per square for each insertion.

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ADIES' ONE PRICE FANCY FUR



JOHN FAREIRA, No. 718 Arch St., between 7th & 8th Sts., PHILADELPHIA, (Late of 818 Market St) Importer,
Manufacturer of and
Dealer in all kinds of FANCY FURS. Having removed to my New Store, 718 Arch St., and being now engaged sentirely in the manufacture and sale of Fancy Furs, which, in accordance with the "One Price"

Principle." I have marked at the lowest possible prices consistent with a reasonable profit, I would solicit a visit from those in want of Furs for either ladies' or childrens' wear, and an inspection of my selection of those goods, satisfied, as I am, of my ability to please in every desired

essential.

### Persons at a distance, who may find it inconveniwish, together with the price, and instructions for sending, and forward the order to my address—money accompanying—to insure a satisfatory compliance with their riches August 22, 1860.-5m.

VALUABLE TAVERN STAND FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale, that fine and profitable stand, in the borough of Huntingdon, fronting on Allegheny street, opposite the Broad Top Coal Depot, and innown as "The Broad Top House."

The house is furnished with bedding, &c., all of which, belonging to the undersigned, will be sold with the house.

This stand is one of the best in the county, and owing to its favorable location, always has a large run of custom. Possession will be given on the 1st day of April next.—Those wishing to purchase, will call upon Thomas P. Campbell, Esq., who will make known the terms, &c. Aug. 22, 1860.—3m.

A. MOEBUS.

TAINES BROS.' OVERSTRUNG PIANO FORTES,

Celebrated for superior quality of TONE and elegance and beauty of finish. These Pianos have always taken the FIRST PREMIUM when placed in competition with othor makers. Challenge all competition. A splendid assortment of LOUIS XIV and plainer styles always on hand. Also Second-hand Prinos and PRINCE'S IMPROVED MELODEONS from \$45 to \$350. Every Instrument warranted.

GEO. L. WALKER'S GLO. L. WALKER'S
Piano and Melodeon Depot,
S. E. Cor. 7th & Arch Sts., Philadelphia.
July 25, 1860.-6m.

TEW AIR LINE ROUTE TO NEW



BETWEEN THE TWO CITIES OF NEW YORK AND HARRISBURG! VIA READING, ALLENTOWN AND EASTON.

Morning Express, West, leaves New York at 6 A. M., arriving at Harrishurg at 12.45 noon, only  $6\frac{3}{4}$  hours be-

MAIL LINE leaves New York at 12.00 noon, and arrives

MAIL LANE leaves New York at 12.00 noon, and arrives at Harrisburg at 8.30 P. M.

Monning Mail Line, East. leaves Harrisburg at 8.00 A M., arriving at New York at 4.30 P. M.

AFTERNOON EXPRESS LINE, East, leaves Harrisburg at 1.15 P. M., arriving at New York at 9.00 P. M.

Connections are made at Harrisburg at 1.00 P. M., with the Passenger Trains in each direction on the Pennsylvania, Cumberland Valley and Northern Central Railroad. All trains connect at Reading with trains for Pottsville and Philadelphia, and at Allentown for Manch Chunk,

Easton, &c.

No change of Passenger Cars or Baggage between New York and Harrisburg, by the 6.00 A. M. Line from New York or the the 1.15 P. M. from Harrisburg.

For beauty of scenery, add speed, comfort and accommodation, this route presents superior inducements to the transling rubble.

traveling public.

Fare between New York and Harrisburg five dollars.—
For tickets and other information apply to

J. J. CLYDE, General Agent, Harrisburg.

July 18, 1860.

G. A. & E. A. LANDELL,

MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE CANDLES. Spermaceti, Patent Sperm, Hydraulic, Adamantine, Hotel, Car and Tallow Candles.

No. 110 North Wharves, Philadelphia,

Pure Sperm, Lard Bleached Whale, Sca Elephant, Strained Whale, Tanners', Curriers', Palm, Oleine, and Red Oils.

SOAPS, White, Yellow, Brown, Chemical Olive, Fancy, and other

Ang. 15, 1860.—3m.

D'ARMERS' & DEALERS' HEAD-QUARTERS!!!

HANCOCK, CAMP & CO., Produce and General Commission Merchants, No. 47, North Water St., below Arch St., Philadelphia.

\*\*Rooth Agents for all Guano's Super Phosphates of Lime, Poudrettes, and other kinds of Fertilizers.

\*\*Rooth All descriptions of Country Produce taken in exchange or sold on Commission.

