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Erie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

Poetry and Misrellany

THE LIBERIA BEACON.

BY MARTIN P. TUPPER.

A thousand miles of rugged shore,

Alas! the thousand years of yore

That such a shame had been!

Alae! that Afric's darkling race,

Never have known a gleam of grace-

On their South-Western waves!

Never, 'till Now? Oglorious light-

Forth from the starry-heavened West

For, dear Columbia's sons have blest

Yes-young Columbia leads the way,

And shows our hard old world

How slavery in the sight of day

Not by the bloody hand of power

That mangles while it frees,

But by 'Religion's calmer hour,

Yes, brothers! Patience is the word-

Where these sweet angels well are heard

The North must wait; the South be wise;

upon being informes that an Episcopal church ha

And Prudence, in your zeal;

They work the common weal;

To help the state beneath the skie.

FATHER AND SON

A THRILLING STORY.

From Dickins' Household Words.

looking all minor subsequent emutes) is still preser

short spring twilight fided into darkness.

noise is that?"

mary fears,"

"Come in."

drank it off, and then broke silence, by saying-

every magistrate in the country is a marked man."

"But really, I heard something like footsteps

he gravel, round the gab'e-end-I wish'-

vears old, dressed in deep mourning.

you the bad news I heard."

best to be done."

little hand in hers, said-

hand with fruit.

said peremptorily-

pet little Billy."

loss to you."

at home."

"Well, Gahan, what do you want?"

"Something about the rebels, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I got a whisper just now that there's

going to be a rising intirely, to-morrow; thousands

ere to gather before day break at Kilcrean bog, whore

"Oh, James I beseech you, don't thing of going."

t; not that I suppose there would be much risk; but,

all things considered, I think I'm just as comfortable

The steward's brow darkened, as he glanced ner-

rougly towards the end window, which jutting out

n the gable, formed a deep angle in the outer wall.

"Of course 'tis just as your Honor pleases, but

I'll warrant you, there would be no haring in going.

Come, Billy," he added addressing the child, who by

this time was standing close to Mrs. Hewson, "make

your bow, and bid good night to master and mis-

The boy did not stir, and Mrs. Hewson taking his

"You need, not go home for half an hour. Ga-

han; stay and have a chat with the servants in the

kitchen and leave Billy with me-and with applesy

"Thank you, ma'am," said the steward hastily,

o leave this brat to-night; but he would follow me.

Still the child looked reluctant, and Mr. Hewson

"Don't go yet, Gahan; I want to speak to you by

Without replying, the steward left the room; and

the next moment his hasty footeteps resounded

through the long flagged passage that led to the of-

The child's blue eyes filled with tears, and press-

"But your father is good to you?"

Come, Billy; come this minute, you young rogue,"

"Make your mind easy, Charlotte; I don't intend

A knock at the parlor door interrupted her.

