"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD." BUCHANAN.

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Jos Primino—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphletz, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

SLEEPING AND WATCHING.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

I.

Sleep on baby, on the floor,
Tired of all the playing.
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in;
On your curls' full roundness stand
Golden lights serenely,
One onest, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple wily.
Little head and little foot
Heavily laid for pleasure,
Underneath the lids half shut,
Slants the shining azure.
Open-soul in noonday sun,
So, you lie and slumber!
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing evil having done,
II.

II.

II.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smilling, little child,
Ere the sorrow neareth,
I will smile too! patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss,
I shall sleep, though losing!
As by oradle, so by cross,
Sure is the reposing.

III.

III.

And God knows who sees us twain, Child at childish leisure, I am near as tired of pain

I am near as tired of pain'
As you seem of pleasure.
Very soon too by his grace
Gently wrapt around me,
Shall I show as calm a face,
Shall I sleep as soundly.
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings, sleeping,
White my hand shall drop the few
Given to my keeping.
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping shall be colder,
And in waking presently
Brighter to beholder.
Differing in this beside,

Brighter to beholder.
Differing in this beside,
(Sleeper have you heard me?
Do you move and open wide
Eyes of wonder toward me?)

That while you thus recall
From your sleep, I solely,
Me from mine an angel shall,
With reville holy.

DE UNITED STATES HOTEL.

BY ONE OF DE BOARDAHS. I's took rooms for de season-I's cuttin' quite

I's stoppin' at a tavern—de United States Hotel.
Old UNCLE SAM'S de landlord—we eat and drink our fill—
And de wisdom ob de messure is, dar's nuffin for de

bill!

Ob, Hi O Dinkum Darkey:
De white trash can't afford
To take rooms at de tavern
Where de cullud gentry board.

De 'possum it was lubly—but we've better grub dan

De hoe-cake it was 'nificent, de raccoon sweet and possum, 'coon and hoe-cake !- 1 bid you all

You wouldn't suit de 'siety at Uncle Sam's Hotel.
Oh, Hi O Dinkum Darkey!
Oh don't you hear de bell?
It's ringin' for de boardahs
At Uncle Sam's Hotel.

And don't you know de boardahs-de 'complished

And all ob de "born equals," no matter where dey dwell, Are goin' to be boardahs at Uncle Sam's Hotel. Oh, Hi O Dinkum Darkey!
Oh berry sure I am,
De best of all de taverns
Is kept by Uncle Sam.

De schrushiatin' Pompey, when he sits down to dine. Just hear him call de waitah, to fotch along de

And see de little white boys a-helpin' Mistah Snow,

ee de intie winte boys a-helpin' Mistah Snow ringin' ohieken fixens to de lubly Dinah Crow Oh, Hi O Dinkum Darkey! I's cuttin' quite a swell, I's took rooms at a tavern— De United States Hotel.

It's a mighty big old tavern, dat United States Hotel!

It has sixty thousand boardahs, and it 'commodates but how do you know it ?' well; m for all of Dixie, an' I 'spect dey'll all

de year. Oh, Hi O Dinkum Darkey! Oh, HI O Dilliam Dalacy.

We had no bills to pay,

Dey charge 'em to de white trash,

I hear de landlord say. Oh, take de mattock, white man—de shubbel and de

But 'fore you pay de board bills you'll hab to tug Stacy uses. When you came a little Cumming should marry? It is surely no And wish you wasn't white trash a thousand times
I'll bet!

'll bet!
O, Hi O Dinkum Darkey,
Oh, don't you hear de bell?
It's ringin' for de boardahs
At Uncle Sam's Hotel! [Logan (Ohio) Gazette.

A LITTLE WITCH.

