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Select Poetry.

TAM WEARY. BY ANNIE E. HUBBART.

"Preserve me, 0 God, for in Thee do I put my trust."

I am weary, 0 my Saviour, Weary of life's woe and care; Weary of the clouds that hover Round my lonely pathway here: But in sorrow, be Thou near me! When no ray of light I see, Let some angel-whisper cheer me,

For I put my trust in Thee.

When I'm weeping, sadly weeping, O'er the loved ones-cold and dead-O'er their dust so sweetly sleeping In the graveyard's quiet bed-When pale flowers are waving round mc-Waving 'neath the willow tree-Be Thou near me! O befriend me! For I put my trust in Thee.

When the chord of life is severed, And I cease on earth to be-· When my bark is launched, forever, On the future's boundless sea-O, be some sweet promise given, In that solemn hour to me! Take, O, take me home to Heaven, Evermore to trust in Thee!

A Select Story.

DR. BOULDING'S LOVE STORY.

BY GEORGIANA S. PURDUE.

The chamber was luxuriously furnished. and had an air of comfort, too, that told its luxuries were made for use, and not merely to be looked at.

By the fire, in his easy chair, sat the doctor: scated on a low stool at his feet, her cheek resting on his knee, was Louisa .-There had been a little gentle chiding on the part of the doctor, apparently, for a tear stole from each blue eye down the young girl's rosy cheek. Louisa's cheeks were always rosy, but they assumed a deeper hue It was only eight miles from Wallington, and as, glancing slyly at the doctor, she said:

Indeed, uncle, I love William as well as I ever did, but I cannot help thinking he did me great injustice in falsely accusing me of flirting with Lionel Renfrew." "Stop Louisa," interrupted the

"do not say falsely. I watched the whole affair that has offended your lover so much, and I do not think his jealousy is without cause." Then, changing his voice to one of the

deepest sudness, and laying his hand on the fair head before him, Dr. Boulding said: "You, Louisa, just now used the phrase, 'a little harmless flirtation.' Listen my

tation crushed my hopes and embittered my parlor.

day, and therefore went down to Wallington a lovely country village, and to me who had been studying hard for a month-scarcely indulging myself in a walk to snuff the fresh air beyond the boundary of the city in which I lived-presented a charming picture of rural beauty, and an endless variety of rural

"I had been all my life so closely tied to school, to college, to lecture, and to books, that I felt proud of my sporting skill, when, on the second evening of my visit, I returned home with my cousin, bearing a single partridge brought down by my gun.

"We were walking down a shady lane—I remember, it was called Vineyard Lane—I hand side of the lane.
"There, Charles," said he, "lives Mrs.

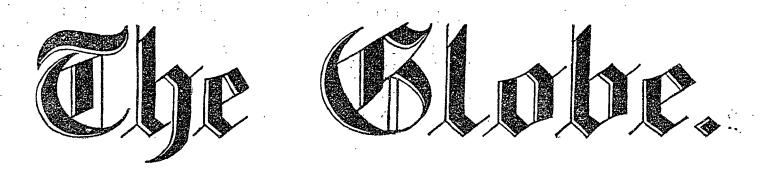
Collins; she is a widow and has two daughters, Mary and Geraldine. If you like, we will call; they are pretty girls and you will be pleased with them."

He opened the little gate, and we walked towards the cottage. I thought it the leveliwhere, China roses covered the walls, peeped in at the windows, and coquetted with the chimneys. As we neared the cottage, the use that sharp tongue of hers with ever such

when her foot slipped, and she fell off the ladder. Mamma thinks she has broken her an- reach. All went on smoothly, and Mary .cle, for she is in such dreadful pain."

"Then," said Fred, "we have called just in time, for my cousin here-Mr. Boulding, Miss Geraldine Collins-my cousin, who is a surgeon, will soon examine the injured mem-

around; all I saw was the glorious face now drawn with pain before me. I believe an old lady in black silk came and spoke to me; that placed in my hand her daughter's in- Harbury," said I, "you are welcome." jured foot. I have some indistinct idea that I ascertained it to be merely a sprained ankle; that I ordered bandages and fomenta- further to say."



