Over three week and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

3 months. 6 months. 12 months.

TISHER & M'MURTRIE

ARE NOW OPENING

The largest and best selected Stock of Goods over offered in this community.

It comprises a full line of Fashionable

It comprises a full line of Fashionable Dress Goods, suitable for FALL & WINTER, such as Black and Fancy Silks, French and English Merinos, All Wool De Laines, (plain and colored,) Nauvau Plaid, Tanjore Lustre, Figured Cashmere, Plaids, Mousline De Laines, Coburgs, Alpaccas, De Barge, Ginghams, Prints, &c.

A large and beautiful assortment of Fall and Winter Shawls, consisting of Stellas, Double Reversables, Single and Double Brocha, Waterloo, Single and Double Wool Gents Traveling Shawls, &c. A full stock of Ladies' Fine Collars, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, such as Collars, Cravats, Ties, Stocks, Hosiery, Shirts, Gauze and Silk Undershirts, Drawers, &c.

We have a fine selection of Mantillas, Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gaunt

We have a fine selection of Mantillas, Dress Trinmings, Fringes, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gauntlets. Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Floss, Sewing Silk, Extension Skirts, Hoops of all kinds, &c.

Also—Tickings, Osnaburg, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, all prices; Colored and White Cambrics. Barred and Swiss Muslins, Victoria Lawns, Nainscoks, Tarleton, and many other articles which comprise the line of WHITE and DOMESTIC GOODS.

French Cloths, Fancy Cassimers, Satinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Denims, Blue Drills, Flannels, Lindseys, Comforts, Blankets, &c.

Hats and Caps, of every variety and style.

A Good Stock of GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENS-WARE, BOOTS and SHOES, WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, which will be sold Cheap.

We also deal in PLASTER, FISH, SALT, and all kinds of GRAINS, and possess facilities in this branch of trade unequalled by any. We deliver all packages or parcels of Merchandise, free of charge, at the Depots of the Broad Top and Pennsylvania Rullroads.

COME ALL, and be convinced that the Merchandise. and Pennsylvania Rullroads.

COME ONE, COME ALL, and be convinced that the Metropolitan is the place to secure fashionable and desirable goods, disposed of at the lowest rates.

FISHER & M'MURTRIE.

Typingdon, Oct. 4, 1889.

Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1859. TEWS! NEWS!! NEWS!!!

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS, AT BEN JACOBS' AT BEN JACOBS'

CHEAP CORNER,

CHEAP CORNER.
BENJ. JACOBS has now upon his shelves a large

full assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

FAIL AND WINTER GOODS,
comprising a very extensive assortment of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c., &c.
His stock of CLOTHING for men and boys is complete—
every article of wear will be found to be good and cheap.
Full suits sold at greatly reduced prices—panic prices—
which will be yery low. Full suits sold at greatly reduced prices—panic prices—which will be very low.

His entire stock of Goods will compare with any other in town, and the public will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

As I am determined to sell my goods, bargains may be expected, so all will do well to call.

Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods.

BENJ. JACOBS, Cheap Corner.

Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1859.

\$10,000 REWARD!! MOSES STROUS, Will risk the above sum that he can Sell Goods, to everybody, at prices to suit the times. His stock has been renewed for FALL and WINTER, and he invites all to call and examine for themselves.

call and examine for themselves.

His stock consists of every variety of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

DRY GOODS, OF ALL KINDS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Such as Over Coats, Frock Coats, Dress Coats, Jackets,

Vests. Pants, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, of all sizes, for

old and young.
GROCERIES, of the best; QUEENSWARE. &c., &c. The public generally are earnestly invited to call and examine my new stock of Goods, and be convinced that I can accommodate with Goods and Prices, all who are lookcan accommodate the state of th Goods. Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1859.

DOBT. KING,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Hill Street, one door west of Carmon's Store, Has just returned from the City with a splendid assort ment of CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES, and

PLAIN and FANCY VESTINGS, which he will make up to order in the best workman-like Thankful for past favors, a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited.

Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1859-3m. BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS, CALF-SKINS AND LININGS,

LASTS AND FINDINGS.

