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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1872.

Kaynes recognized him and turned

the door and extended across the room,

Wolf's vengeance.

tunately, very long.

terror and pain.

"Now say yer prayers, d-

COL. DEM. - - · VOL. XXXVI - · NO. 25.

& G.W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceleties and general merchandse Orangeville Directory

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VOLUME VI. - - NO. 32.

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He brings to the business an experience of many years and assures the community that he will turnish the bost of bread, cakes, rolls, biscuit, &c, fresh every day. He proposes also to keep on mand a large and well assorted stock of FINE CONFECTIONERY,

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the testic actually and properly attended to.
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Will force a beautiful set of Whiskers or Musiache, in from two to three months, on any person over twolvey send of the months, on any person over twolvey send of the send of the person of the send aug. i 71-ly. Adams County, Penna

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ATS, CAPS, FURS AND NOTIONS. which comprises all the new and popular vari-cties at prices which cannot fail to suit all. These goods are offered at the lowest cash rates and will be guaranteed to give satisfaction. A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere as it is solleved that better bargains are to be round jan 171

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The Conscience and Future Judgement. I sat alone with my conscience, In a place where time had ceased, And we talked of my former living In a land where the years increases

And I felt I should have to answer The question it put to me, And to face the answer and question Throughout an eternity. The ghosts of forgotten actions Came floating before my sight, And things that I thought were dead things

Were alive with a terrible might. And the vision of all my past life Was an awful thing to face,-Alone with my conscience sittle In that selemnly silent place. And I thought of a far-away warning Of a sorrow that was to be mine, In a land that then was the future,

But now is the present time. And I thought of my former thinking But sitting alone with my conscience Seemed Judgment enough for me. And I wondered if there was a future To this hand beyond the grave; But no one gave me an answer, And no one came to save.

Then I felt that the future was present And the present would never go by, For it was but the thought of my past life Grown into eternity. Then I woke from my timely dreaming,

And the vision passed away, And I knew the far-away warning Was a warning of yesterday,-And I pray that I may not forget it, That I may not ery in the future, And so I have learnt a lesson,

Which I sught to have known before, And which, though I learnt it dreaming I hope to forget no more. So I sit alone with my conscience In the place where the years increase, And I try to remember the future Infilic land where time will cease And I know of the future Judgment,

How dreadful soe'r it be, That to sit alone with my conscience WILL BE JUDGMENT ENOUGH FOR ME!

Miscellaneous.

A BOY'S DEFENCE.

The scene was in Sacramento street n front of a well-known hotel. It was twenty-two years ago, and San Francisco was in her infancy.

treet, and the centre of attraction was big felfow, who stood with a newspaper in his hand raving and cursing. "What's the matter, Wolf?" asked a newcomer, who was evidently familiar with the irate man.

Quite a crowd had gathered on the

rough enough it'll be for some folks.

Them young whelps that prints this Pil-take it off. I won't even touch a bullied as though they had been bout me. O, I'll fix 'em! They'd better go an' kill themselves after ten minutes; it'll be an easier death for em,"

Wolf was a noted desperado, who, i was said, had killed more than twenty men, and but few knew him who did not fear him. He was at that time chief of a gang of loafers and gamblers that were nearly aways to be found lounging in the vicinity alluded to, and disturb ing the peace of the whole neighbor. hood daily with riotous conduct. I there was any law in those days it was seldom executed against such charac ters, and in the full consciousness that they were feared they did pretty much as they pleased.

The newspaper which had given deadly offence to Wolfe was a little weekly ournal, and its office was in the second story of a building on the same street with the hotel I have mentioned, and only a few rods distant. It was published by two young men-or, I might say twenty years old, respectively-named Darrell and Kaynes. The paper and its youthful proprietors were already well known in the city of San Francisco.

