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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

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November 23, 1857.

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Collections promptly made, in Lancaster and York Jounties. Columbia, May 4,1850.

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Harrison's Coumbian Ink. W HICH is a superior article, permanently black and not corroding the pen, can be had in any antity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacke jet is that English Boot Polish. Columbia, Jinae 9, 1859

We Have Just Received R. CUTTER'S Improved Chest Expanding

Suspender and Subporter and 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 Family Medicine Store, Odd Feilows Hall. ore, Odd Fellow [April 9, 1859 Prof. Gardner's Soap.

WE have the New England Soap for those who did not obtain it from the Soap Man; it is pleasant to the skin, and will take grease spots from Wooled Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Funnly Medicine Store Columbia, June 11, 1859. CHAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for

U Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for valids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, April 16, 1859. CPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE .-- The want of

such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china-ware.ornamental work, toys. &c., there is nothing superior. We have found its-efail in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You Jan.25m it at the fam.oanA; IRON AND STEEL!

BAR IRON AND STEEL!

They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can funish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates

Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.

April 23, 1860.

PITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughe, Cold., &c. For sale a lee Golden Mortar DrugStore, Front st. [July2 A YER'S Compound Concentrated Extract
Suraparilla for the cure of Scrofala of King's
Foil, and all scrofulous affections, a fresh staticle just
seceived and for sale R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia,
sept. 24, 1850,

FOR SALE. 200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for eash.
R. WILLIAMS.

Dutch Herring!

A Ny one fond of a good Herring can be so S.F. EBERI.1

Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 L

YON'S PURE OIIIO CATAWBA BRANDY and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines A and PURE WINES, especially for Medicine Sacramental purposes, at the n.28. FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street.

GABDEN SEEDS .- Fresh Garden Seeds, war ranted pure, of all kinds, just received at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, March 10, 1860. No. 71 Losust street.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES. A LARGIS Int of Fine and Common Pocket Book and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each He adquarters and News Depot.

Columbia, April 14.1 860.

A EBW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Columbia, Pa. April 14.

Just Received and For Sale. 1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large APPOLD'S Wareho uee, Canal Basin

May 5, '60. COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE .- For the cure and prevention to chapped hands, &c. For sal at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Dec.3,1859. Front street, Columbia

Turkish Prunes! Nov. 19, 1850. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust st

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS. JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens. of Newton and Griswold's manufacture, at SAYLOR & MCDUNALD'S Book Store.

Agril 14: Front street, above Locust.

FRESH GROCERIES.

WE continue to self the best Levy Syrup, White to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Od 1 Fellows' Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the like.

II. C. FONDERSMITH.

plainly saying that I have no sense." Segars, Tobacco, &c. A LOT of Briterate Segars, Tobacco and Sanaf will be found at the store of the subscribes. He keeps only a first rate article. Call it.

S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store.

Oct. 8, 6)

Locur st., Columbia, Pa. Our appointment with Broadwood was at

CRANBERRIES,

N EW Crop Pruties, New Citron, 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, 1850, No. 71 Locast St. CRANBERRIES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Mrs. Beauchamp's Vengeance.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER II.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Mrs. Beauchamp went up stairs to see

Arabella Rackit, who was quarreling with

Briggs about Mario, whom that orna-

ment of the Corn Exchange thought a

that Rackit would have rushed after her,

and gently forced her back into the atelier,

she was mistaken. If she now imagined

that he would speedily present himself, she

was mistaken. Mario and Grisi, Tamber

the King. Epsom and the shape of bonnets,

and twenty other subjects were discussed

there was no time to-day; but he as firmly

declared there was time, and plenty; and he

must "take a squint at it." A sudden

thought seemed to strike her, and she con-

sented graciously to go down in the atelier.

