DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

THE

#### "REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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#### TOWANDA:

hursdan Morning, March 18, 1858.

### Selected Poetry. THE OUTWARD BOUND.

How seldom we dream of the mariner's grave. Far down by the coral around ; How little we think of the wind and the wave. When all we love are on land ! the hurricane comes and the hurricane goes. And little heed do we take, Though trees may snap as the tempest blows And the walls of our homestead shake. But the north-west wind tells a different tale. With a voice of fearfe sound ,

When a loved one is under a close-reef d sail, On the deck of the "outward bound." How wistful then we look on the night

Is dying away in the sky ! low we listen and gaze with a silent lip And judge by the bended tree, ow the same wild wind might toss the ship. And arouse the mighty sea ! sadly then do we meet the day, ben signs of storm are found, ray for the loved one far away, the deck of an "outward bound.

is one that I cherished when, hand in hand. royed o'er the lowing lea :

I thought that my love for that one on the land mest as love could be ; that he nath gone out on the tide, d that I worship the more, I think of the waters deep and wide, al I bask on the waters on shore. watch'd the wind, I have watch'd the stars, d shrunk from the the tempest's sound ; my heart-strings are wreathed with the slender SUATS.

t carry the "outward bound."

we slept when the zephyrs forgot to creep, nd the sky was without a frown. started soon from that fretful sleep th the dream of a ship going down. sat in the fields when the corn was in shock d the reaper's hook was bright, w fancy conjured the breaker and rock. he dead of a moonless night. will never measure affection again hile treading earth's flowery mound, wait till the loved one is far o'er the main the dark of an " outward bound

# Selected Cale. THE SMUGGLER'S REVENCE. A SEASIDE YARN. me list a while unto a greybeard's story.

fearful tale-the truth were worse. e year 179-, some five miles from the re I am now writing, lived John through the heart of the proud man who heard ready-for that girl was Kate Furniss, and with an effort of desperate strength, he wrest- is a gloomy man, and that may make him look

practices in spite of the revenue.

tion to dose my readers with too much sentimentality in these veritable chronicles, still I suppose I should be lessening whatever interthat story's developement. Let me be brief, however.

as ever wore a contraband silk band, or kissed a handsome young smuggler-Kate Furness. He then went on to ask his old school-fellow It was likewise surmised at the time that if he thought that a mere foolish quarrel justi-George Gilbert-though he had never shown fied such hatred as his. For a few moments, any feelings of interest when Brown announc- Gilbert looked at him with a smile of hate, any feelings of interest when brown announce. Other looked at him with a same of hate, in a neter maper, and the sense of his men, was perfectly audible to the wretched mother. "Do you remember sitting on the dal said that she had not treated the young ment Brown appeared on the field, she had foe, or that a few blackgurd words followed by slighted Gilbert in a manner undeserved-for a well directed bullet from a wrong headed

bert, he loved her with all that deep-I had well nigh said-stern attachment of which Brown, eagerly, in spite of himselfsuch natures-and such only are capable .-Just before she had formerly declined his suit, he had lead a steadier life, and had promised, if she would only offer him an object in view, that he would go to London and there make brighten the future. But, no-Brown was a handsome, dashing young sailor, and poor George was a man destitute of such advantages, and, consequently, was, like many a better man by many a more foolish girl, jilted .-And so, like a sensible man, for a time he bore the blow in silence, and endeavored to to make the best of it. True, she had deceived to from the only hope whereby my soul then ed him, and then as coldly undeceived him, and then given him for his pains a sneer and his congre. No matter ; pride would enable him to bear it, and for a while pride did. One evening; as he was strolling homeward along the cliff, he saw the two lovers, Brown and his affianced, sitting among the bushes in a loving tele-a-tele. Having no w sh to play the part of a listener, he was turning I heard words of endearment-words I shall was turned to undying hate like mine, and when he heard his name mentioned .-He had been more than a man if he had not pause awhile *then*. Involuntarily he listened, and soon verified in his owa person