LEVI WESTBROOK,
Has just opened his new stock of hove, misses and BOOTS and SHOES for men, women, boys, misses and children. All kinds of styles for Ladies can be found at his store, and the men will not find fault with his stock for their wear.

His old customers and the public generally, will pleas

call and examine his extensive stock.

His stock of Calf-skins, Linings, Lasts and Findings, will please all in the trade. LEVI WESTBROOK. Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1859.

ROMAN!

AN!
H. ROMAN!
H. ROMAN!
H. ROMAN!
H. ROMAN!

NEW CLOTHING
JUST RECEIVED,
NEW CLOTHING
JUST RECEIVED,
NEW CLOTHING
JUST RECEIVED, Call at Roman's Clothing Stor

your Clothing. Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1859.

DELL, GARRETTSON & CO.,

BANKERS,

HUNTINGDON, PA,

A general Banking business done. Drafts on Philadel-phia. Pittsburg, &c., constantly for sale. Money received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates. August 17, 1859.*

DLANK BOOKS, OF VARIOUS SIZES, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

NVELOPES—

By the box, pack, or less quantity, for sale at

LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE. WRAPPING PAPER!

A good article for sale at LEWIS' BOOK STORE. ON'T FAIL to see "SIXTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT," and brilliant offers, in

IT is a fact that Fisher & McMurtrie have I the largest and cheapest stock of Goods in town



WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE.---

Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 21, 1859.

NO. 26.

Select Poetry.

WHEN I DIE. Will the friends I love be near me

When I die? Will they shrink to touch the pallor Of the lips that turn to meet them, Trembling with the last "Good-bye?"

VOL. XV.

May my father's arm enfold me When I die,

They will shield my heart from terror When I go to meet the shadows That beneath the flowers lie? And my mother, sweetest mother,

When I die. I would have thy voice to soothe me 'Till it mingled with the music Of the angels in the sky.

Brothers, sisters, kiss me often, When I die, And my lips will smile in closing As if clasped in dreams so golden That I will not wake to sigh.

Ah, the world will soon forget me When I die. And its flowers will bloom as brightly And its birds will sing as sweetly, Though I loved them and I die.

A Select Story.

[From the California Golden Eagle] A DUEL BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

It was in the winter of 1851-the 17th of November. Well do I remember the day -not alone from the circumstances I am about to relate, but-but no matter. The experience of every early adventurer here is dotted with enduring landmarks, to guide the noiseless step of recollection back through the dim vistas of the past, and lengthen the great way of life. Broad, this evening, is the road we travel to-day, and flowers still blossom besides it, and thorns linger in the sight; but further back, and it narrows into a thread-like path, along which the flowers lie dead and scentless, and touching here and there at a moment of bliss, a sepulchre of hope, or approaches the confines of memory,

and is soon lost to sight. Well, it was the 17th of November. The day had been a dreary, drizly one, and as night approached, the wind lulled, and a heavy fog rolled like a mighty avalanche of snow over the hills west of San Francisco, and settled in a thick, almost drenching, mist over mudy streets and house tops. 'Twus in-

deed, a chilly, cheerless evening, and we do not wonder then, nor do we now, that the gambling houses were crowded, and the barsof the drinking saloons thronged, for the city was full of strangers, and promenading the half-paved streets by the light of an occasional door lamp, could scarcely be deemed positive enjoyment. The "El Dorado" was the great centre of

attraction. It was not only one of the largest and most substantial structures in the city, but its proprietors were men whose wealth was counted by tens of thousands, and every bank in its capacious saloon was loaded with golden slugs and ounces. Through the room were ranged no less than twenty tables, at which were played faro, monte, vinget unrouge et noire, lansquanet, and a variety of other games, the very names of which have escaped me, while from a raised platform. poured a continuous flood of exquisite music from a band of the best musicians in the country. The finest musical talent in the State found employment in the gambling saloons in San Francisco and Sacramento, and many of the most noted performers in the country to-day, made their debut before an audience of gamblers. Simonton, the well known violinist, and Pettinos, one of the best pianists, in the State, for two years occupied together the platform of the "El Dorado" at Sacramento, receiving \$64 per day for their service, and the very first musician once led an orchestra at another gambling house in

