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\$1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE

WOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 33.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1862.

IWHOLE NUMBER 1,647.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Office in Carpet Hall, North-westcorner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription. Que Copyperaneum, if paidin advance, if not paid within three months from commencement of the year. 200 4 Cents a copy. Nos abscription (coefficient less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued unit; all prearagezate paid anless it the optionorthe pub-

Noney any recomitted by mail an hepublish-Rates of Advertising.

quariff ines Jone week, \$0.38
three weeks, 25
cachaubsequentinsertion, 10
fl2 ines Jone week, 50
three weeks, 100
cachaubsequentinsertion. 25 each subsequentinsertion. 25
Surgery dvertisements in proportion. Althoral liscount will be trade to quarterly, half-rative active dvertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

Noetry.

That Which we Have Seen with Our Eyes of the Word of Life.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

If Jesus came to earth again,
And walked and talked in field and street, Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute, And leave the volume on the shelf, To follow him, unquestioning, mute,
If 'twere the Lord himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn, Bow many a heart with grief o'erladen, ilow many a man with woe forlorn, How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling, earthly prize. Which fulls the earthly weak endeavor, To guze into those holy eyes,

His sheep along the cool, the shade. By the still watercourse he leads; His lambs upon his breast are laid, His hungry ones he feeds.

And I, where'er he went would go, Nor question where the path might lead. Enough to known that here below, I walked with God indeed!

If this be thus, O Lord of mine. In absence is thy love forgon?

And must I, when I walk, repine,

Because I see thee not? If this be thus, if this be thus, Since our poor prayers yet reach tiee. Land.

Reveal the itving word!

Oh! nearer to me, in the dark Of life's low hours, one moment stand. And give me keener eyes to mark To moving of my hand.

Says Private Maguire.

DY T. B. ALDRICH.

"Oct." it is nate to be exputur or colonel, Divil a bit would I want to be higher, Bit to rust us a private I think's an infernal Predicament surely," says Private Maguire.

"They can go sparking' and playin' at billiards, With money to spend for their slightest desire Loadin', and arm', and drinkin' at Willard's
While we're on the pickets," says Private Maguire.

"Livin' in clover, they think it's a trifle To stand all night in the rain and the mire, And a rebel hard by with a villainous rifle

Just ready to pop ye," says Private Maguire. "Paith, now, it's not that I'm afther complainin' I'm spilin' to meet ye, Jeff Davis Esquire! e blag-gard!—it's only I'm weary of thrainin'

And thrainin', and thrainin'," savs Prevate Maguire 'O Lord, for a row!-but Magnire be nisy. Keep yourself sweet for the memy's fire, McCellan's the suplin' that shortly wist plaze ye, Be the holy St. Patrick!" says Private Magaire.

"And, lord, if ye're hit (O, bedad, that infernal Junmy O'Dowd would make up to Maria!) Ye'll die wah the best, then!" says Private Maguire

How Ned Smith won his Medal.

Selections.

Some dozen years ago, before the railways now throbbing like arteries through friends to lodge in Cornwall. The place was the most retired I ever saw. Far removed from the cross-country road, and only

reached by venturing over a track-for it them poor souls but by letting some one nigh on three weeks, and we did not know could not even be called a path-winding down from the place we stood on. along the edges of cliffs often two or three hundred feet above the beach, it was a place us to see each other, and the white line of the sight of him might bring the stranger to to delight all whose good fortune had car- the shore waves. Some thought they could his recollections. So Ned went and sat by ried them within eight of it.

in a steep slope of living green, caused by a fainter, the cry of mortal man. landslip, in which the turf had slid down

which nothing was seen from the beach but strength, with my two hands idle, while a back-ground of towering rocks. Like they, poor creatures, are beaten to death some old Norman castle, we fancied them still resisting step by step the advance of a hand here-I'll go down this place.' decay. It was near this southern point that the traces of former lawless doings were minute, and then all tried to persuade him stil to be seen. A small hole, apparently out of it, for we thought it was certain only a fox-den, led into a cave where a death. The rope most likely would be cut thousand kegs of French brandy had often been stored in a single night.

