heap, and the volatile parts of the ammonia will become fixed, and from their having united with the muriatic acid of the common salt; and the soda thus liberated from the salt will quickly absorb carbonate of soda; thus you will retain with your manure the ammonia that would otherwise fly away. Try it.

SELECT POETRY.

—The following beautiful lines are said to have originally appeared in the *Etonian*, a periodical started about a quarter of a century ago by the boys of Eton College. For truth, tenderness, and melody, they are incomparable—

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.
And each could tell his tale of youth;
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unceasing truth.
Yes they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.
Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
For modern lips to give or speak.
Of prospects too, untimely crossed,
Of passion slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.
Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And charms—that all have passed away,
And left them—what we see them now!
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
For ever on Time's restless wing?
Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

A STORY OF THE FAR WEST.

THE TRAPPER'S CABIN.

A LEGEND OF THE PRAIRIE.

"I wonder not," said she, in reply, "that it seems strange to you. It will seem stranger still when I tell you that I have lived here already for four long years, and in all that time seen none but Indian females, and besides yourself but two white men," and she heaved a deep, long sigh.

"Pardon me," said Hugh, "for asking why you thus seclude yourself, so far from civilization and society?"
She hesitated a moment, then answered in a low, sad tone: "The love I cherish for an unfortunate father, and there was an instinctive shrinking that made Hugh feel, plainer than words would have done, that the subject was a painful one.

Hugh admiringly changed the conversation, but listened eagerly while she told him of the wild adventures that had characterized their life, and many strange and beautiful things that had bordered their pathway. She pictured to him the vast stretch of prairie that surrounded them, and discoursed most eloquently of its green and flowery charms thro' the spring and summer, of its golden hues in autumn, when the first light frost had crisped its waving grass, of its fearful magnificence when the crimson billows of flame surged over it, and of its sullen, sea-like grandeur when the snow was heaped in its hollows and crested in its ridges. Then she told him of the glory of the woodland which lay only a little way to the west of their cabin, and the beauty of the softly flowing Des Moines, whose waters were of crystal clearness, and whose banks were as rich in agate and pear-like shell. Then she sketched the Indian warrior whose hunting grounds were as yet all around them, and whose dusky bride had often in a rich and airy heath, teaching her wild-wood arts, and wearing sometimes for her hair a graceful wreath from the silver plumes of the rainbow colored birds that were fluttering in the old tree tops.

"And do you fancy such companionship? Have you no fear of Indian stratagems and Indian cruelties?" asked Hugh.
A shudder ran over the young girl, and her face grew suddenly very pale, and she looked timidly around her ere she replied:

"Until a month ago I had never known fear," said she, "for the Indian, if met with kindness, is as much, nay, more to be depended on than our brothers. But now, I live in constant terror. My father has offended one of the young chiefs, and the consequences I feel will be fatal to him or me and perhaps both. My father has realized it too, and since then, until to-day, has not ventured out of sight of home. But though he has carefully sought traces of Indian steps, he has in all that time seen none, and so this morning, noting by his keen eye the approach of a fearful storm, he went to his old hunting hut in the timber. The deer, you know, always rush to the woodland for shelter, and he expected to kill enough to-day to last us thro' the season. But I feel that he has run a fearful risk."

"And you feared, knowing your red friends were incensed against you, to stay here all alone," exclaimed her listener.

"I wonder that you consented to let me in. Did you not fear it might be some Indian in disguise?"

"An Indian could not speak as you did, sir," she replied, "and if my own senses had misled me, these trusty friends would have proved true;" and she pointed to the dogs.
"They can scent an Indian as far as he can one of the pale faces. They are well trained too. My father received them as a dying gift from the old trapper who lived in the cabin when he came; and he had trained them well for the country was much wilder then than

now. Would you believe it though, they will bark in their very loudest tones when a white man comes near, but they will not breathe a sound if it be an Indian; but if you are awake they will come and stand before you and look at you with a glance, which, if once seen, can never be forgotten; while if asleep, they will awaken you in the most cautious way, warn you of the danger with quick eloquence. Oh, they are two noble, precious friends!" she said, patting them fondly. They crouched by her feet afterwards, and burying her little forefingers in their shaggy sides, she bowed her head on her hand and seemed to dream.