How much we lose by not making the acquaintance of our cousins, the brutes! I say we, courteously, for l am not included in the class of persons who are contumacious to dogs, horses, and other quadrupedal inhabitants of our planet. The fact is, I am more interested in a beaver than a beau; and a chained bear, who not find him. travels all his waking hours in a circle, and always turns a summersault at a parme than a fashionable young fellow doing very much the same thing. I was always very odd, and I cannot tell whether I first liked William Cumming for his horse Selim, or for himself. Selim was a wonderful fellow, and had cost a fabulous price. ever ridden him but William Cumming, quaintance made us friends. Selim arched pin; Selim's breath was warm on it. This a warm night in the latter part of June, his proud neck to kiss me; and I patted was perfectly perceptible to me, but not and my windows were raised. I slept on his glossy coat, and smoothed his mane, to William. and put my side saddle on him with my

'You must not ride him,' said William. What would be my portion, if any accident should befall you in your mother's when the crushed clover blossoms gave me absence? If she were here to give her notice that the horse had passed but a few consent-

used to my ways, and she is not a coward. Selim and I are friends, you can see.' But he will try to be master, and your

hands are not iron, my little friend.'

horse 1' said he

Common sense, at thirteen!' said Wil-

I went up to my room and cried bitterly. Girls and babies don't weep—they ary. care of him. When my eyes were red, and my curls in when William was gone, and Selim was perience of the truth of the testimony of

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. shadows, and my arms were skin and my shoulder. I led him to the door, and ing is lying bleeding to death, I am sure

a sort of preternatural acuteness that quite sure but that I had a sense more than cavalier; but I want to spring into my to examine, and said : belonged to my acquaintance. William ærial cradle, and skim over hill and dale, Cumming used to call me 'a little witch,' because I could tell what he was quite sure I knew nothing about, and could not find out by any natural means—but he and swayed him first to one side, and then meant usual, I think, when he said natural. My ways of acquiring information were very simple, and natural to me; still, as I had established a character for extraor- ble. I patted his neck to let him know did not deserve it.

For instance, when I said to my little brother: 'How came you to go into the china closet, and take mamma's oranges?' he answered, redolent of the perfumed fruit, 'O sister, how could you see me through the door, when it was looked?' and he went away convinced that I was were much more wonderful than their's

'Are you quite sure that you are not a little witch?' said William Cumming.— Selim kissed you and laid his nose on your shoulder, the first five minutes of he left the village, he came to a piece of your acquaintance.'

I answered him with some impatience: I wish people had as much sense as horses. They know who mean well by them, while people are always suspecting They suspect poor me of witchery or the black art. Even you, Uncle William, are afraid I will cheat you.' I was grieved, perhaps a little angry,

that I had not been trusted to ride Selim; and now William had returned, I wished top of his speed. The fellow got up.

A sweet thrill of happiness stole into the purish him. But he are tarned, I wished top of his speed. The fellow got up. He my heart, and I said, blushing and smilto punish him. But he took no notice of my ill-humor, and said very pleasantly: 'Tell me, by your black art, where I have been the last half hour.'

He was standing by the door, and I was at the opposite side of the room, but I was in the draught of air, and I answered: 'You have been whisking the flies off Selim with a bunch of pennyroyal, and | miles from here.' you have been over the bank where the wild thyme grows, and you have been father. among the wild roses on Ginger Hill. I know all this, though I have been here the whole time.

He walked over to where I was standing, and said:

How do you know all this? As he came beside me, I said :

in your pocket from Luke Stacy.' 'How do you know all this!'

wonder-struck, as he had been half-a-dozen times before. 'No spy-glass could tell | puddle; but you may congratulate yourself De schrushlatin' Pompey, and de gallant Mistah you this, for Mary was at home in her father's house beyond the hill; and the thyme bank is beyond that, and hidden from everybody; and the roses and pennyroyal are beyond the hill; and the whole is three miles from here. You could not have followed me, unless you had been on the back of another Selim; and, besides, you say that you have been here all the time. How do you know that I have

something in my pocket from Stacy; and what is it ? 'It is a letter,' said I, 'that he has brought you from some one.' Even so. What you say is all true;

'Simply, and only,' I replied. 'because It has room for all of Dixie, an' I 'spect dey'll all have a nose. When you came in, I time. I always called him Uncle William; Wid dar wives and pickaninnies, 'fore de endin' ob smelt Selim and the penny-royal. The mingled odors told me that you had been tions could be changed. People asked why brushing the flies off the horse with some sprigs of the herb. The next odor I smelt | bachelorism was a chronic complaint, and was the thyme, and then the wild roses. would probably never be cured. I remem-