\*\*Rooth All Consignments.\*\*

\*\*Quick sales and immediate returns are guaranteed upon all consignments.

apon an consignments.

\*\*\*Def We are the \*\*sole Agents\* for the best articles of Vinegar made in this city and elsewhere.

July 18, 1860.-6m. COAL OIL!! COAL OIL!!!

James A. Brown sells the genuine "PORTLAND KERO-SENE," on COAL OIL, clear as water. This is the only kind of oil that gives entire satisfaction

as an agent for light.

Beware of counterfeits and colored carbon oils. They emit an offensive smell and smoke. A large variety also of COAL OIL LAMPS,

Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, Burners, Shades, &c., &c., sold at the very lowest prices, at the Hardware Store, Huntingdon, Pa. Huntingdon, July 25, 1860.

TRANKLIN HOUSE, IN THE DIAMOND, HUNTINGDON, PA.

VALENTINE CROUSE, Proprietor.

The citizens of the county, and strangers and travelers generally, will find comfortable accommodations at this house. Give us a trial. [April 4, 1860.] ALL at D. P. GWIN'S if you want

ARK Colored Palm Hoods, best quality, only 50 cts. each. FISHER & SON.

THE best Tobacco in town, at D. P. GWIN'S. Splendid variety of Carpets, only FISHÊR & SON. 25 cts. per yard. MARPET Sacks and Fancy Baskets at

You are sick!" but what it is." D. P. GWIN'S. | sion.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE.--

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XVI.

HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 17, 1860.

NO. 17.

# Select Poetry.

MY SISTER.

BY CLARA RICE. I've a little sister bright; With her face so full of light. Dimpled arms, and snowy white: Sweet as the rose.

Eyes of deepest, darkest blue, Shining hair of golden hue, Lips like roses filled with dew;

Pure as the lilly. Gently as the flowing stream, As the sun's bright golden beam, May thy life glide on screne,

### Sweet sister mtne. A Select Story.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Charles Gray was a master mechanic in the receipt of an excellent income-sufficient to lav aside a handsome sum every year, besides supporting his wife and child in comfort. At the time our story commences he was the owner of a pleasant cottage, and had besides one thousand dollars deposited in the Savings Bank. His prospects for the future seemed bright, but a cloud wasalready gath-

ering in the clear sky. One night at the request of a friend he stepped inty a gaming house, "just from curiosity." It was a brilliant scene. A large hall resplendent with light, softly carpeted and luxuriously furnished, it looked to years. Charles Gray, who was used to much hum-bler appointments, like the great hall in

Aladdin's palace. From this evening dated Charles Gray's fall. The curiosity which he had at first felt gave place to a strong feeling of interest, and at last he was induced to play for a small

Mrs. Gray felt that a change was coming over her husband. Heabsented himself, nearly every evening, and when questioned as to the cause, he vaguely mentioned that he had joined a "club." His manner too became restless and his temper uncertain.

One day he inquired for the book of deposits upon the Savings Bank, which his wife had always kept.

His wife handed it to him without suspicion, supposing that he intended to make a deposit. How far this was from being true we shall best learn by accompanying him to the gaming-house in the evening.

Beside a table in one corner of the room

was seated a dark complexioned man, with abundance of hair on his face, and expression far from prepossessing. Charles Gray joined him.

"I have been waiting for you," he said.— So you have concluded to try your luck again. That's right. Never be disheartened by an occasional loss." Charles had lost two hundred dollars by

him the night before. "I was careless last night," replied Gray. I will try to play better to-night."

The gam ester smiled scarcely perceptible. In that smile, though Charles knew it not.

ais discomfiture was foreshadowed. "What shall be the stake?" he inquired. "We will begin with the amount of my oss last night," said Charles, throwing down

wo hundred dollars. " Good." Gamblers are keen observers. From the

expression, "we will begin," Gray's opposum in reserve.

nent judged that he had a considerably larger Accordingly, feeling entirely certain of his prey, whenever he choose to stoop for it, he intentionally played a poor game, and Charles

with exultation which he could with difficulty repress, found himself victor. His opponent exclaimed with well counter-

feited chagrin, "I believe fortune has deserted me." "Shall we have another game?" asked

Charles, cagerly.
"Name the stakes." "Twelve hundred dollars," said the me-

chanic, naming the aggregate of his deposit with the amount just won.
"It is a large sum," said his opponent,

with feigned reluctance. "However I won't be backward. Twelve hundred dollars let it

It was easy for him to play with Charles Gray, as the cat plays with the mouse. He was fully resolved to win, but not feeling certain whether there might not be more behind, he thought it politic to make the game a close one. At length fortune declared in

"I thought I was on the point of defeat," he said, breathing a sigh of apparent relief. That was a close game. You are a pretty even match for me. Shall we play again?" Charles was overwhelmed by his defeat .-He represented to himself what his wife would say when she learned that the deposit which had given them such a sense of security, had been swept away by one night's folly. And yet the game was close. A trifle

and he might have won—as he might again.