BRADFORD

one and the leg of another of his assailants. He was dragged to the Preventive station, and there detained in safe custody till morning, est my story may possess, by omitting such when he could be taken before a magistrate. love matters as are matters as are necessary to During that night he bitterly reproached Gilbert with his treachery in turning his hand

against his former shipmates, and taking ad-Jack Brown wooed and won as pretty a girl vantage of the knowledge he had acquired on board of the Petrel, to capture her captain .--

"Think you, Brown, that a petty squabble might have been the character of George Gil- am ! No-it needed something more to do. "And that something more was ?" asked

" Listen, and you shall know a secret," said

he other. -I loved and was a fool for my pains. seemed to anchor-my trusting love flung in my face-1 forgave that, and would have carried my secret forgivingly to my grave. She loved another : and I was to furnish mirthfor my rival Well-one evening while I was walking out over yonder cliff-I saw her sitting beside of him she loved-who could not love her with half the intensity I had donenever hear or speak in this world now-then I

jests by her, for whom I had suffered so much unrepiningly. I heard enough to tell me that in their eyes Iwas fit to be mocked and sneered "Now, my lads, away with him," and tar the old proverb, "that listeners hear no good in their eyes I was fit to be mocked and sneered of themselves;" for Kate was just then telling at by a false coquete-to be the topic of the Brown the issue of poor Gilbert's unsuccessful coarse jests of an empty headed boor. My I hope, if not at present, his father's fate," Mr. Gilbert ?" suit, adding thereto sundry facetious com- blood was turned to gall-that night I swore and the young man was dragged off. But

hand, then Jack Brown was truly "Jack at a ed their lagger and awaited the safe advent of it was opened, and in walked Gilbert and two pinch." Little wonder then it, with two such the rest to cheer off. But it was too late .-- of his followers. The poor mother saw all at men banded together in one cause, the Petrel George Gilbert, with four or five men, was a glance. Rushing to the side window, she ing to the conversation of a few sailors who soon became famous for successful croises running to the scene of action, the snugglers threw it up, and screaming "Fly dearest Harand hair-breadth escapes-or that her crew, on the high-ground were intercepted, and af- ry-fly !" endeavored to impede the further the following conversation : who were all bound together in a kind of ter a short conflict were worsted, and by advance of the officers. The effort was usepartnership, soon were in a good way to real- Brown's order retired, leaving one of their less, in a moment they had dragged him from ize a handsome livelihood by their nefarious number shot through the body on the grass, the window, and had led him away a prisoner and Brown himself a prisoner, though not be- to the door where he stood breathless with im-Now, although it is by no means my inten- fore he had sent a bullet through the hat of potent rage the astonishment at the suddenness of his capture. Poor Mrs. Brown rushed to the door, and then stood wringing her hands in all the helplessness of despair, till she saw the men preparing to march Henry

off, when she said : "George Gilbert, I did not think two and never sought to injure you or yours."

" Softly, my dear madam," sneered Gilbert, in a flerce whisper, which though unheard by

man fairly-that, though she had up to a cer- like that would have really turned the old John Brown, at that 'poor simpleton, George tain period encouraged his addresses, the mo- friend of twenty years standing into a lifelong Gilbert,' as you then phrased it, as though a played over his weather beaten face. proud man's love were worthy of nothing more than a weak girl's heartless laughter ?" Then, however harsh and unamiable in other respects idiot like you, could have made me what I motioning her a few steps farther off his men forgotten that, I have not-do you remember it, Mrs. Brown, now ?"

She did, indeed, remember all too well. 'George," gasped she, "mercy-mercy for Gilbert ?" "A year or two ago I loved deeply, purely the sake of my boy, who never harmed you. and truly, a village girl. Aye-you may I was but a silly girl in those days-you will smile-but men like me can love as well-or not-you cannot seek to crush my home for mine was the hope of life. I loved-was re- punished already too far by the loss of poor ected, after having been coolly deceived-and John. Is there no mercy, George ?" asked loved on still. I could have borne that. Aye she, looking imploringly into the revenue offi-She cer's stern face, which for an instant worked I loved might have been a girl with no more convulsively, and then subsided into its wont- ventive man and a tall, muscular stranger in ed passionless expression.