WILLIAM LEWIS,

-PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 7.

tions; upon which the lovely patient professed herself relieved. I also think I made some remarks about the weather, and ended not move or attempt to call her, I rang the by entreating Mary's acceptance of the par-tridge I had shot.

"After that, as long as I remained in the country I called regularly every morning at the cottage to inqure how the ankle was progressing. My morning visits usually lasted until dinner time, but I never found courage to speak to Mary of the great love growing up in my heart towards her. Instead of making love I was wondering what she thought of my long nose and ugly mouth, or thinking whether she disliked the spectacles and left Rose Cottage forever. which I was always obliged to wear, and whether she quizzed me after I was gone. I was also very uneasy at the presence of a certain Walter Harbury at the cottage much more frequent than I thought necessary, and who was far more familiar with my Mary than exactly pleased me:

"However, the last morning visit I made I summoned all my courage, and declared my love for Mary—not to herself but to her ty a thousand dangers threatened her.

husband for Mary. She should be thankful to see the dear child married with such good prospects. Mary was called. I stammered out something about the great affection I entertained for her. She smiled, blushed, and -we were engaged.

I went up to town and worked like a slave. I started in my profession, and wrote to Mary every other day accounts of how I was getting on; she sent me in reply little notes, on rose tinted paper—the most affectionate and charming imaginable. I took a small house and furnished it from cellar to gar-

Sometimes I gave myself a treat and spent Sunday with Mary-delicious days. Shall I ever forget the exquisite play of her beautiful features, or listening to the lively chat that fell from her bewitching lips!

We had been engaged three months, when a circumstance occurred which resulted in my being suddenly subpoenaed to attend as a witness in a case that was to be tried in a county town near to which my Mary lived. I resolved, after the trial was ended, to walk over and give Mary a delightful surprise.

I thought the trial never would have ended. The counsel was the most prosy, the wildly and loudly until they brought her became intimate with Isabella Ashton, the rific screams. Dreading some tragic termiwitnesses were the most stupid and slow in child. Then, when she looked into its little daughter of our late clergyman, who died of nation to the farce, they rushed to the spot,

I resolved to walk. Walk, did I say, I ran -I flew. I paused one moment at the gate; how beautiful the cottage looked in the calm evening light, and the centre of my happiness was there calm and beautiful! No one was looking for me, so I walked quietly up child, while I tell you how a harmless flir- to the house, and opened the door of the little

"It must be twenty-two years ago, though to me it seems as yesterday, that I, a thin, with his arm around her waist, sat Walter Harbury! This was the end of my agreeating modical student, passed my "There opposite me, upon the sofa, sat my examination, and obtained my certificate as | ble surprise! This was what I had flown on a surgeon. Before I established myself as a the wings of love to see! I stood perfectly practitioner, I resolved to have a week's holi- speechless, transfixed. Walter and Mary remained in exactly the same position and neithto visit a cousin I had residing there. It was er uttered a word. I wanted to speak to reproach her but no voice came, in silence I left the room, walked down the little garden, closed the gate gently after me, and returned

without a word to London. "For a few days I fled from thought as from a demon. Of Mary, and Mary faithless I dared not think. The fourth day I blamed myself as a fool for caring about one so false and coquetish. The fifth day I fancied I had been too hasty; if I had spoken it might have been explained-perhaps it was a mistake, there might be no love between them after all. The sixth day brought with it a letter from Mary herself. Such a letter I never read before nor since, I fairly wept over it .smoothing and admiring the soft plumage of my bird, when Fred, my cousin, directed my at- to suspect her for a moment; it was clearly tention to a small cottage standing on the left | an optical delusion. So I took my place in the train that very night, and went down to Wallington.

" Mary met me at the gate, all smiles and tears, and looking more beautiful than ever. "It was such strange behavior," she said "to come in and look upon her, and then go away without one word. She would have thought it a ghost, had not Mr. Harbury, who was in est place I had ever seen. Roses were every- the same room, saw me too. Had not slept since for thinking and wondering, and she was glad, O, so glad to see me again."

