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ording to these terms. **UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS** !---EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, TWO GREAT MAGAZINES IN MONTHLY, TWO GREAT MAGAZINES IN MONTHLY, MAGNIFICENT PROGRAMME FOR 1658. TWENTY THOUSAND COLLARS IN SPLENDLD WORKS OF AR. FIVE-DOLLAR ENGRAVING TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER. THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER-AGENTS GETTING RICH !!!! The union of Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly has given to the consolidated work a circulation second to but one similar publication in the country, and has secur-ed for it a combination of literary and artistic talent prob-ably unrivaled by any other Magazine in the world. Du-ring the first month, the sale in the trade and demand from reductions of the consolidated work are universally con-eded to have surpassed, in the richness of their literary ontents, and the beauty and profuseness of their pictorial interations, any magazine ever before issued from the American press. Encouraged by these evidences of favor, the publishers have determined to commence the new vol-ume in January with still additional attractions, and to programme. They have nucleased that superb and costly subscribers as encouraged by these evidences of favor, the publishers have determined to commence the new vol-ume in January with still additional attractions, and to for each inducements to aubscribers as cannot fail to programme. They have nucleased that superb and costly subscribers and the beauty on anounce the following splendid togener, after Leonardo Da Vinci, and is the largest steel-plate engraving ever excetted in this country, being three the size of the ordinary three-dollar subscribers of seveny three dollars, being richly worth that amount. Thus every reductions, should ever be offered for a less sum than the dollars ubscriber will receive the Magazine one year -the size of the ordinary three-dollar subscribers of so the engraving excented will receive the degravings in med-thy worth §5; thus getting for §5 the value of §8. The fill commence str been a noble friend to me, who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Daven-port he was taken sick, and after watching him a week, in hopes that he would soon re-cover, I found that he had a settled fever; able to move on under a month, I determined have everything necessary to his comfort, which money could procure, I left him. As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route

in any other manner, as subscribers shall order.
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN WORKS OF ART.
In addition to the superb engraving of "The Last Supper," which will be presented to every three-dollar subscriber for 1858, the publishers have completed arrangements for the distribution, on the 25th of December, 1858, of a series of aplendid works of art, consisting of one lundred rich and rare Oil Paintings, valued at from \$100 to \$1,000 each. Also 2,000 magnificout Steel-Plato Engraving, worth from three to five dollars each, and 1,000 eboics Holiday Books, worth from one to five dollars each, making, in all, over three thousand gifts, worth twenty thousand dollars.
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Int. Because its literary contents will, during the year, embrace contributions from over one hundred different writors and thikers, numbering among them the most distinguished of American authors.
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WILLIAM LEWIS,

VOL. XIII.

A Select Story.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE; OR,

THE ROBBER OF THE WABASH.

In the summer of 1832, I was engaged

with a young man named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in In-

diana. I had gone out partly for my health

and partly to accommodate one who had ever

and, as the physician said he would not be

to push on alone. So I obtained a good

nurse, and, having seen that my friend would

waiting, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going to St. Joseph, where they had already located, and

where they had mills upon the river intend-

ing to get out lumber the remainder of the

On the third day from Logansport we

reached Walton's Settlement, on Little River

-having left the Wabash on the morning of

that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter, for, ere we were fairly under cov-

er, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly, too. And more still I had to be

thankful, for my horse began to show a lame-ness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from the saddle, I found that his foot

pained him very much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground.

I ordered the ostler to bathe it with cold wa-

ter, and then went into the house, where we

found a good substantial supper, and com-

fortable quarters for that country at that

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired,

and just as I was falling into a grateful drowse,

I was startled by the shouts of men and bark-

ing of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose, threw on my clothes, and went down. "What is it?" I

asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry-

season.

time.

ond c

HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 3, 1858.

once.

it was a good one.

"If you daren't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "ye can easily shoulder the ca-noe, and pack it around. Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned "dugout," large enough to bear four men with ease, and at once paid the owner the price—ten dollars—and then had my lug-gage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour—but not at all turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my | an honest man : so I agreed to his preposipistols at the boldest of the "varmints," but tion. He took my seat at the stern, and I had no time, so I kept on. Only one thing moved further forward and having removed seemed wanting, and that was a companion, but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on party of six men bound on the very route that I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we sat out, with three pack-horses to carry our lug-gage, and I soon found I lost nothing by maiting for my companions were agreeable soon succeeded in shooting out from the current; but, in doing so, I ran myself upon the low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly moored, I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten min-utes when I was startled by hearing a foot-sily. fall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at that side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two-and-thirty, and seemed to be a hunter. He wore a wolf-skin shirt, leggins of red leather, and a cap of bear-skin.