the "City of the Plains." As we said before, the "El Dorado" was crowded. Many were betting and venturing their last dollar with an unconcern characteristic of the time, while as many more were elbowing their way from one table to another, with no other object than the gratification of their curiosity, and the vain hope of seeing some desperate gambler "tan" a bank and win it. A dozen or more were reeling through the saloon, entirely too wealthy, in their own estimation, to even covet the piles of lucre around them, while not a few might be observed, with their hands jammed into their empty pockets, staring abstractedly at the progress of the game that had relieved

them of their last ounce. The band had commenced its second performance for the evening, and seemed intent in boisterous execution to drown the clamor of clinking silver, when a tall, muscular looking miner stepped in front of the door. and gazing a moment at the scene within. buttoned up his thick coat around him, and started down Washington street. He was coarsely but comfortably clad. A pair of heavy brown whiskers covered his face, and the broad brim of a slouched hat almost res-

ted upon his shoulders. This way, Jane," said a voice to a female who had just emerged from a small wooden building immediately below the "El Dorado" and stood hesitating baside a pool of mud and water. The miner stopped, and as the woman carefully selected a stepping place, and sprang to the pavement, he involuntarily caught her by the arm. Somewhat surprised at the prompt assistance, she gazed into his sunburnt face for a moment, and thanking him politely, passed on with her companion, who had taken a more circuitous but less dangerous (to his polished boots) route to the sidewalk.

Hesitating for a moment, the miner turned and followed. He started as he saw her enter a gambling saloon. Pushing his way with what weapons I care not. Let whatever through the crowd, he next discovered her may transpire thereafter excite no inquiry, seated behind a monte table. We do not and I will explain all to-morrow." wonder that his dark eyes flashed-for her sweet face was pale and care-worn, and the passed down Washington street for some dissmiles that played upon it were as meaning-

ion, who "called" and cashed the games as she turned the cards, was what any lady, without a too careful scrutiny of the face, would have pronounced a fine looking man. He was dressed in the extreme of good taste, with exception, perhaps, of too great a display of jewelry. His features were regular, and his eyes piercing and restless; but that proud curl of the lip, which not unfrequently denotes firmness and manly independence, in him was a repulsive indication of recklessness and disdain.

The cards were shuffled, and a "lay out" "Make your bets, gentlemen," sang out the gambler, while he jingled a pile of sil-ver before him; "a jack and a ten—make

Pulling his hat over his eyes, the miner approached the table, and carelessly tossed a golden ounce upon the ten. The dealer looked up, and again her eyes met those of the unshorn stranger. She knew not whyfor a thousand eyes had gazed as intently into hers before—but the color mounted to her cheek, and she involuntarily admonished the miner to withdraw his bet. The indica-tion, slight though it appeared, was not lost on the gambler, who answered it with a frown dark as midnight, and turned a searching stare upon the stranger, who met it with a glance of defiance that brought the hand of the gambler to the hand of a revolver in his belt. The woman observed all. The miner quietly folded his arms, and the dealer, with trembling hand, proceeded to draw the cards. The jack won. Again the cards were dealt, and two ounces were thrown down by the stranger instead of one. He lost a second time, and again, and a pile of golden pieces had been transferred from his pocket to the

"Let your husband deal," said the loser, addressing the woman, "perhaps it may

change my luck!" At the mention of the word "husband," a peculiar smile rested upon his lips, and the eves of the woman dropped to the table, as if to avoid the scrutiny of the stranger, that he might not read in them a confession that she had no husband, although she was a mother. But he read all.

Again the cards were dealt. There was a perceptible nervousness of the hand, and a strange twinkle in the eye of the miner, as he drew from the pockets of his overcoat two purses. All eyes were turned towards

"I'll bet a hundred ounces on the ace!" he exclaimed to the astonished gambler, dropping the sacks of dust on the table, "and will draw the cards myself."