The article that had excited the wrath of the ruffian Wolf was a bold denunciation of himself and his crowd for their lawless conduct, and it particularly mentioned him by name, characterizing him as a "blustering bully." It was the work of young Darrell, a fearless boy hailing from Ohio, Before leav ing his home he had acquired a fair education, so that he could at least edit

first place, which are more thoroughly courage, being of an unusually timorous than he would have been if a dozen of

To return to the scene on Sacramento street. Working himself up into his very worst mood-and his best was bad paper to atoms and started for the pubication office. He was followed by a curious rabble, most of whom were elated with the prospect of a murder, ugh there were some present who would have remonstrated with the evilhearted man, had they dared.

"Jest you watch," said Wolf, as he ceached the door, "if ye want to see of the window," the'r bloody carcasses tumble out o' the winder! It won't belong. I don't spend intention of the cruel-hearted man for it. actually to cut the throats of the two poyish journalists and throw their bodes out of the window, for the gratifica tion of the crowd and the further exalta mob on the street awaited the issue flourishing his knife and revolver, entered the rude frame building and rushed up stairs.

out they had paid no attention to it. rude table writing, and Kaynes was at | see the sun set." the counter arranging some papers for the mail.

All my goods are of the first quality and at ex-tremely low prices, does 7-1. "Do you hear me? demand Darrell,

the paper, or, perhaps, to see a lawyer sternly. who occupied a couple of rooms on the turning about, as commanded. He was self, dropping a twenty-five cent plece same floor; for the building was a twothoroughly cowed. story one, and the second floor was oc-"Do not turn your ugly face this way cupied exclusively by them and an at-

again," said Darrell, "or you will pay torney-their rooms being separated from his by a narrow hall-way that was for it with your life. Move !" Tamer than a whipped cur, the ruffian reached by the flight of stairs alluded "Ah-ha! I've got ye, my young imps I" exclaimed the desperado, burst-

"Don't look back, or I'll kill you." Meekly obeying the imperative orders pale. Being at the counter, which faced

he was naturally the first mark for "Ye young devils!" he his sed, seowlthe head of the stairs. ing like a madman, "Ye'll never write At this moment the clamors of the nor print nothin' more 'bout me!"

ver about his head. "I've got a sure "Hurry up, Wolf, why don't you thing on both of ye!" Saying this he throw them fellers out?" looked about him, with a careful scru-Exasperated beyond measure, he was nity, to see that there was no means of on the point of turning back, at the risk escape for the quiet youth at the table, of his life; for after all his braggadocio who of course, would not dare to jump over the counter and try to pass him, how could he face those below, disarmbut would cower down in a corner and ed and chased out of the building by one of the puny boys he had intended take his turn at being killed; then he reached across the counter and seized so terribly to chastise? But Darrell Kaynes by the hair, which was, unforwas after him, and with one vigorous kick sent him bounding down the wood-Colling the terrified young man's en stairs, with a thundering clatter, locks around the great coarse fingers of and rolling over the doorsill, the defeat-

apprehension that his youthful adverequilibrium. sary would snatch it up and use it on "Hello! how's this? What's up?" him as he might have done had he posasked a dozen voices at once, as the sessed, the nerve; then flourished his dreaded man reappeared in this undigbig gleaming knife, deliberately, with nified shape, without having sent any

Why, I simply kicked him down stairs-that's the matter," responded he hissed, "you've got a couple o' secthe boyish voice of Darrell at the top; onds or so left-jest while I'm clippin' and if he comes up here again I won't yer ears off. 'I'll take 'em first, clean let him off so easy. Do not be afraid of him; I tookall his weapons from him." and smooth; then I'll cut yer throat an' Wolf struggled to his feet, rubbing

throw yer out o' the winder. D'ye hear that he never dreamed of resistance. He | So completely had he tumbled from his simply intended to butcher the two lofty eminence in the eyes of those who young men, and such a thing as an either admired or feared a bold murobstacle to his will was not to be derer, that they who an hour ago would thought of. Had Darrell possessed no have dreaded to offend him by a word murdered then and there, in exact ac-

cordance with Wolf's programme.

hair. Kaynes bawled for mercy. "O-O I didn't write that, upon my soul!' and he whined like a school boy.