We were anxious to learn whether the tales heard of Cornish wreckers were true, and it was some questioning on this subject which drew from the old miller the following story:

"I can't say I never heerd of such things, but I never seed no such doings myself. I come to the parish.' have lived here, man and boy, these seventy years," he said; "many and many's the night we've been watching on these bleak cliffs for a chance to help the poor creatures as had only a frail plank between them and 'I see them!' death. Scores of lives I've seen saved, but

all broken up and the timbers come ashore scene it was! The ship was broken to pieces. -I'm not clear to say there is not some and with every turn of the waves her timsmall matter as never gets reported to the bers tossed and worrelled, and among them king's men. Little I blame them that took it, for, as the Lord's above us. I believe it is more the fault of those that keep back the

honest dues for the salvage. "A remember, in the time that barwood" (and he pointed to some pretty things made by his son, of the bright-colored logwood) was coming in, there were those as worked night and day, landing it, and after all their dabor they wented to pay them off with just a quarter of what was their right money .-So if they who are so well off try to cheat like that, I'd ask your honors if it is not save him. setting an example to the poorf

"There's Ned Smeeth, now-he has got that fine medal from that grand place up to London-I'm sure he is as tenderchearted as a child, but you'll never make him believe there is any sin in taking a stray baulk or

"But my old head is forgetting the story. Well, well, you must please to excuse it. It does make my blood boil to hear such falsi-

"'Twas seven years last November-I and was still so dark we could not see even if the rores held. the clowds of foam that kept flying in our faces. I'd just put the mill a going with some barley, and was minded to lie down for a nap (for you see I always wake when could not make sure, for the wind was lashof the beach was most enough to stun a body. Says I to Ned, 'Ned, you're a more spray man than me, just take a look out to when the report came again, full and true, and even my old eyes could see the flash. I stepped up and turned off the water, and bors. I sent a boy on horseback to Trebar foot to bring more help; and getting the ropes and things we should want if anything could be done for the poor creatures point we thought she would strike on. We safety.

"it might be about five, or between that and six o'clock, when we got to Saltstone. were obliged to lie down on the edge of the a whole night, though I suppose it could not be more than an hour, before we could see or hear anything more than the flash of the gun and the rear of the wind and waves .-After a bit we touched hands, and went lighting a fire to try to guide them into we got a cart and brought them to my house. carned medal from the Royal Humane Widemouth's Sand-bay, but I knew 'twas water near the Cupboard Rock.

had no help from our eyes, but were guided

by our knowledge of the wind and tide.

souls on board of her can make. Ah! you talk of Cornish wreckers - but there was wet

"We stood right above where the vessel the land were in existence, I went with two it afterwards-two hundred and fourteen token. She often said she wished she knew, feet. A mouse could not have found footing down that cliff, and as it was within an hour of high water, no help could come to

"The dim light of morning just enabled see the wreck. I cannot tell if it was so. The southernmost end of the bay closed For certain we could hear now, fainter and

"'I can't stand this no longer,' says Ned, like a veil to hide the ruin it left behind, of at last, 'I can't stand here in health and held out his hand, and says he: against the very rocks we stand on. Bear

"We stood like men blind and deaf for a through fraying over the cliff, or the wind might dash him with fatal force against the it might make him worse, so he just laughrocks. But nothing would stop him: he ed and said: knotted the rope round his wast, and taking a short gaff in his hand, stood ready to slip

off. He turned a moment, and says he: "Give my love to Mary and her children, and if I never see them more, don't let them

"He shook hands all round, and then stepped off, and in a moment he was hang ing all his weight on the rope we held. 'For God's sake, lower away!" he cried,

"We saw them, too, for God rent the say that when the ships, poor things, are fell on the scone before us. An awful room, and Ned get away.

were the sailors. Some past help forever. and two or three still striving hard for life.