"Which way are you bound, stranger ?" he asked in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied. That's fortunate. I wish to go there my-self," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking the other paddle, and keeping you company." "I should like it," I told him frankly;

"I've been wanting company." "So have I," added the hunter. "And

I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than those worn out legs through the deep forest."

"Come on," I said; and as I spoke, he leaped into the cance, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the pad-

way. "Ah! don't you know, stranger?" said the host, returning, "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?" Who, in the west, at that time, had not

During the rest of the afternoon we conied, or even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length night came on. We ate our supper, and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting, but a few minutes reflection told me that I had better behave as though he was the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom

of the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I lay down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and under the cover of a cough, I cocked it .--Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping my wea-pon firmly, with my finger on the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat, and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forrest threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his every moment. We were well into the Wabash, having entered at about three o'clock.

"You will call at midnight." I said drow-

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night." Good night-and pleasent dreams.-I'll

have you further on your way than you think nave you further on your way than you think ere you wake up again." "Perhaps so," thought I to myself, as I lowered my head, and pretended to lower myself to sleep. For half an hour my companion steered the cance very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me, but at the ord of that

little notice of me; but at the end of that time I could see that he became more uneasy. commenced to snore with a long, regularlydrawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Aha—there was before one lin-gering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man; but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter :

"O-ho, my dear sheep-you little dreamed

with some companions, who had gone on to | rose to his feet. I saw him reach up over | and our merry boy lay in a darkened room, his hand he had a huge bowie-knife in it. I flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright .-could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the his muscles relax, and then hope would come edge, and then feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could without interruption. Slowly and noislessly the foul wretch proceeded to approach me. Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long, gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear the grating of his teeth as he nerved himself for the stroke. The villain was by my side, and measured the distance from his hand to my heart with stop my mouth with. Every nerve in my body was now strung, and heart still as death. Of course my snoring ceased, and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I brought my pistol up-the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart-he uttered a quick cry-I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trig-ger, and the last fear was past. I had tho't that the weapon might miss fire but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and backed, I heard a fierce yell, and at the same time the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came down. Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tip of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As

Served him Right.

Some years ago, before Pittsburg, the dingy city of Western Pennsylvania was reached by railroads from the East, the wagon was a great institution. The well-tired wheels untiringly toiled over mountains and vales making long journeys, slow but sure. Dave Stewart was a noted wag wagoner. He was always wagging his tounge in boasting of his great feats which had been performed in his expeditions teaming over the Alleghanies. Some of those mountain passes are very narrow cut into the side of cliffs, and on the outside of a pokerish precipice admonishes the driver to hug the rock close as he goes. When teamsters meet in such places the rule of the road was sat aside, and the stoutest man keeps to the wall. Dave was six feet high, and well-proportioned-like Frank Granger of anti-mason memory—and when, one day, he met an old gentleman driving along leisurely in his gig, Dave determined to have some fun at his expense. High above their heads was an over-hanging table-rock, and as the horses stood head to head, Dave said to the old gentleman

the old gentleman. "I want you to do me a favor." "Certainly," said the gentleman. What can I do for you ?"

"I want you to climb up on that, and dance while I whistle !"

"I shall do no such thing, and I trust you do not intend to take advantage of and old man in such a place as this." Dave stepped forward with his heavy horse-whip in his hand, and, raising it, threat-

ened to lay it on him if he did not mount the rock and do as he was told. Seeing Dave was in carnest, the gentleman made a virtue of necesity, and scrambled up. Dave whistled and he danced till both were tired, and the fun was soon stale; when Dave told him to come down, to back out of the pass, and

let him go on. "But," said the gentleman, as he came down, "Iwant you to do me a favor now."

"And what is it that ?" "I want you to go up there and dance while I whistle."

Dave refused, intimating that he would see the man in a very bad place first. "You won't eh?" said the stranger, draw-

ing a pistol suddenly, and planting it at Dave's breast; "I'll make daylight shine through you in less than two sconds, if you don't move." Dave told me the story himself, and said, "What else could I do! The old fellow was in compost. up I had to climb and there

vas in earnest; up I had to climb, and there had to dance while the old fellow whistled, and laughed, and threatened to shoot if I stopped a minute; and he kept me a going, full jump, two hours and more, till I was in a lather worse than my horses in July. When I was just ready to fall off he let me come down, made me back out of the pass, and as he drove by, advised me never to ask any unnecessary favors of strangers again. And don't mean to."