The door opened, and Tim Graham, Mr. Hewson's

confidential steward and right-hand man, entered,

~~~~

And both unite in love

That is no slave above?

been erected at Bassa Cove, in Liberia.

And Freedom of the seas!

Can wisest be downburl'd:

Was lit this glorious torch,-

The savages and slaves.

The beacon is a blaze!

And half the terrors of the night

Are scattered by its rays?

Literia with - a Church!

And not a fight house reen?

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Mrs. Hewson cast a fightened glace towards the windows, which opened nearly to the ground, and gave a view of a wide, tree-besprinkled lawn, through whose center a long, straight avenue led to the high road. There was also a foot path at either sides of the house, brinching off thro' close thickets of trees west of Wrights size. E.e., (a..., (a...)

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ed closer to the lady's side, as he said: ROBERT S. HUNTER,
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## SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

gy is quite deaf, and besides she is always busy with you wait, and take a cup of tay with myself and the pigs and chickens." "I wish I had you, Billy, to take care of and to

teach, for your poor mother's sake." "And so you may, Charlotte," said her husband.

sible a fellow not to know how much it would be for his child's benefit to be brought up and educated each word. by us-the boy would be an amusement to us in this lonely house. I'll speak to him about it before he goes home. Billy, my fine fellow, come here," he continued, "jump upon my knee, and tell me if you'd wards said, "took away her breath." like to live here always and learn to read and write."

"I would, sir, if I could be with father too." "So you shall; -and what about old Peggy?"

The child paused "I'd like to give a pen'worth of enuff and a piece of would make her quite happy."

Mr. Hewson laughed, and Billy prattled on, scated on his knee; when a noise of footsteps on the ground mingled with low suppresed talking, was heard outside.

"James, listen! there's noise again." It was now nearly dark, but Mr Hewson still holding the boy in his arms, walked towards the win-

dow and looked out. "I can see nothing," he said, "stay-there are figures moving off among the trees, and a man running round to the back of the house-very like Ga-

han he is too!" Seizing the bell-rope, he rong it loudly, and said to the servant who answered his summons-

"Fasten the shutiers and put up the bars, Connell, and then tell Gahan I want to see him." The man obeyed; candles were brought, and Ga+ han entered the room.

Mr. Hewson remarked that though his cheeks were flushed, his lips were very white, and his bold One evening in the month of March, 1798-that dark eyes were cast on the ground. dark time in-Ireland's annals whose memory (over-

"What took you round the house just now, Tim?" asked the master in a careless manner. "What took me round the house, is it? Why,

ved among us, as "the year of the rebellion"-a lady and gentleman were seated near a blazing fire in the then, nothing in life, sir, but that just as I went out old-fashioned dining room of a large loadly mansion. side the kitchen door to take a smoke, I saw the pigs They had just dined; wine and fruit were on the that Shaneen forgot to put up in their stye, making table, both untouched, while Mr. Hewson and his right for mistress' flower garden; so I just put my wife sat silently gazing at the fire, watching its dudheen lightning as it was, into my pocket, and ran flickering light becoming gradually more vivid as ! after them. I caught them on the grand walk under the end window, and, indeed, ma'am, I had my At length the husband poured out a glass of wine own share of work turning them back to their proper spear."

"Well, well, Charlotte, these are awful times Gahan spoke with unusual volubility, but withthere were ten men taken up to day for burning Cotout raising his eyes from the ground. ter's house at Knockane; and Tom Dycer says that

"Who were the people," asked his master, "whom saw moving through the western grove" Mrs. Hewson cast a frightened glace towards the "People! your Honor-not a sign of any people noving there, I'll be bound, barring the pigs."

> "Then," said Hewson, smilling, to his wife, the miracle of Circe must have been reversed, and swine turned into men; for, undoubetly, the dark figures I saw there were human beings." "Come Billy," said Gahan, anxious to turn the con-

versation, "will you come home with me now. I am sure it was very good of the mistress to give you all them fine apples." Mrs. Hewson was going to propose Billy's remain-

ng, but her hu-hand whispered: "Wait row." So Gahan and his child were allowed to de-