"Just as Ned touched the beach one man was swent out from the narrow ledge they were trying to hold on to, with every third man Net came to was just such another for heighth and strength as himself, and we held our breath with terror, when we saw case) driven mad by his danger, and was

"For full five minutes they wrestled together. Sometimes we thought of pulling Ned her. up, and so making sure of him; 'twas a hard and Ned's young wife and three little children. But then the water left them once be moved. or two the tide brings in, and nobody owns; more, and we saw Ned had him down with while, after he'd been working for a whole his knee on his chest, and we knew if the the midst of the crowd, and said: week, they wanted to pay him with a little tide gave him time he was his master. So more than nothing. That's what I call steal- it proved. He whipped a coil or two of rope round his arms, and catching him tight to him with his left, gave the signal to haul

"They had barely left the rock-for we pulled easy at first-when the whole keelson of the vessel was thrown against the place mind it well-me and Ned was standing as they had stood on. We had them in our your honor and me is now, by my old hut lift, however, and if the weight had been here. It had been a bitter night of weather, twice as much it would have come to grass

"We were all too busy drawing them up to hold it as Bible truth that there's scarce another man but Ned would have brought the corn's down, and so don't trouble about that sailor up. He had, as I have said, one it had been a baby's face. Ned seemed all ze world vat sail take it! All I know, it the mill,) when I thought I heard a gun. I arm round him, and, with the other, warded struck all of a heap. He looked at the things gone!" said Don Ramon, with a grean. ing the waves mountains high, and the rake he had some grievous bruises for all his if he expected to see a mark where her courage and strength.

"When the man found himself lifted up in that strange way, he got more raving Well, he'd not gone but a step or two than ever, and finding he could not use his they met. For all the pain and danger, Ned held on. I shall never forget to my that saved life. Ned and me went and called up the neigh- last hour what I felt as we drew them in over the cliff, and knew they were safe. "Poor Ned! we laid him in a sheltered

place, and would have put the stranger with on board the distressed ship, we went to the trusted free, so we bound him for his own "In a few minutes after they were landed

Ned's wife came. We had sent a boy for some spirits and things, and he, youngster like, told what Ne I was about. None that save life, for perhaps a little spark of hope We could not stand against the wind, but was there will ever forget that fair young might remain, though all seemed gone. thing as she fell on her knees by her huscliff to try to discover the vessel. It seemed band's side and swooned away with her head upon his breast. "Ah, the man that had just braved such

danger wept like a child as he smoothed seven long years had past-years that had the golden hair of his wife.

"As weak as a child he was, too, from loss of blood. Well, other women came

"Eleven men and three boys were the Society. no use, for I was sure the vessel had not a crew of the Hesperas, as the ship was calledrag of canvas standing to help her helm, and only that one man saved. He lay for even if the helm itself was still serviceable, days-very quiet at last-and scarcely spoke and so she could never make a reach to a word. What he did say was about his clear Dead Man's Corner, and might miss mother and the name of some young woman. the only chance of running into deep quiet When we stripped him-by the doctor's orders-we found a little packet hung round "All at once, while we were doubting his neck by a black riband, and as it was what to do, we heard a crash and cry, such wet with the salt water we took it away to as only a stranded ship and the perishing dry. My wife, who tended him more than the rest, said he seemed to keep groping for something in his bosom, so she put it back eyes among us then, and men's hearts that round his neck again, and when he found never knew fear flattered like leaves on the it there all right, he never strove to rise and call out as he did before. It is not for me to say, but my old woman always construck. Sheer up the beach-we measured sidered that packet to hold some true love for she thought how glad his mother and

sweetheart would be to know he was alive. "Well, he went on in that strange way so much as the name of the sick man. Just as Ned was going about all well, we thought the bedside till he woke. It was getting near Christmas, and we wanted the poor man to be well enough to enjoy the time with us. When he opened his eyes Ned

"Give you joy, comrade. Ah, I see you'll be more than a match for me next turn we have, particularly when 'tis grass

"With that the tears came into the poor dim eyes, and catching Ned's hand, he said: "I remember now. Were none saved

but me?" "Ned was fearful to tell the truth, in case

"'You've been so long sleeping off the and left you. But 'tis time we knowed your name, stranger, if it please you to tell.' "'Gascoigne,' he said-'Richard Gassoigne. Has no one written to my mother?"

"'How should we,' says Ned, 'when we did not know where she lived?" "With that he got up to come away, for he was afraid if he stayed he'd tell himself out about his shipmates, only three of whose

bodies we ever found. never one took; no, not even of a brute black clouds, and looked through to see that He'djust gotto the door when the pour man brought the crown an inch nearer to their beast that came to shore from all the multi- noble deed. In the east there was a space wanted him to come back, but before he fingers. That —, (here you may insert the following words: tude of wreeks I've seen. I'm not going to of blue sky, through which a stream of light could turn about the parson came into the any Spanish expletive you may happen to

young man was no common sailor.