In fact, she rather wished to see how the ar-

They tapped at the door, but receiving no

answer opened it and went in. Rackit was

standing contemplating the portrait, with

both hands thrust amid his long dishevelled

locks. His face flushed and his eyes spar-

kled as he saw her; and she also looked con-

"You don't seem to have made much pro-

"You don't understand portrait painting,

"Probably not. I prefer photography."

"Goth, if you like, but I do. It's done in

"But there is no talent required," sug-

gested the widow, anxious to propitiate the

"So much the better," retorted Briggs.

"You cannot be expected to know that,"

"Oh, yes, I can though. I'll tell you

what it is. Talent is the ape of Nature .-

It does imperfectly what Nature does per-

others were unresponsive. He was a little

"You are very good," said Rackit, bow-

"It must be clever, because it costs so

"Then I must say that it isn't a bit like

"You are complimentary," said Mrs.

"It isn't a question of compliment, but of

fact. Now, when a portrait isn't like, what

does it matter how well it may be painted?"

"No, but I do of likenesses; and this isn't

"Will you be kind enough to point out

"Yes, and the nose is much too small."

"You know nothing of pictures," said the

"I know a nose when I see it. Then, too

he has given you a complexion of roses and

"Perhaps," said the piqued widow, "other

"I know a brown skin when I see one."

"Of course. On the Corn Exchange you

"Now you're unreasonable, and out of

temper, and all because I was frank and

open. I'm sure Rackit has far too much

sense to take what I have said in ill part."

"That," retorted Mrs. Beuchamp, "is very

"The subject is getting hot-let's drop it.

"When shall I have another sitting?"

"Then they dont see you as you are."

"You are a great judge, I perceive."

"You understand nothing of Art."

"Because I have eyes and see."

any defects," said Rackit, interposing.

"Well, the mouth is too delicate."

much. Very like Titian, and all that-but

nettled, and turning to the easel, said-

"Now look at this portrait.

shall I be quite frank with you?"

Beauchamp, with some acidity.

"Ilow can you say so?"

Emily. It is idealized as you call it "

"Very cheap," said Rackit, grimly.

peared.

tist looked.

fused.

artist.

fectly."

high."

clever, dare say."

ing sarcastically.

"By all means."

likeness."

"Too delicate!"

widow, impatiently.

brown as a berry."

earn everything."

eyes may see differently."

gress," said Briggs.

n instant, and so cheap."

'What's the use of talent?"

said Rackit, with a sarcastic smile.

"It's something more than that."

my dear fellow."

In escorting her he pressed her hand ten-| notoriously without means, contrive to get Selections.

ling to be his confessor.

"It certainly looks like it." hand or not, the mere fact that she heard my and this perplexed, confused sneaking state namby-pamby kind of fellow. He was declaration without anger, and is to give me of mind, communicates itself to the creditor. delighted at the entrance of his Emily; more sittings, is equivalent to a declaration. nor was Arabella less so, for she felt Was ever a man so happy? Look at hercertain of having an ally on this question. the pertrait doesn't do her justice. Such creature is.

"Run on, you stone, you log, you unimlik and Verdi, Adam Bede and The Idylls of you run on if such a glimpse of paradise for her, but really disturbing one moment were offered to you?" "But you seem to forget that the gates

with more or less fervour, but no Rackit apare guarded. Touching Briggs now-"?" "Briggs be- Yes, you're right. There's At last the widow rose to take leave, Briggs. She can't be mine, she's pledged Briggs expressed his intention of having a to him. Hideous nightmare!" look at the likeness. She loudly protested "It seems to me that you ere in not the pleasantest situation. To be the lover of a

> don't mean that-but it's The Sorrows of Werther over again, and a very absurd story "I shan't end it as Werther did, by blowing my brains out. That process is too ri-

woman engaged to another fool--- no, I

liculous; and the result so dirty!" "But how will you end it then?"

"I shan't end it at all."

"I shall enjoy the romance of love, without mitigating it by the prose of marriage. I have longed for some romance in life .-Here it is."

