TIME OF LEAVING OF TRAINS
WINTER ARRANGEMENT. FAST MAIL
THROUGH
EXPRESS. | F. M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | N. Hamilton, | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M. | A.M. | A.M. | A.M. | F. M. | A.M. | A.M The FAST LINE Eastward leaves Altoona at 120 A. M., and arrives at Huntingdon at 2 37 A. M. The ENIGRANT TRAIN Westward leaves N. Hamilton at 10 28 A. M. and arrives at Hunting on, 11 25 A M.

## READING RAIL ROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

REAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE North and North-West for Philadelphia, New-York, Reading, Pottsville, Ledanon, Allentown, Easton, Trains leave Marrisdurg for Philadelphia, New-York, Reading, Cottsville, and all Intermediate Stations, at 8 A. M., and 200 P. M.

New-York Express leaves Harrisdurg at 300 A. M., artiving at New-York at 10,15 the same morning.

Farrisdurg at New-York at 6 10,15 the same morning.

Farrisdurg 10 New-York at 6 A. M., 12 Noon, and 7 P. M., (Pittenung Express new-York at 6 A. M., 12 Noon, and 7 P. M., (Pittenung Express artiving at Harrisdurg at 2 A. M.), Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 330 P.M. Sleeping care in the New-York Express Trains, through to and from Pittenung without change.

Passengers by the Catawissa Rail Road leave Tandula at 8.30 A. M., for Philadelphia and all New-York, and all Way Points.

Trains leave Pyttsynleni 9.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisdurg and New-York.

An Accommodation Passenger Train leaves Reading at 6.30 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 4.30 P. M.

PHILABELPHIA, HARNEGUEG AND NEW-YORK.

An Accommodation Passenger Train leaves Reading at
6.30 A. M., and returns from Philabelphia at 4.30 P. M.
Spr. All the above trains run daily, kundays excepted.
A. Sunday train leaves Potesville at 7.30 A. M., and
blinderight at 3.16 P. M.
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ount made to the trae. FELTON & RAU,

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\*No. 2 is the size generally used in private families. ORANGE JUDD, of the "American Ag-

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Wheels. A good CANVASSER wanted in

every town. ces where no one is solling, we will send the Wringer free of expense. For particulars and circulars ad-R. C. BROWNING, 317 Broadway, N. Y.

Aug. 12, '63.



The Globe.

Entrapping a Murderer.

A SPECULATOR'S STORY.

dress, which, by intentional careless-

ness, soon had a very mean, slovenly

ference of razor or comb. Thus pre-

dangerous territory in comparative

safety, and flattered myself that none

guessed my riches through my appa-

In fact, on two occasions, I began to

think it might have been to my ad-

vantage to have looked a little more

respectable. The first of these was

when traveling through the Choctaw

nation. I found a drove of horses that

pleased me very much, and was told

by the owner, in reply to my question

habit of naming his price to every

wandering beggar that chose to satisfy

an idle curiosity. I was disposed at

first to put on some dignity and get

indignant, but concluded, after a care-

had good cause for speaking as he did,

and so merely assured him that I knew

an individual who wished to buy hor-ses; if he could get them at a fair price.

ilar to the first, it may be passed over

But out of this same cause grew a

ore remarkable adventure, which it

While passing between two settle-

ments, over a lonely, gloomy horse-

path, leading through a dark, bemlock

wood, and while in the most solitary

part, there suddenly came before me,

leaping from a thicket on the right, a

human figure of a most startling ap-

pearance. It was a man of medium

height, but of a stout, powerful frame.

all covered with dirty tatters, that he

appeared to have worn and wallowed

his head or feet, and his skin was so

at a first look to tell whether he be-

longed to the white race or not. His

face, high up on his cheeks, was cover-

ed with a dirty brown beard, and his

matted hair hung in wild profusion all

around his bead, except a little space

and altogether he looked like a mad-

fore me, was one of fierce menace and

I stopped in alarm, and, while fixing

my eyes sharply upon his, quietly slid

my hand into a convenient pocket and

grasped the butt of one of my revolv-

ers, firmly determined to keep him at

the short distance that divided us. or

For perhaps a half a minute we

stood silently regarding and surveying

each other, and then, resting one end

leaning forward on the other, he said,

in a coarse, gruff tone, with a kind of

whar ar' you from ?"

kill him if he advanced.

chuckling laugh:

genteel gentleman."