We boardabs hab no work to do, we all hab quit de smelt the verbena—the only perfume Mary thought occurred to me: What if William nearer, I smelt Turkish tobacco and the harm to speak of it now, for he has been sizing of paper, and then I was sure you married several years, and I .- But I had some paper from Luke Stacy, and the | will not anticipate. most probable idea was, that it was a let-Why, I can smell Luke at the lower ter. counted for every thing.'

nose,' said William. 'You are a cross her to ride, and by a not very strange between a vulture and a dove. But I coincidence, I this night asked myself the must attend to Selim. I dare say he thinks | question : 'Why cannot I be married to he is hungry.' He went out to see the horse, but he was

gone. He looked all around, but he did

'He is stolen,' said William, much alarmed. 'I saw an ill-looking fellow vista of my future life looked gloomy and ticular point, is much more interesting to watching me as I rode home. The gate terrible. After tormenting myself till I is shut, and there is no way for him to thought I wanted to die, I fell asleep. disappear, unless some one has taken him.' awoke in a kind of shuddering horror. fastened.

was put in a hole bored in the gate post. groans and cries of a human being. I was though he had a bad name. No one had When this pin was taken out the gate swung open, and if the wind were right, it and yet the first five minutes of our ac- might be closed again. I examined the

'Selim don't know enough to take out that pin and then replace it,' said he.

· He has more sense than a great many men,' I said, as I passed into the orchard, minutes previous. 'If I find him over the Nonsense!' I cried; 'my mother is hill, may I ride him, Uncle William?' 'You will not find him,' he answered. I ran to the top of the hill. On the

other side, Selim was trying to eat with his my will, I arose, threw on a dressing gown, bit between his teeth. I went to him and Never you fear, said I, I will turn tried to unbuckle the bridle on the wrong him three ways at once, if he insists on side. He quietly turned the other side of me. running away. Skill is better than hard his head to my awkward hands, putting the work in most affairs, and especially in right buckle pertinaciously before me, till mother, what has frightened you? I unfastened it. William Cumming came Who taught you skill in managing a along, greatly pleased, but said that Selim evasively. should do the gate-trick again, that he Common sense, I replied. Now, do might see him. So he led him back, and left him to himself in the yard again. He minutes, that he was putting on his drew out the gate-pin with his teeth, and clothes. liam, laughing; and he took off the side when the gate was swung open, he put the saddle, and replaced it with his own, and pin sgain in the hole, and went his way mother, I told him of the sounds and of alley. The printer sets up pins—the

a tangle, I looked in the glass. I was at satisfied with the grass, I called him by a my senses.

Taking age; my sollar bone was prominent, and had sait cellars, with dreadful trotted up to me, and laid his nose upon here, close to the post road, a human be-

bones. A weaver would have said I was saddled him with my own side-saddle, and of it. all warp, and no filling. William Cumthen, with very little preparation, I started My father took a lantern, and went to

like a creature with wings. Once only Selim tried my mettle; but when he found that I understood his game, to the other, and finally turned him completely around, he made up his mind to go swiftly forward, and give me no more trouafter a canter of ten minutes, I turned him homeward.

On the way, I saw the same ill-looking fellow watching the horse that William had observed. We compared descriptions, and found that he was the same person. William was delighted to know that I had ridden Selim without accident, or ill behavior something very much like a witch. Older on the part of the horse. His partiality persons, in a similar manner, cheated for the orchard caused him to be left there themselves into the belief that my gifts in the clover, and the next day he was stolen. The hill separated him from our sight, and a breach was made in the fence, and he was taken away about mid-day.

My father had been to the village, three miles distant, and was returning. Just as woody ground. Recent rains had filled puddles into the road that were miniature ponds. As he entered the woods, he saw Selim approaching, backed by a strange rider, even the ill-looking fellow, who had just succeeded in stealing him. In the middle of one of the largest pools of water, Selim very deliberately lay down, and rolled, so as to detach his rider; he then rose suddenly, and galloped away at the was 'the knight of the rueful countenance' | ing : and rueful coat, and all other habiliments,

when my father met him. 'My horse has thrown me,' said he, using some adjectives to Selim's discredit.