Hugh mused for a long time on his strange adventure, and then feeling very weak again, he noiselessly heaped fresh fuel on the fire and stole off to his couch of buffalo robes. His dreams were at first wild and fearful and then strangely fantastic, and then sadly beautiful; for, in every variation of the shifting scenes the face of Eleanor, pale, yet lovely and loving looked up to him with an entreating fondness. Then a dense black cloud covered her kissing form, and as it parted he seemed to be lying on a bed of roses with the cheek of the maiden pressed close to his lips. As he reached out his arms to embrace her in a fond embrace he awoke; and in, with her face close to his own was she of whom he had dreamed. He uttered a cry half of joy. In an instant a warning finger was pressed to his lips, and in almost inaudible tones she murmured:

"For your life breathe not a loud word! Listen! There are Indians about. They surround us, but I cannot guess their mode of attack. Rise and arm yourself, and then creep into the darkest corner. Be careful and make not the least noise for they are a wary foe. They think me alone. Oh!" she exclaimed, and she pressed her heart convulsively, "they have doubtless slain my kind father, and would now bear off his daughter to the wigwam of their chief!"

Hugh was a gallant fellow. He had won brilliant laurels on the battle-field, and felt the war spirit strong within him again, as he leaped up and prepared himself to encounter a new foe. He carried a brace of pistols and a double-barreled fowling piece, and with a soldier's thoughtfulness, he had immediately after supper withdrawn the damp charges and dried the three before the fire. It was short work for him to reload them now, and besides these he loaded a pair of pistols which the trapper's daughter handed him. He then unsheathed his hunting knife and felt his blade to be sure that it was keen and polished.

And then he looked for a spot where he could ambush himself and arms. A little tent had occupied one of the recesses which the huge fire place formed on both sides and this was draped with deer skins dressed to a beautiful whiteness. In that he ensconced himself, while Eleanor threw herself on the couch he left, feigning sleep but clutching nervously her pistols.

Hugh's ear was keen, but although the tempest had lulled, and only an occasional wild sob ran round the cabin, he could detect no sounds that told of human foes. After a while the howl of a wolf was heard. As it died away he saw the two dogs leave the door, beside which they stood like petrifications, and advance cautiously to the hearth, and then it seemed to the listener that a dull sound was heard on the roof. It instantly occurred to him that the foe would strive to make their ingress down the chimney, thinking, doubtless, to find their captive alone and asleep, and fetter her with little trouble. Through the loophole, which was a slit in the hanging, he watched (oh, how intently!) the huge fire embers, whose brands had all burned down to cinders. After a while his heart leaped up with a strange, wild thrill, as he saw a moccasin foot appear. The dogs saw it quite as soon as he, and withdrew at once to the side of their mistress. Very cautiously did the Indian descend, but at length he landed safely and noiselessly. But no sooner had he shaken and stretched himself out to his full dimensions, ridding himself of the cramps with which his descent had tortured him, than the largest of the dogs, without a single warning, dashed at his throat, and clenched it with such convulsive hold that the savage fell with a dull, dead sound. The other dog fastened himself to his knees, and although he struggled violently, yet the surprise was too sudden, and the attack too strange and powerful for the victim to make at once a successful resistance.

Hugh felt that the time for action was come, but not wishing to alarm the Indians who might be outside, he left his retreat with only his knife, which was soon buried deep in the heart of the red man. There was a quiver of the muscles, a stifled groan, and he lay dead before him. Eleanor sprang from her couch and gazed earnestly at him, then turning to Hugh said quickly, "It is as I supposed. This is Wa-wa-tu-sa, the friend of Hi-wa-see, the young chief who sought me for a bride. He has thought to enter this way and open the door for him and his other braves. Get back for they will soon suspect some foul play."

It was as she said. The door was cautiously handled, and then the notes of a bird went whistling around the cabin, and then all was still. But the soldier's ear, keener by disuse, soon noted the same dull sound on the roof, and as it continued longer than before, he judged correctly that the remaining savages, thinking that something had befallen their spy, were coming in their whole strength upon them. With one of his pistols cocked and pointed through the loophole, he watched intently. It was not long ere a second foe had descended and bent with an amazed look over his prostrate friend. As he lifted up his head he gave a tremendous whoop; but it was the last sound that ever burst from his lips—a shot from the soldier's pistol entered his heart. Then rushing from his concealment, Hugh stationed himself before the couch of Eleanor, handing her his pistol, bade

her reload at once.

