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VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 37.1

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1861.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,599.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of

Terms of Subscription. One Copyperaurum, if paidin advance, 2150
if not paid within three
months from commencement of the year, 200

A Conts a copy. Not ubscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearises are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Lip stoney may occumitted by mail au hepablisher.

Rates of Advertising. squart [6 ines] one week, \$0.38
three weeks. 75
each absequent insertion, 10
[12 ines] one week 50
three weeks. 100
three weeks. 100
Largerid vertisement in proportion
Aliberal liseount will be made to quarterly, halfearly or rearly divertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

DR. HOFFER. DENTIST .-- OFFICE, Front Street 4th door Columbia, Pa. II Entrance, same as Jolley's Photograph Gallery. [August 21, 1858.

THOMAS WELSH, TUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whitper's New Building, below Binck's Hotel, Front street. II Frompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 29, 1857.

H. M. NORTH. TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia.Pa. lections promptly made in Lancaster and York Sounties. Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER. Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Columbia, Pa.

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S. PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechan ical Departments of Dennistry.
OFFICE Locustatreet, between he Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa
May 7, 1859.

Harrison's Coumbian Ink. WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any manity, at the Family Medicele Store, and blacker jet is that English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

We Have Just Received DR. CUTTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspender and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladies just the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Formty Medicine Store, Odd Fe. low Hall.

[April 9, 1859]

Prof. Gardner's Soap.

WE have the New England Soup for those who did not obtain it from the Soap stain it is plansame to the skin and refl take greate spots from Wooren Goods, it is therefore no humand, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store Columbia, June 11, 1569

RAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspipities, and Arrow Root Crackers, for in ds and elaloten-new articles in Columbia, a lamity Medicine Store,

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE .- The want of Some numerical is fear or every family, and now it can be supplied, to mending fundament, then work, mys ac, there is nothing superior. We have found the old in repairing many superior. We have found the old in repairing many fariedes which have been declars for months. You Jan sent it at the FMILT VIEDICINE STORE

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Subscribers have received a New and Lair ock of all kings and sizes of BAR IRON AND STEEL! They are constantly appeared with stock in this branch of his business, and can marsh it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates

J. RUMPLE & SON,

Localst street below Second, Columbia, Pa.

Localst stan

DITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, Ac. For sale n folden Mortar DrugStore, Front st. [July2

A VER'S Compound Concentrated Extract A Sar-aparilla for the cure of Seconda c. King's Evil and all secondates affections, a fresh article just occurred and for sale by sept. 21, 1859. FOR SALE.

200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for each. R WHALAMS.

Dutch Herring! A Ny one fond of a good Hern Ny one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at S. F. EBERLEIN'S Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust at T YON'S PURE ONIO CATAWBA BRANDY

nd Sucramental purposes, at the Jan.28 PAMILY MEDICINE STORE. NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,
No. 71 Locust street. TARDEN SEEDS .- Fresh Garden Seeds, war-

ranted pure, of all kinds, just received at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, alt 10.1860. No 71 Losust street. March 10.1860. POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.

A LARGE for of Fine and Common Pocket Bool and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each He adquarters and News Depot. Columbia, April 14, 1-60.

A EEW more of those beautiful Prints lett, which will be sold cheap, it which will be sold cheap, at SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Columbia, Pa. April 11.

Just Received and For Sale. 1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large

APPOLD'S Watchouse, Canal Basin May 5, 60. OLD CREAM OF GLYCERINS.—For the cure at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Front street, Columbia,

Dec 3,1859. Turkish Prunes! OR a first rate article & Primes 5 on must go to S. P. EBERLEIN'S Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS. JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Newton and Grawold's manufacture, at SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Book Store, Agril 14 Front street, above Locust.

FRESH GROCERIES.

FRESH GROCERIES.

W E continue to self the best-Levy Syrup, White and Brown Sugars, good Coffres and choice Teas to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Od Verllows Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the link. H. C. FONDERSMITH. Segars, Tobacco, &c.

A LOT of first-rate Segars, Toloneco and Sunff will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first rate article. Call it. S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store.
Locust at , Columbia, Pa

CRANBERRIES, N EW Crop Pranes, New Caron. at Oct. 20, 1860. A. M. RAMBO'S.

SARDINES.