The result was that he staked his note for an equal amount. Without following the details of the games which succeeded, it is enough to say that when Charles Gray left the gaming-house he had not only lost all the

money he had brought with him, but four thousand dollars more, on a note of thirty days, this being the value of his house. When he entered his home, of late so cheer-

ful, now only suggesting the thought of his execrable folly, his wife was terrified by the wildness of his appearance. "What is the matter, Charles?" she asked.

"Nothing," said he, gloomily.
"But I know something is the matter.— "I wish I were. I wish it were anything

"You have not committed crime?" asked his wife, filled with an undefinable apprehen-

"Not in the eye of the law, perhaps," replied Charles, with keen reproach, "but it is crime nevertheless."

"Tell me the worst," replied his wife.-'Perhaps it is not so bad as it seems." is. Suppose I tell you that by a bad investment I had lost all our property."

"House and all?" inquired Mrs. Gray, turning pale. "Yes, every cent. Isn't that as bad as

Mrs. Gray was nearly overpowered for the moment. She had always been prudent, and economical, though far from parsimonious, and had taken great pride in her husband's property and the degree of independence which they had already sequenced. We also always at Captain Barton. which they had already acquired. Was she to blame for looking forward to a time when her husband might be rich enough to retire from business if he should choose, on a competence which would place them above the in town?" contingencies of fortune? At all events this was the day-dream which Mrs. Gray had entertained, and that scattered it into a thousand pieces was a rude one. It was on her lips to say, "How could you be so imprudent, Charles?" but a gance at her husband's pale, anxious countenance, awakened all the wife within her, and she said with an attempt

at cheerfulness: "It is bad enough," Charles, but it might be worse. We were getting too fond of mon-ey, perhaps, and this may be an admonition of Providence. After all, you have a good trade, and may win back what you have

lost." "It will take a long time." "Perhaps so, but we are young yet. We may yet acquire a competency for our later

"Should Charles Gray leave it so?" Would it be right to have his wife to believe that he had lost his property by a poor investment, and conceal from her the real cause. He was strongly tempted, but thanks to his better nature he resolved to make a clean breast of it. amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. He

"What!" said nis wife turning pale.-Have you run into debt, besides?"
"It isn't that. We have not only lost our property, though that is enough in all conscience, but I didn't tell you how it was

"Wasn't it by a bad investment?"

"Bad enough, Mary, and worse than you imagine. It was lost at the gaming-table."

Poor Mary! It was indeed a bad thing to become reconciled to. She had been brought up to hold the gaming house in utter horror, and the thought that her husband had frequented it was even worse than his loss of

property.
"I knew you wouldn't forgive me," said Charles, despondingly.

"Poor Charles," she said, pityingly, "you were led away, I am sure. Promise me that I tremble for you."

"Tush, Charles; I know a thing or two.—

I read that fellow's play as easily as I can you never will enter a gaming-house again." A B C. "I no'er will as long as I live," replied Charles, eurnestly, "at least to play; but he added with renewed despondency," what is trust to fortune, but is willing to help her a

the use of saying that! It is only locking little. On each one of the court cards there the stable door after the horse is stolen." "No," said Mary, "if it has cured you of tention of one who is not initiated, which bethis destructive habit, we can afford to lose ing varied in position for each tells him unour property." In this way she endeavored to cheer her

husband, but he felt too keenly his culpable | that out?" folly to be easily consoled.

The next day he was feverish, and did not

In this time of trouble Mary bethought | playing was sufficient." herself of an uncle-an ex-sea captain, who had retired from service with a handsome competence. She thought he might be able to cheer her husband, and perhaps council me," said the captain, good-humoredly .him as to what course it would be best for him to take.

Without communicating her intention to her husband, she tripped over to Captain Barton's dwelling.

