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Select Poetry.

DON'T SHUT THE BIBLE.

" Mother, the icy hand of death, Doth chill my limbs, and stop my breath; Read me those sacred words again, They soothe my spirit, ease my pain."

She took the precious Book, and read, How Jesus long ago had said, "Let little children come to me, For such shall heaven's household be.'

She closed and laid aside the Book,

And in her arms the sufferer took: His eyes grew dim, his utterance weak But still he struggled hard to speak. He struggled long! what would he sav.

Ere death has sealed his lips for ave? "Don't shut it up," at length he cried-"Don't shut the Book,"-then calmly died. "Don't shut it up," his spirit sings,

While upward borne on angel wings; "Don't shut the Bible," seemed to say His cold and pallid lips of clay. "Don't shut the Bible," still I hear It sounding sweetly in mine ear;

From morn till noon, from noon till even, It speaks to me-a voice from heaven. "Don't shut the Bible," God on high With threat proclaims, or man will die;

"Don't shut the Book,"-a voice of love Doth ever whisper from above. "Don't shut the Bible," till its light Dispels the gloom of Pagan night; Till sin's dominion is no more,

And Jesus reigns from shore to shore

A Sclect Story.

HUGH MORAN.

AN OLD TUTOR'S STORY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Of course there is a vast difference in the mental capacities of different individuals, but this difference is not always so real as many seem to imagine. More people live in ignorance, and sink into their graves unknown, could be a better and greater man than any from the lack of will and purpose than from of those who have made sport of me—I should the want of mental capabilities. It is the presence of a firm fixed purpose, united with unfaltering perseverance, that makes really greatmen; and the thousands who move along through life, indolence and ignorance, professing an admiration for genius and wondering why they were not blessed with some of these extraordinary powers of mind, have only thought you looked very kind, and that you their own carelessness and inertness to

I have the story of a life in my mind which is to the point, and I will relate it as I know it, simply concealing the real names of those concerned for reasons which will be apparent to the reader.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, I was the at the door, and I hade the applicant to enter. The door was opened, and I saw a boy, poorly clad, holding his cap in his hand. The season was early winter, and as the cool air came in through the open door-way, I told the boy to come in and shut the door. — and that I would hear as many recitations as I may have spoken rather abruptly, for I supposed the fellow only had some ordinary caught my hand and pressed it to his lips, errand to communicate, and I wanted my and I think he would have gone down on his time to myself. He gazed at me a moment, with a half-frightened look, and then closed the door, but he closed it between him and me, and I heard him hurrying away. I arose and went into the hall, but he was gone; so -I returned to my books, and in a little while the incident passed from my mind.

Two or three days afterwards I saw the same boy cross the street, and I asked a man, who stood by my side, if he knew him. "Who-that fellow?" said he, with a sort of contemptuous, pitying tinge in his tone,

at the same time pointing to the boy. "Yes," I replied. "Do you know him?"
"Why—that is Hugh Moran. He lives at the poor-house."

"No," interposed a third party, who stood "Mr. Amos Fisher has taken at my elbow. him, and I shouldn't wonder if he made a preity good boy."

"Is he an orphan?" I asked. "Rather worse than that," said my infor-

those poor unfortunates, whose birth had been clouded by shame, and who had hence, been a mark for the cold finger of row would fashion a future from the untoscorn. His mother had sought the almshouse, in her ruin and degradation, and there she had died. Her boy had lived there until very recently, when Mr. Fisher, a kind, upright farmer, had taken him, and given him a home in his family. I became interested in the little fellow at once, and resolved to find out, on the first favorable opportunity, what had been his object in calling upon me. It seemed evident enough that he had came upon his own account, for had he been sent by his guardian, he would not have gone away as he did.

Not many days after this I met the bov supon the side-walk. It was in the morning, and I was going to the academy but I stopped and spoke with him. I asked him if he was not the one who came to my room a few evenings before. He seemed a little frightened, as though fearful that he had done he had done it understandingly. something wrong; but I spoke kindly to him. and managed to re-assure him.
"Yes," he said. "I came, but I did not

dare to stop and disturb you.

"What did you come for?" I asked. Again he hesitated, but I finally learned from him, that he came with the hope that I | the winter was out he had parsed every word | could help him to learn something. I asked in "Pope's Essay on Man," and conquored



WILLIAM LEWIS

speak without trouble.