Worcestershire Sauce, Refined Cocoa, &c., just received and for sale by S. F. EBERLEIN.
Oct. 20, 1860, No. 71 Locust St.

"Well met," said M. de Meronville, going CRANBERRIES. TUST received a fresh tot of Cramberries and New Some time—ever since I have known you— "All the gentlemen are out; let us look however, I will to introduce to you M. de Solange; You everywhere; I will go into the bed-room into my room."

Selections.

A WAGER.

"Do you mean my marriage or the hus-

t Florence that you were to be married on

he 18th of last June-almost a year ago-

to the Baron Prosper de Solange, and be-

hold when I receive the formal letter of an-

nouncement I find that you were really mar-

ried on the eighteenth; but instead of being

Baronne de Solange, I find you Countess de

"Then you did not love M. de Solange?"

"Then you do not love M. de Meron-

"Oh! yes I do. My love for M. de Sol-

inge was a mere girlish fancy; had I mar-

ied him it might have matured into love.

My husband I love every day more and

"What, the one you were to marry?"

"Yes. He is here. Only think what

strange chance. Just as we were starting,

M. de Meronville and myself, from Paris, to

come here to this house, which I have never

entered since the death of my mother, M

de Solange met the Count, and he, knowing

nothing of the past, invited him to come

with him. M. de Solange had just returned

from the east, and they seemed glad to meet.

"Nothing, of course, that is generally

so as to persuade your husband that you

had always been indifferent to M. de Sol-

that you had encirely lost all memory of

your tamer feelings; that was your way of

"Exactly; but-since I have been here in

"Not a return of the old symptons, I

light, admiring her slight, round, but pli-

ant figure; her hair that looked like molten

heard them in this room where first she

heard them; she turned, M. de Solange was

"Well, Countess de Meronville, are you

"With my whole heart, my only regret is

"Thank you. To think you should say

this to me, here in this very place where

something over a year ago your eyes beam-

ed love on me, and your voice tremulously

pronounced my name. You bid me good

night aloud, whispering a meeting for the

morrow, and the next time I see you, you

are a wife, and you tell me you regret your

"Why did you not answer my letter, that

"All! What letter? I never got any

"A letter in which I told you that my

mother had discovered our love; had re-

proaclied me with it; and declared that she

had arranged another marriage for me. It

was written (this letter) at the very moment

of my departure for Paris in the middle of

the night, and it bid you follow me, if you

loved me; you did not. What was I to

"That I never got the letter; where did

"In the usual place, there under that lit

tle statuette of Flora that stood then as it

"You never got it. Good heavens; but,

fortunately, this is the first time this house

across the room towards the "Flora," when

from the lawn, entered M. de Merouville,

whilst through the other, Suzanne hastily

had been occupied since my mother's death.

stands now, on that bracket."

No one could have found it."

"By Jove, then, I never got it."

that I should ever have funcied I loved

"You love your husband then?"

we used to meet so often, and-"

Meronville; and, I believe, happy."

"Yes, I think I did."

M. de Solange?"

What could I do-"

doing nothing!"

hope?"

past, I have felt-"

a step approaching.'

beside her.

happy?"

another."

love.'

letter."

conclude?'

vou put it?"

appeared.

told you all."

"Very happy."

"Yes, Suzanne, perfectly happy."

me very much?"

band I chose?"

M. de Solange is just returned from the curiosities."

east." Clarisse turned away from the Flora-"Do you know, Clarisse," said Suzun-"What has most interested you in your ne de Villeneuve to her friend, Mme. de travels, M. de Solange?" said Suzanne. Meronville, "that your marriage surprised

"Women, madame; they are the most curious things in natural history." "Natural history? You class us with in-

sects and beetles then, I suppose." "Well, Clarisse, to tell you the truth I "No: with butterflies, brilliant buttermean the husband; I knew you were going flies, whose constant occupation is to show to be married, that had long been a settled off their wings." . hing; but you wrote the word when I was