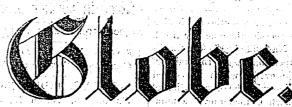
defiance.

my present purpose to relate.

without further notice.

rent poverty.





WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

-PERSEVERE.-

TERMS, \$1,50 a year in advance.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1864.

as plain as daylight. Say, what jail the family were about concluding their

or penitentiary lost you last?" evening meal. "Never mind that!" said I; "proba-

bly neither of us have got our deserts." ed, looked like you had five dollars gone forward with such confident boldabout you, I'd have knocked your ness; but feeling my conscience all brains out !" pursued the villain, with right, and knowing I was acting from a broad grin. "As it is, you can pass, a good motive, I kept up wonderful for I can swar you haint got a red!"

how!" rejoined 1. He still stood before me, looking di-

old fellow, how'd you like to make a raise?" "How would I like to eat when hundark project in view which, by seem-

ing to chime in with him, I might dissecured my money in a belt about my body, put on a very coarse, rough "Well, I've got a plan," he said, appearance, and allowed my hair and beard to manage matters their own way, without any troublesome interpared, and armed with two revolvers and a bowie knife, I passed over some go your halves."

"If there's any chance to turn a penny, I'm your man !" said I.

"Good!" returned he; "you look like trump, and I'll bet high on you. I don't know," he added, eyeing me and as soon as we were alone togethsharply, "but I may be deceived, but er, I told him in a few words who and I think I'll risk it. If you go for to what I was, the strange adventure I play any game on me, you'd better had met with, and disclosed in full the look out for yourself, that's all."

"Do I look like such a scamp as that?" returned I, in a rather indignant tone.

as to what he would take a head for "Well, let's take a seat, and talk it the entire lot, that he was not in the

We found an old log and sat down ; and after some preliminary conversation, my new and interesting acquaintance unfolded to me a most dumnable scheme, the substance of which was as ful survey of my person, that the man follows: He knew the country well for miles

around, and the exact position and condition of every settler. One man, living in a rather lonely quarter, about The horse owner, however, was not five miles distant, was a speculator in disposed to believe my statement, and horses and cattle, which he sometimes so I passed him by, with the resolve brought and drove to a distant market. that, if nothing better turned up, I He had a great deal of money, which would give him another call, under a it was supposed he kept secreted in nore advantageous appearance. As his dwelling; and to get possession of the second instance alluded to was sim- his money was, of course, the object in the fellow was strong and desperate, view. The trouble was, that the man and perhaps had some slight suspicion low, who always went well armed, and so had, besides his wife, two grown up sons and a daughter, which was a lived a poor widow, who had nothing worth stealing except her clothes, rods distant. which would be valuable for carrying out our plan. This plan was to rob the widow first of her clothing, dress me up in them, and have me seek lodging at the speculator's house. Then in the night, when all the family sh'ld | to lead a charmed life, and still he run in for years. He had no covering for in my confederate, and we were to attempt the murder of the inmatescoated with grime that it was difficult the robbery and burning of the house to follow and be the concluding scene.