After awhile he answered in a husky voice. " Kate Brown ! think of what I might have been ; for though the son of a ruined father, I had, some fools said, talent, and I would, for your sake, have made a place for us in the world-and then think of all I have suffered been here, where a heart once was, ere love the most out-and-out smuggler along this coast then ask yourself if there can be any mercy heard my name mentioned with many heartless | for you, at the hands of a man like me ?"

She answered not a word, but gazed at him

ing to the weeping mother added, "to share

"lang syne" had spent many a jovial hour, and while silently smoking his pipe, and listen were spending their evening there, he heard

REPORTER.

" Aye it is about twenty-five years ago since young Jack Brown was taken by that infernal Gilbert. I remember Jack well-as brave a lad as ever 'ran in 'a tub of brandy under pistols in his vest, he leapt to his feet-an yonder cliff. I wonder if he is still in foreign example speedily followed by Gilbert who, parts, poor lad."

"Ah," said the other, "it is well for Gilbert that Jack is a few thousand miles away, over the herring pond, or I fancy some fine morning we might see George Gilbert with

ever bring me sorrow like this--that you could | that he would have his revenge--though he ever rain the husband and child of one who waited long years, and came back thousands chance for year life-because vilkin though of miles over the sea to take it."

" Aye, lad ; and Jack Brown will keep his oath some day or other-depend on it." Thus talked they. It was evident they had forgotten him of whom they spoke. Brown cliff twenty-one years ago, and gigging with said nothing ; but ever and anon they could see a grim smile curl his lip, as the forelight

At last one of the sailors, turning to the stranger, said :

"Well, my hearty, you seem to take interand their prisoner, he continued, " if you have est in our talk ; did you know aught of poor Jack ?"

" I did," replied the stranger, laconically ; but let me ask in turn what has become of

ger rose, called for his reckoning and glasses use of his talents to retrieve the past, and far better than people of your kind-your love such a girlish folly as that. George-if you round, and bade them good night. This was lers, Brown with a terrific effort of his giant may have been a plaything for your vanity- ever loved me, pity me now. I have been the last time that John Brown saw his native strength, hurled Gilbert over his shoulderplace again after a long absence.

> The next night, in a miserable inn at the town where Gilbert was now stationed, a pre-

sea-faring dress, were in close conversation over their grog. They talked of local matters in general and smuggling in particular. " Oh !" said the preventive man, " there's not much chance of our making much by seizures now-there are so few to mike, since Mr. Gilbert came here. A mighty clever offi--think of what I am-the detested revenue cer is he too, I can tell you that. Did you spy. Think of the struggle that must have ever hear the story of his taking Jack Brown,

some five-and-twenty years ago ?" The stranger replied that he had not, and listened patiently to the man's yara, in which the real facts were magnified by his vivid imagination to such an extent that the stran-" Now, my lads, away with him," and turn- ger could hardly repress a smile at times.

"I should think a few years older than you through his mind-but the old spirit broke ments of her own, which went like swords a bitter oath-I have kept the first part al the party had not advanced many yards when -but then one is apt to be deceived ; for he forth at last.

a strong nerve, a reckless heart and an iron abroad. The smugglers on the beach regain- course of life, when a tap came at the door, where he and his rollicking companions of I clearly might; firstly, because the shot would bring your men upon me, and sceoudly, pecanse ----

"You surely would not murder me unarmed " said Gilbert, with a cold sweat breaking out at every pore.

Loosening his hold for an instant, Brown drew the cutlass from the officer's scabbard, and hurled it over the cliff ; then securing the w t'i breast heaving and eye glaring like a tiger's at bay, was preparing to dash at his foe, and escape or die at once.

Drawing a pistol once more, Brown said-

"Gilbert, I strove to have my revenge for "George Gilbert, I did not think two and twenty years ago, when you and I stood to-gether in my father's garden, that you would heard from a friend here of his boy's death, tol from him over the cliff..." but the of us must perish to-night. I will give you a last you are, you were once my dearest friend."

So saying he hurled the second pistol after the first, and extending his arms, he shouted -"Come on ! There is a fall of eighty feet beneath us, your life or mine to-night ?"