"Can't see it." "I can. Look here; to love the affianced of another, is to feel your heart stirred without danger. She never can be yours-there's the poignant misery, which becomes a charm. Life is radiated with a passionate romance -you have your passion, your sorrow-and no increase to the weekly bills! With such a passion (and with such security), I shall become a great artist. I will paint the sadness of the world!" He dashed back his long hair as he said this, and seemed to call

upon the universe for its applause. "The great dread I have always felt," he resumed, "is lest I should fall in love with some marriageable woman, marry her, and feel the romance dwindle day by day to prose. Now this fear is removed. Like another Werther I sought everywhere for a

"Yes, I know-it's a pretext for charging "She's found, please sir," said Bob, his color-grinder and factotum, who entered at At which sally the ornament of the Corn Exchange laughed unctuously. But the this moment.

"Who's found?"

"The Charlotte you wanted." "Haven't you been bothering: gin for your Virgins of the Sun? Well, I've found the very model you require, and her name happens to be Charlotte. A real Rackit's nature, as he confidentially informbeauty and no mistake. Such a simple chit! ed me. None of your academy models; no, no. My choice, sir. Eyes as long as sauff-boxes; a nose like a hawk's beak; and a mouth-oh! painter. such a mouth! Besides, she has an air of modesty that 'ud take anybody in."

"Then you know this paragon, Bob?" "Intimately-I have stood tea and

"Bub is a devil among the women," ob-

served his master. "If you won't consider me taking a liberty sir, I should like to have your advice on a

point." "What is it?"

"Well, sir, it happens to be just something about marriage; what may be your honest opinion about it, sir?"

"Um! . . . Why . . . You see it all depends . . . There are times-Are you thinking of marriage?"

"Well, sir," replied Bob, "as you say, that depends . . . There are times when it don't seem a bad spec."

lillies, when every body knows you are as "Then marry." "And yet, sir, only think! to fix one's self in a fix forever; forever's a long time, you know. Charlotte's very well, but suppose it shouldn't turn out well?"

"Bob is right," said Rackit, turning to me as Bob quitted the room. "Forever is a deuced awkward word, you know. That's why I prefer my position with Mrs. Beauchamp-there's no 'forever' in it."

> CHAPTER III. THE GRAPES WITHIN REACH.

A troubled yet delicious night did the painter pass, revolving all the felicities and words. I will not allude to the blissful vistwo o'clock—it only wants ten minutes romance of his position. He was so full of ions I have had of a blissful existence passhope, that when the bootmaker called after ed forever at your side. I will be silent.breakfast for his "little account," Rackit I know the barrier which circumstances hoped he should be able to settle it on Sat- have cruelly erected between us. But I

derly. Was it fancy, or was it fact, that the trusted by men whom they have constantly gentlest of pressures was returned by her? left unpaid, while others really possessing Fancy, or fact, Rackit was thrilled by it; some outlying means, and known to have and when a few minutes attewards I hap- paid their way honorably for years, cannot pened to look in, I found him in a state of get the smallest extension of time. The great excitement. It required very little to man who never pays is more certain to be make him oren his heart to me; I saw he trusted than the man who pays irregularly. was longing to take me into confidence, and I suppose there is a sublime confidence in to confess the truth, I was not at all unwil- the former which imposes on his creditors; whereas in the latter there is a secret mis-"It's clear she loves me," he concluded. giving, a painful sense that the hope may n it be realized, an uncomf rtable feeling at "My dear fellow, whether she pressed my being asked for money which he hasn't got;

The bootmaker departed, and the widow arrived. Great was the joy of Rackit to see But the widow did not entervery warmly in- eyes; sparkling with wit and melting with her shawl, and observed with pleasure that cold water in his heated face when the though, isn't it?" to the dispute; and, indeed, seemed to be tenderness. Such lips: pouting with ca- she was agitated, and did not reply to his widow suddenly held out her hand to him, somewhat preoccupied. If she had imagined price and smiling with guiety. All this little questions and remarks. Her agita- and with a tone of trembling tenderness tion grew greater, and communicated itself said-"How you run on!" said I, trying to calm to him. A certain "all-overishness." which was at once pleasant and painful, made him fidget nimlessly about the atelier, pretendpassioned what-you-may-call it! Wouldn't ing to be arranging the easel and the seat the arrangement of the last.