I secretly shuddered at the atrocity of the contemplated crime, but appearlain, inquiring as to the amount of mobefore his swoller, blood shot eyes; ney we should thus probably obtain, intended, without exciting their fears. and objecting to nothing but the great There was no more sleep in that house man or human devil. His bands held risk we should have to run, both be- that night. and swung a formidable club, and his fore and after the accomplishment of attitude, as he leaped into the road beour purpose. I permitted my eager companion to gradually quiet my-fears,

and at last consented to act. When everything had thus become settled, we struck off into the fields, to avoid being seen, and just before dark came in sight of the widow's house .--As my companion was acquainted with the premises, I insisted that he should procure the female garments, but solemnly warned him that if he harmed the poor woman in the least, I would have nothing further to do with the

of his club on the ground, and partly affair. As good luck would have it, the widow was not at home, and my murderous friend managed to break in "Well, - me! I's in hopes I'd and get the necessary clothing withgot a prize at last; but if you're much out doing any further damage. The better off nor me, you don't show it, widow being a large woman, I had by -! Stranger, who ar' you? and no trouble in arranging the dress so as | ged my whole fortune! and sometimes to pass in a dim light as a tolerably when I gaze fondly upon my wife, I "Well," returned I, feeling highly respectable female; and then, having am tempted to bless the dark and wiccomplimented, of course, that I resem- agreed upon the story I was to tell, bled such a villainous looking object how I would manage matters, and the to so much happiness. as himself, "some people call me a signal that would assure my accombeggar, and I know I dont pass for a plice of all being right, we went forward together, till we came in sight of "I'll swar to that, haw, haw, haw!" the house to be robbed, when I made bin Boy"—"The Farmer Boy"—and was his chuckling response. "The my nearest way to the road, and conworld baint made much of you, more'nt tinued on alone, reaching the dwelling it has of me. I see steal in your face about an hour after dark, and just as

Had my design been really what I had led my villainous companion to "Well, if you had been decent dress- believe, I cortainly would never have assurance, feeling curious to see how "Much obliged for your candor, any | well I could play my part, and to what extent I could carry the deception.

I asked for lodging for the night, rectly into my eye, and now seemed and something to cat, and was kindly sently he muttered, as if to himself: | thing that sent the blush of shame and me of his pacific intentions toward not particularly susceptible to female myself, and quietly advancing to my attractions in general, I thought I had side; "I've got a plan that will give neverlooked upon so lovely interesting us both a heap of money, and it'll just a creature before. I stammered out take two to carry it out. - I've been some unintelligible replies, kept my wanting a pal, and if you'll join in I'll hood well drawn over my face, and asked to be permitted to have a few minute's private conversation with the master of the house.

Of course this request caused considerable surprise, but it was granted, plot of my road-acquaintance to murder and rob him. He turned pale at the recital, and seemed much astonished, but begged me not to mention the design to his wife and daughter. He then called his two sons, strong, determined fellows, recounted the plot to them, and arranged to have everything go forward as if the scheme was being carried out as its vile author designed.

It took some shrewd management to keep me to my part without letting the females into the secret: but it was offected; and before midnight I cautiously opened the door, and looked out. There was my man, ready and waiting.

"Is all right?" he whispered. "Yes, come in."

As he crossed the threshold, the fahimself was a brave, determined fel. of the truth. With a wild yell he cleared their united grasps at a bound leaving a large portion of his rags in their hand. The next moment the force too great for any one individual | whole four of us were in chase of the to encounter. About a mile from him villain, as he ran across the road to gain the cover of a wood about twenty

"Fire!" shouted the father: "shoot down the scoundrel!"

We were all armed and prepared and at the word four revolvers began to crack behind him. But he seemed be asleep, I was to unbolt the door, let on, keeping a short distance ahead of ger; but he gained the woods and dis- to lose. appeared, and we reluctantly and with deen chagrin gave up the chase.

When we returned to the house, the wife and daughter were both up and ed to receive the disclosure with the terribly alarmed. Of course an explabusiness air of the most hardened vil- nation followed; the host being disappointed of making the capture, as he

The next morning we went out to the wood and discovered a trail of blood. We followed on for half a mile and found the ruffian lying dead, face downward, his hands firmly clinched upon some bushes. One of the sons recognized him as a suspected murderor, who had a couple of years before or, who had a couple of years before one utter an ungrammatical sentence? left that part of the country. He was buried with little ceremony. I was what would be correct, but take him warmly thanked for the part I had back to the principle that he has vioplayed to save the family; but from no other did the words sound so sweet to me as from the lips of the beautiful the same principle to it.

laughter.