The Apple Tree Borer.

This destructive insect is one of the greatest drawbacks on the fruit culture of Pennsylvania. Its stealthy habits are such, that it requires the greatest care to enable one to change its progress, which could nevertheless be accomplished, if a simulaneons effort were made by all the fruit growers in a large district. Such an undertaking, by diminishing its emigration from neighboring farms, would materially prevent its injurious effects; and if the proper attention was paid to the subject all over the country, its final destruction would be more than probable.

could not have failed to detect the villain at doctor came in. He held up his hands in

awoke, the skin was moist, and the fever was turned. In eight days he sat in his saddle by my side, and started for Little River.--At Walton's settlement I found my horse wholly recovred, and when I offered to pay for his keeping the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 37.

Speak Gently to each other.

"Please to help me a minute, sister."

"O, don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through ?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him. He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a wind-mill, and as soon as he came home, his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with a saw and jack-knife, and now it him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened. I thought of all this in the fifteen minutes after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still, I had refused to help him; I would have gone after him and offered him

the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart. In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes." His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough, upon the roof of the wood-

house was fastened a miniature wind-mill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the wind-

his rifle in the bow, he took one of the pad-dles and told me he was ready when I was. So we pushed off, and were soon clear of the whirlpool. For an hour we conversed freely. that Gus Karl was your companion. But stranger told me his name was Adams, and that his father lived at Columbus. He was out on a hunting and exploring expedition with some companions, who had gone on to

with anxious faces around him, his checks Sometimes his temples would moisten, and into our heart, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful claims in his disease, that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my wind-mill."

versed some, but not so freely as before. I drank the grateful beverage. He drank could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent upon mine as he spoke, and then poured from him like rain, and when he he seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not stud-

horror, and told me it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back and Kemp

bin. Because you will be very likely to draw one of the three thousand prizes to be distributed on the 25th day of December;1858-porthaps one that is worth \$1.000.
 Notwithstanding that these extraordinary inducements can hardly fail to accomplish the object of the publishers without further efforts, yet they have determined to con-tinue through the year, THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER.
 To any person who will get una club of twenty-four sub-

THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER. To any person who will get up a club of twenty-four sub-scribers, either at one or more post offices, we will present a splendid Library, consisting of over Forty Large Bound Volumes, embracing the most popular works in the mar-ket. The club may be formed at the club price, \$2 a year, without the engraving, or at the full price, \$3, with the Last Supper to each subscriber. List and description of the Library, and specimen copy of the Magazine, will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. Over 200 Libraries, or 8,000 volumes, have already been distributed in accordance

the Library, and specimen copy of the Magazine, will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. Over 200 Libraries, or 8,000 volumes, have already been distributed in accordance with this offer, and we should be glad of an opportunity to furnish a Library to overy school teacher, or to some one of every post office in the country. AGENTS GETTING RICH. The success which our agents are meeting with is almost stonishing. Among the many evidences of this fact, we sre permitted to publish the following: GEXTLEXEX: The following is discussion of use to publish the following: GEXTLEXEX: The following facts in relation to what your Agents are doing in this section, may be of use to some enterprising young man in want of employment.— The Rev. John E. Jardon, of this place, has made, since last Christmas, over \$4.000 in his agency. Mr. David M. Heath, of Ridgly, Mo., your general agent for Platt county, is making \$\$ per day on each sub-agent employed by him, and Messrs. Weimer & Evans, of Oregon, Mo., your agents for Holt county, are making from \$5 to 25 per day, and your humble servant has imade, since the 7th day of last January, over \$1,700, besides paying for 300 acres of land out of the business worth over \$1,600. You are at liberty to publish this statement, if you like, and to refer to any of the parties named. DANIEL GREGG, Carrolton, Mo. With such inducements as we offer, anybody can obtain subscribers. We invite every gentleman out of employ-ment, and overy lady who desires a pleasant money-ma-king occupation to apply at once for an agency. Appli-cants should inclose 25 cents for a specimen copy of the Magazine, which will always be forwarded with answer to application by return mail. SPECIMEN ENGRAVING.