Next mornings the magistrates of the districts followed by a fair-haired delicate looking boy of six which fitted one of them was picked up in Mr. Hew-"I ask your Honor's pardon for disturbing you and on the wall as if guns had rested against it. Gahe mistress; b at I thought it right to come and tell han's information touching the intended meeting at Kilcrean bog proved to be totally without foundation; and after a careful search not a single pike or weapon of any description could be found there. All these circumstances combined certainly looked ran out to them, and I saidsuspicious; but after a prolonged investigation, as I'm am told they've a power of pikes hiding; and no guilt could actually be brought home to Gahan. then they've to march on and sack every house in the he was dismissed. One of his examiners, however, he country. I'll engage, when I heard it, I did'ut let said privately, "I advise you to take care of that felgrass grow under my feet, but came off stroight to low, Hewson. If I were in your place, I'd just trust dow, took deadly aim at you. That very moment your Honor, thinking maybe you'd like to walk him as far as I could throw him, and not an inch beover to Mr. Warren's and settle with him what's yond."

An indolent, hospitable Irish country gentleman, such as Mr. Hewson, is never without an always bors said was not very happy, and would gladly, if it-but spare my poor deluded innocent boy!" she dared, have changed her lonely cottage for the easy service of her former mistress.

and nuts,—she added smillings she filled the child's Thus, though for a time Mr. and Mrs. Hewson "I can't stop-I'm in a hurry home, where I wanted mer influence.

After the lapse of a few stormy months the rebelseverally dispused of by hanging, transportation or thing. I forgive him freely and you also." acquitted, according to the nature and amount of and by; and you know the mistress always likes to our Irish soil ever to be. .

house and gave him a plain but solid education; so muted; "There's something strange about Gahan since that William, while yet a boy, was enabled to be his wife died," remarked Mrs. Hewson. "I suppose of some use to his patron, and daily enjoyed more again" tis grief for her that makes him look so darkly, and and more of his confidence.

seem almost jealfus when any one speaks to his Anothr evening, the twentieth anniversary of that child. Poor little Billy? your mother was a sore with which this narative commenced, came round. Mr. and Mrs. Hewson were still hele and active, dwelling in their hospitable home. About eight o'clock at night, Tim Gahan, now a stooping greyhaired man, entered Mr. Hewson's kitchen and took his seat on the corner of the sette next to the fire. The cook directing a silent and significant glance "Oh, yes, ma'am, but he is out all day busy, and of compassion towards hand fellow-servants said: I've no one to talk to me as mamma used; for Peg- "Would you like a drink of cider, Tim, or will ted-

Kitty! The old man's eyes were fixed on the fire, and

wrinkled hand was planted firmly on each knee, as if to check their involuntary trembling. "I'll not "I'm sure Gyhan, with all his odd ways, is too sen- drink anything this hight thank you kindly, Nelly," he said, in a low, musing manner, dwelling long on

"Where's Billy?" he asked, after a pause, in a quick hurried tone, looking up suddenly to the cook, with an expression in his eyes, which as she after-

"Oh, never heed Billy! I suppose he's busy with

the master." "Where's the use, Nelly," said the coachman, "in hiding it from him! Sure sooner or later he must know it. Tim," he continued, "God knows 'tis sortobacco every week, for she said the other glay that row to my heart this blessed night to make yours sore-but the truth is that William has done what he oughtn't to do to the man that was all one as a father to him.

"What has he done? What will you dare say again my bov?"

"Taken money then," replied the coachman, "that the master had marked and put in his desk; for he suspected this some time past that gold was missing. This morning 'twas gone; a search was made, and the marked guineas were found with your son William."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Where is he now?" at length he asked, in hoarse voice. "Locked up safe in the inner store-room, the mas-

ter intends sending him to goal early to-morrow norning." "He will not," said Gahan slowly. "Kill the boy

that saved his life!-no, no." "Poor fellow! the grief is setting his mind astray -and sure no wonder!" said the cook compassion-

"I'm not astray!" cried the dld man, fiercely. "Where's the master!-take me to him."

etely.

"Come with me," said the butler, "and I'll ask With faltering steps the father complied; and when they reached the parlor, he trembled exceed-

the butler opened the door, and said: "Gahan is here, sir, and wants to know whether you will let him speak to you for a minute?" "Tell him to come in," said Mr. Hewson in a sol-

cheerful voice. "Sir," said the steward, advancing, "they tell me you are going to send my boy to prison—is it true?" "Too true, indeed, Gahan, The lad who was enred in my house, whom my wife watched over in ter and ribaldry.

health, and nursed in sickness-whom we loved alnost as if he were our own, has robbed us, and that not once, or twice, but many times. He is silent and sullen too, and refuses to tell why he stole the money, which was never withheld from him when only give him up to justice in the morning.

"No, sir, no. The boy saved your life; you can't take his."