He had scarcely reached her when a third Indian sprang rather than crept down the office; but as he straightened himself after his leap, a full charge from the fowling-piece threw him upon the other two, a heavy and soon old burden. The fourth warrior that descended was not so easily overcome. It was Hi-wa-see himself, and burning with love for the white girl, and rage toward her defender, who had slain his best braves, he sprang so suddenly on Hugh that his gun was knocked from his hand, and in an instant he was wrestling with the brawny Indian. The dogs fastened themselves on their intruder's legs, but their bite, fierce and intent as it was seemed not to annoy him in the least, and Hugh was fast yielding to the superior physical form of his foe, when a pistol shot echoed through the cabin, and he felt his enemy's grasp relax and the warm blood oozing from his breast and dripping over his own hands.

"You have played a brave part," said Hugh, and releasing himself he beheld the Indian reel and finally fall to the floor. "Your Indian lover will never again throw his tomahawk, or swing to his belt the gory scalp. Good heavens, but it is a fearful sight!"

There came a faint whisper from Hi-wa-see. Eleanor went and knelt beside him, and wiped away the death-dews which her own hand had started.

"Proud white father," breathed he, "think Indian no good—no fit to have his pale child in wigwam of chief's son. Hi-wa-see say she shall. He make one skin, white as her face—soft as her cheek—white buffalo robe to sleep on. He love her—he carry her all the days here on his big heart—like white squaw carry little papoose. Proud white father say no—he call Indian dog, and say bad things. Hi-wa-see remember—he wait till good—he kill old white father—then came for white squaw—she kill him—but he love her—hate her white brave—though hate him, love her."

The words were breathed in such broken English that only one used to the Indian could have understood him, and as the last word fell from his lips, he gasped, and the fatal spasm finished all.

"My poor father, my unhappy father!" cried the orphaned girl. To this—an untimely death in the forest—did thy proud passions bring thee. Alas! I feared thee while living, more than I loved thee; yet now that thou art gone, what will become of me—motherless, fatherless, friendless?"

"Nay," said Hugh, earnestly, leading her to a seat, for she was almost fainting, "not friendless. In the far and beautiful East I have a father, mother, sisters, and in memory of your saving, and kindness to me, they will cherish you as one of their dear household." He sat down beside her, and after he had learned her story, they planned their work for the morrow.

There was no time to lose, for Hi-wa-see was the son of a powerful Dacotah chief, and a fearful revenge would be taken on them should they be discovered. As soon as it was light enough to see, the horses were saddled and brought by Hugh to the door. A large flat stone, which served as a hearth, was lifted, after many efforts, and from a deep hole underneath Eleanor took a couple of money-belts, heavy with gold, and a small casket. Concealing them as well as she could, she took from a packing-box a robe of fur, and enveloping herself in it, told with a quivering voice that she was ready.

"I leave much behind that is of value," said the young girl. "There are many solid silver articles in these two boxes; and fine linen with rich clothing; but if I save life, let them go. Alas, they were but little comfort to me when I owned them!"

Wildly did they gallop away from the cabin, the maiden leading the way through the timber to the Des Moines, for although the prairie track was familiar to her in summer time, she dare not attempt to find it after so fierce a storm. The ice on the river was thick and strong, and, like frightened deer, they sped down it till they had passed ten miles.

"There is old Ben's cabin," said the maiden, as a thin wreath of smoke was seen lazily curling up through a thicket of wild plum trees. He is one of the two old trappers to whom my father's strange liking introduced me. He will be faithful, I know."

"What was 'frid—I knowed it most," said Ben, when they had related the tragedy of the night; "but your father was a orful proud one; he brought it on him. With fair words he might have kept the red skins off and got out of their way. But it's no use crying—what's done can't be undone." And the old man busied himself with preparing a woodland breakfast for the couple, saying as he did so, "Reckon you had no appetite this morning. Them red skins made tarnel bad, mean corpses."

Then guiding them to the road, he went with them to a cabin ten miles below, and having engaged the trapper who owned it to go with them to the garrison at Fort Des Moines, he hastened back to save, as he said, all the "pretties" that were owned by Eleanor assuring her that the tarnel red skins should never have the fingering of them.

By hard riding they reached the fort that night, and Hugh had little difficulty in obtaining from his commander both leave of absence and an escort to the Mississippi.