Then ensued a deadly struggle between these two bitter foes-both were strong men and expert wrestlers, as all men in the West country are; but a looker-on would soon have seen that Gilbert could not hold out long against the herculean strength of his antago-

After a short struggle, in which neither gained any positive advantage over the other, they paused for breath ; and, as the moon g camed down on them, they gazed into each other's "He is at \_\_\_\_\_, some ten miles from eyes with a settled glare of hatred only to be this place," was the answer ; when the stran-quelled by death. Dropping suddenly upon one knee, in a manner well known to all wrest-They were both upon the very brink of the cliff ; the wretched man fell down ten feet, when he hung desperately to some bushes which grew upon the precipice.

His quond in antagonist looked down upon him for some moments in silence—but no thought of pity influenced him in that evil hour. By a desperate effort Gilbert has succeeded in gaining a temporary resting place for one of his feet upon a stone that projected from the cliff, and battling strongly for his life when Brown, who was looking over the cliff's brow mattered hoarsely :

"Though you showed no mercy to me and mine, I would not destroy body and soul together. I give you five minutes to make your peace with God," and seizing a branch he slow-ly descened and bent it down with those iron hands of his, till Gilbert could grasp it. I know not what may have been the thoughts of that proud stern man, as he hung by that Trail "He must be getting an elderly min, this branch between time and eternity-perhaps for a moment a thought of repentance flashed

of half the girls within an afternoon's homestead where but for his restof any settled mode of life, he might young man to his father's remonnone of your hum-drum, stav atside happiness for Jack Brown."inking, he soon joined a band of who at that time infested this coast. ays smuggling was not only more at less disreputable than now .-ng almost closed to fair traders by Gilbert hated Kate and Brown with all the and the like on such creature com- his. guae, were obliged--if they studied his was in the hands of the smugat that time formed no consideration of England's maritime populaised to the sea, in a short time from g of this narrative had by his enerness for command, elicited warm m his brother smugglers, and was cted captain of as "rakish" a look. ruiser. Once in every week or two brought in the much coveted musilks for the ladies, and the Cognac, egelords, who, how much they might mugglers and smuggling in public, e least objection to become purchasvate of the smuggler's wares at far he fair traders as by law protected ized.

Brown's intimate companions was ol-fellow, who had joined him in and ernises, a man of two or three by name George Gilbert, the son an in reduced circumstances, and g been wild at college to which by it great personal inconvenience, he ent, for he was a youth of promise, on of then doing something good , had some months returned home, g tired of family reproaches, and much spirit to wish to live as a penaternal good nature, had joined the wenturers. Brown and he were never were two men more utterly mind and body. By the side of Jack Brown, the quiet, saturnine ert made a poor figure-yet there in him than a stranger would have as the smugglers discovered. Stern and then it was a smile more unhan any frown-with nothing genial old as moonlight-a smile of minness and contempt, George Gilbert, to execute. Whenever a cool, calirit, a keen eve and indomitable in who furnished them; whenever from the beach, a shrill whistle from the smog- parisons between him and her wild boy, reaterprise was to be carried out by gler's outpost announced that danger was gretting that both would follow a lawless

son of a substantial yeoman-far-levery word then spoken and never forgot or l d the hero of the tall I am about to tell forgave one-and Jack Brown, with a horse brown-the prisoner of the Coast Guard to-him down, and snatching the cutlass from the hight-the committed for trial to-morrow- other's grasp struck him a fearful blow accoss handsome enough to turn again. Little thought fickle Kate Furness, that the transported—if there be justice in the land the head. The man fell leveding at his feet pleasant evening, of the fearful consequences oath still further." that would ensue from those foolish words of So saying, he walked out and left his hers, spoken, after all, in merry jest, but taken ave been now leading a tranquil old by one of the listeners in fierce revengeful at the life of a farmer had no charms earnest-little thought she how a moment had a very pleasant nature. Not that the stout