"Five hundred dollars is the limit," said the gambler. "There is no limit to your rascality!" thundered the stranger, "nor should there be to your game!" and he replaced the pur-

ses in his pocket. hand upon his revolver; but ere he could ted it. Ten years ago you stole a young girl draw it, a blow from the brawny fist of the by the name of Jane Farley, from a boarding

stalwart miner sent him reeling to the floor. In a moment all was confusion. A dozen gamblers from the adjoining tables rushed to woman had risen to her feet, and stood speechless behind the table.

"Stand back," shouted the miner, drawing from his belt with his left hand a huge bowie knife, and swinging an eight inch navy revolver in the other. "Stand back!" he repeated, retreating against the wall as the gamblers attempted to close upon him, "or by the Mother of God, I'll strew the floor with your carcasses!"

"Shoot him down!" cried one of the gamblers, brandishing a pistol over his head, and evincing little inclination to undertake the iob himself.

"The first man pulls a trigger dies!" said an elderly gentleman, breaking through the crowd, and placing himself beside the lionhearted miner. "Ten to one is too great an odds for any man. He is a stranger to me,

but by h-ll, he shall have fair play!" "Right! right!" shouted the crowd, beginning to understand the nature of the broil, give him a chance!" and a dozen more pistols suddenly found the light.

"Let me at him!" yelled the gambler, who had been knocked down, attempting to reach the offender through the throng.
"Make way for him!" hissed the miner.

"and I will use nothing but this!" and he raised his twelve inch bowie knife and threw himself into an attitude of defense. "Hold!" said an elderly man, he who had

first insisted upon fair play; "if you really do want to fight, select some spot where there are fewer spectators. If not, put up your weapons."

will meet the scoundrel where he will, when he will, and with what he will." "Enough," returned the gambler, rendered

desperate with rage; "follow me with a friend, and I will accommodate you in ten minutes." "I am completely at your service," said the stranger; "but I have no friend here, unless I may call you one, from the friendly

culty." "I will not desert you now," said the old man, extending his hand, "for you are a brave man, and a Kentuckian knows how to appreclate courage."

part you have already assumed in this diffi-

The miner smiled, and stepping to the table where the woman was sitting, pale and trembling, said to her in a low voice: "Fear nothing—if you are sent for, do not

fail to come." Then taking the arm of the old Kentuckian, he followed the gambler, who was just quitting the saloon, accompanied by his friend. "My friend," said the miner, as soon as

they had reached the street, "the fight must be in a room alone, and without seconds-

The Kentuckian bowed. Both parties

less as a wayside moonbeam. Her companion, who "called" and cashed the games as Chinaman, and taking a lighted candle, the gambler led the way up a flight of stairs to a small back room. It had one window, and was furnished with a cot bedstead, washstand, and two chairs. Placing the light upon one of the latter, the gambler strode towards the stranger, who had just entered, and said:

"Here is the place, and now the time!" He expected the miner to manifest symptoms of terror at the announcement, and ask to defer the meeting; but he was in error, and the cool reply of "exactly," rendered

him alarmingly cognizant of the fact.

As a last effort to shake the resolution of the belligerent mountaineer, and avoid the encounter, for which he felt no inclination, the gambler said, with affected calmness:
"If we fight at all, it must be alone, and in this room, each armed with a revolver and

a bowie." "I am fortunately provided with both,"

was the resolute reply.

Then, d—n you, take the consequences!"
returned the gambler, determined to fire before the word, and finding courage in the dishonorable resolution. He found little consolation in the smile just perceivable through the heavy beard of his antagonist.

The arrangements for the desperate encounter were soon made. The principals each armed with a knife and revolver, were to be placed on opposite sides of the room; the door was to be locked on the outside, and at a word from the seconds, the fight was to commence, with either weapon, and to continue for ten minutes, at the expiration of which time the seconds were to re-enter the room.

The weapons were examined, and the combatants placed for slaughter by candle-light. The door had scarcely been closed and locked, before the gambler raised his pistol and fired! The ball lodged in the ceiling, not an inch from the head of the other. With the spring of a tiger, the latter threw himself upon the gambler, and crushed him to the floor, before he had time to use either pistol or knife.-Wrestling the weapons from his grasp, he seized him by the throat, and holding a knife to his breast, the miner swore he would bury it there if he uttered a word.