"And vet. M. de Solange, your mother, nurse you, to watch you when you were turns" sick, to soothe you when you were cross .--And your sister, though she might like to display her wings, those butterfly wings, had her purse always ready to pay your plice; for shame!" boyish debts. Ah! M. de Solange men make our vices; women's virtues are

of butterflies. Frivolous, vain, bad women are exceptions, not the rule." "Perhaps. I found two exceptions, one in Java, the other in Borneo, where I narrowmore. You do not think, Snzanne, it would ly escaped being poisoned by these two exbe wrong of me to have an explanation with ceptions. In Borneo they poison; in our more civilized society, calumny takes the form of

treachery and falsehood; so I always take care to provide myself with an antidute." "To counteract the poison?" "No; to counteract the calumny 2"

"Ahl What sort of an antidote is hat?" "Oh, there are various kinds; but, for

instance, an old letter." "Against a woman?" exclaimed de Meronville. "That would be cowardly." "Oh, not to attack or threaten, but to

defend oneself. Even the Chinese use a what we women are reduced to; the great shie!d." art is to do that nothing skillfully; you, of "Oh!" exclaimed Suzanne, laughing, "if course, treated M. de Solange with the you are going to quote the Chinese"utmost courtesy, smiling, talking and laughing in the most innocent manner possible,

"A much cleverer people than you think. for instance look at this Flora; this was made by the Chinese can anything be orettier?'' As he spoke, Prosper walked across the

ange, whilst you convinced M. de Solange oon, toward the Flora, followed by Suzanne; whilst Clarisse, in a perfect agony of fear strove to absorb her husband's attention. and to turn him round so that he should this house, where everything recalls the not see Prosper or the Flora. Prosper, in the meantime, lifted the Flora

from its bracket and displayed it to Suzanne "No: but a great curiosity to hear all In the hollow underneath the figure he felt distinctly the letter. He could not about the circumstances which caused our separation, and so my husband being away, take it out openly, so, trusting that Suzanno would not observe it, he jerked it out and Prosper-M. de Solange--is coming here to this room, my mother's own bouldir, where let it fall to the ground. Suzanne at the same moment let fall her handkerchief .-"You want me to go out of your way; Both stooped at once, but M. de Solange

"Give it to me," said Suzanne, in an Suzanne turned away, Clarisse could not

help, as she passed out of the open window "Your handkerchief?" from the shade of the room into the sun-

gold, as well as the airy grace of her man-"What, my antidote? Certainly not." ner. A voice, however, whose tones seemed "I will force you to give it me." more familiar to her than ever, since she

"I lay a wager you don't get it." "I wager I do."

"Is this a declaration of war?"

"To the knife." "Very well."

hand is looking at us.''

Prosper, as they went out, "I shall hide this flies and shells with his handkerchief. letter; if you can find it, it is yours. Is that fair?'

"I may search everywhere?" "Everywhere."

"At all times?"

"At all times."

forgotten her object and her wager; but this the corner. was only in the hope that Prosper might ful, intelligent and highly educated woman and, to add to her attractions, a widow.

One day M. de Solunge received a num eastern travels. M. de Meronville, who had taken a violent fancy to Prosper, had inseeing the curiosities.

Suzanne, who had visited them in compathey allowed her for penetrating into M. de to a further examination of curiosities. Solange's apartment.

gentlemen duck shooting, and, stealthily entering the room in which were displayed the curiosities, she sat herself down in an arm-chair to meditate.

She had been there but a few minutes before Clarisse joined her. She had been informed of all by Suzanue, and had, of course confided to her the importance of the letter Clarissa rose in great agitation, and rushed which Prosper insisted on retaining. through one of the long glass doors opening

"Oh! Suzanne, I cannot rest as long as I know this letter to be in existence. Not that I fear M. de Solange; no, but accidents."

up to Suzanne; "I have been wanting for anxiously around; "where can it be?"

are both eccentric characters in your way, whilst you search here amongst all these

Clarisse entered Prosper's bed-room she did not dare to lift it up in her hus. She was so totally absorbed in it that she sufficed for Suzanne to put something else band's presence and she joined the group. heard neither the opening of the door nor in her pocket, the box of matches that was footsteps approaching till a shadow fell on the mantel-piece. across her, and looking up she beheld M. de Meronville standing before her.

"Suzanne," said he, "my wife is here," "Here: I do not see her."