A life of excitement for me !" said alienated from her the faithful heart that had heart of Brown feared for himself, but for his loved her for years. Little thought Brown wife who was hourly expecting her confinehow his coarse laugh, in which there was not ment. He knew that if he was to be transthe least particle of ill-nature, had severed a ported, she could be at the mercy of Gilbert friendship that had existed from childhood bein some measure ; and he knew enough of the tween himself and his old school fellow, Gilingenuity of his captor to feel sure that he bert, turning the friend into a deadly enemy would allow nothing to balk him of his rehenceforward, but it was so. From that hour venge. "Scoundrel !" shouted he in despair. " if

who required such fripperies as intensity which belongs to temperaments like I hear that my wife and and the child yet unborn suffer anght at your devilish hands I will Still, Gilbert and Brown sailed together as

come back, if it be three thousand miles and to buy them in the cheapest mar- heretofore, till one day as they were cruising twenty years hence, to take such a revenge as off Jersey, a few hasty would between the two a man shall never forget." These words were heard-not by the ear for led to a quarrel-blows were exchanged, and which they were intended-but by one of the the combatants were separated by their crew ung Brown, who from his childhood Directly they landed, Gilbert demanded sat coast guard outside the prisoner's door, who reisfaction upon the spot, and Brown, after a membered them long after the prisoner was few well means but vain attempts at reconcilia- wearing his heart out in a foreign land. tion, took his ground and shot his quondam Brown was tried-found guilty of suruggling and firing, with intent to kill, at two of His frierd through the arm. At his own request Gilbert was left behind in St. Heliers, and the Majesty's revenue officers, &c., and sentenced called the Petrel, as ever boffled a Petrel sailed home. His wound, which was a to death-which was commuted to "transporsimple flesh wound, rapidly healed, and from tation beyond the seas for a term of his natuthat time his connection with the Petrel ceased. ral life." There was what the local newspapers But he had formed his plan already to crush of the day called " an affecting scene in court," when his grayheaded father entreated the his hated rival.

In a few months Brown was married to mercy of the stern Judge for the prisoner for Kate Furness, and for year all went on happi- the sake of his poor wife and his unborn child. There was a yell of excration from the assem ly. Gilbert, by exerting what little interest bled mob outside the sessions house as Gil es than they could have purchased his father possessed with the country members, procured an appointment in the coast guard, bert passed cut to which that amiable personage vonchsafed a contemptuous sneer as sole reand from that day it was remasked that more

eizures were made along the shore, and the ply. And in a few months the capture of the Petrel went more rarely to the coast of France. etrel by the ever-vigilant Gilbert, who broke up Brown's gang, and the story of the trial Knowing well the character of the man they had lost as a friend, the Petrel's crew became and the sentence were speedily forgotten, save dispirited, and Brown speedily found that the by the convict's and a few a sympathizing ing the churchyard ; there, by her son's grave. smugglere, who, over their pipes and grog, worst day's work he ever did was his quarrel with George Gilbert.

One dark night, however, after they had would yet come back to keep his oath, of ascertained that Gilbert was on the sick list, the coast guard, who originally overheard itthe smugglers had arranged to effect a lauding of several tubs of spirits, and this was to be they were aware. With one of these men of miles away, heard these things by a letter brought about as follows :

knew everything that took place in his absence. About a mile from their usual landing place. where the shore was less rocky than nearer But Gilbert appeared to have forgotten his old grudge against Kate, and so Brown's heart home, to a stile, on the summit of the cliff, was attached a strong block and palley, with grew light on that score. The revenue officer one man to work it, a second as a general as- only bided his time till he could wreak his ven- leave, and had amassed, by honest industry, a opportunity for resistance. He could not call sistant in case of need, and a third some quar- gence most terribly through her son. ter of a mile off on the look out Then the Twenty years had passed away from the lugger ran in shores as close as possible, and with a face whereon a smile seldom the tubs were floated off and conveyed by the night when Jack Brown was taken by the altered the once dashing smuggler into a care- mind that Brown who seemed in no hurry to smugglers to a snug cranny, there affixed to Coast Guard, and Mrs. Brown, who had been worn man, with hard lines on his brow, and the pulley, and then wound up to the brow of the cliff, when they were conveyed by the town adjoining her girlhood's home, was, with that he had small cause to fear recognition in way robbery for subsistence. second man to the third, who soon disposed of s, was emphatically the brain of them in a convenient stackyard, to wait till crew. He it was that planned called for. But the smugglers had reckoned father a handsome face, an athletic frame, and ly pay a visit to the scene where he had spent hand clasped his throat-" take all I havewithout their host," as the saying is. The as adventurous a spirit as his who was far his fiery boyhood-where he had wooed and I will give it you unhesitatingly.' The reply sick list was merely a sham, and in less time away. His mother was calling to mind her won his poor lost Kate. he were required, George Gilbert than served to convey four tubs up to the stile long-lost husband, and instituting fond com- One wild night in November the escaped