So, also, in the requirements which you make of him, give him the reasdaughter. them for a while, and I stayed long enough to lose my heart and win another. Strange as it appears, in looking back to it, the event of that villain leaping into the road before me, chanked design that providentially led me

New and interesting Books .- "General Butler in New Orleans"-"The Ca-"The Bobbin Boy." For sale at Lewis' Book Store.

Goop.-Pickled Eggs.

## EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

S. B. CHANEY, Editor, whom all communications on the subject of Education should be addressed.

From the Pennsylvania School Journal,

Teach Your Pupils to Think. The primary object that we should

set before us, in all our labor in the school room-the thing we should bear continually in mind, should be the cultivation of correct habits of thoughts in our pupils. If we have gained this, we have gained everyto be pondering some new idea. Pre- and hospitably received. The first thing; if we have failed here, we have made nearly a total failure. The dis-"I think he might do." Then, a confusion to my cheeks, was the com- tinguishing feature of the new, in conmoment after, he said to me, "I say, ing forward of a young lady, about trast with the old methods of instruceighteen, beautiful as an hour; and in tion, is, that it sets the scholar in a sweet, gentle tone, asking me if I search for the reason of things, and had walked far, if I was much fatigued makes him work by the rule of comgry?" I answered, thinking it not un offering to take my hood, telling me I mon sense, and apply the principles likely that the scoundrel had some should soon be refreshed with a hot which he himself has investigated, racup of tea. This was a little too much | ther than by formulas of which he for my equanimity. I could have got knows nothing, except that they will along with all the rest, without being bring the answer. The one method especially disturbed; but I was then a trains the child to work like a machine throwing down his club, as if to assure young, unmarried man, and, though the other trains him to make use of ked them over slowly. He always did the powers, the faculties of mind which God has given him, and to analyze the several processes by which he seeks to arrive at correct results. The one trains the student to add, subtract, multiply and divide; the other also trains him to do this, but it trains him to think continually why he does it.

Do not train your pupils then, as Page's Teacher did, to do things because "the rule says so," but so discipline them to think, that they could construct a rule for themselves if all the text books were blotted out of ex-

Accustom the child not to receive a principle as true, until it has been proved to be so. Let him even question the statement you make him, if he does it in a proper spirit, and with a desire to understand the principles on which those statements are founded. Let him even argue with you, and if his arguments are unsound, or even ridiculous, do not think them unworthy of your notice, but show him their unsoundness, and teach him to use better. It should be a source of pleasure to us when we see the dis seek proof of the correctness of our assertions; and the true teacher will ing in the opposite-for the sooner this is checked the better both for teacher and scholar; but I am speaking of that disposition to test your statements, that a child, very anxious to know the reason of things, will often

But not only in the exact sciences may you teach children to think: the moral and the physical furnish a yet wider range for the cultivation of correct habits of investigation, and of reasoning back to causes and forward to results. There is hardly a recitation in the natural sciences, but it opens up a field for awakening the mind and sending it out to trace cause and effect us. Once I fancied I saw him stag- that the teacher should not be willing

> Does the text book mention the fact, that the coast of Labrador has a much colder climate than exists at the same latitude in Europe? You have an excellent opportunity to set them thinking how the Gulf stream, and the cold currents from the Arctic ocean, operate to produce this difference. Is the fact, that there is a rainless region in Peru brought before them? The trade winds, together with the known laws respecting the condensation and consequent falling of vapor, will enable them to account for it, and will also give an impetus to their minds that will render their progress in study much more rapid. Do you hear lated, and make him correct himself by it; then he will be prepared to notice any similar mistake, and to apply

ons, and, so far as possible, make him understand the utility of them: We too often require children to take our ipse dixit, instead of controlling them n decordance with the laws that God has inwrought into the very texture This method of teaching will require

time; it will require hard, long-continued, and oft-repeated efforts; it is not a thing of mushroom growth, and will not enable you to make that display of facts acquired that the other meth od will. But labor earnestly, patient beggared. Could I write to Maggie ly, perseveringly, and when the harthen? Dared I write her after I had vest time shall come, you will not be been in California six months, and not without your sheaves, and beneath every husk shall be found the full golden kernel, to reward your faithful kept waiting until just now. But New and handsome styles of

NO. 39.