"The par on used to come and sit with him for hours together, and a fine lot of expatriations. letters they wrote between them. But we

"I am before my story, though, for choice between that poor demented stranger should have told you that the stranger had gone to the parsonage as soon as he could

> "Well, the lady came right forward into ... Which of all you brave, kind men i

Edward Smeeth?' "Ned was just behind me, and seemed

ready to slink away, but I pushed him afore, and savs I: "'If it please your ladyship, that's him."

"Well, Ned knowed manners too well to run away, so there he stood, blushing like king Carlos, himself, he give it me. He a girl.

going to make a speech; but she had only love at you.' Oh! my ring, my ring! Vere grim in funeral majesty. Up from Westjust begun her thanks when her heart rose can be my ring?' in her throat, and tears stood in her eyes. look to see what happened on the way. I and she only said 'God bless you,' and put a little box and purse into Ned's hand, and then kissed this great rough hand as though himself from the sharp face of the cliff, but she had given him, and turned his hand as beautiful lips had touched.

"Well, as the lady could not speak for herself, the parson up and told us all the him since." sense of it. How there was a grand place hands, he fixed his teeth in Ned's cheek till up to London, with a many grand people that subscribed among them to reward them

"'And proud,' says the parson, 'proud I am that such a token has come into my parish.'

"He said many kind and good words, and him, but we soon found he was to wild to be then told Ned to open the little box and show what was in it. There, sure enough, was a beautiful medal, with Ned's name, and the name of the man he saved, and some Latin words, which the purson said trative, nevertheless took the moral measure was that we should never give up trying to of a party with sufficient accuracy. He was

"Ah! here comes Ned; he'll be proud to

show your honors the medal." So we walked to Ned's cottage hard by, and were delighted to find that, though robbed him of his fair young wife, and laid her with her new-born babe in an early tomb -his dark eyes would brighten and his fine what was best to be done. Some were for soon after and bound up their hurrs, and form look tiller as he exhibited that well- gan to make a few memoranda.

The Ruby Ring. Don Ramon Mendez, ex-colonel of a de-

funct Carlist Regiment, resided in Coventry

street, in the Haymarket, and sunned himself daily in that haunt of refugees, from Paris or Timbucto , called Leicester Square. That is to say, the don sunned himself on such days as the sun was visible in that horrid northern island, where the fogs and the smoke of coal obscure the bright luminary any three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five; at other times this Spanish grandee was content to pace the pavement without the Apollonian beams, albeit he sighed as he thought of bright and merry Madrid. Don Ramon was a very great person, please to understand; some of the binest blood of Spain's proud chivalry circulated about his vital parts; and the quarterings of his family shield reached ixty-four-all fairly told. In his youthful days, under the skies of sunny Spain, and amid the splendors of the court of King Ferdinand, Don Ramon was a very gay fellow, indeed. But alas! evil times fell upon the land! King Feedinand died; and just previous to his death he committed what amounted (in the eyes of Don Ramon and all other sensible persons) to a most extraordinary piece of folly. In a stapid fit of paternal affection, he actually repealed the Salie law, and bequeathed the crown to his daughter, Isabella, instead of letting it slide to his brother Carlos. Who could stand such a monstrous piece of injustice as that, I should like to know? Certainly not Don Carlos himself; and certainly not the friends of Don Carlos, among whom ranked the grandee. Ramon Mendez. Then came the said Mr. Figgins to himself, as he mounted sin of civil war. A crown is worth fighting the three-penny omnibus to reach Scotland for, let me tell you. And as Don Carlos Yard. "That is to say, I don't think she is loved absolutism, or out-and-out regality, guilty of stealing the ring, but she has got effects of your wetting, that they're all gone while Isabella, poor infant, was understood into a mess with somebody who did it. I to be in favor of constitutionalism, (though could read her pretty plainly. However, it was well known that she loved sweet- we shall see." meats, candy, and such wares too well to trouble her head about affairs of State,) unhappily, Spain was, henceforth, divided into two factions, one of which was facetiously called "Liberals."

> Well, Don Carlos, and Zuimacarregui, and Don Ramon, and all the rest of them, fought and fought, and all their fighting never prefer,) the widow Christina, had luck on her-done it.