The Captain was reading a morning paper over his coffee. In a few words she made known her errand. "It is a bad business," said the captain.

shaking his head. "Do you think Charles is so very much to blame?" asked Mrs. Gray, willing to shield

her husband. "As to that," said Captain Barton, laying down his paper, "if he is, I'm not the man to be hard upon him. Those that live in glass

houses shouldn't throw stones." "Why, uncle, you don't mean to say that you ever visited the gaming-house." "Yes I do," said the captain. "It was when I was younger and mayhap more foolish than I am now. I won't tell you how much I lost, but it didn't happen without my

finding out some of their tricks." "What, don't they play fair," inquired to-night. I found the land pirate lying in the guileless Mrs. Gray "Fair! I should say not, except when they are compelled to. I haven't the least had of cleaning me out and leaving me high

his money. "It is hard to give up our pleasant home, but I suppose it can't be helped." "Avast there!" said the captain. "Perhaps matters ain't so bad. I've a good mind

to take up your husband's cause myself, and shiver a lance in his behalf." "How, uncle?" "In this way. If Charles will go with me to the gaming-house and introduce me to the sharper that fleeced him, I'll win back his down pretty quick, and decided that he had

"No, no, uncle," said Mary, in terror.-'I don't want you to lose your money too." "Who talks of losing money? I mean to

win it." "But he will cheat you as he did Charles?"
"Perhaps he will," said the captain, significantly. "I rather think I know enough to detect his tricks. He'll find me quite a different customer from Charles."

The captain's confidence at length removed Mary's fears, and she consented to his making the trial.

Her uncle at once went over to the cottage to see Charles. A few cheering words had a wonderful effect in removing the latter's despondency, and it was agreed that they should go over the next evening.

"Now," said Captain Burton, "I am supposed to be a pretty good mimic. The part I am going to take for this occasion is that of an old farmer from Vermont, slightly unsop-Perhaps it is not so bad as it seems."

histicated, but with plenty of tin. I must be off and "make myself up" accordingly.

The evening arrived. Charles Gray and his uncle entered the gaming-house, The latter was admirably made up" for the occasion. Few who looked at him and heard his broad pronunciation would have dreamed that he had ever before

been fifty miles from home.

"Mr. Eliphalet Barton, of Vermont," said Charles, introducing him. "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Barton,'

said the sharper. "Shall you remain long "About a week, I guess. Nephew Charles told me there was a good deal to be seen, and I'm bound to see the lions. Pesky big place

Boston is." "Very." After a letter more conversation of this kind, the sharper, who, from some hints which had been dropped, was led to believe Captain Barton a man of wealth, invited the

pair to play. "As to that," said Charles, "I think I will look on, but possibly my uncle will be willing to take a hand."

The latter said he always liked "keerds," and finally sat down to the table. Captain Barton was victor in the first game, at the result of which he expressed his exul-

tation loudly. "I've got you fairly hooked," thought his

opponent. Meanwhile Barton, though apparently intent upon his own game, watched his adversary's play with the sharpest attention. At the close of the evening he was a loser to the "Mary," said he, "I haven't told you the was equally loud in expressing his chagrin; worst yet." and in his complaints of his "confounded

luck." "Perhaps you will be more lucky next time," suggested the sharper.
"I say," said Barton, "will you be here

to-morrow night?" "Yes," was the eager reply. "May I hope for a farther trial?"

"I'll try again," said Barton, "if I lose every cent of the six thousand dollars I brought with me." At the mention of this sum, the sharper's eyes sparkled.

"Charles," said Captain Barton, on the way home, "to-morrow night I shall win back all you have lost." "How can you be so confident, uncle?

"How was that?" "I will tell you. As I supposed he doesn't

is a little mark, too minute to attract the ating varied in position for each tells him unerringly what high cards his opponent has." "But how did you have a chance to find

"You noticed how long it took me to shuf-fle and how awkwardly I did it. Well all go out to his business. His despondency that time I was studying those cards, and seemed to increase upon him.

"I had no idea how sharp you were, un-"It's well you are beginning to appreciate

'But it's time we were at home." "One question more. How can you avail yourself of your knowledge?" "I shall purchase a pack of cards precise-

ly like those this fellow uses, and mark them with his own marks, only the marks shall be on the low cards. Before we play for a heavy stake I will take the opportunity to exchange them." "But won't he discover it?"

"Of course he will smell a rat, but do you think he will dare to say anything? As sure as he does I shall exhibit his own cards.

Late the next evening a ring was heard at the door of Charles Gray. Captain Barton was admitted.

