RAILROADS.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Nov. 12th, 1871, Passenger trains will run as follows:

will run as follows:

Mail, 616 P. M., daily except Sunday Harrisburg Accom 12.21 P. M., daily "Sunday. WFST.

Thro' Pass. 4.05 A. M. (Hag) daily except Monday. Way Pass. 8.46 A. M., daily, except Sunday. Mail. 2.20 P. M. daily except Sunday. Mixed 6.31 P.M. daily except Sunday. Cincin'ti Ex.(flag) 11.36 P.M., daily, exc'pt Sat'rday d. J. BARULAY, Agent. P. S.—Mail East reaches Philadelphia at 11.10 P.M.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Sunday, Nov 12th, 1871, trains will leave Duncatmon, as follows: WESTWARD, Cincinnati Express (flag) 11.05 P. M. Dally Way Passenger. S12 A. M., daily except Sunday Mail. 1.56 P. M., daily except Sunday Mixed, 5.47 P. M., daily except Sunday All States of Sunday Sunday

EASTWARD.

EASTWARD.

Haris'burg Accom 12.50 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Mail 6.46 p. m.,

Cincinnatti Express 10.00 p. m. daily.

WM. C. KING, Agent.

Northern Central Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Through and Direct Route to and from Washing-ton, Baltimore, Emira, Erie, Buffulo, Rochester and Niagara Falls,

On AND AFTER SUNDAY! November 12th 1871, the trains on the Northern Central Rail-way will run as follows:

NORTHWARD.

MAIL TRAIN. Leaves Baltimore, 8:30 a.m. | Harrisburg, 1.45 p. m Williamsport 7:00 p. m., and arr. at Elmira, 10.45

BUFFALO EXPRESS. Leaves Baltimore, 7.35 p.m. | Harrisburg, 10.40 p.m Williamsport, 2.25 a.m. | Elmira, 5.30 a.m. Arrives at Canandalgua at 8.15 a.m. FAST LINE. Leaves Baltimore 12.40 p. m. | Harrisburg 4.40 p.m. Arr. at Williamsport 8.15p.m.,

WESTERN EXPRESS.
Leaves Baltimore 10.05 p.m. ar. Harrisburg 12.50 a.m. NIAGARA EXPRESS. Lys. Baltimore 8.00 a.m., Harrisburg 10.55 a. m. Arrives at Canandalgua at 8.25 p. m.

SOUTHWARD.

MAIL TRAIN.

Leaves Elmira 5.40 a. m. | Williamsport 0.15 a. m. Harrisburg 2.10 p. m. | Ar. Baltimore at 6.50 p.m BUFFALO EXPRESS. Leaves Canandalgua 6.55 p. m., Elmira 9.40 p. m. Williamsport 12.25 a. m., Harrisburg at 4.05 a. m. Arrives at Balthuore at 7.20 a.m.

ERIE EXPRESS.
Lvs. Sunbury 9.25 a. m., Ar. Harrisburg 11.20 a.m.

PACIFIC EXPRESS.
Lvs. Harrisburg 11.45 a.m., Ar. Baltimore 3.00 p.m.
NIAGARA EXPRESS SOUTH.
Lvs Canandagau 9.10a.m. | Elmira 12.75 p. m.
"Williamsport 3.05 p.m. | Sanbury 4.40 p. m.
"Harrisburg 7.00 p.m. | ar. Baltimore, 30.10 p.m.

HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION.

Lys. Harrisburg 7.30 a. m., Ar. Baltimore 12.00. m.

55 Mall Train north and south, Fast Line north,
Pacific Express and Eric Express, daily except Buffalo Express north and south and Cincin-nati Express south, leave daily.

For further information apply at the Ticket office. Penusylvania Railroad Depot.

ALFRED R. FISKE,

General Superintendent.

READING RAIL-ROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Monday, Nov. 13th, 1871.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokir, Leban ya, Allentowa, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.

Leondon, Allentown, Easton, Ephratia, Latiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 2.45, 8.10, A. M., and 2.00, P. M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Ealiroad, and arriving at New York at 10:07 a. m., 2.42, and 9:45 p. m., respectively.