"All right—give the word?" said the miner, as the seconds were about to enter, to ascertain the reason of the report.

"Are you ready?" " Yes."

"Fire!—one—two—three!" No report followed, and the seconds looked at each other in silence.

"Now tell me, Mark Brigham, why I should not slay you, who attempted to assassinate me," said the miner.

"The shot was accidental indeed it was," returned the trembling gambler. "Spare me, and I will return you every dollar you have lost—give you all I possess."

"Let me tell you now why I should slay you. It is not for the dollars you have won from me, for I do not value them-not your The gambler sprang to his feet, with his cowardly attempt to murder me, for I expecschool in Rochester New York, and under a promise of marriage, induced her to elope with you to New Orleans. Her parents, who the rescue of the fallen blackleg, with pistols lived three miles from the city, did not know and knives glittering in the lamp-light. The | you, for you were not a resident of the place. and never visited the family but once. You did not marry the girl. You made her your mistress—the mistress of a gambler—and as such she become a mother. Shame prevented her communicating with her parents, and they are still ignorant of her fate. Three years ago she accompanied you to California. Her brother, who had become a man, had vowed terribly to revenge the fate of his sister should he ever meet her, followed shortly after, unaware of her presence here. One night he heard her name pronounced on the street. He followed her to a gambling hell, and recognized her, and by her side sat her seducer, whom he had seen but twice before. In venturing his money, he found ready means to bring about an encounter, in which he determined to kill you. He met you in a room alone. You attempted to assassinate him.-

Do you know me now?" "Mercy !- spare me!" said the gambler, ' and----'

"On one condition," replied Farley.

"Name it." "That you marry the woman you have dishonored, and abandon your thieving voca-

"I consent—but when?"

"This very hour."
"I promise," said the gambler.

"But your promise is not sufficient," replied Farley. "I will have better guarantee. This pistol shall not leave my hands or your side, until the promise is filled; and by my hopes of heaven, if you hesitate in the performance, or show a disposition to escape, I will

"You are right," said the miner; "but I put a ball through your body." Placing all the weapons in his pockets except the pistol which he had cocked in his hand, Farley released the gambler, and ordered him to send for Jane and a carriage. Through the half opened door, which the seconds had opened in response to a knock within, Brigham repeated the order to his astonished friend. Learning that no blood had been shed, the latter left the house, and in a few moments Jane was in the presence of the silent combatants. She requested an explanation, but was told that all would soon be made clear, and the whole party entered the carriage and were driven to the house of a clergyman on Stockton street, where, with a pistol ready to use upon the bride-groom, should he falter, Mark Brigham and Jane Farley were made man and wife. The unshorn miner then called her sister, and as she hung upon his neck she thanked God that the same hour had sent her a husband and a

Brigham sent for his child, which had been left in New Orleans, purchased a tract of land in Los Angelos county and is now a wealthy and respected resident of that region of the vine and fig tree. Farley is still a miner in "Old Tuolume," and "Old Kaintuck," as the world reverently learned to call him. was killed by the Klamath Indians in 1855.

Faith is the sister of justice.

Extravagance of the Age.

A shrewd writer, who is in the habit of telling home-truths which go direct to the heart of the popular follies of the day, has the following in relation to the pernicious system of domestic education, so prevalent at the present time:

"In the town of Somewhere lives M. Manygirls. He is a toilsome merchant, his wife a hard-working housekeeper. Once they were poor, but now they are ruinously rich. They have seven daughters, whom they train up in utter idleness; they spend much money, but not in works of humanity, not even in elegant accomplishments—in painting, dancing, music and the like, and so paying in spiritual beauty what they take in material means; they never read nor sing; they are knownothings, and only in vain show, as useless as a ghost, and as ignorant as the blocks on which their bonnets are made. Now, these seven 'ladies,' as the newspapers call the poor things, so ignorant and helpless, are not only idle, can earn nothing, but consume much. What a load of finery is on their shoulders and heads and necks. Mr. Manygirls hires many men an women to wait on his daughters' idleness, and these servants are withdrawn from productive work in nur-