"I have never been a bad boy, sir," he said, when I asked him to tell me what had indu-

ced him to seek me; "but I have been very

unfortunate. It wasn't my fault, sir, and I

never could help it. I wasn't born so happy

as other children are. A sin which others did,

come upon me, with its painful consequences,

and it has bowed medown in shame and sorrow!

his hands. I laid my hand upon his head,

and told him that I knew the story of his birth

and that I should consider him the more de-

serving of love and esteem, if he proved wor-

children by their Lives, and not by any cir-

so palpable and deep, come over a human

face, as had come over his when I ceased

speaking. There was a brilliant hopeful

light beaming out through his tears, and even

in the quiver of his lip there was stern and

holy purpose. He told me he had been to

school some, but, that the boys laughed at

him and made sport to his misfortunes. He

"I could not bear it," he said, and I "beg-

ged of Mr. Fisher not to send me to school; and finally, when I had plead very hard, he

said if I would study evenings, he would let

me try it. O-sir-perhaps you will laugh

"Be-happy-not out of spite, but happy

"And did you think I would help you?" I

"I hoped you would," he replied. "I

and spoke his hopes and aspirations more

tion had leaped up strong and powerful. I

told him I would help him all I could—that

he could properly prepare himself for. He

As soon as he had become somewhat calm,

I gave him a book, and asked him to read to

me. I was astonished to hear him, for I had

when he was very small, and that he had

read all the old papers and books he could

and perseverance, and I meant to see how

ward circumstances which had thus far at-

On the next day I met Mr. Fisher in the

post office, and I spoke to him of Hugh's

visit to me. I found the old farmer ready

so that he can write, cipher some, and per-

haps, parse some easy grammar pieces, it may be a good thing for him."

I could not help smiling at the old man's

honest simplicity; but I thanked him for his

promise to help me in the work, and then

On the very next evening Hugh came to

my room, and he had committed about six

times as much as I had given him to do; and

But I need not follow him through all his

studies. At first I believed that he must

the grammar in one short month, and before

and willing to help the boy all he could.

tended him through life.

left him.

knees if I had not held him up.

he should have the use of any of my books,

"Be what?" said I, as he hesitated.

sure that you would be good to me."

thy of it, on that account.

and make his heart ache.

he-he-"

asked him.

in my own success."

He stopped here, and covered his face with

--- Persere.--

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 47.

VOL. XIV.

HUNTINGDON, P, MAY 18, 1859.

About seven o'clock, Hugh made his ap- during his leisure hours. Sometimes he did bye him and appreciate him. pearance at my door, and this time he entered and took a seat. He was a fine looking boy, with a keen, full eye. I very soon made him feel that I would be his friend, and ere high hopes keeping him in health and longers. He became a high hopes keeping him in health and longers. He became a high hopes keeping him in health and longers. He became a high hopes keeping him in health and longers. He became a high hopes keeping him in health and longers. He became a high hopes keeping him in health and longers. he had been with me many minutes, he had spirits.

so far overcome his diffidence, that he could During the following summer he had not e occupies one of the most honorable posiso much time for study, as he was determined ions in the nation. not to neglect his work. But he came to my And yet I know that Hugh Moran possesroom twice a week, and his progress was ted no more natural talents than thousands of rapid. When winter came, he again took up those who have listened with wonder and ad-Latin and Greek; and here he gave me hiration to his eloquence, and who have said the greatest surprise. He conquored the p themselves, that God makes few men with rules of grammar and translation in an in-fenius like that. No, no—he had will and

already got well into the Greek Testament. But, after all, it is a singleness of purpose. and directness of application, that serve best in the study of the languages. The student, with the will to know and understand, can penetrate further into the mysteries of Greek in one month, than he who studies because he is expected to study, will do in a year.

"Look upward," said I, taking one of his hands, "for the Being who dwells above us, and who is the Parent of all souls judges his Hugh Moran remained with Mr. Fisher four years, and at the end of that time I cumstances of birth. If a halo of glory rests | could teach him no more; but he could upon the brow in the hour of death, and the teach me much. He was a thorough classilast memories of earth are of duties truly and nobly done, it will matter nothing at all where the cradle of infancy was rocked.—
The Son of God—the Savier of Man—was press himself handsomely.

"O!" he cried, "if I could only talk as I can think!"

"O!" he cried, "if I could only talk as I can think!"

"A asker in a Manger, where the beasts of burbands and the proposed stopping for a can think!"

"A asker in a look about."

"But where? I cannot do it here. None, save you, know how I have labored for the all at once accosted by a child of five, who past four years; and they shall not now witness my experiments." "Stop," said I. "You are bound to Mr. Fisher?"