"We never knew the particulars for cer- | her side, and was able to place her daughtain, but always believe to this day that the ter, the constitutional Isabella, safely upon the throne.

Then followed the usual proscriptions and

Don Ramon and many another represen were never the wiser for any scholarship tative of the "blue blood" were compelled doings but in one thing, and that won't be to quit the glorious land of their birth, and or fourth wave breaking over them. The forgot round here for many's the long day. by a malicious stroke of destiny, actually to "The Christmas day we were all standing take refuge amid the savage islanders who about the church door, shaking hands and had helped to ruin their cause. Well, the wishing each other a merry Chistmas and a frowns of fortune must be met with the by his actions that he was (as is often the happy New Year, when the little gate that shrug of indifference, if not with the smile hel from the parsonage lawn into the church- of content. Don Ramon settled down quistruggling with the only man who could yath was spensel, and a lady came among city in a two-pair back in Coventry street, is, so beautiful dressel and so beautiful where he ate his olla and smoked his cigarherself that we all stopped talking to look ettes, read Lope and Cervantes, and was as happy as a disappointed man can be.

One day, however, Don Ramon met with misfortune-a very heavy misfortune, indeed. He lost a ruby riag of great value; but its intrinsic worth was a trifle compared with the worth it derived from the fact of its being a present from the illustrious Don Carlos himself.

"I vould not lose it for fifty thousand reals," he screamed to Mrs. Badger, his into hopeless despair. Pedestrians in the landlady, as that bewildered female stood at street loomed up against you like ghouls the staircase, anxiously listening to his passionate recital of the loss of the royal gem. "Ze king, (he always styled him king,) ze take it from his fingare; he place it in my "The lady took his hand, and seemed hand; he say, 'Zare, take zat, for my great aspect of moving mausoleums, dark and

"I hope you don't think I've got it," said Mrs. Badger.

"My goot voman, I not blame you! I not blame nobody! I not know one person in "When did you see it last?" said Mrs

Badger. "Zare on ze dressing-table, ven I go out yesterday to Leicester Square. I not see

"It was very careless to leave a valuable

ring about like that," said Mrs. Badger. "Vy, voman, vy?" cried the Spaniard .-'Is not zis my apartment? Sall I not lock ze tings all safe when I go out? Perdition!'

"Well, I'll send for a detective," said Mrs. Badger. "That is the only way to settle the business!" Mr. Figgins, the detective, was a thin,

little man, with steely-looking hair, like that of a Scotck terrier. His dim, gray eyes, without pretending to be very penewise enough to say but very little; and his economy in the use of words was such that he never answered a question.

On entering Mrs. Badger's, Mr. Figgins threw himself into a chair, and brushing up the shock of steel wire over his forchead. cast a few furtive glances upon the group before him-which, indeed, comprised Don Ramon, Mrs. Badger, and Susan, the servant. Then, taking out a note-book, he be-

"Ring lost, ch?" said he. "Yes," said Mrs. Badger, "an elegant

"Fifty thousand real!" cried Don Ramon Mr. Figgins inquired how, when and there it was last seen-to all of which inquiries Don Ramon answered with eager anxiety.

"Show me the room," said Mr. Figgins. It was done. "Show me all over the house."

That was done, too.

As Mr. Figgins went from room to room ne made particular inquiries regarding each individual who occupied the chambers. As far as one could glean anything from the manner of this man of wire, his inquiries dil not result to his satisfaction.

As he was coming down the staircase again, he suddenly caught Susan by the arm, and said: "Any followers?"

The girl flared up in a succession of blushes, and said:

"Oh, good 'evens, 'ow ever could you think of such a thing?" "Um!" said he, turning to Mrs. Badger.

"No, sir," said the lady; "I don't think here's anything of that kind going onleastways, not with my consent, it ain't. I told her, when she took the place, that I couldn't allow any sweethearting here. We | said Mike. have plenty of work to do, without thinking of nonsense of that kind."

"Uml" said Mr. Figgins.

And making a few more inquiries, and taking a few more notes he quitted the house leaving them all wonderfully impressed with his talent—he said so little.

"That girl is at the bottom-of it, I guess,"

And descending from the venicle, he went to his private room, in the detective's headquarters, and began to arrange his plans for the discovery of the ruby ring.