"Of course I was very sorry and penitent, door opened, and Geraldine ran out. She and Mary behaved beautifully and forgave was very pretty, a lively saucy style of beauty me like an angel, as she was. "She never that you could not be offended with, let her thought," said she, "anything of Walter, he was just like a brother, they had known each pert satire. But at the moment when I first other from childhood. As for sitting beside saw Geraldine, she looked far more dolorous her, he should never do so again if I objected than saucy as, running to my cousin she to it," So we were reconciled and became better friends and lovers than before. I was "Oh, Mr. Maynard, we have had such an very anxious to be married now, and resolved accident; Mary was training the rose tree to allow as little time as possible to elanse before I took my jewel out of Mr. Walter's promised me one Sunday evening to talk the matter over with her mother, and fix the day

for our wedding the next time I came. "I was to have gone down on the Sunday, but from some cause I now forget, I had the er."
Saturday at my disposal and resolved to spend
"That is fortunate. I am so glad you it with Mary. All that day I felt an unusual called," said Geraldine, as we followed her oppression on my mind of something that I into a parlor-such a tiny parlor, half filled could not shake off. As I neared the cottage by the sofa which stood opposite the door, (I | my presentiment of dread increased. The had cause to remember the sofa,) upon which | door was open; as I crossed the vestibule I Mary lay. The moment I saw her I felt in- trembled so that I could hardly open the parclined to quarrel with Fred-I should have lor door; but I did open it, and there on the liked to have knocked him down-for daring sofa again sat my Mary, not this time with to have called her a pretty girl. Pretty? she one of Walter's arms around her, but both, was divine; one of those marvellous crea- and hers hung around his neck with such an tures whom to look at is to reverence and to embrace as had never been bestowed upon love. After the first look I forgot everything me. I resolved itshould be no optical illusion this time, so I walked quietly up, and laid my hand upon his arm. At my touch they started, colored violently and separated.

> "Thank you," said he. "I shall not interfere, and have nothing

"Then turning to Mary, I said, "Mis Collins, where is your mother?" As she did bell, and desired the servant girl to request her mistress to come. Mrs. Collins entered.

"Madam," said I, "You and your daughter have played a double game with me. It goes no further, I renounce all my pretensions to her in favor of this gentleman—her more favored lover. I will send you all the letters written by your daughter to me, and I request that those she has of mine may be returned. Ladies, I wish you, and you, Mr.

"For years after that evening a terrible load lay at my heart—a load of love despised hopes blighted and energies wasted—that seemed sometimes greater than I could bear. Wherever I went thoughts of Mary followed; she seemed ever present, so beautiful, so treacherous—her very faithlessness helped to his wife. "Well, it will be wrong to mourn render her more dear. I pitied her so much his death. If death was ever a merciful -so young, so false; with her wondrous beau-

'It was five years after I had lost my Ma- I asked. "Mrs. Collins was very willing. She could not have chosen, she said, a more desirable husband for Mary. She should be thankful of which I was chief physician. Hers was "There is a very should be thankful of which I was chief physician." a very bad case of consumption, prostration and weakness, arising from destitution and starvation. The poor creature was so emaciated and sunken, that the moment I saw her I knew there was no hopes of recovery, and directed all the attention of the nurse to the tiny shivering infant in her arms. The poor mother lay all night quite unconscious of what was passing around. In the morning when I came to her bed in the course of my rounds, there struck me as being something in her face very familiar. I must have seen it long, long, ago, when and where I could not recollect.

"As I took her hand she opened her eyes and looked long and fixedly upon me; then she exclaimed with fearful emphasis.— "Charles Boulding go away, go away! Are means robust, Martin was remarkable for his you come to haunt me? You torture me!— uncommon beauty: and, indeed, his fine, no-Oh, go away?"

"But I could not go. "Mary is it? Can it possibly be Mary Collins ?"

wife; how dare you come to my bed-side?-Away, away !" giving evidence that it ever was my lot to helpless face, and watched its feeble efforts grief about a year ago.

to come to her, she softened, and with all the "No two beings could be more different.—

> for him. But my child, my little girl; you will not let her starve? Promise me, Charles." "I promised—I swore I would be a father to the helpless infant lying by her side. "She seemed easy and happy after that, and lay so still and passive, that when she sank away from the calm earthly sleep into the sleep of death, the change was so peace-

ful, so gentle, that we who stood watching round her bed perceived it not. "I took the little girl home, and tried to do my best to supply her dear lost mother's place. Tell me, Louisa, have I done so?" "O, uncle!" cried Louisa, starting up and throwing her arms round the doctor's neck, | company enjoyed themselves freely with jests, "I never knew-I never dreamed you were not really my uncle. You have, indeed, been father, mother, uncle—all to me."