"Well, uncle, how did you succeed?" exclaimed both in a breath.
"Here's your note, Charles," was the reply, "and here's the money you lost." "And then your plan succeeded? Tell

us about it." "You see," said the captain, "I went in wait for me. He was very glad to see me .doubt but your husband was tricked out of his money."

and dry. The first two games were only for a small stake. He let me win Next time I proposed to play for an amount which would cover your losses. He didn't object much .-Before beginning (it was my turn to shuffle) I managed to exchange his pack for mine.-Well, the upshot of it was that the marks led him all astray, and I had no difficulty in beating. By that time he began to think something was to pay, and undertook to make a

> after." "Uncle," said Charles, grasping his hand warmly, "you have saved me from the conscquences of my folly. How shall I thank you?"
> "By resolving," said Captain Barton, seriously, "never again to enter a gaminghouse, or making even the smallest sum on the chances of a game. Are you willing to "I am; and with God's belp I will keep

> fuss, but a few words from me calmed him

better let it pass. I reckon he will be a lit-

tle shy of strangers 'from Varmount' here-

Slanders, issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

my resolution."

Reading matter on every page.

## Miscellaneous.

A Touching Story.

mother's love and counsel.

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and sufhome and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till she reached her own door.

think upon what I have said." She looked astonished at my boldness but sure's yer born."

lock you in your room and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future." "I dare you to do it, you can't get me up

laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently and was deadly pale.

what I said.

eye. "Then follow me," said she, as she grasped

rent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me, but I saw her heart beat against her breast.

The gardener had just then passed the door and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support himself, he stopped.

"Take this boy up stairs, and lock him in his room," said she, and turned from me.— Looking back as she was entering her room she gave me such a look of agony mingled with the most intense love!—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was brok-

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the window and dash my brains out, but I was afraid to do it. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued; but my stubborn pride rose in an devil rot gut. instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep. Just at twihis fishing lines break. light I heard a footstep approach the door.-

It was my sister. "What may I tell my mother for you?" she asked.

"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our sakes say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive he go to—the Legislature.

fearful night. Another footstep slower and feebler than

"Alfred, my son, shall I come?" she asked. I cannot tell what influence operating at that moment made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother thrilled through me, and melted the ice of Go get the muzzle now, and put upon his my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw mouth, and stop that bow, bow, bow! and myself on her neck, but I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her groan. Honged

"Get up, Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute! Mother is dying !" I thought that I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically and followed my sister. Who was a great favorite. On the bed, pale and cold as marble lay my mother. She had thrown herself on the bed an elephant." to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized again with a palpitation of the heart,

My sister threw her arms around me and

and borne senseless to her room.

motion of mother's hand, her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her to a fair Quakeress thus: lips. I could not understand her words.-Mother, mother! say only that you forgive me." She could not say it with her lips, but | thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my hands within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, to be alone, I will sojourn with thee." and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dead form, till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had gone for-

it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness pallid with thick vapors, and dark as the Shadow of Death." It is the mirror, in short, on which it is caught, which lends to the face of nature the aspect of its own turbulence or tranquility.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a futher to his son, as a

fered failed to move me! She rose to go privet, thayd stop kissin mi hands and fawn-"It is school time now," said she. "Go, du awl I kin to phit miself fur the perzishion

replied firmly.

"Certainly you will go, Alfred I command "I will not," said I, in a tone of defiance.

stairs." "Alfred choose now," said my mother who

"Will you go, Alfred?"
"No," I replied, but quailed beneath her

my arm firmly. I raised my foot and kicked—her, my sainted mother! How my head reels as the tor- the presents ov the futur King ov Ingland,

"Oh! Heavenly Father," said she, "for-give him—he knows not what he does?"

She beckoned him in.

" Nothing," I replied.

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating and again I threw myself upon the bed, to pass another wretched and

by name. It was my mother's.

to call her back, but I did not. I was awakened from my uneasy slumber, by hearing my name called loudly, and my sisted stood at my bedside.

wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight | because it's full of ivory."

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or throat, and he very politely observed: yield to her influence, BEWARE! Lay not up for yourseves bitter memories for future late!" years.