"None o' yer lyin!" said Wolf. ye; and ye'll both pay for it." Here he er proposed "Three cheers for the boy executed decided circles with his flash. that licked 'him." ing knife, having apparently prolonged the torture as much as he desired. "Here goes; look out when I count Street. three!" The knife was ready to descend. "One-two-"

He stopped and started. He had not

observed the movements of Darrell he was upon the point of clipping off ly thus far shielded and assisted him in Kaynes' ear in the polished manner he his murderous deeds suddenly deserted had descanted upon, he found the muzzle of a rifle thrust almost into his face. It was a loaded rifle which, luckily, a friend of Darrell's had left in his keepboys, for they were only eighteen and ing that very morning, while he went out to make some purchases. It had stood in a corner of the room near his or whether he is still alive; but I know

motionless as a statue-his cool eye glancing over the sights, and a steady finger on the trigger. "You great bully," he said, "drop that knife instantly. Mind, I come from a country where they shoot squirrels only through the eye. I can hit any hair of your head that you will mention newspaper in those early days; and at a hundred yards. Drop that knife!" ne possessed, besides, that courage and The ruffian was fairly paralyzed. He in all his preaching and exhortations. daring, which may be natural in the released his grip on poor Kaynes', who sank fainting upon the floor, and his developed by exposure to dangers and murderous knife fell on the counter. So ple who dearly loved him, his farewell hardships. Young Kaynes was quite a unexpected was this bold attitude of different kind of person in point of Darrell that Wolf was more startled

the roughest men in California had assailed him. There stood the boyish editor motionless as the wall, and muzzle of the rifle enough Heaven knows-Wolf tore the did not move the breadth of hair. Darrell held the desperado's life in his

hands. "You cowardly bully!" he repeated contemptously. "Don't you dare to move; I can send a bullet through your eye-ball without touching the white-Don't move an eighth of an inch or I'll do it, and throw your fifthy careass out

Wolf glanced at his revolver, lying upon the counter within two feet of his much time on sich follers." It was the eyes, but he did not venture to reach

"Dare to touch that revolver, or so much as look at it again," said Darrell, poor. "and I'll make a red picture upon the wall there behind you. You blustering, tion of his already fearful name. So, the bragging knave! you are a coward at heart-a despicable cur! You came up with feverish expectation, as Wolf, here to murder two boys, because you thought it would be an easy task, and now you are pale and trembling with fear. I would kill you in your tracks, All unconscious of their danger, the but that I don't want your dirty blood two young editors were bustly pursu- on my hands. Go now. Turn instantly. ing their usual work in their primitive Leave your knife and revolver where office. If they had heard the noise with- they are. I'll keep them. Go down to your friends on the street and tell them supposing it was merely a street row that a boy whipped you-disarmed you, such as they were accustomed to hear- and kicked you down stairs." Do as I ing every day. Darrell was sitting at a tell you. If you hesitate you will never

> Wolf, trembling from head to foot, glauced once more at his revolver, but did not dare raise his hand. His face

of the youth, Wolf moved slowly out of the room into the corridor. "Be careful; don't-don't let the gur go off." Wolf stammered as he reached

impatient crowd below arose with ter-Here he flourished his knife and revol- rible distinctness, and one shrill voice was heard to say.

ed bully actually tumbled out upon the the left hand, Wolf laid his revolver upon the counter without the slightest street before he could really recover his

pure devilishness prolonging Kaynes' corpses down from the window.

his head, and presenting such a ludic-Such was Wolf's reliance upon the rous appearance that he was greeted terror his name everywhere inspired with loud jeers and bursts of laughter.

more nerve than Kaynes there can be or look, now regarded him only with no doubt they would both have been contempt-laughed at and derided him. Never before had the rough crowd seen a man with an established reputa-"Time!" he said, grinding his teeth tion like Mr. Wolf thus suddenly fall in an ecstacy of rage, and drawing to such a depth of degradation. All his Kaynes' white face closer to his own name, fame, prestige, melted away like repulsive countenance. "They're a a mist, and he was no longer feared-"Matter?" returned Wolf, for that was his name, "matter enough, an' knife and selected his reach 1990 and cut-throats around him—only deknife and selected his mark. "The right spised. Yes, despised by the meanest