At last Mrs. Beauchamn broke silence "I have had a very unpleasant time since yesterday."

"Indeed?" inquired the sympathetic paint "Very. On quitting you, Mr. Briggs and I came to a serious misunderstanding-

"I hope not." "Nay, why should I mince phrases?--i

was a serious quarrel." "Dear me! And what about?" "I was annoyed-I may say irritated-at

the criticisms he permitted himself to pass on the work of a man of genius." "Pray do not mind them. I care little fo

what he say, so that you are not dissatisfied." "But I could not help feeling for you." "It was very kind." "And then his replies to me had a tone-

oh! a tone that no man who respects a wowoman of his choice. I am not particularly sensitive, but indeed he was rude-rude, almost insulting."

"Triple brute!"

"I knew you would feel as I do." "That man must be a brute who would nsult a defenceless woman, who has no weapon but her tears, no armor but hysterics."

"Especially when she must submit to his ill usage-must hear the coarsest accent and rudest language, because she is to be his wife." "I have no patience with the fellow."

"Oh! had I known the man to whom I to have known what tyrants you can be. I was a widow."

"Then the lamented Beauchamp was

"A brute! Most men are." "Nay, that I will never allow."

"I thought Mr. Briggs, whom I had known never knows the real character of a man till ing, and this roused all the chivalry of supremely happy."

"He never leved me," repeated the widow. "Neveri" energetically exclaimed the

"I repeat it: Never! I should not have rentured on the indelicacy of such a remark under other circumstances; but from the first that has been my conclusion. He is an shrimps," replied that knowing young egotist. I know him. I saw at once that, however he might admire you (as who does not?), he could not understand, he was incapable of appreciating you."

She held out her hand to him with a frank cordiality and an impulsiveness which was irresistable.

"You understand me," she said. "And to understand is to adore you," he replied, kissing the hand he held in his. "Don't plague me at such a moment with

idle gallantry. Do be serious-pray do." "Serious? I never was more so. "Pray don't."

"Hear me calmly. I swear it is genuine passion which now speaks in tone, look, and gesture."

"No, no, no. Don't say it." "But I have said it." "You cannot love me." "But I do."

"You must not." "I must and will. From the very first noment of our meeting----

"You fancy so." "Fancy!"

"You have an artist's imagination." "And the heart of a man."

"Hush! I cannot listen to such words." "You bid me be silent, and I obey. I will not tell you how in secret I have hung upon looks, and treasured up your slightest

"It is the simple truth, and you know it." "You have no belief in me.

"Men are so deceitful." "Not all."

"This is unjust."

"All." "You are resolved against me. But oh! would that I could prove the truth-if you were but free."

"But I am not." "I know it. But if you were-

"What would you do then?"

"Throw myself at your feet." And he suited the action to the word, adding, as she rose hastily, "I would say, here is my heart -accept it: here is my life, share it." Rackie had been hurried on to this pas-

sionate climax, in his eager desire to make her arrive alone. He helped her to take off an impression; but it was like a dash of "And dare I trust you? If it is my en-

gagement which alone forms the barrier, be happy I am free." He was speechless for a few seconds, and

then stammered-"What? That is-you?-I'm bewildered." "As you spoke, the sincerity of your conviction stirred my heart. I felt you were in earnest. You are so, are you not?"

ed fervour. "I felt that you were worthy of all confidence, and the resolution was formed which at once sets me at liberty."