"You're raving, Gahan," "Listen to me, sir, and you won't say so. remember this night twenty years? I came here be opposite. Your way lieth here-mine yonder!" with my motherless child, and yourself and the mistress pitied us, and spake loving words to him .were on the alert, and several suspicious looking Well for us all you did to! That night-little you. men found lurking about were taken up. A hat thought it!-I was banded with them that were sworn to take your life. They were watching you are great icicles in the church porch. The wind and occupation, which had about the same effect son's grove; the gravel under the end window bore outside the window, and I was sent to inveigle you many signs of trampling feet; and there were marks out, that they might shoot you. A faint heart I had for the bloody business, for you we're ever and al ways a good master to me; but I was under an oath, crash and a jingle, like a solemn mockery of the colo cret, and the Dominie had to tell it to some of his to them that I darn't break, supposing they ordered me to shoot my own mother. Well! the hand of his final rest. God was over you, and you wouldn't come with me.

Bovs, if you want to shoot him, you must do it through the window," thinking they'd be afraid of that; but they weren't-they were daring fellows, and one of them sheltered by the angle of the winyou took Billy on your knee, and I saw his fair head in a line with the musket. I don't know exactly then what I said or did, but I remember I caught the and his useless strength, till he prayed to be borne, on the seat before her an old female acquaintance, man's hand, threw it up and pointed to the child .-shrewd and often requish prime minister who saves Knowing I was a determined man, I believe they his master the trouble of looking after his own af- didn't wish to provoke me: so they watched you for fairs, and manages everything that is to be done in a while, and when you didn't put him down they got both the home and foreign departments-from put- daunted, hearing the sound of soldiers rising by the ting a new door on the big-stye to letting a farm of road and they stole away through the grove. Most an hundred acres on Icase. Now in this, or rather of that gang swung on the gallows, but the last of hese capacities, Gahan, had long served Mr. Hew- them died this morning quietly in his bed. Up to son; and some seven years previous to the evening yesterday he used to make me give him moneyon which our story commences, he had strengthen- sums of money to buy his silence-and it was for ed the tie and increased his influence considerably that I made my boy a thief. It was wearing out his by marrying Mrs. Hewson's favorite and faithful very life. Often he went down on his knees to me, maid. One child was the result of this union; and and said; Father I'd die myself sooner than rob my Mrs. Hewson, who had no family of her own, took master, but I can't see you disgraced. Oh, let us much interest in little Billy,-more especially after | fly the country! Now, sir, I have told you all-do the death of his mother, who, poor thing! the neigh- what you like with me-send me to the jail, I deserve

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Hewson's feelings, but his wife's first impulse was to hasten time seen dance for joy, had lost none of their powto liberate the prisoner. With a few incoherent regarded Gahan with some doubt, the feeling grad - words of explanation, she led him into the presence ually were away, and the steward regained his for- of his master, who looking at him sorrowfully, but | lord in one eternal bliss of wedded love? kindly, said:

"William, you have erred deeply, but not so deeplion was quelled; all the prisoners taken up were ly as I supposed. Your father has told me every-The young man covered his face with his hands

the evidence brought against them; and the country and wept tears more bitter and abundant than he had became as peaceful as it is in the volcanic nature of ever shed since the day when he followed his mothor to the grave. He could say little, but he knelt ou The Hewson's kindness towards Gahan's child the ground, and clasping the kind hand of her who was steady and unchanged. They took him into their had supplied to him that mother's place, he mur-"Well, you told him I would rather die than si

Old Gahan died two years afterwards, truly penitent, invoking blessings on his son and on his bene factors; and the young man's conduct, now no longer under evil influence, was so steady and so upright, that his adopted parents felt that their pious work was rewarded, and that in William Gahan they

What are the chief ends of man?" asked a Sunday School teacher of one of his pupils. "Head and feet," was the prompt reply. The teacher fain-

### A Prose Poeni.

There is an old yew tree which stands by the wall in a dazk quiet corner of the church-yard. And a child was at play beneath its wide-spread-

had his lap full of flowers, which the fields and lanes to himself as he wove them into garlands.

ground, and then he saw the little girl, as she stood with her eyes fixed upon him. He did not move or speak, but thought to himself that she locked very beautiful as she stood there with her flaxen ringlets all the flowers she had collected in her apron, and ran away as fast as she could. But the boy was older and taller than she, and soon caught her, and coaxed her to come back and play with him, and said. help him to make more garlands; and from that time they saw each other nearly every day, and became great friends.

Twenty years passed away. Again, he was cented beneath the old yew tree in the church yard. It was summer now; bright, beautiful summer,