"Yes-for three years more-till I am twenty-one. The town bound me to him when they let me out from the poor house."

dared not resent their insults, for then they "But couldn't we prevail upon him to let would only speak more tauntingly, and some times strike home to his heart through his you go?" "For what?" gasped Hugh, catching me by the hand, and gazing into my eyes, for he mother's fall! The memory of one bitter sneer would haunt him through a whole day,

saw a new meaning there. "Wait," I told him. That evening I wrote to Daniel Percival, an old lawyer, who lived in a neighboring city, and who had been for many years in official positions which entitled him to the prefix of "Honorable;" and to him I stated the case of my young friend as plainly as I could, and asked for his assistance. On the very next week, Mr. Percival himself, made his appearance at my house and in the even at me, but I thought-if-at some day-I his appearance at my house, and in the evening Hugh came. After conversing an hour, the old lawyer expressed a desire to have the youth go with him, to assist him in his office

and study law. I saw Mr. Fisher, and had a long talk with him. At first he would not listen to the idea would not turn me away. I heard some of the scholars at the academy talking, and when I heard them tell how they loved you, I felt he would throw that up in a moment, but ed the child's mother. Hugh was like an own son to him. He could I fairly began to love the little fellow, and not spare him-they couldn't think of it .-But when I came to paint the youth's true as I made the emotion manifest, he seemed power, and show what he might become in the future, the old man wavered. And when I explained that Hugh's hope and aspiration to the future, the old man wavered. And when I explained that Hugh's hope and aspiration to the future, the old man wavered and spiration to the future, the old man wavered. And when I explained that Hugh's hope and aspiration to the future, the old man wavered and when the future is the future of the future is the future of the future is the future of the future to feel it at once, for he became more free, an excellent institution and we had sholars from all parts of the country. One evening, as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap at the door and I had a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent made him as I sat in my room alone, I heard a light rap power, and every energy of his soul was bent my room alone. power, and every energy of his soul was bent | made him see, that he had in his power | sed Mr. Brown, "it's a mistake; I ain't Jones in that direction. The gibes of his companto set the boy at once upon the road to at all. It isn't my name. I am Eliphalet ions had given him the spur, and his ambi-

sition. So Hugh Moran went with Percival, and was not disappointed in my expectation.-'Why," wrote the old attorney, a few months afterwards, speaking of Hugh, "he will ere long become a perfect cyclopedia incarnate of legal facts and principles. He reads Blackstone with the delight of a young miss over a love story, and everything worth treasuring up is thoroughly digested in his mind, and then laid away in his memory .few scholars who could read so well. He I will have him at the bar very soon, believe

told me that his mother taught him to read me." During the following winter, notice was given that Hugh Moran would deliver a lecget hold of. He knew nothing of grammar, ture before the Institute in our place. Some however, and but very little of arithmetic; had the cool impudence to wonder if it could on arithmetic, and marked lessons for him to the supposition was immediately set down as learn.

the supposition was immediately set down as among the things impossible. Yet there was I felt an interest on two accounts in the a feeling—a sort of presentiment—gaining new work I had thus taken upon my hands. ground among the people, that it might be First:—I felt a real interest in the boy's he, after all; and when the evening for the ling the child by the arm, and leading her up who bore the name of being the most daring welfare, and meant to help him because I lecture came, the large hall was packed to its to Mr. Brown, "Melinda who is this gentle-hunter of the North-west Company, of which

actually come to love him. And, secondly, utmost capacity.

I had a desire, to see how fast, and how far, Hugh Moran arose—a few recognized him one under his circumstances, could go. I saw that he had a fair intellect—nothing more—no great native points of mental power, nor any brilliant parts. I knew that I soon learned that the lad was one of all he gained would be due to his firm will Life"--and commenced. For a few moments old memories seemed to come over him with the poor, unfortunate child of shame and sor- a whelming force, but he finally started up, up, up, till he had lifted every heart to the shrine of admiration. It was a noble theme, and he handled it with marvelous power .-He apoke from experience, and every word came burning from his heart. When he closed there was such a storm of enthusiasm as was never witnessed in the old hall before, "He'll have a good many leisure hours," he said, "and he'd better be studying than to be doing nothing. If you can teach him honor of an acquaintance.