Poor Susan! She kept up courage as long as she could; but as soon as she reached the miserable den below she threw herself into a chair and wept bitterly. Then she arose, and taking a dirty scrap of paper, scrawled "Dra't come here never henny more. You

she thought,) and posted it in the nearest letter-box.

A week passed by. Nothing was heard of the ring or the detective. Don Ramon began to curse British institutions as he had never cursed them before, which is going very far indeed. Cervantes had no longer a charm for him; Don Quixote might have fought a whole regiment of windmills, and won no smile from his passionate lips. The tricks and quips of all the witty Graciosos in Lope were stale and stupid to this Spanish grandee bewailing the loss of a royal gem. He trod Leicester Square in bewilderment, and actually so far forgot himself as to raise his hat to the Spanish ambassador, the representative of that hated constitutional infant, Isabella.

It was a dull and drizzly evening. A combination of fogs had settled over unhapgloom. The street lamps struggled in vair to cast cheering rays through the mournful apprehended at three." mist, and sickening in wasted energy, paled and then bounced against you like battering rams. Your sides ached with reiterated blows: and there was a new marvel in phrenology-the development of bumps of concussiveness. The vehicles were the awful minster bridge rolled a great column of fluvial vapor, which settling down over Whitehall and the Ilorse Guards, threatened to blot them out of existence. Scotland Yard had faded from the memories of men.

No! not exactly, since two or three shrewd fellows just then drove up in so many cabs, and threading their way to the great Temple of Detection, reached the ante-room of Mr. Figgins.

There was a rap at his door. "Come in, Mike," said Mr. Figgins, as Mike's head peered round the door. It was a snug, cheery little apartment that Mr Figgins occupied—carpeted, curtained, bril liantly lighted with gas, and nicely warmed Mr. Figgins sat at a large writing-table, above which rose tier upon tier of pigeon holes, full of papers and memoranda. "Come in. Mike," said he.

And Mike entered, and took a chair be-

"Now, about this business," said Mr Figgins, opening a small portfolio of papers which referred to the case under consideration, "You have been tracing the different rings. When did he get the two imitations?"

"On the night he stole the ring." "How do you know he stole it?" interrupt-

ed Mr. Figgins. "Well, well," said Mike, with a smile, "I think it a pretty clear case, sir. On the night he had possession of the ring, he went to Zachariah's, in the Minories, and made them turn over their stock until he discovered two exactly resembling those the Span-

ish gentleman lost." "Um! deep fellow," said Mr. Figgins .-'Did he say anything there?"

ruby was lost, and that as it was known old Bourbon-a contraband in camp-which among his friends that he possessed a really a wag discovered and resolved to possess.good ring, the wearing of an imitation would auswer every purpose,"

"Go on," said Mr. Figgins.

"The next day he went to Rose, the pawaoffered thirty. The party was dissatisfied, there?" and went away; but by an i by he returned and obtained thirty pounds on one of the paste rings, as Rose did not examine it very carefully."

"Capital!" said Mr. Figgins, rubbing his hands. "To think that Rose should be taken in by such a scheme!"

"After this he went to Buckby, the pawnbroker in Covent Garden, and obtained twenty-five pounds by a similar method .---So he passed off two rings worth certainly not more than five shillings for fifty-five pounds.

Mr. Figgins, cold and reserved as were his usual habits, could not refrain from in- business. He will probably refuse to do it, dulging in a hearty peal of laughter at the success of the "party's" ingenious trick. "What has become of the original ring?"

said he. "I can trace nothing further at present,

"That will do, then. Send in Hearn,

if he has returned." Hearn accordingly made his appearance "Come here," said Mr. Figgins. "Have you discovered anything about the abstraction of the ring?"

"What is the party's name?"

"Oh, he has fifty different aliases," said Hearn, "but his real name is Robert Smith."

"He formed her acquaintance at Greenwich, three months ago, and has hung about after her ever since. She does not suspect his real character. He promised to marry by some to be indicative of great wind her when he could get work; but that never was stolen he slipped down the area and save his head! was stolen he slipped down the area and asked for some food, as he had nothing to health in the Bourhon. The story come get out, and is now the joke of the senson.