with the birds singing, and the flowers covering the ground, and scenting the air with their perfume. reated by his side, and his arm was round her, and toll gate." she looked up into his face, and smiled as she whispered: "The first evening of our lives we were ever together was passed here; we will spend the first come?" evening of our wedded life in the same quiet, happy

place." And he drew her closer to him as she spoke. The summer is gone; and the autumn; and twenty more summers and autumns have passed away since that evening, in the old church-vard.

A young man, on a bright mooulight night, comes reeling through the little white gate, and stumbling over the graves. He shouts and he sings, and is ingly, and leaned against the wall for support, while presently followed by others like unto himself, or worse. So, they all laugh at the dark solemn head where the moon has silvered the boughs.

Those same boughs are again silvered by the mn tone of sorrow, very different from his ordinary moon, and they droop over his mother's grave .-There is a little stone which bears this inscription: "HER HEART BROKE IN SILENCE."

> by a voice-not of the youth-nor a voice of laugh-"My son! dost thou see this grave? and dost thou read the record in auguish, whereof may come re-

"Of what should I repent?" answers the son; "and he wanted it. I can make nothing of him, and must its strength because my mother was old and weak? grinning from ear to ear, said, "Mista Fuse, habbent

in agony over the grave of his beloved. "I can well believe I am not," exclaimeth the "Fuse! filit'e! what do you mean?" exclaimed the youth. "It is well that you have brought my here Dominie-the whe's affair beginning to dawn on o. Our natures are unlike; our courses must

So the son left the father kneeling by the grave. Again a few yers are passed. It is winter, with a rouring wind and a thick gray fog. The graves in the church-yard are covered with snow, and there now carries a swathe of snow along the tops of the among the darkies as if a bomb-shell had dropped graves, as though the "sheeted dead" were at some melancholy play; and bark! the icicles fall with a of the unseemly mirth of one who is now coming to fun loving congregation-, who will laugh till this

There are two graves near the old yew tree, and the grass has overgrown them. 'A third is close by, and the dark earth at each side has just been thrown up. The bearers come; with a heavy pace they move along; the coffin heaveth up and down, as they step over the intervening graves.

Grief and old age had seized upon the father, and upon the sun, and gnawed away his vain ambition. not the way yonder that was most opposite to his way which leads to the Old Church-yard Tree.

#### The Widow. The Boston Post is responsible for the follow-

Is there any character in life so interesting as young and beautiful widow? Not a flirty, edquettish one, who, even, amid her sorrows has an eve to future wedded happiness with another, but one with a genuine heart, wedded to her husband's urn, pensive, but not sad, her grief softened to a placid-

" \_\_\_\_\_devout and purc. Sober, steadfast and demure.'

I met one of this fashion last week. Her sorrows had served to soften her charms, as age mellows a picture. Her brilliant eyes; which I have ofter, but they were more subdued-they seemed to be looking beyond the grave; longing to join her leige

"When your good husband died," said I, "earth lost a bright ornament, but heaven gained a saint." A tear of sorrow stood in the widow's eye, but a gleam of religious hope and resignation melted it away. "I need not tell you," continued I, "that search the wide world, you cannot find his fellowyou already know that full well."

The fair bereaved one clutched my hand convulsively: I had touched the right cord-nature burst forth-a very torrest of tears gushed from her eves -like unto an earthquake heaved her breast-even the "counterfeit presentment" of Niobe, upon her came and seemed to each the "soft infection," and rain alabaster tears and in sweet and broken ac cents the beautiful mourner thus sobbed out-"I'll

The following lines from a source unknown. (the more to be regretted) are sublimely powerful: She fled my roof with another man, And my lone heart busted:

Fainting has become unfashionable. Any young lady who is guilty of it hereafter, will be set

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Nor and the tool statement of the Love Life in the Contraction of the

Employed the wrong Man. There may be still living a few among the coldest inhabitants" of a country village in the couthern of this State, who will remember the following rather ing branches, one fine day in the early spring. He humorous story. Some twenty years ago, among the residents of the village alluded to, were two men had supplied him with, and he was humming a tune | who resembled each other komewhat in their general appearance-each weighing about two hundred, And a little girl at play among the tomb stones and both of them as capable of enjoying a good joke crept near to listen; but the boy was so intent upon as such partly did gentleman generally are. But his garland, that he did not hear the gentle foot- while it was the buisness of one to preach against steps, as they trod softly over the fresh green grass. the sin of indulging a propensity of "tripping the When his work was finished, and all the flowers that light fantastic toe," the other was celebrated for his were in his lap were woven together in one long skill in furnishing the nescessory music occasions. wreath, he started up to measure its length upon the when on that particular sin-so considered by some --was to be enacted.