"I mean she is somewhere in the house with M. Prosper. He left us abruptly, and you know he loved her once; who knows, his conduct was very strange this morning: he was all impatience to get away, besides I in the midst of this important and absorb- have seen them whispering lately a great afraid of being compromised?" ing accupation, found time, no doubt, to deal. I shall wait here till Prosper re-

> "For Heavens sake, M. de Meronville." "Ah! you see I was right, you are afraid; she is here, and you, you are her accom-

"M. de Meronville" said Suzanne, going and shutting all the doors, during which ortheir own. Did you not find in every Chris- eration she took the opportunity of locking tian hospital Sisters of Charity, patient the bed room and taking the key. "I must gentle, courageous? If these women had then make a confession to you of what your wings, they were angel wings, and not those wife has long known, much as it costs me; but you will be merciful; you will be indulgent. Presper is, and has long been my lover."

"Your lover?" "Yes; Clarisse has arged me to marry him, and I was willing."

"Well." "But he refused; that is why you have seen Clarisse whisper to him, and speak earnestly to him in a low tone."

_"And I suspected her; my sainted Clarisse; pure, darling wife. But he shall mary you; nonsquee; he must love you; who wouldn't; young, charming, rich, and a widow. I'll go back to the gentlemen; I'll make him marry you."

"Don't speak to him about it yet." "Oh! not before you; well, good bye, Suzanne; I'm only in the way here, I suppose you are waiting for Prosper; come Ponto.' As he spoke, M. de Meronville startled his dogs, and was soon seen rushing with his gun on his shoulder over the lawn.

"Now, Clarisse, said Suzanne, "for heaven's sake go away with you; you will only make matters worse; let me arrange everything. Here is M. Prosper; begone, begone.

"Have you killed all your ducks," said Suzanne, as Clarisse rushed by one door out of the room, whilst Prosper entered by unother."

"Have you found the letter?" "No; but I want something more than the

letter; now, I want you to leave the house.' "Leave the house?"

"Yes, M. de Meronville is jealous!"

"Jealous of me?" "Yes, he was here just now in search o

you; he missed you from the ducks. Come, M. de Solange, this is a serious matter; the well, I will go here on the lawn, for I hear was the quickest, and picked up both in an happiness of an honest woman, of a woman on have loved, is at stake; burn the letter here before me, and leave the house to-morrow morning."

"If you can find the letter, and make me "No, the letter. Butterflies have intelli- burn it without my knowing what I am gence quickness and brains. Give me the doing, then I will do what you ask meleave the house."

"You are inexorable," said Suzaune, turning away from him, and walking over to an opposite table on which there were daggers, purses, pouches, and curious books. In the centre of this table was a large China cap, filled with papers. Suzuane, humming a tune, sat down at this table and began "Now talk of something else, for the hus- mechanically to take up one after another, the things before her, whilst Prosper, at "Let us go into the garden. Now." said the other end of the room, dusted his butter-

As Suzanne examined the curiously inhid handle of a dagger, her eye glanced at an envelope which the other end of the weapon had knocked off the cup. It was an open envelope, directed to M. le Baron de Solange, and evidently from his tailor, for For some days Suzanne appeared to have Blin's name and address were stamped in

"Everything is fair in love and war," said grow careless. But if he forgot the letter, Suzaone; "if this is a tailor's bill there he seemed to be greatly absorbed by Su-cannot be any great harm in my knowing zanne, who, indeed, was a charming, grace- how much M. de Solange pays for his conts, and leaning forward, her back to Prosper, she drew the enclosure from the envelope. ber of cases filled with curiosities from his written. Suzanne had but time to read

"All is discovered; they are dragging me sisted on his spending his summer and au- away, but near or far, Prosper, my heart, tumn with them, and the ladies insisted on my love-" This was enough, ostensibly replacing the envelope in its place she crumpled the letter in her hand and thrust it in ny with others, now seized the pretext that her pocket, quietly proceeding afterwards

So they sat for half an hour without speak She imagined Prosper to be out with the ing. Then all at once Suzanne walked across the room.

"If you knew how happy you would feel when you had performed this kind, this generous action, M. Prosper, I am sure you you."
"Nonsense." would not hesitate."

"You know my conditions." "Then these are mine: I will not leave you till you have burned the letter. Here I

"The longer the better, Madame; make This is all pretense."
yourself comfortable. These autumn af- "I take it in carne ternoons are cold, I will put some more wood ime." "I must find it," said Sazaune, looking on the fire and then if you will allow me draw another chair near yours; first of all. "All the gentlemen are out; let us look however, I will take this gun and my pouch

"As you please," sail Suzanne, "pray per, Clarisse with her husband. make yourself at home."