that man was-vourself : ave-you-John ed his arm from one of his captors, knocked older.

night—the committed for trial to morrow— other's grasp struck him a fearful blow access -at the next assizes. And I will keep that as Harry, waving his weapon, shouted to Gilbert to come on. In an instant Gilbert who was some vards in the rear, stood before him, abouts, and any one can see him going his

> breast, said in a voice of quiet determination : Young man, will you surrender, and come quietly with me ?"

The only answer vouchsafed by the gallant young smuggler, was a rapid thrust at the officer, who as quickly parried it with his cut- the stranger walked out at the inn door, turnlass, and saying, " Your blood be upon your own head " -- fired

and fell on his face, at Gilbert's feet, stark darkness before he heard the sound of apdead, with a bullet through his heart.

The neighbors hearing the report, rushed out with lights to the scene, and there found Gilbert standing, with a pistol in one hand tory answer.

and a sword in the other. Even his iron heart relented, and his eyes grew dim as the childless mother flung herself upon the body of the good." dead boy, and poured forth her lament over

him, in all the wild eleganence of sorrow. And Harry Brown shortly after was borne to the churchyard, and buried under the grav

wretched months did his heart broken mother ome to sit upon her child's grave, to mourn, ike Rachel of old, refusing to be comforted. Her mind, which had never been strong, gave way at last, and in six months from her son's death reason fled forever. She went to reside with a relative of her husband's as a hopeless idiot. She was very quiet and perfectly inoffensive, and spent long hours each day in sitting on the brow of the cliff, looking over the sea, asking every passer by "if he meaning her husband) had come back yet ?" One morning they missed her from her ac sustomed seat on the cliff. They feared at first that she had fallen over into the sea, till some villager said that he had seen her enterwith her arms peacefully folded over her breast would often avouch their opinion that Brown | lay poor Mrs. Brown as though asleep-lying there dead in the bright sunshine, by her boy's which-thanks to that loquacious member of grave.

And Brown in his convict home, thousands Brown kept up a correspondence, and thus from his friends who lived in England.

have just narrated, when John Brown, who, good sum of money in the colony, whither in pursuance of his sentence, he had been sent a few friends, celebrating of her son Harry, a his native place where many of his old friends fine young man, who had inherited from his were dead and gone. He felt he might safe-

> convict sat on the oaken settle by the fireside I would take a heavy revenge for my sou's "The Fortune of War," in \_\_\_\_, a tavern

ask," added the stranger. "I should like to desceduded a foot lower-drew his knife-and see him again."

"That you can easily do," was the reply ; he is the keenest officer the King has hereprisoner to his reflections-which were not of and pointing a pistol at the young man's rounds any night along yonder cliffs, between nine and ten o'clock."

And so the two shook hands and then ericken sight a mangled corpse. parted

It was a dark night ; the moon was vainly struggling through the wilderness of clouds as ed on his heel, and slowly sametered off in the lirection indicated by his late companion .--Harry Brown bounded high up in the air He had not walked a quarter of a mile in the turned an open verdict-and, beyond vague proaching footsteps, and a deep, stern voice Gilbert met with his death.

a ked, "Who goes there ?"