An hour later, I found him alone in my study. His head was bowed upon his hands, and his manly cheeks were covered with

"What is it?" said I, placing my hand upon his shoulder. "I was thinking," he replied, gazing up

into my face and wiping his eyes.
"Of what?" I asked him. "Of my mother," he said, in a tremulous, musical tone. "I could almost wished she had lived—I might have made her so proud

and happy." Noble, generous Hugh! Even in that first have been over with the studies before; but hour of triumph, he could not bear to take when he assured me that he had not, I was all the joy to himself. But he was not alone forced to credit him. He went through with -other hearts were with him. A simple word brought his head upon my bosom, and, while he blessed me for what I had done for could help him to learn something. I asked him "Pope's Essay on Man," and conquored him if he wished to learn, and, for the first time, he answered me quickly and eagerly in the affirmative. I told him to come to my room that evening, and I would talk with the mysteries of cube-root, and gone some into algebra. It presented a curious study to me, and it showed me what an indomitation to me, and I would talk with the mysteries of cube-root, and gone some him, he wept outright; and I, who am not easily moved to tears, was a child then.—
Time passed on, and Hugh took sweet Mary gone crazy, in consequence of which I fancy was very feeble, as he replied,

hat gave him birth-at this present moment

credibly short space of time, and began energy. He had a noble purpose, and he perreading Virgil on New Year's day, having evered. From a birth of gloom and shadw, to a manhood of bright, effulgent honor and renown, he worked his own way, by acady, hard, persistent labor. And others hay do it-if they will!

Mr. Brown's Mishaps.

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of nirty-five or thereabouts; one of those men ho seem to be born to pass through the forld alone. Save this peculiarity, there as nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from he multitude of other Browns, who are born,

Walking leisurely along the street, he was

ran up to him exclaiming : "Father I want you to buy me some more andy."

"Father!" was it possible, that he, a bache-or, was addressed by that title? He could hot believe it. "Who are you speaking to my dear?" he

nquired of the little girl. "I spoke to you, father," said the little ne, surprised.

"Really," thought Mr. Brown, "this is embarressing." "I am not your father, my dear," he said, what is your name?"

The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke.
"What a funny father you are," she said, "but you are a going to buy me some can-

"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more. nervously. The little girl clapped her hands with de-

light. The promise was all she remember-Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, and actually bought a pound of candy,

which he placed in the hands of the little In coming out of the store they encounter-

"Oh, mother said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought for me." "You shouldn't have bought so much at a

expect you till night." "Jones—I—madame," said the embarras-

fame and honor, and consented to my propo- Brown, of W_____, and this is the first time I have ever been into this here city." feeble, looking as if he had recently risen

Good heavens! Mr. Jones what has put from a couch of sickness. Yet his dark eye that silly tale into your head? You have beamed brightly, even fiercely in its sunken concluded to change your name, have you?

perhaps it is your intention to change your wife." Mrs. Jones' tone was now defiant; and this tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrass-

ment"I haven't any wife, madame; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I

never was married." "And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me," said Mrs. Jones, with excitement.
"If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am?" "I have no doubt you are a very respecta-

from what you have said, that your name is nance. Jones; but mine is Brown madame and always was." "Melinda," said her mother suddenly tak-

mediate reply, as she confidently placed her | bauchee of the crowd, when he was in the hand in his.

"You hear that Mr. Jones, do you! You hear what the innocent child says, and yet

father, why you are buying candy for her? a bird. Yet now, when that old man stepped But I presume you never saw her before in your life." "I never did. On my honor, I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more." "You did, did you? Bribe your child not

infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?" Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without

fainting fit. Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

"Is your wife subject to fainting in thisway?" asked the comers, of Brown. "She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her.

"Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?" "Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones."

"Sir," said the speaker sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly." Poor Brown was dumb-founded.

him. He promised to come and we separated. And then to think that he was doing all this to him in times past, and she knew how to that my name is Brown. And yet I don't

think my name is Jones. In spite of all, I insist that my name is Brown.

"Well, sir, what are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed at once. Will you order a carriage?"

Brown saw that there was no use to prolong the discussion by a denial. He therfeore without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door on her.

"Why, are you not going yourself?"
"Why, no, why should I?"
"Your wife should not go alone; she has

ardly recovered." Brown gave a despairing glance at the growd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, fol-

lowed the lady in.
"Where shall I drive?" asked the whip. "I—I—don't know," said Mr. Brown.
Where would you like to be carried?" "Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"I don't know," said Brown. "No. 19, II-street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptu-ously at Mr. Brown.