Quite!" he answered, though with aba-

How it was that Rackit felt anything but enraptured by this announcement, I do not much as we feel on awakening from a dream velvet." which we know to have been a dream, and yet cannot quite help believing as a reality. Here was a woman whom he greatly admired-whom he had been loving, as he he retorted. "You haven't to marry her.vowed, for several days, with an insurgent I have." rage against the superior luck of Briggs, who could call her his own; and yet no sooner did he learn that Briggs was no lonable. Perhaps it was his general dislike to random when he vowed that true happiness | up my mind to it, as she makes up her's to | ed unpleasantly unripenow that he had clamconsisted in loving a woman whom you my not having a Roman nose. We are bered within reach of them.

couldn't call your own. On her asking him if he was happy, he venemently protested that his felicity was supreme; but she would have had less than nother feeling.

When I looked in upon him shortly after, piciciously hypocritical, don,t it?" was about to link myself-and yet I ought impelled by knowing curiosity to hear the continuation of his story, I found him ex- Rackit tremely quieted, and almost solemn in his manner. It required only sympathetic ex- tion." pressions on my part to induce him to tell

me all that had passed. "Well." I said. "I congratulate you .-Your happiness is now about to begin. I believed to be tender, amiable, without a cost sixteen dollars! Yes Sir, every dollar from childhood, was different. But a woman never was in that condition myself, but I bit of deceit, and then suddenly you find the of it! You can't cum it over me, my boy! have always imagined that a man, when he ice cracking beneath your feet, while you are Not at all. Sir. I know'd what the clerk she's married. He couldn't have loved me." has received permission to get the ring and skating far away from the banks, and no wanted. He wanted that watch himself .-Here the widow was on the point of weep- the license for the woman he loves, must be He looked at me with a lugubrious air

that was almost comic, and said-"Yes, I suppose I am happy now."

"Suppose?"

should ever have discovered that I was hap what remains behind." py if you had not told me so. Perhaps a an unknown gulf."

"But you love her, don't you?" "Passionately,"

"Then how is it that the idea-"

vourself."

"Then give her up." "That's ensily said."

vou not?"

"Yes-and no. Look bere, I tell you what it is. There is a story of a soldier standing outside a shop-window looking at a picture of a military execution, where the faithful dog is fawning upon the kneeling wretch, who is awaiting his execution. 'I would sell myself to the devil for that picture,' said the energetic soldier, in his en- gentle creatures-they are lambs till they thusiasm. A horrible old woman heard the get you in their clutches, and then they're words, rushed into the shop, bought the pic- tigresses, Be warned by me." ture, thrust it into his astonished hands, and said with witch-like savageness: 'There's the picture, and your soul is mine.' It scems to me that I am very much like that soldier."

"I can't understand you. The other day you were in raptures about Mrs. Beauchamp." "So I am still. No woman could be more

see don't, and that's the fact." "Well, you had better tell her so before at me.

it's too late." "It's too late already. Besides, I don't ried." "Now, be serious. Help me with your

advice." "My advice is, if you love her, marry;

if you don't, don't." The announcement of Smythe Briggs intime to whisper-

"Now I'm in for a scene! But if Briggs has come here to dispute my claim, he shall vour aid."

attempts to stave off the real object of his for!" visit, he turned away from the portrait of Mrs. Beauchamp, and said to me-"I say, Johnson, it's a deuced hard thing

we should always be dupes of women, "Very," I replied."

"They make us all as blind as moles-extreme asses."

"Speak for yourself, Briggs," said I laughing. "Well, I do speak for myself. That speak of it-it throttles me. Rackit, I'm

woman there," pointing to her portrait, mi-erable." 'doesn't she look the soul of truth? She isn't the woman she seems." "Indeed?"

"She seems mild, gentle, smiling, tender, doesn't she? Well, then, she is * * if my marriage were not irrevocably fixed, and if it were not for these disgusting 'damages'

"You don't mean to say --- ?" said Rackit, cagerly. "Yes. I do. though. Bless you, the cat

is a gentle, quiet, graceful, purring animal, know; but this I know, that he felt very but we all know the claws she sheathes in "You astonish and alarm mo-I mean for

you," said Rackit. "I am astonished and alarmed for myself."

none of us perfect.