While the Dominie was one day leisurely walking along the streets, a couple of darkies approached him, one of them remarking to the other. "That's hanging down upon her neck. The little girl was him, now; I know him, for I've seen him often." so startled by his sudden movement, that she let full "Well, speak to him, then," says the other. "No, Pete, you speak to him."

Noticing that they wished to hold some intercourse with him, the Dominio turned round and

"Did you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes sare; we wanted to know if you be particularly engaged next Monday evening?" "No I believe not," raplied Mr. N. (the idea of a wedding fee immediately presenting itself, and

lor of the parties.) "What is it you want?" "We wanted you, if you were 'customed to offici-But he was not alone now, nor did the little girl ate for colored pussons, who are willing to pay, to steal near on tiptoe, fearful of being heard. She was come next Monday evening to the red house next do

which was not to be slighted on account of the co-

"Th, yes, its not my practice to refuse any one on such occasions. At what hour do you wish me to

"Early candle-light, Massa, if you please-we've not had anything of dat kind in a good while."

"Very well; I'll be there," replied the Dominie. as he turned on his heel, thinking the remark that they had nothing of that kind in a good while, meant that no wedding had transpired among them in a long time:

True to his appointment, Dominie N. was at the house designated, in time. The door opened into the principle room of the house, around which ent of the yew tree, and throw stones up at the place some twenty or thirty of Africa's sable children dressed in their very best. According to the instructions they had received from one of their number, they all crose on his entrance. He took a proffered seat, which was behind a little desk at one end of the room, for a moment, and then remarked, But the silence of the church-yard is now broken lifthe parties were ready, they had better immediaately take their places.

In a moment all was bustle and confusion. While some removed the chairs from the room, eight couple formed as if for a quadrille. The Dominie stared around in utter amazement, when he who had been spokesman in engaging him at the village why should my young ambition for fame relax in a few days, before, coming up to him, his mouth "Is this indeed our son?" says the father, bending | you brought your fiddle with you? We habbent got one here."

> his always quick mind-"is this not to be a wed ding!"

"Oh, no, Massa Fuso, we should hab the Pominie here first, if we had a wedding!"

The Dominie saw at a glance that he was fairly sold, and with simply giving the fellow his name among them, he rushed from the house.

But the inke was too good a one to remain a see day about their minister's going to fiddle at a darkio ball .- . Albany . legue.

Woman's Prerogative.

We heard a story the other day which may be worth repeating. At was of a very amiable and very voluble married lady. She took her sent in the railroad car, beside her husband, and departed from worn out his life; and premature decay soon seized our city for the ancient town of Bladensburg. Before the cars were well under way, she discovered and as soon as the formalities of delighted recognimother, but even the same way they had gone-the tion were over; they began a conversation, if that can be deemed such wherein one party is sole talker and the other sole listener! Suddenly the cars

"We are at B'adensburg my dear," said the husband of the voluble lady! "Oh, my," said she, and on she went in continu-

ation of her attenuated narrative. "Step out my dear," said the husband.

"Just wait;" said the lady paranthetically; and on spun the thread of her story. . . "The cars are starting, my dear," said the indul-

gent husband. "Ask them to stop one minute," said the eloquent

"Chew-chew-chew!" began the enginery. "You'll be carried to Baltimore," shouted the bevildered husband, as he appeared to recede in the

listance. "Oh, oh!" screamed the lady. "Oh, oh; sereamed the lady." "Oh, oh, oh! the lady's husband's "left," shout-

d some of the passengers. "I don't think the lady herself's right," replied a entleman who had a note to take up that day at

the Union Bank, in Baltimore. "Oh my! let me out!" acreamed the distressed

"By all manner of means," said the gentleman who was staring at the apparition of a protest. "Give 'me your hand, madam, quick," said the conductor, as he lamped the lady to the side of the

road, and in an instant regained the platform. "You've got a long mile to foot it backwards, you have," shouted a young gentleman from the car window. But just as the noise of the enginery began to grow quick again, with its "chew-chew-chew chew,' the lady ran up to the side of the car, opposite where she had been sitting, and shouted to her

acquaintance inside-"And sure enough, Mrs. Twaddle, they went off without waiting for tes, and the Simpkinses have never darkened the Rogerses' blessed doors since that day! and here she fell down and fainted, where, in due time, her distressed husband found her .-Republic.