It chanced that Mr. Brown had an occa-tion to visit a town some fifty miles distant on matters of business. It was his first wat to

"Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones," asked Brown with some anxicty. "Of course," said Mrs. Jones.

"Then," said he resignedly, "I suppose I am. But if you believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning, that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth, I haven't any

recollection of this house." Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, but good heavens! conceive the astonishment of all, when a man was discovered

seated in the arm chair, who was the very fae similie of Mr. Brown in form, feature, and in every other respect! "Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, "which

-which is my husband?" An exclanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite de-

ighted to think that, after all, he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and a child to boot. Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this "Comedy of Errors" happened. He is a afraid of his identity.

The Hunter's Last Shot.

A TALE OF AN OLD MAN'S REVENCE. By the Author of the "Bond of Blood."

To see an old hunter or trapper in his buckskin garb, armed with rifle, knife, and tomahawk, is not a very unusual thing in the city of St. Louis, for that town is the head quarters of the North-western Fur Company, and the names of the Choteau's, Aubrey's, &c., are historically affixed thereto.

when an old man dressed and completely armed as a hunter or trapper is when in his accustomed wilds, entered and minutely scanned the features of every person present. He was evidently quite old, and very thin, and socket, and his creet form seemed to struggle against the mortal darkness which pervade it. The old man shook his head as he finished his gaze around the room, and muttering in a low tone, "The cuss is not here!" he turned away.

Having finished my business, I also left and went up to the Planter's House where I boarded. When I arrived, it lacked but a few minutes of dinner time, and the guests were gathering in the sitting room waiting for the gong to sound. I had just entered when the old hunter, who had before attracted my attention also came in, and as before so I gave him a work on grammar, and one be "our" Hugh-"Poor House Hugh," but ble lady," said Mr. Brown, and I conjecture, commenced an inspection of every counte-

> Suddenly his eye flashed with fire more fierce than ever I saw glow in human face before, and he strode up to a young fellow he was a trading agent when on the hunt, "Why, that's father?" was the child's im- and the most reckless gambler and wildest city. His name was Auguste St. Vrain .-Only three days before, I had seen him on the Bloody Island, in the river opposite St. Louis, have the unblushing impudence to deny that stand at ten paces against one of the best you are my husband? The voice of nature, shots in the city, and not a nerve trembled, speaking through the child, should overwhelm | nor did his face pale, but he "winged" his you. I'd like to know, if you are not her man as coolly as if he had been shooting at up before him, and he caught a glance of his fiery eye, his courage and presence of mind seemed utterly to fail him, and trembling, while the old man's voice, loud and clear as a bugle, rang in his ear. "I have sought you long, Auguste St.

> to call you father? Oh, Mr. Jones, this is Vrain, and have found you? Remember ADELE!

> As he spoke, the ominous click of the old man's rifle was heard. Astonished into silence, the crowd drew to either side, while warning she fell back on the side-walk in a St. Vrain, tearing his shirt bosom open, said in a low, hopeless tone:

"Fire old man, I deserve it!" The old hunter had scarce waited for the word; for, ere St. Vrain's last word was spoken, the bullet from the hunter's rifle had passed through his heart. He sunk a corpse on the floor, murmuring only one word-

The old man stood and gazed at the body a moment, then muttered, "it is right-I have fired my last shot!" In a moment he was seized-he made no

resistance—and hurried off to prison. As I was then a practicing attorney in the courts of that city, feeling a sympathy for the old man, I availed myself of my position to go to

have fired my last shot and tramped my last tramp. But as you seem to be about the only friend I've got around here, I may as well ease my mind and tell you why I shot St. Vrain. Two years ago, I would have shot myself sooner than raise a hand to harm a hair on his head. He was young, handsome. brave; as good a trapper as ever drew bead on a grizzly's eye. I loved him."

The old man's voice grew husky, his lip quivered, he paused a moment, then he went

on:
"I was not the only one that loved him.—
My Adelc—then only sixteen, the image of
her poor dead mother—sur loved him, and
he pretended to love her. He promised to marry her, and under that promise ruined her. Age and shame made her keep the secret until it could no longer be kept; then he fled from her, left her to bring a babe into the world, and then to die broken hearted, with it upon her bosom. Both of them sleep in one grave on the banks of the Yellowstone. For a time I thought I should have to lay down there, too, before I found him, but I kept up till my work was done. I care not for life now."

I tried to cheer up the old man. I told him that the mere recital of his wrongs before a western jury would acquit him, but he only shook his head and muttered, "My last shot is fired, I am at the end of my last tramp."