" One you know well," was the unsatisfac-

" Honest men are not ashamed of their names, and I suspect that you are after no At this moment the moon shone out from

a cloud on the two men, when Brown shouting

Gilbert do you know me now-Jack Brown, the convict ?" sprang at the officer like a tiwall looking seaward ; and every day for three ger, before cutlass could be unsheathed or pistol drawn, grasped his throat and falling with him to the ground, knelt on his prostrate foe. For a few moments, stanned by the fall the officer lay perfectly still : but shortly, recovering his faculties, he writhed desperately in his assailant's grasp. Though a brave man and

one who felt that his life depended on his exertions, after a few vigorous, but abortive efforts to free himself from his position on the ground or to clutch his pistols, he found himself utterly powerless in the hands of one powerful as John Brown-for he it was.

Tightening his grasp on Gilbert's throat, Brown contrived with the other hand to take both pistols from his enemy's belt, and haid them on the grass beyond his reach. Gilbert, summoning his strength for another effort well nigh succeeded in hurling Brown backward, and drawing his weapon from his scabbard.

Quick as lightning the convict recovered one of the pistols, cocked it, and presented it. close to Gilbert's temple, bade him be still, or -accompanied by a fierce oath -he would scatter his brains on the torf. The revenue officer, though a bad man, was a brave one. Five years had passed since the events I yet it had required something more than rational bravery to disobey the command in such by his good conduct, had obtained a ticket of a situation. Gilbert was still waiting a better for help-for Brown had assured him that if

he attempted his cry would be followed by a escaped to England. Time and sorrow had shot. Suddenly the idea flashed through his harm him might, on his return to England, be established by her relatives in a shop in the grizzled locks, and a face so sadly changed, short of money, and have had recoar e to high-

" If robbery be your object," gasped Gilbert as well as he was able, for the convict's

was an oath-a tighter squeeze-- ind--

States was held in Kentucky fifty-four years "I am no thief, George Gilbert. I swore ago. Methodists, Presbyterians and Bautista slaughter. I will not blow your brains out as ordially united on that occasion

"Brown," he eried " you robbed me of her I loved-you are now about to murder me-"I was at school with him ; that makes me a dying man's curse is yours to-night." Brown severed a branch. There was a wild cry-a fearful crash-then all was still. The tide was running in ; the tall rocks below received the miserable Gilbert in his fall. And as the moon shone down upon the ashy face of the murderer, her beams revealed to his horror

\* \* \*

Brown fled. Next morning, the revenue officer's body was found by a fisherman washed high and dry by the tide into a fissure of cliff. The brow of the cliff above presented marks of a fearful struggle-but a coroner's inquest resurmise nothing further was known how George

Years after these events, an old man was knocked down by a cart in one of our seaport towns, and taken to the hospital, where he soon lay at the point of death. A clergyman was sent for ; to whom the dying man confessed all that I have told and died. That man was John Brown

"YOF HAVEN'T' HAVE YOU ?"-While in a store, the other day, we saw a neat-looking old lady enter, with a basket on her arm and spectacles on her nose, looking for all the world. as if she had popped out of a band box, so clean and tidy was she. She stepped up to the coua-ter, and the following dialonge took place between her and the clerk .

Old Lady -" You haven't any butter, have rou ?

Clerk-" Yes, ma'am, some nice and fresh just received."

Old Lady --- " You don't sell it at twenty fre cents yet, do you?"

Clerk-"That's our price, madam."

Old Lady-" You couldn't let me have a couple of pounds, could you ?"

Clerk-" Oh, certainly." Taking the plate be weighed out the butter and she threw down a half dollar, which he scrutinized closely.

Old Lady-" You don't think that's bad. lo von?

Clerk-"Yes, ma'am, I do." Old Lady (much excited) --- " You wouldn't take this truck back again, would you."

Clerk--" How do you know I wouldn't ?" and taking the butter, be dashed it back into the fickin. The old lady seized the plate and the bogus half, and started to leave, but when she got to the door, she turned around and said in the way of a final clencher :

"Yon'e not in any ways riled, I reckon, are vou ?"

A woman of a satiric turn of mind was asked by her friends if she really intended to marry Mr. ----, adding, that Mr. --- was a good kind of a man, but so very singular .---

Well," replied the lady, " so much the better ; if he is very much anlike other mon, he is more likely to make a good husband."

nes" The first camp meeting in the United