Prosper disappeared into his bed-room. whilst Suzanne diligently began her search. He was gone but a few minutes, but that

> laughter and talking startled them. Prosper rushed up and throwing open the

window looked out. "It is only Meronville and his friends returning from their duck shooting; are you

"Oh, no; only it is almost dark; I think passed Suzanne she hastily whispered: if you lighted those candles it would be

better." "Certainly; where the devil are the matches?"

"Never mind the matches, they will be to them. here directly; here is a piece of paper, this will do, light it at the fire." As she spoke Suzanne twirled up the letter and gave it to per in her hand. him. Prosper stooped down, lighted it in the fire, having lighted the candles, still with the paper in his hand he rushed towards the window to close it, as he did so he threw the one flash of light revealed a line of the halfpaper out.

"Hulo!" said M. de Meronville's voice below "do you want to set fire to the house?" "Good heavens," exclaimed Suzanne, 'what have you done?"

"Never fear, Meronville has put it out." "Meronville?"

"Yes, he has it in his hand." "Meronville?"

"Yes." "Good heavens, do you know what that paper is?"

"No."

"Clarisse's letter."

"I will have it again if it costs me my ife. Oh, Suzanne, what a rascal I have been out of mere mischief, for I do not love her, but Suzanne"— "Go after the paper," said Suzanne, "is

this the time to talk of anything"---Prosper rushed to the lawn; Suzanne to

the duck shooters. "Who picked up the piece of burnt paper M. de Solange threw out?" "M. de Meronville;" that was all she

ould obtain, but Prosper was more fortunate; he encountered M. de Meronville himself.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Count, "you are ust the man I want." "Indeed, and I was looking for you." (By Jove, thought de Solange, he's read the let-

ter, it's all up.) "I know all, M. Prosper.

"I thought so." "You confess then, that you love her still?" "No I do not. I have the greatest respect. admiration and friendship, but no love " "But as a man of honor you owe her more

than this. "More?" "Yes, what does she not deserve for her

ove, her constancy, the sacrifice of her rep

"Her reputation?" "Yes, has she not confessed all to me?"

"Then this is a challenge."

"A challenge; no, I intend to bring about reconciliation between you; she has fixed her heart on you; make her happy." "Make her happy; why he understands hospitality Indian fashion, ' said Prosper to

himself. "And I shall be your friend for life"-"This is the first time I ever heard such proposition. I would rather have a duel."

"A duel?" "Yes: if your wife" "Don't mix my wife's name in all this --Ali, here comes Suzanne: Suzanne he is ob-

durate." "Prosper have you forgotton all your lows," said Suzanne making signs to him "My vows?"

"Yes; when I weekly yielded to your love, does not the happiness of my life depend on

"On me. Suzanne?"

"Ah, perhaps you imagined I had forgotten you during your absence, but no, I have been true; I love you as much as ever." "Come. Prosper, half Paris is in love with It was a sheet of thin note paper, closely Suzanne: she could marry whom she pleases; you should be too proud of her love, too proud to make her your wife."

"My wife-will she accept me?" "Ah! Prosper, a woman who loves forgives everything."

"Then you accept my hand?" "Of course."

"Embrace her, then, I'rosper, my boy, we will have a jolly wedding." Prosper clasped Suzanne in his arms and

pressel a kiss on her ling. "It is only a part of the wager whispered Suzanne.

your character if you did."

"Where's the letter? You hav'nt won

"You havn't burned the letter." "The devil-that may spoil all." "By the way, Clarisse," said de Meron-

ville, "I picked up a glow-worm for you; here it is, in this paper.". De Meronville drew a little piece of pa-

Prosper now returned. They sat down the glow-worm but at the paper; it was her it was Uncle Winnie, in fact, who first inside by side and began to converse as if they letter, half-burned, which Prosper had troduced "draw poker" in those upper rehad been the best friends in the world .- thrown out of the window, which M de gions, and he also did much to give the pres-At length a noise of dogs and a sound of Meronville had picked up at the very moment he discovered the glow-worm.

the lamps, "come into this dark corner."-

"My husband has the letter-the glow-

was sufficient for Suzanne; she came over "Let me see the glow-worm," said she.