One week afterwards, a few of us, who had discovered in him a brother of the "mystic tie," gave him honorable burial in a neighboring cemetery; for he passed away as quietly as if he had laid him down by a pleasant camp-fire to rest, after a long and weary hunt. Green were the sprigs cast in his grave, and true the hands which threw them there.

A False Alarm.

A Washington paper gives the following account of a domestic "what-d'ye-call it," which occurred in that city the other day.— The old proverb is, that "it never rains but it pours." The killing of Key seems to have crazed the silly pates of several very romantic married women in this metropolis. A few days after the Sickles tragedy, a married lady living in the southern part of the city, or what is known as the island, informed her liege lord that she had been grossly insulted the previous evening, by Mr. B-, an acquaintance of the family. The incensed and outraged husband, with revolver in hand, rushed to the office of the supposed offender, and demanded satisfaction.

"Satisfaction for what?" asked the aston-

ished Mr. B. "For having insulted my wife, sir, last evening," responded the excited individual. " Pray, sir, who dares charge me with ever having insulted your wife, by look, word, or action?" again inquired Mr. B.

"The lady herself, sir, makes the charge," promptly rejoined the husband.
"With your permission, sir, I would be pleased to face my accuser, and hear her

make the charge in my presence," mildly remarked the importurbable Mr. B.
"You shall be gratified, sir; come, walk with me," added the still exasperated husband, at the same time returning his six-

shooter to his pocket. But before giving the closing scene, it may be well to inform the reader of the facts.— On the evening previous, Mr. B. had casually called at the house of a friend, and there found the lady in question, without an escort. At a late hour she prepared to return home, and Mr. B-kindly tendered his services to see her safe to her door. The streets on the island are not highly improved, and on the night in question, was very muddy. At one point the walk was quite intercepted by a mud-hole, over which the lady and gentleman were compelled to pass. A knight of old would probably have thrown down his mantle, over which the fair lady might have walked; but our hero having no such appendage, proposed a spring, by which his companion, with the assistance of his hand, clear-

ed the mud at a single bound. Without further annoyance, they reached the lady's residence in safety.

The excited husband now ushered Mr. B. into his parlor, and rang for his insulted wife, who promptly reported herself. Mr. Blooking the lady full in the face, asked: "Madam, have I ever, by word, look, or deed, offered you the slightest indignity or

insult in my life?" A breathless pause followed. The lady, after some hesitation, falteringly answered: "I thought you squeezed my hand slightly, in helping me over the mud-hole last night.'

The revolver dropped, and after due apology to Mr. B-, the mortified husband turned to his romantic spouse and administered a rebuke, to avoid the witnessing of which, Mr. B— hastily left the house and returned to his office, ruminating on the character of female women, with the sage conclusion, that at the present age of the world, it was not entirely "safe to beau other men's wives."

BLIND GIRL-POWER OF THE BIBLE.-A little girl had been attacked with severe pain in the head, which ended in blindness. She was taken to an eminent oculist, who pronounced her incurable. She wished to know what the doctor had said about her state, and her mother told her, "What, mother!" ex-claimed the child, "am I never more to see the sun, nor the beautiful fields, nor you, my dear mother, nor my father?-O! how shall I bear it?" She wrung her hands, and wept bitterly. Nothing seemed to yield her the slightest comfort till her mother, taking a pocket Bible from the table, placed it in her hands. "What is this, mother?" inquired the disconsolate little girl. "It is the Bible, my child." Immediately a score of its most consolatory passages presented themselves to her mind. She paused, turned her poor, benighted eyeballs toward the ceiling, while an angelic expression played on her countenance, and then, as if filled with the Holy Spirit, breathed forth in an impassioned, but scarcely audible whisper,-"Thy will be done on earth, as it in Heaven?"

A preacher out West, while endeav oring to impress the gospel upon his hearers, pointed to a corner in which an Editor was quietly taking a nap, and remarked :-"There is one in the corner who sheds the Gospel just as a goose sheds rain!"

A man from the country, whose wife had eloped and carried off the feather bed, was in search of them; not that he cared anything about the wife, "but the feathers," said he, "them's worth forty-eight cents a pound."

Some one was telling an Irishman that some body had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head.

"So you don't believe it?" With a shrewd nod. Pat answered, "I belave in the crame, but not in the saucers."

received me calmly and kindly, but his voice was very feeble, as he replied,
"It's little use you can be to me, sir, for I blank leaves—infancy and senility."

The state of the s