"Especially some of us," I said.

"Surely you must be exaggerating," said

"Not a bit. Place yourself in my posi-

"I can perfectly." "No, you can't; not until you know all .-

Iumane Society at hand." "Yes yes," said Rackit, nervously .-

·Well?"

bridegroom's happiness is of a serious kind. of fire on the head of the unfortunate painter, sed every woman should have a Spear .-Certain it is that I am awfully serious. It's he could not more maliciously have chosen Them as didn't demand their Spears. didn't a devilish ticklish thing, let me tell you, to his words. I asked him what was the know what was good for them. "What is feel yourself about to take such a plunge in source of this change in his opinion of the my Spear?" she axed, addressin the penle

"My dear fellow, love is all very well; into the brougham she was in such a tan- sister in these keers that has her proper but not no man can be expected to be gay tarem! In fact we had a regular 'row',- | Spear?" Sayin which the eccentric female when marriage comes tumbling on his head the first, and a surpriser! Observe, I don't whirld her umbreller round several times. like a chimney-pot. You wouldn't like it lay much stress on that. Perhaps I was & finally jabled me in the weskit with it. wrong. Be it so; -but she showed hersell to be so unjust, unreasonable, fantastic, and the spear bigniss," sez I, "but you'll please irritable, that I saw, as in a flash, my whole remember I ain't a pickeril. Dan't, Spear "Do you want to be her husband, or do married life before me-a horrible vista of me agin if you please." She sot down. brate and bickerings."

"Lovers, quarrels!" said I, applogetically. faintness, I called for a drop of guthin to t, old fellow, you have an irritable temper; take warning in time and don't marry."

"I won't," said that unbappy man, gloomily. "At any rate do not marry one of those

"D'ye think," said Briggs to me, I could manage to put off the match a few months? Suppose I were to break my leg, now, would

there be a chance of her marrying some one "No," said Rackit, "it would only rouse goin on 18." her sympathy for you."

Here Bob came in to say that a messenger was below, wanting to see Mr. Briggs. charming, and if I wanted a wife-but you That gentleman went down stairs, leaving learnin the shoemakin bizness," I replied. me alone with Rackit, who looked questions

"This is awkward," I enid.

"I thought," said Rackit, "Briggs had come to dispute my claim, and I had armed

"Why? Probably because I'm not mar- | We asked him if anything was the matter,

any bad news. "No," he said, "nothing. At least noth-

ing unexpected."

"You seem put out." "Yet I ought to be jolly-highly so. What I wished for has arrived; and when terupted our conversation. Rackit had only one's wishes are realized, one is supposed to be happy."

"That's a vulgar error," said Rackit. Only the most superficial philosophy could find I'm not a nose-of-way. I may want propound such a view as that happiness consists in the realization of our wishes, Men Briggs entered, and after the usual futile are asses, and don't know what to wish

"I believe your right."

"I'm sure I'm right. Brown wiehes for the command of a ship, gets it and has his head blown off on the first broadside .-Smith wishes Mary Jane to name the day; she names it, and he never smiles again. It's always so. True happiness, I maintain, consists in disappointment."

"What a cynic you are! If you had re-

ceived such a letter as this-but I can't

"So am I."

"Not so miserable as me." "Worse." "Impossible; you don't know what it is to

ve the woman who won't jilt me ' "You don't know what it is to love such an angel as Emily-an angel, if there ever

was one on earth." "You said just now sho was a tigress." "So she is! None but a tigress could have

He caught up his hat, and made for the

rritten such a letter."