A cheerful heart paints the world as publication of his paper will be suspended

The foreman of a grand jury in Missouri, after administering an eath to a beau-tiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, presented his face, and said, "Now kiss the traveling. book madam." He didn't discover his mistake, until the whole jury burst into a roar of laughter.

matters & things & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein a Prince as fur as heed got. "Tu speke plane, Mr. Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sik ov awl this bowin & scrapin & krawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I wud rather go thru the kuntry quietly & enjoy miself in mi own wa, with the warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel.

a the boys, & not be made a sho ov to be garped at by evrybody. When the peple chear me I feal plezed, fur I not be made a sho ov to be garped at by evrybody. When the peple chear me I feal plezed, fur I not be made a sho ov to be garped at by evrybody. if these 1-horse offishuls cood no how I sees thru there muves & understand exakly whot tha ar after, & node how I larfed at em in in over me as tha now du. But u no, Mister Ward, I kant help bein a Prince, & I must

Artemus Ward's Interview with the

Prince. Artemus Ward, the showman—the man of

many experiences and unlimited humor-has seen the Prince. The interview between these distinguished persons is supposed to have taken place at Sarnia, and A. Ward, Esq., tells his story as follows:

He handed me a segar & we sot down on the Pizarro & cummenst smokin' rite cheer-

"Wall," sez I, "Albert Edward, how's the

"Her Majesty & the Prince are awl well," "Duz the old man taik his logger reglar?"

The Prince larfed and intimaited that the

old man didn't let menny kegz ov that bev-

rige spile in the sellar in the course of a yere. We sot & tawked there sum thyme about

old fokes?"

inquired.

my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

"I shan't go to school," said I.

"That's troo," sez I, "sikness and the dokters will karri the Quene orf I ov these daiz,

The tyme hevin arove for me to taik my deeparter, I roze up & sed: "Albert Edward I must go, but previs to duin so, I will obsarve that you soot me. Yure a gud feller, "One of the two you must do, Alfred-- Albert Edward, and the Ime agin Princes as either go to school this morning, or I will a gineral thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as gud a man as yer muther has bin. Be just and be Jenerus, espeshally to shoman, who have allers bin abuzed sinse the daze of Noa, whu wuz the 1st man to go in the Manajerry bizness, & if the dalie papers ov his tyme are to be bleved, Noa's kollekshun ov livin wild beests bete anything ever seen sins, "If you touch me I will kick you," said I the I maik bold to dout of his snaikz was ahed in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not of mine. Albert Edward, adoo!" I tuk his of mine. Albert Edward, adoo!" I tuk his have which he shuk warmly, and givin him a perpetocal free pars to my sho, & also par-

> bert, I put on my hat and walkt awa.
> "Mrs. Ward," I solilerquized as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, ef you cood sea yur huzband now, jest as he prowdly emerjis from youd be sorry you kald him a Beest jest becawz he cum hom tired 1 nite, and wud go to bed without takin orf his butes. You'd be sorry to deprive yure huzband of the priseliss Boon ov liberty, my dear Betsy Jane!

ses to taik hoam two the Quene and Old Al-

The Man who Don't Pay the Printer.

May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to walk over plains of gunpowder. May every day of his life be more despotic than the Dev of Algiers.

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eve-stone. May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman. May his sheets be sprinkled with cowage

and with bed bugs, and fleas be the sharers of his couch. May 240 nightmares trot quarter races over his stomach every night. May his wife be always cross, and his ba-

by ever on the squall. May his demijohn always be full of blue May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders.

May a troop of printer's "devils," lean, lank, gaunt and grim, and a regiment of cats, catterwaul under his chamber window each

In short, may his business go to ruin, and A Touching Appeal.—"Morgan spare that dog, touch not a single hair; he worries many a hog from out his muddy lair. Oh, when he was a pup, so frisky and so plump, he lapmy sister's disturbed me. A voice called me | ped his milk from a cup, when hungry—at a jump. And then his funny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks upon hands and face. You will surely let him live! Oh, do not kill him-dead; he wags his narrative and prays for life-not lead. tendency to drought. He is your children's pet, companion of their joy; you will not kill him yet, and thus their hopes destroy. No.

Morgan, spare that pup, and go away from A story is told of Sully the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a certain belle

"Oh, oh! Mr. Sully, how could you be so rude?" "Rude, ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant,

A Quaker lately popped the question "Hum-yea, verily, Penelope, the spirit

urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech

bone of my bone." "Hum-truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said, and inasmuch as it is not good for man

An Irishman was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken.— The poor bird chirruped as it went down his

"Be the powers, me friend ye spoke too A Missouri editor announces that the

has taken for subscriptions. A man's good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortunes as often averts the heads of his friends.

for six weeks in order that he may visit St.

Louis with a load of bear-skins, hoop-poles,

shingles, pork, pickled cat-fish,&c., which he

Let me kiss him mother," is the song of the ladies where the Prince of Wales is

Fame is like an eel-rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.