"And you, my darling-Mary's childhave come with your winning, childish love, and saved me from dispair, or living-worst of all lives—a life of selfishness, Yes, Louisa, if your mother's coquetry lacerated and blighted my heart, it was you, her daughter, who, by your love and obedience, restored and healed it."

A Yankee Trick.

We remember when we were living down east, of a neighboring farmer hiring a jolly Irishman, who was very fond of learning tricks. One day his employer asked him if he wouldn't like to learn a Yankee trick .-Bringing him to the end of a brick barn, Jonathan laid his open hand against the wall, remarking-

"Pat, I'll bet the liquor you can't hit my hand."

"It's done!" says Pat, making a vicious blow at the palm of the hand, but it being quickly withdrawn, he succeeded in peeling something to be afraid of? the skin and flesh from off his knuckles.

"That's a d——d nasty trick!" roared Pat, "but howld on, I'll cheat somebody else." A few months passed, and Pat's brother came over from Ireland, as green as early was uneasy till he would learn his brother the least!" the Yankee trick.

"Jim, did you ever learn a Yankee trick?" "Niver."

Pat finding himself in the centre of a large field, thought it would be a great loss of time to go to the barn, and reaching out his open hand, he cried—
"Strike that, if you can!"

Jim made a desperate pass, but Pat having pulled away his hand, Jim fell after the blow.

"Ha! ha! ha! what a poor excuse! remarking "that was an old woman's trick." "Try it now!" shricked Pat, with laughter, placing the same against his own mouth. Jim prepared for a sockdologer, and bringing his massive "bunch of fives" in loving proximity with Pat's nose and mouth, who

pulled away his hand as before, he sent him recling to the earth, with the less of four teeth and a large quantity of blood, for 'learning him the Yankee trick." As death is the total change of life, every change is the death of some part; sickness is the death of health; sleeping of waking; sorrow of joy; impatience of quiet;

last, must die.

The Tolling Bell. Not many months ago, in one of my sum-

mer rambles, I found myself, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, the guest of a worthy and intelligent family in a quiet country village. The early breakfast was over; parents and children had joined in reading a chapter in the Bible; Mr. Sedgwick, the head of the family, had then offered up a fervent prayer, at the conclusion of which we all arose from our knees, when our ears were greeted by the clear, deep peals of the ringing church

bell. "So late!" exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick, looking at the clock. "Our time piece must be

"That is not the first bell for church," replied her husband, solemnly. "There has been a death in the village. The bell is going to toll for Martin Lord."
"Such, then, is the unhappy end!" mused his wife. "Well it will be wrong to mourn

providence, it is so in this case." "Is it a person who had been long sick?"

Instead of answering my question directly,

"There is a very melancholy history connected with that young man. It is now sometime since the excitement occasioned by this strange tragedy died away; but the tolling of the bell this morning must bring it back forcibly to every heart. Perhaps you would be very much interested to hear the story?" I expressed my desire to listen to the narrative; upon which my friend gave me the details of the following story, which I relate with only a slight variation from the original:

"Martin Lord was once the flower and hope of one of the most respectable families in the village. His amiable disposition and superior intellect procured for him universal love and esteem.

"Although of a slight figure, and pale features, which indicated a constitution by no uncommon beauty; and, indeed, his fine, noble forehead, shaded by locks of soft brown hair, his large expressive blue eyes, straight nose, with the Grecian nostrils, and rather voluptuous mouth, entitled him in some meas-

"No," she shrieked, "I am Mr. Harbury's ure to that consideration.

"I am Mr. Harbury's ure to that consideration.