"Were are you going?" "I don't know. Perhaps to drewn myself-probably to the Corn Exchange. Good

bye." He vanished, leaving Rackit thoroughly miserable. I have never thought Harvey's Rackit looked monstrously uncomfortable, i Meditations among Tombs a lively work, "You know," continued Briggs, "I'm not but it is guiety itself compared with the revery particular. Women aren't angels, flections which fell from the once gay and man would permit himself, especially to the ger in that enviable position -no longer bar- We call them so, but of course that's all flighty Rackit. Never greatly cutranced by ring him from the chance of being her hus gammon. And if Mrs. Beauchamp had matrimony, the prospect of marriage, with a hand-than he began to feel utterly miser- only shown a little skittishness, I shouldn't widow who had her "infirmities of temper," much have minded. Nay, had she always was far from cheering. The grapes which marriage; and he was not merely talking at shown her real temper, I could have made hung so tempting when out of reach, seem-

> ARTENUS WARD ON HIS TRAVELS .- Since "As you say some of us. She's of the | I last rit you I've met with immense success some. I'll tell you what it is makes me so a showin my show in varis places, particly woman's sagacity had she not detected the uncomfortable. For so many years-ever at Detroit. I put up at Mr. Russel's tavcomplete change in his manner, and sus- since I can remember—she has only shown ern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry pected that by felicity he really meant quite her velvet paws, now, you'll own that never to inform you that the clerks tried to cum once to give a hint of the claws, looks sus- the George Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch round considerable, & as I was dress in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet-scented wagongrease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my Suppose you had chosen a wife whom you watch in the Safe "Sir," sez I that watch fle wanted to make believe as the he lock: it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as the the watch "You suddenly discover that your angel was destroyed with the other property! But has a temper - a feminine temper - a temper he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of A 1. and no mistake! All gentleness then me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoc .-"Well, to be quite candid, I don't think I was hypocrisy, and you are left to guess On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a what remains behind."
>
> Had Briggs come expressly to heap coals handful of Reform tracks in the other. She in the cars, "Is it to stay at home & darn "I can't tell," he said. "It was only he- stockins & be the ser-lare of a domineerin cause I yesterday made a few innocent re- man? Or is it'my Spear to voto & speak & remarks on her portrait, and when we got show myself the chal of man? Is there a

"I have no objecthun to your goin into

"Lovers' fiddleiticke," herepl.ed. "Rack- drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles haid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "This ain't wine. This is Old

At Ann Arbor, bein soized with a sudden

Ryc." "It stingeth like an Adder and biteth like a Sarpent!" sed the man.
"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar

in it. That's the way I allers take mine." "Her you sons grown up, Sir?" the man azed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, my son Artemus junior is

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example be4 him, he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed and already. He's "I guess we can both on us git along without your assistance, Sir," I observed as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man. "Tha.'s so. But you'll git into a warmer myself to resist him fiercely. Instead of one by and by if you don't mind your own that, I find him willing to break his leg on bizniss better." I was a little riled at the feller because I never take anythin only Briggs returned, crushing a note in his when I really need it. I afterwards learned hand, and showing the greatest agitation. he was a temperance lecturer, and if ha can

asked Rackit, in a soft tone, to Mrs. Beaumust be allowed to dream of the paradise orday-and not only said this, but somehow like the idea of giving her up. She's an exbelieved it; and his conviction communi- from which I am shut out." "To-morrow," she replied. "And then quisite creature, and that's the truth .-we can continue . . . from the point at cated itself to the creditor, in spite of that man's long acquaintance with the promises "Fortunately for you." Don't you think marriage a very absurd "Don't say so. Had fate willed it otherthe chance of gotting rid of her." wise, and had you been free-." institution?" "By-by, Rackit," said the unconscious of his debtor. Faith moves mountains, and "No, I can't say I do," said I. "Then you would in all probability have JUST received a fresh lot of Cramberries and New Currants, at No. 71 Locust Street Oct 21, 1800. B. F. EBERLEIN Briggs as he walked out, leaving the artist sometimes even creditors. I have often "Then why are you a batchelor?" marvelled at the facility with which men, never given me a thought." to escort the widow to the door.