M. de Meronville placed it still on its pa-Suzanne turned thoughtfully to the light.

burnt paper to Suzanne-"Prosper, do not abandon your own Cla-" the rest was burned, but that was sufficient for a jealous mind. She kept firm hold of the paper and the worm. Prosper approached Suzanne, held the worm towards him, and pointed to

the burnt paper. "The letter, by Jove," whisnered Prosper, and he took it, with the glow-worm, from Suzanne.

"Why you can't see it on this blackened! clean, white piece of paper; see if you have at last, and perhaps lynched, or at least put blank sheet of a letter in your pocket, off the beat at the first wood yard." Meronville."

"I haven't; I looked before, that's the piece of paper you threw out of the win-"I'll get a piece of paper," said Prosper.

"Here," said Suzanne, "put it on my handkerchief; that will throw him off till the drawing room; there she found some of you get it." Carefully did Prosper and Suzanne transfer the glow-worm from the paper to the

handkerchief; then crumpling the paper in his hand, Prosper rushed over to the writing-table and brought a sheet of paper. M. and Mme. de Meronvile were soon absorbed in the glow-worm, or pretended to be, so as not to disturb the whispered conver-

sation of the aflianced lovers. "Is it burned?" said Suzanne.

"No."

"No?" "I shall not burn it at all till you tell me you are in earnest, and that you, too, will

terflies'." "Must I sacrifice myself to my friend?"

"No. to me."

"You will burn the letter?" "Yes, this instant."

"You will be true-you will adore meyou will let me have my own way?"

"Yes, yes, yes." "Then burn the letter." They walked up to the fire together, and, danding before it, Prosper dropped the little fragment into the flames. In an instant

a the triumphant strain of the Puritani, full, and he broke out as follows: Inoui la trombà! "Stop," said Suzanne, "there is another condition."

"Who!"

est stake the whole world could offer?"

Old Ren Winnie of Arkansas.

"How could 1? -- have I not won, the high-

Among the old settlers of Arkansas -- we

young, and most everybody else. Uncle Ben you're flush of trumps; then they won't had had a hard time of it, as he said, from play so hard agin you.

"I've lived and traveled around some." early life been a raftsman, then a keel boat- Bob, and I've found out that as soon as folks man, and then a sort of third mate on one thought you held a weak hand, they'd buck of the first steamers that started on the agin you strong. So when you're sorter "Massassip," and finally be"pre-emptied" on weak, keep on a bild front, but play cauthe Government land and set himself up for tious; be satisfied with a plint. Many's the a regular sovereign. In the course of time hand I've seen euchered 'cause they played Uncle Winnie found himself the keeper of for too much, a tayern, and it was at his house where was "Keep your eyes well skinned. Bob. a tavern, and it was at his house where was "Keep your eyes well skinned. Bob, performed, for the first time, the "Old Ar- don't let 'em ''nig' on you; recollect the kansaw Traveller." Uncle Winnie's custom- game lays as much with the head as with ers of course were comparatively few and the hands. Be temperate: never get drunk far between, but he took good care of all for then no matter how good your hand, you who came under his roof; and if his hog, won't know how to play it; both bowers and hominy, "bar ment," and sweet potatoes, the ace won't save you, for there's sartin to were rather roughly done up, he managed be a 'misdeal,' or something wrong. And by a bluff way of his own, and a variety of another thing. Bob, (this was spoken in a reminiscenses of his early days, to season low tone and in Bob's car; don't go too "It is a wager for life; Suzanne I adore his constantly presented viands, and you much on the women; queens is kinder poor made a hearty meal without noticing par- cards; the more you have of them the worse ticularly of what its dishes were composed. for you; you might have three and nary a "You can't refuse me. You would lose As the farms increased, Uncle Winnie's trump. I don't say discard 'em all; if you house became the headquarters of the sparse get hold of one that's a trump, it's all good population, and among the "improvements" and that's sartin to be one out of four. stay, here in this saloon, if it is twenty-four the wager. I only pretended to love you to introduced as a consequence of the new orsave Clarisse from her husband's jealousy. der of things, was the frequent meeting of take a man's trick wot don't belong to you. card parties. At first Uncle Winnie rather nor 'slip cards,' nor 'nig.' for then you can't "I take it in earnest: you must marry discouraged this style of amusement, but look your man in the face, and when that's he finally fell into the humors of his friends the case there's no fun in the game; it's a and, much to his surprise, found out that regular 'cut throat.' So now, Bob, farewell:

skill that soon became the talk of the neighhorhood. This gave new zest to the thing. and "the boys" finally made it a business to "buck up" against Uncle Winnie, but he

came off with flying colors, and at last atper from his packet and opened it carefully, tained a notoriety that was known from Clarisse looked over his shoulder, not at Little Rock way up to the Chickasaw Nation. ent finish to the different games known under the name of "brag." But Uncle Win-"It is too light here," said Clarisse, near nie, for all this, was a straightforward, honest man, never proposed in his life a game M. de Meronville, wrapping up his worm, himself, and would have gone one year afwalked across to the further end of the ter another without thinking about cards, if room. His wife followed him, but as she he were not drawn into the game by his customers and friends; and yet, so thoroughly was his conversation seasoned with figures of speech picked up at the table, and That was all she had time to say, but it from those who indulged in gaming, that he rarely spoke two consecutive sentences with out one of them smelling strongly of the shop. We remember the fact that a venerable and world-wide known Bishop, traveling trom Tennessee to Louisiana, stopped over night at Uncle Winnie's. The old man "You must not go to the light, Suzanne." had great respect for the Bishop, and after "Of course not, how stupid." But that supper he sat himself down, and highly gratified "his old woman" by listening to a long talk about the"necessity of being saved '

> in with a commentary as follows. "That's right, Bishop; the devil goes about, as you say, with a pack of marked cards in his pocket, and will cheat whoever

Uncle Winnie every now and then chiming

plays with him." "That's right, Bishop; an honest life, when you are played out, is a braggin' hand,

all aces-nothing can beat it." "That's right, Bishop; I never knowel ricce of written paper; let's put him on a a man that cheated that didn't get caught

"That's right, Bishop; the Bible is a trump

-thar's no mistake about that." In course of time Uncle Winnie's eldest son, a boy of some eighteen years of age, was most unexpectedly invited to what was then the new country of Texas. A distant relative who desired an assistant, offered great inducements, and Winnie junior, a real chip of the old block, and a real honor to Arkansas, made his preparations for the first time to leave home. His mother treated the thing a good deal as all mothers do, and filled up the time before his departure with erying, packing up a trunk, and making "cake fixins." Old Winnie took a most grasping and philosophical view of the matter. He remarked that life was a pack of enrds, and that your success depended upon how they were dealt out. He said he knew fellows who never could get above a four spot, and never enough of them to make more nor a pair. He'd know'd others, agin, be my wife. Oh! Suzanne, I will pass my who always had their hands full of queens life in adoring you; indeed, you have con- and aces, and even if the deal run low, they verted me. I believe that if women would get two low pairs, or three dences, have wings, they are angels' wings, not but- that war even better in this case than "pieters." In short, Uncle Winnie said some men had luck; play as they would, they couldn't, in fact, help winning, whether they sat down with green ones, or took a

shy at "the tiger." At last the "boy" was about to take his departure; his mother gave him her last kiss and her most fervent blessing and Uncle Winnie accompanied him to the wagon that was to take him to the steamboat landing. The moment of leaving came: the had held up wonderfully all through the it was consumed, and Prosper burst forth preliminatios, but now his heart was too

"Bob, you are about leaving home for strange parts. You're pring to throw me out of the game, and go it alone. The odds is agin you, Bob, but remember always that "You must never make any more was industry and perseverance are the winning eards: they are the bawers

Book Larning and all that sort of thing will do well to fill up with, like small trumps but you must have the bowers to back 'em. else they ain't worth shacks. If luck runs agin you pretty strong,dont cave in and mean the real old settlers- was Uncle Ben look like a sick chicken on a rainy day, but did you not promise to be faithful, to atone. Winnic, as he was universally called by the hold your heal up and make 'em believe

in his long flat boat trips from Pittsburgh remember wot I told you, and you'll be sure This had all been said as they proceeded to New Orleans, he had, to while away the to win, and if you don't, sarves you right to into the drawing room; Suzanne with Pros- time, learned to bandle "the pieters" with a get skunked!"