THE STORY OF A LETTER.

"Any letter for me to day?" What a white face it was ! yet beautiful, for all that. Beautiful, although the bright eyes had grown dim and ustreless, the cheek lost its carnation, the lips their crimson; beautiful, despite the lines care and sorrow-not time-had drawn across the white brow, shaded by such a wealth of waving, sunny brown hair. Care and sorrow, we say; yet we might have said it was waiting that made pretty sweet Maggie Austin old, when but little more than a score of summers had passed over her innocent head-

waiting. "Any letter for me to-day?" A dash of crimson flushed the white brow, dyeing lips and cheeks. A sudden gleam came into the dim eyesweeping made them dim. What a trembling there was of the slight form what a wavering, as if between hope and fear, of the rich voice !

The old postmaster took down a bundle of letters marked "A." and loowhen Maggie asked for letters, althohe knew well enough-sympathetic old man that he was-that there was none for her, and that "no" must be the answer, let him defer it as long as he could. Had'nt she come regularly every day, rain or shine, for the last six months, with that same question upon her lips—that question to which a negative reply was always given-'Any letter for me to day?"

Poor Maggie Austin! Every one said two years before, when gay, dashing Hugh Austin led her to the altar, that the young scapegrace only courted the girl's property, and when he had obtained that, would not hesitate to cast the sweet, trusting wife aside to suit his convenience.

Hugh Austin was poor-Maggie was an orphan and comparatively rich. Hugh embarked in an unsuccessful speculation and lost all. Mag gie said, "Nover mind, Hugh, we can work." ' And she smiled just as sweetly as when she said a year previous

"I am yours, Hugh." But poverty was stinging, and the cry of "gold, gold," came from the far position on the part of our pupils, to off mines of California. Hugh Austin went. Every one said he meant to desort his young wife and the baby; that rejoice at every such opportunity of he had left them unprovided for, and strengthening the mental powers of what would they do? Every one said his pupils. I am not speaking now that handsome, and winning, and pleaof that pertness which delights in con- sing as Hugh was, he was a rascal after all-"every one" said so, and "every one" believed it, except Maggie, who, with a noble woman's trust, scorned alike the imputation and its supposed fabricators.

> Maggie turned away from the postoffice. What of it? She had turned away hundreds of times with that same look of despair upon her white face. The passers by jostled her-she was weak and faint. Poor Maggie! weak and faint-yet what of it? Who cared?

"Writing home, eh?" said Charles Summers.

Hugh Austin yawned, wiped the ink from the pen, and then replied, "Yes." "To that dear little wife of yours, eb, Hugh?"

"Yes again, you inquisitive Charlie." "Inquisitive, am 1?" said Charles. Well, how many letters have you written the charming little lady since you have been here?"

A crimson flush crent up over his handsome face, as Hugh replied: "I'm postmaster: ashamed to own it, Charlie, but this is the fitst."

"First!" said Charlie Summers, "First ! why, you're a wretch, a most unpardonable wretch!"

I'll tell you how it was; when I arrived here I was so busy and hated letter writing so much that I kept putting it off day after day, week after week, until I was ashamed to write without sending something beside words—they won't always pay the baker and butcher, you know. Well, so I waited and waited, and all I could do was to run clear myself; board high and the miserablest luck in the world.' "And yet at a single stroke you made nearly four hundred pounds."