"Martin was a great favorite with the ladies, old and young; but he never showed youth at that moment. "She would not be soothed, and talked any marked partiality to any one, until he

The moment I was out of Court I started of for Wallington. I was not very rich, so pressed it to her heart. Perhaps the flutter- girl in the village. She could have little while his fingers clutching convulsively its throat, off for Wallington. I was not very rich, so pressed it to her heart. Perhaps the flutter- girl in the village. She could have little while he still uttered frantic shricks for help. ing, irregular pulsations of that heart warned sympathy with a person of such deep feeling her how soon its beating would cease for ever and intellect as Martin; and beautiful as he for she turned to me, and with a look so full was, it seemed strange that he should have of humility, of grief and love, said, "Ah, given his love to her. There is no doubt but Charles forgive me; I wronged you cruelly, she was attached to him; perhaps she loved but I have been cruelly punished. I married him as well as she was capable of loving any him, and my life has been—O what a life! one; but in this instance as in all others. one; but in this instance, as in all others, But it is over-I am dying now-he knows her affections were secondary to her love of not-cares not-deserted-we might both die sarcasm and mischief.

"Martin and Isabella had been pointed out as lovers by the village gossips, for several months; he was nineteen, and she was of the same age when the tragedy occurred, which the tolling of the bell has re-called to my memory.

"It was on an autumn evening, nearly five years since, that Isabella took advantage of the absence of her father, to have a social gathering of young people at their house .-Martin, of course, was present, with the fairest youths and maidens; and being under no restraint from the gravity of the clergyman, who was not expected home till late, the songs and social games.

The hour at which such parties usually broke up had already passed, and there was no relaxation in the gaicty of the young people, when some one foolishly mentioned the subject of ghosts, something of that description having been reported as having been seen in the vicinity of the church-yard.

"It is a silly report,' said Martin. body can believe that a ghost has really been seen there; and I doubt if a person here believes at all in the existence of ghosts.'

"You do, yourself-you know you do, Martin, although you are ashamed to own it," cried Isabella. But Martin only laughed .-"Come now," continued the thoughtless girl, "I can prove that you have some idea that such things may exist. Go to the churchyard alone in the dark, and then declare, if you can that you have felt no fear !" "'And what would that prove?'

"'Why, you would be frightened, though you should see nothing. Your fears would

"'I do not think your logic is very good, replied Martin, laughing. "Men are often troubled with fear, when their reason tells peas. They both labored together, but Pat- yard, even at midnight, would frighten me in

"'How bravely you can talk!' said Isabella, indulging in her customary tone of sarcasm. "But nobody here believes it—I don't at any rate. Why, you hadn't courage enough the other day to help kill a rabbit; your mother told me so!"

"'I never like to cause or impress pain, if it can be avoided," answered Martin blush-

You are brave enough to be sure but tenderhearted! Come, now, you dare not go to the church-vard this night alone. You are not half so courageous as you would have us be-lieve. Whether you think there are ghosts or not, you are afraid of them."

"Martin was extremely sensitive; but the sarcasm of nobody except Isabella could have stung him to the quick. Scorning the imputation of cowardice, he was ready to do almost any desperate act to prove his courage. "But," said he, "although I have no more fear of church-yards and ghosts, than I have of orchards and apple trees, I am not youth of infancy; age of youth. All things going to walk half a mile merely to be laughed which follow time, and even time itself, at at."

"'Ha! ha! but you shall not escape so!"

laughed Isabella. "Here, before these, our friends, I promise that this ring shall be yours," she continued, displaying one given by an old lover, which Martin had often desired her to part with, "provided you go to the church-yard alone, in the dark, and declare on your honor, when you return, that

you were not the least afraid." "'Agreed!" said Martin, buttoning his coat for the night was chilly.
"'And as an evidence that you go the entire distance, you can bring back with you the iron bar, which you will find close by the

gate," said Isabella. "Thus driven by taunts to the commission of a folly, Martin took leave of the company, full of courage and spirit, and set out on his

errand. "It was near a quarter of a mile to the church-yard, which was approached by a lonely, dreary path, seldom traveled except

by mourners. "It is impossible to relate precisely what happened to Martin on that gloomy road.-I judge from the circumstances which afterwards came to light, and conjecture his adventure must have been as I am about to re-