sing these seven grown-up babies. "On the other side of the way, the Hon. Mr. Manysons has seven sons, who are the exact match for the merchant's daughters: rich, idle, some of them dissolute; debauchery coming before their beard; all useless. earn nothing, spending much, wasting more. The only labor is to kill time; and in the summer they emigrate from pond to pond, having a fishing line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. These are fast families in Somewhere. Their idleness is counted pleasure. Six of these sons will marry, and perhaps five of Manygirls' daughters, and what families they will found to live on the toil of their grandfather's bones; until a commercial crisis and the wear and tear of time has dissipated their fortunes and they are forced reluctantly to toil.

"Besides, there is an enormous waste of food, fuel, clothing, of everything. We are the least economical, civilized people on earth. Of course the poor are wasteful everywhere; they do not know how to economize. and they have not the means. They must sion Joe left home, to be back, as he said, that live from hand to mouth, and half what is night. Night came, but Joe did not. The put into the hand perishes before it reaches the mouth. So likewise are the rich wasteful who have inherited money; almost never sure as have earned it. The great mass of the people are not economical, but wasteful. It is the habit of the whole country."

"Orashun" by Artemus Ward.

Ime a Union man. I luv this Union from the Bottom of my Hart. I luv every hoop pole in Maine, and every sheep ranche in Texas. The cow pasters of New Hampshire an awful fight." is as deer to A. Ward as the rice plantashuns of Mississippi. There is mean critters in both of them air States, and there is likewise did see. I hit him and he hit me, and then good and troo. It don't look very pretty for | we clinched. Polly, ain't supper most ready? a lot of inflammetary individuoals who never I ain't had nothin' to eat since yesterday lifted their hands in defence of Ameriky, or | morning." did the fust thing towards sekewrin our independence, to git their backs up and sware they'll dissolve the Union. Too much good blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable femail, the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her at this late day. The old lady has behaved herself too well to cast her off now, at the request of a parsul of addle-brained men and wimin, who never did nobody no good, and never will agin.— Ime sorry the picture of the Goddess never giv her no shoes or stockings, but the band of stars around her head must continur to shine briter so long as this Erth revolves on her axle tree. [The wether was all-fired hot, & a man at this pint of the orashun fell down sun stroke. I told the aujience that considerin the large number of powerful hansum gals present, I was more afraid of a dawtur stroke. The joke was impromptu, and amused

the aujiense wery much.]
To ressoom—G. Washington was a clearheded, warm-hearted, brave and stiddy-goin man. He never SLOPT OVER! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters A W.] They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high preshur principle. They git onto the popular hobby hoss who trots along, not caring a sent whether the beest is ever goin, clear sited and sound, or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they get throw-ed eventocally, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind, they go Pel Mel with it instid of exertin themselves to. set it right. They can't see that the krowd which is now bearing them triumphantly on its shoulders, will soon diskiver its error, and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyum without the slighest hesitashun. Washington never slopt over. That wasn't George's style. He luved his country deerly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angel in a 3 cornered hat and nee britches, and we shant see his like right away .-My friends, we can't all be Washingtons. but we can be patriots, and behave ourselves in a human & Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin, let us not give him a push, but let us seize right hold of his coat tails and drag him back to Morality.

A rich affair took place on a train of cars running from Cleveland to Columbus, Ohio, not long ago. On the cars was a culprit on his way to serve his term in the Penitentiary, and one of the real genus Yankee. The following colloquy took place:

"Goin' ter Klumbus?"

"Yes." (Gruffly.)

"Goin' any further?" " No."

" No."

"Goin' ter stop in Klumbus?" " Yes."

"Goin' ter see any friends there?"

"What are ye goin' there fur?"

"Goin' ter do enny kind o' work there?"

" Yes." "Goin' terstart business on yer own hook?"

"Going for seven years!" The Yankeo's curiosity was almost satisfied.

Country Meetin' Talk.