"I know it," said Hugh. "I am a wretch-I know it. As you say, at a single stroke I made four hundred. In one night I lost it all. I was going to write to Maggie the very next day Then I was passing a gambling hellwent in, drank, played, lost and was beggared. Could I write to Maggie send her a penny? So I waited, and toil, your long and patient waiting.— when she gets this letter she'll be 20 Wall Paper just received at Lewis Clinton Democrati. P. C. H. pounds richer, poor little puss, and Book Store.

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then she'll forgive me for my long sionce; I know she can't help it." "She ought not to forgive you." said his companion.

"No, I know it," replied Hugh; but lear child, she loves me so devotedly; and I-well, I believe I worship the very ground she walks on, Charlie. But then, but then-

"Mas. Maggie Austin." A California post mark, superscription in Hugh Austin's well known hand. Was it possible? The little old postmaster read the address over and over there was no mistake, the letter had come !

"Won't she be so glad-won't ber eyes shine? Oh, it will be worth a hundred pounds to give this to her," said the old postmaster to his wife. Poor child i"

The old lady said "poor child!" and then took up the stitch she had drop.

"I'm getting so blind I she muttered. But I shouldn't wonder if that tent made you so, dear, sympathetic old la-

"I don't see why she don't come." said the little old postmaster, as the afternoon wore away, and the evening came on. "You take the letter over. Hannah-poor thing, maybe she or the baby's ill."

"I would, John, but for my rheumatism," said the old lady; "but I'll mind the office a bit-you run over-it's only a step, John."

"Mercy on me, what a woman you ere, Hannah!" said the old man; "but I'll go over when I close the office."

"Go at once, please, John," said the old lady, coaxingly," for I'm worried about the poor young thing. How strange she looked yesterday afternoon, when she said, "Are you sure there is nothing here for me?" "Yes, I saw it, Hannah," said the

old man. "And you know I asked her after the baby," continued the wife, and she said, "Not very well, I thank you, but it will be better to morrow." "And what of that, Hannah ?" he

"Oh, nothing," she replied, "only the words and the way struck me, and she put her band over her heart as if it hurt her, though I've seen her do so dozens of times for ought I know." "Poor thing !" said the old postmas-

o pell pilong long damanga. Managalan sa numa numa an Rap, rap, rap. among the lilacs in front of Maggie Austin's window. The stars were up in the sky, and the moon looked down with pale, sad face upon the little late postmaster as he atood at Maggie Aug-

tin's door. Rap, rap, rap. But there came no answer.

"It can't be that she's asleep," tho't the old man. Ah, but Maggie was asleep ! Hesven forgive her !- for those who sleep thus never wake again! Life had been too weary! Oh, Maggie, with your dead baby clasped upon your breast! Oh, Maggie, if you had ho-

"Any letter for me to day?" It was High Austin who asked the question.

ped but one day more! lo action!

"A strange handwriting hal my own letter and two locks of bright hair! What can it mean?" Hugh Austin's face was very pale,

as he read, in the handwriting of the "Take back your letter—it came too late; they are both dead. Heaven for-

give you; your negligence killed them. bringing his hand down emphatically Here is a lock of your wife's and ba by's hair. They are buried in one grave. Heaven forgive you! Oh! if "I wouldn't let anybody say that your letter had came one day sooner, but you," returned Hugh Austin. "But or if Maggie had but hoped and waited one day more !"

wa. When we hear of the arrival of ship loaded with "egg coal," we are to conclude that her cargo is stowed awsy under hatches? the birest

A man on the gallows may be said to run the hazard of the die

wa When do we learn the suppo not sauce;) from which a restaurant reeper derives his origin? alsacozi 7/ When he tells us that be has Beau

Boup. The state of A married man cannot have a single object in view, as, generally speaking, he must look after numerous re-

appnesibilities. 12 moneyorl olato Why is a mild winter like the letter S? Because it makes no sno.

rea. The Parlor Matches, superior to any other kind in the market, for sale at Lewis' Book Storo.