Magazine, which will always be forwarded with answor to application by return mail. SPECIMEN ENGRAVING. As we desire to place in the hands of every person who proposes to got up a club, and also of every agent, a copy of the engraving of "The Last Supper," as a specimen, each applicant inclosing us \$3, will receive the engraving, post-paid, by return mail, also specimens of our publication and one of the numbered subscription receipts, entitling the holder to the Magazine one year and to a chance in the distribution. This offer is made only to those who desire to act as agents or to form clubs. Address OAKSMITH & CO.,

	OAKSMITH & CO.,
Jan. 13, 1858.	No. 371 Broadway, New York.

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toads. Huntingdon, Sept. 30, 1857.

Huntingdon, Sept. 30, 100... WHALEBONE, Recd & Brass Hoops, and Reed Skirts, for sale at the Cheap Store of D. P. GWIN.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and CAPS, the largest stock ever brought to town, are selling very cheap at FISHER & MCMURTRIE'S. CLOTHING !- A large stock on hand, at the cheap store of BENJ. JACOBS. Call and ex-mine goods and prices. (oct28.) DRY GOODS !-- A fine assortment on hand for the accommodation of customers, at BENJ-JACOBS' "Cheap Corner," Market Square. (oct28)

DAR IRON, at 3 75 per 100 lbs., by

and murderous robber that had ever cursed a country. I told the host that I had heard of him often.

-the most reck

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here only this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him; but he's gin us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the bank, fired at us, and killed one of our horses, and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him."

"And you've come back horseless," I said. "Yies," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of his head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either leave these huntins or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he ?" I asked. "The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Carl. He is small-not a bit over five feet six, with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But, Lord love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oho! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided, was all drank, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed; and this time I slept on uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the new comer did was to inquire for me. I answered at once to to the name, and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible.

"The doctor says he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now only asks for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman !" I murmured to myself .-"So young—so hopeful—with so many friends and relatives in his far-off home—and taken down to die in a strange land." I told the man I would set out on my return as quick as possible. He ate some breakfast and resumed his journey, being bound as far up as the Pottawattomie border.

I settled my bill, and then sent for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so he could hardly step upon it. Had the road been good I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep. I went to the host and asked him if he could lend or sell me a horse. IIe could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led out my horse, but he could not even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look'e" said mine host, as I began to despond, " can't you manage a canoe."

"Yes-very well," I told him. "Then that's your best way. The current

as a horse could wade through the mud.-You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and ye can sell it again at Logansport for as much." I caught the proposition instantly, for I saw

Logansport by horse, and having got separa- his left shoulder, and when he brought back ted from them in the night, and had lost his horse into the bargain. He said that he had a great sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank; I ad- continue my snoring, but I managed to do it mitted that I had some money, and told him my business, and by a most unpresuming course of remark, he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about midships, and facing me. His hair his eyes. In his left hand he held a thick was of a light, flaxen hue, and hung in long handkerchief all wadded up. That was to curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome; and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one could call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time, too, I now looked particularly at his They were grey in color, and had the brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was in-tense, but cold and glittering like a snake,s. When I thought of his age I set him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran thro' my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate-I knew it-there could be no doubt-I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash Robber. For a few moments I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I soon as the boat's head was once more right knew I was not mistaken. I could look back I turned my eyes upon the form in the botnow and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstances-how he made me tell my affairs, and reveal the

state of my finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more sharply and closely.-My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them | and found that Gustus Karl was dead! He both in the forenoon, when I thought of firing at some game.

They were in the breast pockets of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at hard to pull it out, and harder still to un-any instant. Another hour passed away, clasp the marble fingers that were closed and by that time I had become assured that | with dying mudness about the handle. the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said that it would be convenient that we were together, for we could run all night, as one could steer the Karl at once, and when I had told them my canoe while the other slept.

"Ay," I added, with a smile; "that is good for me; for every hour is valuable. I would not miss meeting my friend for the world."

"Oh, you'll meet him, never fear," said my companion.

Ah! he spoke that with a meaning. I un-derstood it well. I knew what that sly tone, and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant that he would put me on the road | must soon have suffocated. is strong this morning, and without a stroke of the paddle, 'twould take you along as fast to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy -and then his eyes had such a wicked look

tom of the canoe, and then I saw it quiveronly a slight spasmodic movement-and then all was still. All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and dearily away, and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward had fallen with his knife true to its aim, for it struck very near the spot where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so

far into the solid wood that I had to work clasp the marble fingers that were closed

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun The authorities knew the face of Gustus story, they poured out a thousand thanks upoffered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depradations.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room where a well man "Water-water! In God's name, give me

water !" he gasped. "Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows, sent for a pail of ice-water, and was -that the most unpracticed physiognomist on the point of administering it when the old

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Sahll we take it down?"