There was much surprise in the old homestead when the son so suddenly returned and brought, too, such a beautiful stranger.—But when the tale was told, the trapper's daughter was taken at once to the hearts of father, mother and sisters, and the love, that Hugh said should be given to her, flowed forth so freely, that her young life, so long blighted and sad, became again fresh, joyous and gay. And that its summer was as golden and rich, as its spring had been cheerless and poor, you may imagine from the fact

that the first robe she put on, when she laid aside the black she wore for the dead, was one of the purest white satin, and the first festive gathering she met with, the bright joyous one that assembled in the old family home to greet her as a bride—of her own Hugh.

THE WAR.

Occupation of Alexandria by the U. S. Forces, and Assassination of Col. Ellsworth.

The Assassin instantly killed by the New York Fire Zouaves.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 25.

Col. Ellsworth was a assassinated last night by a man named Jackson, while coming down stairs in the Marshall House, of which Jackson is proprietor. Mr. Brownell, who was with the Col. and who shot the assassin, relates the following particulars—

We entered Alexandria about 900 strong, about midnight, the companies separating, and passing through the city upon the run. This morning the Colonel and three men, of whom I was one, went to the Marshall Hotel and demanded the secession flag which was flying from the top of the house. We proceeded to the top of the house and took the flag. As we came down I preceded the Colonel, who was dividing it into four pieces, when Jackson, the proprietor of the house, advanced with a double barreled shot gun, and pointed it directly towards me.

I raised my piece, and being too near to fire, I turned partially around, and knocked his gun down; at that moment he fired, the charge entering Colonel Ellsworth's breast. I immediately stepped back and fired my piece into Jackson's face; I then plunged my bayonet into his side, when he fell back, pulling me down with him. As we fell, the second barrel was discharged, the load passing directly over my head into the wall.

I arose bewildered and loaded my piece, thinking there was a general fight. I pointed it at a man sitting upon a bed, and pulled the trigger. It did not go off. The man shouted, "Do not fire at me, for God's sake!" I then lowered my piece. Jackson's wife threw herself upon the corpse of her husband, which prevented it from being hacked to pieces. There were but three shots fired.—This melancholy event happening so soon after the death of our own beloved Colonel has caused the greatest excitement. Crowds are pouring into the Navy Yard, anxious to get particulars.

The funeral cortege, with the remains of Colonel Ellsworth are now passing along Pennsylvania Avenue, at half past 1 o'clock. The bells are tolling and the cannon are booming. Three thousand troops are in line.—The body is in charge of a detachment of his own Zouaves.

In Love With Calico.

"Calico dresses are a grand institution. Delaines, silks, and even satins are good enough in their place—in the parlor or band-box, and all such; but after all the old 'stand by,' the substantial, is the shilling calico. Care must be taken not to soil the silk, nothing must come in contact with the nice dress that will rumple and stain it; but the calico, that's made for work, and, as the 'highfalootin's' say, 'nobby d es it fulfill its mission.' Silk rarely finds its way into the realities of life; that is into the kitchen at home, or into the hat of the suffering abroad.

"But calico, O! what r eb meals we get by it; how it cheers the suffering as with its bright colors and cheerful presence it stands with soft hand ministering to our distresses. Calico seems to be always more willing and ready to give what than silk. It is a curious fact of your nature, that the nicer our dress the harder our heart is, as if when dressed in silk we changed our nature and rose above base worldly things. What our silk dress be seen resistant enough to that poor woman to give her resistance or drobbing into a dirty hat? No never! Calico might do it; silk, it's just impossible.

"But when in addition to all Calico comes in rosy with the 'expose of kitchen duties it knows how to do so well, and loyes to do so dearly and sits down at the piano or melody on, and makes the liquid melody flow sweetly forth; ay, even blending its own sweet voice with the music of the instrument, than we appreciate Calico."

In the Paris court of correctional police, recently, a lady, by no means young, advanced eloquently to the witness stand to give her testimony. "What is your name?" "Virginie Loustatot." "What is your age?" "Twenty-five." (Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.) The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still eloquently bridling, and the next witness was introduced. This was a full grown young man. "Your name?" said the Judge. "Isadore Loustatot." "Your age?" "Twenty-seven years." "Are you a relative of the last witness?" "I am her son." "Ah, well!" murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young."

It is estimated that the amount of money spontaneously offered by the citizens of New York, in support of the Government, exceed two hundred and ninety millions of dollars.

—There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

—Old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.