An Illinois editor, who sometimes has an attack of Phonography, attended a country meetin', where he took down the following different topics of conversation at one time:

"Vote for Lovejoy!" exclaimed a political aspirant indignantly, "I'd as soon vote for Lloyd Garrison himself, loaded down as he

"Two of the fattest beef critters you ever sot your eyes on," interrupted a dealer in cattle, "that I sold for"—

"That horrid yellow dress again," exclaimed Miss Spruse, in what might have sounded like a whisper if she had been on the other side of the room, "painted, too, half an inch thick, and wears"—

"Teeth and nails to get the office," broke in another politician; besides he is''-"Spavined in both hind legs, wind broken and foundered, to boot, as I told Mr. Jarvis

at the time"-"One tea-cup full of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs, and a sprinkling of nutmeg, makes"---

"Both ends meet when the year comes round, poor woman! for she has got six children, the oldest one blind, and" "No saddle or bridle to ride him with,

somebody stole it while I was gone to Chicago after"---"The long milennial day which we have no doubt is to be brought out through the

ministration of"-"Two Dutchman, a monkey and hand-organ to grind it; and oh, it made the funniest music, and the figures danced around like"-

"Nine thousand miles of railroad track. and this at an estimate cost of "-"Five cents a dozen. I sold four hens to Mrs. Wilson, and the hawks carried off three, besides any number of chickens, and "--"Such a handsome young man, and he dances so be-ewtifully. Did you ever see a handsomer pair of whiskers, or more insinu-

ating"-"Handle to my new tea-pot, and Tommy declared he hadn't touched it at all, and I

knew Emily hadn't for she had "---Running at the rate of 25 miles an hour vith no lights on, and around a curve at that, when the locomotive broke the bridge over"-

"That young Miss Brown that had the small-pox last spring. They do say that she is going to marry"__ "Two pointer dogs and the best gun in town. I wanted the gun the worst way, and

offered him"— "The scarlet fever and whooping cough, and I don't know what he hadn't had, poor

little darling. This is the first time I've ta-ken him out at all since"— "The Mexican War, which L consider perfectly unjustifiable, unless it be on the ground

"The preacher has come," exclaimed a boy, and depositing my report in my pocket, I proceeded into the school-house to muse on the utility of phonography.

Wouldn't Own Up.

Joe Stetson was a wild, rolicking fellow, who spent most of his time in drinking and spreeing, while his wife, Polly, was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain occasion Joe left home, to be back, as he said, that next day passed, but, about sunset, Joe came up in the worst condition imaginable—his clothes dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning, and his face presenting more the appearance of a piece of raw beef than anything else. Polly met him at the door, and, noticing his appearance, exclaimed:
"Why, Joe, what in the world is the mat-

"Polly," said Joe, "do you remember long Jim Andrews? Well, him and me had

"But tell me who whipped, Joe," contin-

ued Polly.
"Polly," replied Joe, "I tell you, you never did see such a fight as me and him had.— When he clinched me I jerked loose from him, and then gin three or four the most sufficientest licks you ever heard of. Polly, ain't supper ready? I'm nearly starved." "Do tell me who whipped, will you?" con-

tinued Polly. "Polly," said Joe, "you don't know noth-in' 'bout fightin'. I tell you we fought like tigers; we rolled and we tumbled-first him on top, then me on top-then the boys would pat me on the shoulder, and hollow, 'Oh. my! Stetson!' We gouged, and bit and tore up the dirt in Seth Runnell's grocery yard worse nor two bulls. Polly, ain't supper ready? I'm monstrous hungry."

"Joe Stetson!" said Polly, in a tone bristling with anger, " will you tell me who whin-

"Polly," said Joe, drawing a long sigh, "I hollered!"

A Touching Anecdote.—Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and free schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy, in a cold night in June. with no home or roof to shelter his head, no maternal or parental guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached, at nightfall, the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled around; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man, had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates .-She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband .-The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and," Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, "that orphan boy stands before you!"

Ir is not worth your while to hate. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts towards any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one having won your utmost confidence and warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the undiscovered country." All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry for it then, than you even in your deepest disappointment and grief can be.