> hounds. don't!" the poor fellow shrieked, trem- name seemed to vanish like a mist. bling with terror. "Oh don't, Mr. Wolf, "Licked by a boy!" "Kicked down off his coat and was about following stairs," "Got his barkers took from suit with his vest, when old Joe cried him!" were the murmurs of the crowd. out—
> 'Ho-ho-hold on! You've lost! Ha At length a voice boldly taunted him ferociously, "Ye both wrote it,'d-n with "Where's your knife?" and anoth-

Looking very little and pusillanimous, he slunk away toward Montgomery Such was Wolf's mortification, when he came fully to realize what a pitiable figure he had cut, that he left San Francisco and was seen in her streets no during the last few seconds, and just as more. The fatality which had apparent-

> He was destined never to commit another murder, but was himself shot dead in Sacramento within but three weeks after the events narrated.

I no not know what became of Kaynes. table, and Darrell has seized it, cocked that Darrell, the brave boy whose coolit and leveled it with such dexterity ness and courage saved them both, is tothat he had Wolf covered before he had in a flourishing city of Nevada. observed his moments; and he stood

Clerical Anecdotes.

In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there traveled over some of the hardest counties, a good, faithful hard working brother, named James Moore, as he was familiarly called. He was devoted to the itinerancy. A true loyal Methodist, plain, pointed, and sharp After he had been laboring a year in one of his new fields, he gave his peo-

sermon. may never hear the voice of James

Moore again.

eat, more vigorously than before.

ing man-stingy and merciless to the He continued his address-'May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored Him with your substance, those who

have been kind to the poor, and-' Pausing and looking the intruder

straight in the eye, and pointing to him with his finger. 'May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels. Say amen to that, brother !

The shot told. He was not inter-

rupted again. named Ross. He was about taking a collection for some especial object, and had pleaded warmly in its behalf. 'My pennies or five-cent pieces, but let every next year.

one give a quarter, and to set you a "Yes, yes, don't shoot," said Wolf, good example, I will give the first my.

in the basket. After the collection was taken, he lifted up the basket, looked them over carefully, and then remarked: 'I see carefully, and then remarked: 'I see ther article now common at restaurants that my quarter is the only one here; in that city. walked toward the door, and Darrell, so I shall take it back again,' which he springing over the counter, was at his heels in an instant.

The man who picked up adouble-tailed wasp has lost his interest in entomology; he studies chemistry and sur-

dent disgust at their meanness. A quaint Scotch minister was given omewhat to exaggerating in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of it and its ill-effects upon the congregation. He replied that he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk the next time he did it to give a cough by way of a

Soon afterward he was describing Samson's tying the foxes' tails together, He said, 'The foxes in those days were much larger than ours and they had tails twenty fut long.'

'Ahem!' came from the clerk's 'That is,' continued the preacher. according to their measurement, but by ours they were fifteen fut long.'

'Ahem!' louder than before,

'But as you may think this extravagant, we'll just say they were ten fut?'
'Ahem! ahem!' still more vigor-

The parson leaned over the pulpit and shaking his finger at the clerk said: 'You may cough there all the nicht long, mon, I'll nae tak off a fut more. Would ye ha, the foxes wid nae teels at a' ?' - Christian Weekly.

How Joe Lost His Bet. An old fellow named Joe Poole, very

eccentric and an incorrigible stutterer. was a constant lounger at the tavern in Waterfield, Me. One day a traveler from a distant part of the State, arrived at the tavern and was met by an old acquaintance, a

resident of the town. After some conversation on different topics, the traveler vas addressed as follows : 'By the way, Brown, look out for old foe Poole to-night. You will know him puick enough by his stuttering. He will e sure to come around, and offer to be that you've not got a whole shirt to your back. If you take him up, you will surely lose by a trick he's got. He invariably offers to lay this wager and

'Very well,' said the traveler, "I will not let him get ahead of me. Much obliged for the caution. The evening arrived, and a large crowd was collected in the bar room Our friends were there, and old Joe Poole was present and in his element. 'I tell you wh-what. You are nicely

always wins.