late it.' "Slight as he was in frame, and tender in his feelings, he was not destitute of courage. do not think he was frightened by the sighing of the wind and the rustling of the dry autumnal leaves, as many stronger men might have been. He marched steadily to the church-yard, stopped a moment, perhaps to gaze sadly, but not fearfully, at the white tomb-stones gleaming faintly in the dark and desolate ground, for the stars shone brilliantly in the clear cold sky; then shouldering the iron bar of which Isabella had spoken, he set

out to return. "He had proceeded about half way, when in the gloomiest part of the road, he saw a white figure emerge from a clump of willows and come towards him. It looked like a walking corpse, in a winding sheet which trailed upon the ground. All Martin's strength of nerve was gone in an instant. Courage gave place to desperation, his hair standing erect, and his blood running chill with horror; still he stood his ground. The spectre drew nearer, seeming to grow whiter and larger as it approached. We cannot tell what frenzy seized upon the brain of the unfortunate

"The guests at the clergyman's heard terone of the number carrying a lantern. They found Martin kneeling on a prostrate figure, His wild features exhibited the very extrem-

ity of terror. Only two of the most courageous young men dared approach him. One of them forced Martin to relax his hold on the throat of the figure, whilst the other tore away the folds of the heet. At that moment the bearer of the lamp came up. Its light fell on the blood-stained, distorted feature of Isabella! Martin uttered one more unearthly shriek. and fell lifeless upon the corpse. He never spoke again, but lived-an idiot!

"A frightful contusion on Isabella's temple bore evidence that in his frenzy he had struck the supposed spectre with the iron bar, The blow was probably the cause of her death, although such a grasp as his hands must have given her throat, might have deprived her of breath. He never knew afterwards what he had done, for never a gleam of reason illuminated the darkness of his soul; and now the tolling bell has told us that Heaven in its mercy has finally freed the spirit from appetite for fish. He was anxious to keen its shackles of clay, and given it life and light in a better world."

I believe it has never before been published: Previous to the arrival of the British in Lexington, on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, several citizens of the hitherto peaceful village, were stationed in the upper part of the ancient church, to prevent its falling into the possession of the enemy. The red-coats arrived, and after some skirmishing with the gallant minute-men, they observed the Yankees in the church, and exclaimed, "There's those pale-faced Rebels, we'll

have their heart's blood before night."

And immediately a detachment of them rushed toward the church, with the intention of destroying it, and shooting the Rebels .-The villagers, with the exception of one man, escaped by flight, he singly stood his ground. They commanded him to throw down his arms and surrender, his bold reply was, "Never." They were about to enter, whan he, in a calm, clear voice, warned them to desist; telling them if they entered, it would be at the peril of their lives; for rather than have their church desecrated by British tythem there is no cause to fear. But I deny in the first place that a journey to the church-within a foot of where he stood, and blow them to atoms. They advanced a step further, when he, in a fearless, deliberate manner, cocked and leveled his gun, directly at the magazine which contained a large quantity of powder; whereupon, the red-coats greatly terrified, beat an instant and hasty retreat, leaving the church in the possession of the intrepid Yankee, who would willingly have sacrificed his life to the cause of liberty, Not only was the powder contained in the magazine, saved to be used afterwards with telling effect upon the enemy; but also the declaration of peace and independence, at the conclusion of the war, was read in the same old church, and upon every returning birthday of the nation, till it was at last destroved by an accidental conflagration.

The above was related to me by a descendant of the brave man, the memory of the hero who performed this noble act should be perpetuated. His name was Joshua Si-

Beauty is a short-lived flower, but a cultivated mind is a treasure that brings forth a hundred fold.

The Poisoned Lancet.