Where did you get the horse ?' said my father. 'I bought him on a farm about three

'How much did you give?' asked my

'Twenty-five pounds; and I'll have back my money; I will never keep such a William Cumming had paid one hundred

at double that sum. 'That story can't 'And you saw Mary Stacy, and shook my father. 'Only two persons were ever wife, little witch as you are. Will you hands with her; and you have something on that horse's back before; and when you find out beforehand whether you can ride him. It is not nice to be spilt in a mud

> that you deserve it.' He drove on, leaving the crest-fallen villain dripping with dirty water. Not long after we heard of the arrest forever.' and conviction of a horse-thief, and, on inquiry, we learned that he was the same person who had been treated so unceremoniously to a mud-bath by Selim. He was sentenced to the State prison for four years. During this time I felt very secure about Selim; and William used to tell me that I thought there was only one rascal in the world. The days flew by, for my youth was happy. Four years fled, and I was in my eighteenth year. William Cumming had been my instructor in many things, and my friend in all during this he did not marry. He said that his old

The pretty widow, Mrs. Jameson, had been staying a month with a friend in our end of our lane, when I stand in the door. neighborhood, and William had often been Now you can see that I have fairly ac- very polite to her, and what was worse than all, he had promised that she should ride Except for the fact that you are all Selim. The next day was appointed for William Cumming?' The answer was,

' he is old enough to be your father.' The beautiful Mrs. Jameson was still young, but nearer William's age than I was. My pulse beat fast, and the long 'The gate is shut,' said I, 'but it is not had heard sounds the like of which I had never heard before; they seemed com-The gate was fastened by a pin, which pounded of the squeal of a horse and the sure that I had heard these sounds, that it was not a sleeping fancy; but when I was fully awake, I heard them no more. It was the second floor, and two large windows of my room faced the south. Half a mile, in a direct line from these windows, was a post road. I was sure that the sounds I had heard came from the road, or near vicinity. I listened earnestly, but all was still. Suddenly there floated into the room, filling it, as it were, an odor that I was perfectly sure was from human blood. I shrank down into my bed, and shook with horror; then, with a great effort of and hurried to my father's room.

'Father, father!' I cried, 'come with What is it, Agnes, dear?' said my 'I thought I heard some one,' said I

I waited for my father to dress, and it seemed an hour's time, though only a few

again to feast upon the sweet grass.

the smell of blood. He always believed world keeps talley, the editor puts the pair in motion, and away it goes, carrying death in motion, and away it goes, carrying death and much are sind destruction in its front, sending a pin the smell of blood. He always believed world keepsitalley, the editor puts the ball

ming was thirty years old, and had a farm for a contraband ride. Selim cantered William Cumming; I dressed, and when adjoining my father's. He was a scholar away seemingly proud of his burden, and they came, I led the way to the spot, and a gentleman, and cultivated his own I was rocked in the cradle of an ecstatic where I was convinced we should find some land, and had the handsomest horses in delight. There is, in my opinion, no ter- one dead or dying. The howling of the the country. I had a great respect for restrial costacy to be compared with a dog that preceded us struck us all with a him, though I am afraid he was indebted center, provided your horse be of the right sad solemnity. As we drew near the edge to his four footed friend for a portion of it. kind, and the atmosphere and scenery of the field, which was bounded by the I have said I was odd. My sense had equally desirable. For myself, I want no road, we saw a horse standing, and as we better company than my horse. I do not came nearer, we saw it was Selim. Lying seemed miraculous to others, and I am not want to put my foot into the hand of any beside him was a man. My father stooped

'I believe he is dead.' The halter was buckled to his arm, and he was bitten horribly in his arms and legs, and had bled to death. They raised him. and laid him on the back of the now docile Selim, thinking that perhaps he had only fainted. They took him to our house, but he was quite dead. He proved to be the thief who had stolen Selim before, and who dinary 'knowingness,' I got credit when I that I appreciated his good manuers; and had only been three days out of prison.— After the necessary formalities, the poor wretch was buried. Selim never passed the place where he had killed him without

being seized with a severe shuddering. I was very ill from the shock of this dreadful scene. I believe I was out of which was very much aggravated when the widow Jameson called to see me.