haven't got a whole sh-shirt to your back. corder in New Orleans was told: "I really don't know whether I had bet-The dread which had surrounded his 'Put the money in the landlord's hands.' This being done, the traveler pulled

dressed, but I'll bet you ten dollars, you

half your shirt is fr-front, and the other half is on your ba-back !' There was a roar of laughter, but the new-comer did not mind it, but pulled off his vest too, and quietly turning his back to Joe displayed to his astonished

gaze a shirt neatly folded and placed

underneath his suspenders.
Of course the laugh was turned upon

Poole, who acknowledged that he had

lost the wager. He never offered that het again. THE most faithful lover who has a name and being, outside of trasby novels, an agricultural implement store down South, one of them pointing to a cultilives in Danbury. The parents of the young lady are opposed to the companlonship, but it don't make him proud sometimes the old gentleman reaches him with his boot before he can get over the fence, but the young man doesn't lay up ill feelings on account of that; he only smiles on the despoiler of his day a gentleman of position, residing pants when he meets him, and calls it 'heaping coals of fire on his head.' Saturday evening he thought he would get up a surprise for the old chap. He put a paving stone in each of his coattail pockets, and started for the fence as usual. The old gentleman let out \$10,000 the other day, took home a box for him with increased enthusiasm, and of the little red Maryland plums, and as usual. The old gentleman let out caught him-caught him good. Then

he laid down on the grass and said : "I

die by the hand of an assassin." But

word, and smiled the most heavenly

smile of forgiveness ever seen on that

street. STOP THE INTEREST.-Daniel Web ster once dined with an old Boston merbrethren, this is my last address to chant, and when they came to the wine, you. I'm going from you and you dusty old bottle was carefully de canted by Peter and passed to the host 'Amen!' came loudly from the seat before him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise but thinking it was a mistake went on.

'My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you me," said the host. "Surely not," said the host. "Surely not," said the cause, the Indian in California are learning the emotional insanity plea in extenuation of their irregularities. A man in Trinity Centre, California, was recently shot at by a presumedly friendly indian, and upon demanding the cause, the Indian bounded off with the rifle, crying out. "Me heap crazy!" Taking the bottle he poured out Mr. may not only never hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face training and the same of James Moore, but never see his face training and man—stingy and merciless to the last man and the same of James Moore, but never see his face excellent." "Well, now, I can tell you, tor I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty-five cents per glass!" "Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster; and draining man—stingy and merciless to the last glass, he heatily presented it. may not only never hear the voice Mr. Webster, "I only know that it is of James Moore, but never see his face excellent." "Well, now, I can tell you, now. The preacher looked at the man

Tucker was convicted of a crime and sent to jail. The jail was empty before Tucker came, and after he had been in it forty-eight hours his lawyer moved In a Pennsylvania town there was for his discharge upon the ground that, an excellent but eccentric clergyman as Tucker was alone, his imprisonment was in violation of the law. The Judge thought about it all night, and stirre around among his law books, and the brethren,' he said, 'I want you all to next day Tucker was set at liberty. give liberally to night-none of your They changed that statute the very

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Local notices, twenty cents a line,

Cards in the "Business Directory" column \$2,00 per year for the first two lines, and \$1,00 for each additional line.

Humorous.

WHAT goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaping machine.

A PITTSBURG person suggests paper beefsteaks to take the place of the lea-

THE land of a Western farm is de-scribed as being so wet that the owner hoes his corn with a dipper and digs his potatoes with a hook and line.

THE St. Alban's (Vt.) Messenger thinks "sky blue is a pretty color for ceilings, but not so tasty for country milk at eight cents a quart." A young man in Dayton is sad over

the thought that he has a seven inch lizard in his stomach. Some folks are very particular.

A CORONER'S jury in California re-cently "sat on" a man who was asleep, while the official corpse was lying un-molested in an adjoining bed. A MAN was arrested for going to sleep and snoring too loud on the streets of Wheeling, West Virginia, the other day. He was fined for waking the policeman.

Wisconsin newspapers are making an unusual to do about an infant born without brains. We always supposed that such was almost the rule in Wis-

A PAIR of distressed parents in Troy are anxious to cure their four-year-old-son of an irresistible tendency to com-mit arson. The New York World wickedly suggests arsenic.