And having hastily enclosed this scrap in | him refreshment, and then ran to get some an envelope, she slipped out unnoticed, (as some ale for him. While she was gone, he slipped up stairs, opened the Spaniard's

door with a false key, and took the ring." "There is no end of the troubles caused by these foolish servant girls," said Mr. Figgins. "Is that all you know?"

"That is all."

"No tidings of the stolen ring?" "No."

"That will do. Send in Mannering as oon as he arrives." And Mr. Figgins resumed the occupation

pon which he was engaged previous to the visits of these satellites. Presently there was a rap at the door, and

Mannering entered. "Have you traced him?" said Mr. Figgins

with a slight show of eagerness. "Yes."

"Where is he?" "He took a ticket at the Bricklayers' Arms py London, like a thrice ebonized pall of Station at ten o'clock this morning. He arrived at Bover at half past one. He was

"Good!" said Mr. Figgins. "Where is the ring?"

"He sold it at Dover for twenty pounds." "By Jove!" said the detective.

"Yes. He went to the Lord Warden Hotel to wait till the French packet started, and he gave his address as Sir Robert Smith." "Are they coming up with him?" "Yes," said Mannering; "they telepraph-

ed to say they would be here to-night. The train arrives at the Bricklayers Arms Station at nine. I guess they will be here in ten minutes." And at that moment a trampling of feet was heard in the ante-room and presently

the door opened, and in walked the superintendent of the Dover police. Then came the usual congratulations and civilities between the two officials, and them "Sir Robert Smith" was transferred to two of Mr. Figgins' officials, and within half an hour he found himself on the safe but un-

pleasant side of the walls of a police station.

I have but little more to add to this narrative. Don Ramon received his royal gem with demonstrations of delight, and was careful to keep it out the of the way of pickers and stealers forever afterward. "Sir Robert Smith" was sentenced to four years, penal servitude. Susan learned wisdom, and vowed never to to take a "follower" again unless he came well recommended. And Mr. Figgins rejoiced at his own wonderful shrewdness in tracing the felon .-"Another conviction, Mr. Figgins," said the worthy man to himself; "another conviction, and you unravelled the case most elegantly."

A Practical Camp Joke.

GEN. NELSON AND THE MULE-DRIVER. An army correspondent of one of the Cin-

cinnati papers says:

Our boys are furious for practical jokes. and are constantly on the look-out for subjects. One was recently procured in the person of a new teamster, who had just taken harge of six large, shaggy m "He remarked to the shopman that his was also proprietor of two large bottles of Being aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the

following plan to get rid of him: Approaching the driver, who was busy broker's in Oxford street, and asked for a currying his mules, he accosted him withloan of fifty pounds on the real ruby. Rose "I say, old fellow, what are you doing

> "Can't you see?" replied John, gruffly. "Certainly," responded the wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired here by the General, who curries all the mules and horses brought in aster tattoo." The mule-driver "bit," at once, and wan-

ted to know where the "bair-dresser" kept

himself. Whereupon he was directed to Gen. Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where the fellow "hung out." "You can't mistake the man," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs for a man in his and tell you to 'go to the devil!' but don't

mind that; he has been drinking to-day .-Make him come out sure!" John posted right off, and entering the tent where our Napoleon of the Fourth Divi-sion sat in deep reverie, probably consider-ing the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native State, slapped him on the back with force sufficient to annihilate a man or ordinary size. Springing to his feet, the General accested his un-

invited guest with—"Well, sir, who are you? and what the devil do you want?" "Old hoss, I've got a job for you nowsix mules to be curried, and right off, too," said the captain of the mules, nothing daun-ted by the flashing eye of the indignant General.

"Do you know who you are addressing?"

"What profession?"

"He has been a clerk, a carpenter, and a ticket porter on the railway. But for the last twelve months he has been living on his wits."

"Ha, ha! Preyed on society," said Mr.
Figgins. "How did it all happen with the girl?"

"Do you know who you are addressing?" asked Nelson.

"You;" said John, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off, "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any foolishness. Clean them mules, and I'll give you a drink of busthead!"

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the General, now perfectly furious, "I am General Nelson, the commander of this Divi-

eral Nelson, the commander of this Division!"
John placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and extending his fingers.

The General's sword leaped from its soab seemed likely to happen. The day the ring bard, and John from the tent just in time to

waved them slowly in a manner supposed