When I was recovering—when I was very well, but very weak—I was, one day alone with William Cumming; I was looking at him, and thinking how noble and handsome he was, and then I thought of the Widow Jameson, and of her beauty, and I said:

'Uncle William, has Mrs. Jameson rode Selim yet?

'Agnes, dear,' he said, almost impatiently, 'I wish you never would call me 'Uncle William' again,' and his forehead had an ugly scowl on it, which greatly marred its exceeding beauty. I blushed scarlet, but said nothing.

'Please promise not to call me uncle again,' he said beseechingly.

Why should I not call you uncle, and Mrs. Jameson aunt, when she is your wife 2? 'My wife!' said he, vehemently, 'I shall

never marry, unless my little Agnes will be my wife. 'You will not marry a little witch?'

' And you will not marry an old bachelor, almost as old as your father?' said

I wanted to say: 'Who said I would not?' but I did say : 'I am so strange and unlike every body else, that you could not and twenty-five, and he valued the horse be willing to take me for your wife.'

he wealth of the world to call you my leave off calling me Uncle William, and be steal another horse, you will do well to my little wife, Agnes, my heart's pet, my darling ?' I was sitting beside him in my weakness; his arm stole round my waist, my head sunk upon his bosom, he clasped me

in a fervent embrace and said : 'Mine forever,' and I answered : 'Mine Selim is eighteen years old to-day, and my cldest daughter is ten. She is a lovely girl, and, to my great joy, she is no way peculiar; unless being a great romp, and very brilliant and healthy in her complex-

ion, may be considered unusual in this day of prim schools and pale girls. One thing is certain, and it is a great comfort to me, that though she is a child of good sense, and capacity for moral and intellectual attainment, she is never called

A Wonderful Architect.

a 'little witch '

Do you know the type setter is an archi-You see those bits of lead and zinc lying over, across and against each other, like the tangled braids of a mermaid's hair And yet they form an army more powerful than ever fought on tented field. Yesterday they stood up 'form'-truly, in a thousand forms. You may look upon the little bits with a smile on your lips, but you little dream they are stronger and wiser than you-they will speak when you are dead and forgotten. They have sometimes made you smile, and sometimes shudder .-Stocks!' Isn't there something in that word? Havn't you been head and heels in them for years, and don't your feelings rise and fall with them alternately? A little further on you come to the 'Married.' Ah! I thought that would make you smile. I saw you kiss a baby then, and that word unraveled it all. You havn't forgotten the day you went courting, have you? Then there was magic in the utterance. You stood at the altar on the strength of the happiness you felt, and if you have not always loved the girl as you ought to, there is no one you love as well. You secretly bless the day when the single word 'Married' was wreathed like a sacred archway over the joys of you and yours. Don't you remember little Minnie--she whom you loved so well-she with the blue eyes and auburn curls? When Death's dark Angel folded her little delicate hands over her snowy bosom, and sealed her lovely eyes with its icy fingers, don't you remember how the great tide of sorrow came surging o'er your smitten heart? You little thought the other day when you picked up the paper-that the word 'Died,' of only four letters-which you laughed at as they lay dusty and dirty in their square homes —would make you weep—would make you think of her whom God hath taken.

If you come to his office to-morrow the knowledge. He will pull to pieces tough, wiry arguments that yesterday defied the world. Those pretty palaces which the poet wrought will have to come down, and their golden fancies become to-morrow the integuments of the politician's prose. In they go-those metalic dwarfs, scattered forth sixty, ave an hundred fold. 'Sixty lives lost' and Prentice's last joke march in together, and the printer whistles Yankee Doodle as carelessly as if human life was below par, and so it is. This is the printer's life and business.

here and a pin there, while a noisy rabble always stand by to chear and hiss down the shall have the rings for nothing. players: Some play for money, and a few Tartified at the idea of being able previous few do it to patronize the obtain the rings without opening his purse.

When the printer dies, the world just gets a glimpse of his value as his coat-tail real value. vanishes into glory, and then it looks very bad, rubs its head a little, calls him a clever and then the world shoves his sympathy.

though nothing had happened. Some day the people will wake up and find a screw lost in the jagged machine of human progress. If you do, don't waste more sympathy than possible on those my theological fellows who print your books and papers.