"O! no," replied he, "it seems as if I were

out doors, and it makes me feel better." He mused a moment, and then added, 'Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me to fix it, and you was read-ing, and told me you couldn't? But it didn't make any difference, for mamma helped me." O, how sadly these words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened.---How I repented, as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched by his couch, hope growing fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning in which we spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded the hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little wind-mill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old wood-shed-and every time I see the tiny arms revolving, I remember the lost little Frank; and I remember, also, the thoughtless, the unkind words! Brothers and sisters, be kind to each other! Be gentle, considerate, and loving .- N. Y. Examiner.

A Mormon Elder in the Calaboose, The Kcokuk Journal says a man named Maylet was picked up in the street lately, liquor, and confined in the calaboose. He represents himself as being a Mormon preacher, and has in his possession an Elder's certificate, from His Highness, Brigham Young, of which the following is a true copy :--

ELDER'S CERTIFICATE.

To all Persons to whom this Letter shall come: This certifies that the bearer, Elder Wm. F. Maylet, is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day cured to a stake three or four feet from the Saints; and by the general authorities of ground, where the fruit-grower should freagain sank to rest I had reached Logansport | said Church, has been duly appointed a messenger to the Eastern States, to preach the Gospel and administer in all the ordinances thereof pertaining to his office ; and we invite on my head. A purse was raised, and the all men to give heed to his teaching and counsel as a man of God, sent to open to them the door of life and salvation, and assist him in his travels in whatsoever things he may need, and we pray God, the Eternal Father, to bless Elder Maylet, and all who receive him and minister to his comforts, with blessings of Heaven and Earth for time and for all eternity, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Signed at Great Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, in behalf of said Church. BRIGHAM YOUNG,

{ 1st Presidency, HEBER C. KIMBALL, } IST P DANIEL H. WELLS, Scoretary. April 22, 1857.

larvae, which soon work their way into the trunk, where they can be discovered by the plugs of woody fibers ejected through the

In the second year, the insect assumes its perfect form, leaving the trunk during the night, about the latter part of May or beginning of June, when it goes forth to lay eggs for a new generation.

The nocturnal habits of this insect, make it the more difficult for the common farmer or orchardist to secure that full acquaintanco with it, which is necessary to be able to stop its ravages. The only sure way to destroy these insects, is to attack them in the larvae state. During Summer, they must be hunted up, and cut out with a gouge, so thoroughly that none remain.

To guard orchards from further depredations, procure thick hardware paper and cover the trunk to the height of one foot above the ground, and one or two inches below it. Young orchards protected in this way, can be kept clear of this troublesome and destructive pest. The paper covers must be renewed annually, and no later than the beginning of May. This can be best accomplished by removing the earth from the trunk with a garden trowel, and winding the paper and tying it close to the trunk to prevent the bec-tle from getting behind it. If the paper be coated with tar, as far as it is in contact with the ground, so much the better. After the paper is thus applied, the ground ought to be leveled around the trunk. If the perfect insect deposites its eggs on this paper they will dry up when hatched, for want of nourishment since the larvae live on the soft bark of the tree first, while young, and on the soft wood when older. Should they be capable of locomotion at this stage, they must go above the paper to enter the tree-which I have not found to be the case in three years' close observation-or starve; and should any enter while laboring under a heavy pressure of above the paper unprotected by the grass, the birds would soon devour them. In case any escaped from them, the eyes of the careful fruit-grower would detect them at a glance in passing the trees, when with a knife the mischief could soon be remedied, and the trifling wound would soon heal over again.

With these paper covers, I protected a young orchard for the last three years .---With a single exception only, not a borer gained foothold, and he secreted himself under the straw band by which the tree was sequently look during Summer.

If any one considers all this too much trouble, he ought to make up his mind not to eat fruit of his own growing in a comparatively short time.-Cor. of American Agriculturist.

A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH .- Benjamin F. Taylor, the author of "January and June," once said that " she who has been a good daughter, a loving wife and an old-fashioned mother, is pretty near ready for an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. A home without a girl in it is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a Spring without Song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside, are like the roses in Sharon."