SAUSAGE machines in Council Bluffs. lows, don't mince their meat fine enough to suit the public taste. A baby's hand was recently found in a sausage there, and the finder naturally complained of A VERMONT agricultural editor gives

the following directions for cultivating roots: "First blast a hole in the ground, then plant the root, then build a fire over it to keep it warm." This is what he knows about farming. An old sailor finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it, with the following soliloquy: "Rum, I hope; gin, I think; tracts, by jingo!" and then he threw them back into the

An ignorant woman, of great wealth and pretensions, said, in response to a compliment to some mutton on her table, "Oh, yes; my husband always buys the best. He isn't stingy, and, besides, he's a great epicac." In Whitely county, Indiana, there is a new-fangled corn dropper. It drops two rows and hunts ground squirrels at the same time. All the operator has to

do is to lean up against a free and sweat until the horn blows. THE Cleveland Hera'd records the burial of a policeman in that city, and says his remains were "followed to their last roasting place by a portion of the police force," The proof reader when last heard from was en route for California.

A PRISONER arraigned before a Re-order in New Orleans was told: "I

ter fine you \$1 or \$10; what's your idea about it?" Prisoner—"Your Honor, all I have to plead is that you will not set down aught in malice." A FEW days ago a colored man in Halifax county, North Carolina, was exhibiting to a party of admiring friends the docile qualities of his favorite mule by pulling his tail and other-wise caressing him. The coffin was made of poplar plank—so says the Roanoke News.

A REMARKABLE dog, in Auburn, New York, whenever it loses its mis-tress in the streets, makes for the street railway, gets aboard the cars, and keeps strict watch until the latter reaches the lives. The dog then jumps off, and jogs up the street to its home. As four or five darkies were passing

vator, said: "A man can jis sit on dat thing an' ride while he is ploughing," "Golly," said the other, "de rascals was too sharp to think of dat 'fore de nig-THE Fort Wayne Sentinel makes the following cheerful announcement: "A coffin wareroom has been established on Wayne street, in the rear of the Sentinel building. Any one feeling like attack-ing the editor will save his relatives

trouble by coming around that way and selecting his box." A THRIFTY citizen effected insurance on the life of his wife to the amount of enjoyed a whole evening watching his wife eat them. His enterprise had its reward. Deducting \$298 for funeral ex-penses, he is now \$9,702 richer than he the young man passed on without a was a week ago.

A NEWLY elected Squire in a certain

town, having occasion the other day to

town, having occasion the other day to perform the marriage ceremony for the first time, got the affair considerably mixed, and wound up by saying: "Suf-fer little children to come unto them," at which the bride remarked, "Thank you. John, let's go; that's all we want." THE Indians in California are learn-

THE Danbury News says: "A Balm

say so," said Mr. Webster; and draining his glass, he hastily presented it again with the remark, "Fill up as quick as you can, for I want to stop that miserable interest."

How he got out.—Max Adler, in speaking of solitary confinement, recently said: "When we lived out in Missouri, many years ago, there was a law prohibiting the system of solitary confinement in the State and county prisons. So, in our town, a man named Tucker was convicied of a crime and the system of solitary to the same old drunk."

An old toper was brought before the Omaha police court a few days since to answer to the charge of drunkenness, and pleaded the constitutional provision that he ought not to be tried twice for the same offence, asking the Judge if there wasn't something of that sort in the law. The Judge said there was. "Then," said the inebriate, "if you'll send down to Lincoln and bring Governor Butler up here, I can prove by him that I haven't been sober in afteen years. It's the same old drunk." A Cool RELATION.-How touching

A Cool. Relation.—How touching was the grief displayed in B—at a funeral a little out of town! The undertaker, who was directing matters in a very professional and proper way, noticed a man giving orders, and, as he thought, rather encroaching upon the duties and privileges of his office.

"And who are you, my friend, that are so busy about here?"

"Oh! you don't know me?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I'm the corpse's brother,"—Harner's Magazinc.