European Gossip. Here is an anecdote of a confidence

man, told by M. Pasquier, who was Prefect of Police in Paris, under the first Emperor :

A magnificent carriage drove up; one

day, to the door of a rich jeweller in Paris, my senses, and had a sort of brain fever, and a well looking, important and not overdressed gentleman alighted from it. He said he wanted a complete wedding parure, consisting of a lady's set of diamond ornaments, the price limited to 200,000 francs, equal to \$40,000. From several designs, which he examined with the evidently practiced eye of a connoisseur, he selected one, which he desired might be executed within five days, and insisted on leaving 4000 francs with jeweller as a de- that M. Teron has become aware of the him the next day, giving his address as francs. Is it not so?' 'Yes,' sighed M. Prince Gargarin, Hotel Hollande, Rue de Teron, 'I have given him that sum.'—

house in 1805 than it is in 1862. apartment on the second story. There nal secrecy.' were five or six liveried lackeys in the ante-chamber, one of whom escorted him nesses in a maze and M. Teron in dismay. to the Prince, who received and examined The notary was unable to keep silent, and the ring, paid for it, and presented ten the police eventually unravelled the mysfrancs to the messenger, who returned tery, though the jeweller observed his home joyfully congratulating the jeweller promise of secrecy. M. Teron, who was on having so wealthy and liberal a customer.

parried home the diamonds, and found the and compelled to refund, with compound Prince in his study, sitting before his interest. cylindrical secretarie. His Highness minutely inspected the jewels with a glass, and suddenly one of the valets announced 'Prince Dolgoronki.' 'Ah! my brotherin-law, exclaimed his Highness. 'I do not wish him to see the present with which I intend surprising his sister. Request him 'Willing!' said William, 'I would give to stay in the drawing-room, and I will im-

the hotel, who asked if he was waiting for any one. 'For the return of Prince Gargarin, the jeweller answered. 'I have just sold him a set of diamonds for 200,-000 francs. Are you his secretary?' The maitre d'hotel shook his head and sadly said, 'I am his dupe, and so are you. I suppose.' 'Impossible! the diamonds are shut up in that secretarie. Besides, look

at all this money.' Alas, the leathern bag which he seized was filled with nails. The rouleaux were of wood. The Russian leather portfolio contained scraps of waste paper. However, there was one consolation—the diamonds were safe. A locksmith was sent for, the secretarie opened, and found-empty! It stood flush up against a wall, in which a hole had been made, and there being a corresponding hole in the back of the secretarie, the jewels had readily been removed to the next room. The jeweller, as he well might be, was in despair. The master of the hotel had been swindled. All the servants were his except the valet dechambre, who was the confederate of the Prince.' They had decamped without suspicion, at the door of the hotel. All efforts to discover them were ineffectual.

The poor jeweller, nearly rained by this obbery, had to remove his much diminished business to another part of Paris, where his name was sunk in that of his partner's. Many years after he received a message from one Monsieur Teron, described as a gentleman holding an official situation, who desired to purchase some rings. Instead of sending a clerk, he went himself. and was shown into a partially lighted bed chamber, where, in the invalid in hed, he recognized his old customer, the cidevant Prince Gargarin. The recognition was not mutual, and the jeweller held his tongue and bided his time. From the rings exhibited a few were se-

lected, to the value of 6000 france, and M. Teron, declaring that he had not the means of paying in cash, asked the jeweller if he would exchange against a curious old snuff box, which he declared to be of great valve. This was an octagon shaped china snuff box, ornamented with ten miniatures printer will show you how to distribute by Clinchsteil, set in gold and rubies. No one knew its value so well as the jeweller, for it was one that had been stolen from himself shortly before Prince Gargarin's visit. Moreover he knew what few others did, that it had a secret spring, by means of which all the miniatures could be taken out of their settings and their broadcast like good seed, which shall bring reverses exhibited, on which were painted subjects, treated with admirable skill, in the indelicate style peculiar to the age of Louis XV. Without any hesitation the jeweller val-

ued the box at 50,000 francs, which was much more than M. Teron expected. The jeweller, on the other hand, said it was probably worth even more, and made this proposal: Take the rings you have sen, and put the box in an envelope, stating it to be my property-if it does not bring more than 50,000 francs, you

found in exceller, part of the paper.