A Tartar chief once rode with his court on hunt. A dervise met them on the road,

and at once exclaimed—
"Whoever gives me a hundred gold-pieces,
I will give him excellent advice." The chief was inquisitive, and asked the dervise wherein his good counsel consisted. "Thou shall hear it, sir," answered the dervise, "when thou promisest that the hundred pieces shall be delivered to me." The chief gave him the sum, and the dervise said, with a warning voice, "Attempting nothing until you have reflected maturely on the consequences."—
Then he proceeded on his way.
The attendants of the chief laughed and

ridiculed the advice of the dirvise, for which he had paid so dearly. Meanwhile the chief pronounced a different opinion. "The good advice," said he, "which he has given me is indeed a most ordinary rule of prudence; but, although it is so universal, it is the least obeyed; and on this account the dervise imparted it to me so dearly. In future, it shall never escape my memory. It shall be intelligibly inscribed over all the doors of my palace, on all the walls of my apartments, and on all my furniture."

After this period an ambitious stadtholder resolved to remove the chief and possess himself of the throne. He bribed a court physician at a great sum; and he promised to bleed the chief, as occasion might permit, with a poisoned lancet.

Such an occasion soon offered. But as the physician was about to raise the silver bowl which was to be the receptacle of the blood, the words, "Attempting nothing until you have reflected maturely on the consequences," struck his eyes. He was startled, and, with visible anxiety, laid aside the

poisoned lancet and took one of another The chief perceived it, and asked why he had laid aside the lancet. Receiving the answer that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine it; while the agitation of the physician seemed remarable. When the physician delayed to present it to him, the chief sprang on his feet and exclaimed, "A candid confession only can rescue your life. This apparent anxiety renders you suspi-

The physician fell at the feet of the chief, and confessed the conspiracy against his life, which the warning inscription on the silver bowl had deprived him of the power to

"Have I paid the dervise," said he, "too dearly for his advice?" He granted the life of the physician, and commanded the stadtholder to be strangled. All sought the dervise everywhere, that hemight reward him yet more."

The Conjuror and the Yankee. Anderson, the wizard, met with a Yankee, who stole a march on him one day, after the

following pattern: Enter Yankee." "I say! are you Professor Anderson?" "Yes, sir, at your service."

"Wa'al, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm something at a trick too, kinder cute, deu you know." "Ah, indeed, what tricks are you up to?"

asked the professor, amused at the simple "Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece."

"Oh, that's a mere slight-of-hand trick, I can do that too."

No you can't. I'd like to see you try "Well, hold out your hand with a cent in

Yankee stretches out his paw with a cent

lying on it. "This is your cent is it sure!" "It's nothing else."

"Hold on to it tight-Presto! change.-Now open your hand." Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

obliged to you," and Jonathan turned to go out. "Say," said the professor, "your may

"Wa'al, you did it. I declare: much

leave my ten dollars." "Yours? wan't it my cent; and didn't you turn it into this ere yaller thing, ch? Good bye!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't any thing green

about this child."-Greensboro', N. C. Times.

A Good Story. An anecdote, worth laughing over, is told of a man who had an infirmity, as well as an up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal, and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, An Incident of the Battle of Lexington. | and when his back was turned the honest I regard the following as the most thrilling buyer slipped a cod-fish up under his coatincident of the Battle of Lexington, and yet tail. But the garment was to short to cover

the theft, and the merchant perceived it, "Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly and honestly, haven't I?" "O, yes," said the merchant, "I make no

complaint." "Well, said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best of policy, and the best rule to live and die by." "That's so," replied the merchant.

And the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend," cried the merchant, speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you, Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter cod-fish."

WHY A SHIP IS "SHE."—Some heartless wretch (who should be punished by being tied to a post with his face within six inches of kissing distance of a pair of bewitching "cherry lips"—feminine lips—with the certainty of never reducing that number of inches between him and bliss,) says "a ship is called she because a man knows not the expense till he gets one-because they are uscless without employment-because they look best when well rigged-because their value depends upon their age-because they bring news from abroad, and carry out news from home."

TRUTHS.-- Women are like flowers; the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo! the rugged atoms fit like smooth mosaic. A man loves when his judgment an-

proves; a woman's judgment approves when she loves, Pity expresses itself in words-often relieves itself by a look. Charity asserts itself

yet extremely empty-handed, The duties of religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest and to exercise the high-

in gifts. A man may be full of pity, and

est understanding. He is happy whose circumstances suit A truly grateful heart may not be able his temper; but he is more excellent who to tell its gratitude, but it can feel, love and act. | can suit his temper to any circumstances,