boss and bless mankind. No matter what M. Teron assented. Two of his neighbors, the balls are made of or how they go, if one of them a notary, were sent for, and they only hit the mark. The arowd pocket the invalid asked, Who shall fix the price the spoils and the honors are left to the of the box? 'You, sir,' said the jeweller. proprietor, who goes behind the scenes and I will lay a wager that you will value it starves in his shirt sleeves. And such is at 500,000 francs. Let me tell you in private a circumstance connected with this box, which will enable you to perceive its

M. Teron, curious and anxious enough

now, gave his consent, and the two referfellow-says only fault was in being poor, ees retired, ... Then the jeweller said :-Sixteen years ago that snuff box was out of sight into that idiom the human stolen from me, when I traded on Bouleheart, and on rolls the Juggernaut as vard des Italiens—a few days before I was robbed of 200,000 francs' worth of diamonds by yourself, under the assumed name of Prince Gargarin. My evidence relative to the loss of the box is on the records of the police. You now declare the box to be yours. I have already sworn that I purchased it at a public sale. The man who sold it to me is still alive. I know a secret about the box which will further prove my ownership—a secret which you have not discovered. Unless

> thief. I will give you five minutes to determine.' Within that time, thus driven into a corner, M. Teron, who was really an invalid, handed his keys to the jeweller, and bade him open a drawer, in which he could find 300.000 in billets de banque, and signed a check for 200,000 francs more, payable at his banker's that same day .-This done, the witnesses were recalled.

'Gentlemen,' said the jeweller, exhibiting the bank notes and check, 'you see posit. He also selected a ring, worth 120 | value of the box. He has purchased it rancs, which he begged might be sent to back from me for five hundred thousand la Paix, which was a more fashionable Then, said the jeweller, here is the box, and I will let you have the rings into the The jeweller's messenger called at the bargain. You may explain the mystery appointed time, and was shown into an as you please; for my part I promise eter-

The jeweller retired, leaving the witfrancs to his heirs, never recovered from On the fifth day, as agreed, the jeweller the mortification of having been detected

Avoiding a Dun.

A compositor in one of the daily newspaper offices, though a good fellow like many of the printing profession, (for they are all good fellows,) suffers from repeated attacks of limited finances, or revenue disto stay in the drawing-room, and I will immediately join him.'

Touching the table, the cylinder moved and the secretaric closed. The diamonds were within it—but on the table was an open box filled with plump leather bags, and rouleaux of louis were huddled together confusedly. On his arrival the jeweller noticed all this treasure, and more especially a large Russia leather portfolio, well lined with bank notes, the rough edges of which were visible.

The Prince quitted the room, saying that he would immediately return. The polite jeweller begged him not to hurry himself. Twenty minutes elapsed, which seemed like three hours to the jeweller, over whom a vague apprehension crept. The door opened—O! here is his Highness, he thought. No. It was the master of the hotel, who asked if he was waiting for any one. For the return of Prince Gar. proportional to his disbursements. He has

itor repeating his own name slowly, as if it had a mysterious, familiar sound, and he was endevoring to recall it. 'I have heard that name before, surely-James H. Smith-James H.-James H.-oh, yes! (as if with sudden remembrance,) he used to be employed here, certainly, certainly he did. I remember now; he worked next to my case, poor fellow!' and the speaker paused and looked sad.

'Did anything happen to him?' the collector. 'Yes, he died one morning suddenly of the cholera, after attending the sick bed of a dving friend.'

Did he leave anything? asked the man of bills. 'Oh, no; the boys in the office had to bury him. I gave five dollars myself to help in putting the generous creature under the sod. He died penniless.'

'Then there is no use in keeping this bill, I suppose ?' 'None at all,' said James H. Smith. And as the collector tore up the bill and departed he continued, to himself, 'I guess I've got rid of that old bore. It wasn't, perhaps, much of a story I was telling. Probably, I was only anticipating a little after all-except in the five dollar contri-

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