Sleeping cars accompany the 2.45 a. m., train without change.

Beturning: Leave New York at 9 a. M., 12:30 noon, and 5 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:30, 8:30 a. m. 3:30 p. M. Sleeping cars accompany the 5 p. M. train from New York, without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Allentown, and Philadelphia, at 8:10, a. M., and 2:00, and 4:05, p. M., stopping at Lebanon and principal way stations; the 4:05 p. m. train connecting for Philadelphia, Pottsville and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3:40 p. M.

East Penna, Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Eastop and New York at 4:34, 10:40

and Susquehanna Haliroad, leave Harrisourg at 2,40 r. M.

East Penna. Railroad trains leave Reading for Alientown, Easton and New York at 4,34, 10,40 a. m. and 4,05 p. m. Returning leave New York 41,900 a. m. 12,20 noon and 5,00 p. m. and Allentown at 7,20 a. m. 12,25 noon, 215,425 and 8,35 p.m. Way passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7,30 A. M., connecting with similar train on East Fenn'a Railroad, returning from Reading at 6,30 r. M., stopping at all Stations.

Leave Pottsville at nine o'clock in the morning and 2,30 r. M.; Herndon at 10,00 o'clock A. M. Shamokin at 5,40 and 11,15 A. M.; Ashland, 7,05 A. M. and 12,45 noon; Mahony City at 7,51 A. M., and 1,20 r. M.; Tamaqua at 8,35 A. M. and 2,10 r. M. for Philadelphia and New York, Reading, Harrisburg, 6c.

Philadelphia and New York, Reading, Harrisburg, &c.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna
Railroad at S. Lé A.M., for Harrisburg, and II: 45a. m.
for Pine Grove and Tremont.
Reading accommodation train: leaves Pottsville
at 5.40 A. M., passing Reading at 7.30 A. M., arriving
at Philadelphia at 10.20 A. M., returning leaves
Philadelphia at 4.45 P. M. passing Reading at 7.35
r.M., arriving at Pottsville at 920 P. M.
Pottstown Accommodation train: Leaves Pottstown at 7.50 a. m., returning, leaves Philadelphia at
4.15 p.m.
Columbia Railroad trains leave Reading at 7.20
a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster,
Columbia, &c.
Paturning, leaves Lancaster at 8.20 a. m., and 3.25

a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia. &c.

Returning, leave Lancaster at 8.20 a. m., and 3.25 p. m. and Columbia at 8.15 a. m., and 3.15 p. m.

Perkjonen Raifrondtrainsleave Perkjomen.junction at 7.25, and 8.05 a. m., 3.00 and 5.45 p. m. Returning, leaves Schwenksville at 6.45 a. M., and 8.10 a. m. and 12.50 noon, and 4:45 p. m., commetting with similar trains on Reading road.

Colebrookdale Raifroad train leaves Pottstown at 8.40 a. m., and 1.15 and 6.30 p. m., returning leave Mt. Pleasant at 7.15, 11 225 a. m., and 2.56 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading B. R. Chester Valley Raifroad trains leave Bridgeport at 8.30 a. m., 2.55 and 5.20 p. m. Returning, leave Downingtown at 6.55 a. m., 12.59, noon, and 5.15 p. m. connecting with trains on Reading Raifroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 5 p. m. Phila. at 8 a. m. and 3.15 p. m. the 8 a. m. trainruning only to Reading: Pottsville 8 a. m.; Harrisburg 2.46 a. m., and 2.50 p. m. leave Allentown at and 8.55 p. m. leave Reading at 7.15 a. m., and 4.50 p. m., for Harrisburg, at 4.34 a. m., for New York 9.50 a. m., and 4.15 p. m. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets to and from all points at reduced rates.

Haggage checked through, 100 pounds allowed ach passenger. J. E. WOOTTEN, Asst. Supt. & Eng. Mach'ry. Reading, Pa., Nov. 13, 1871.

Stage Line Between Newport and New

Stage Line Between According to the New Germantown.

STAGES leave New Germantown dally at four o'clock a. m. Landisburg at 7.30 a. m. Greenpark at 8 a. m. New Bloomseld at 9½ a. m. Arriving at Newport to connect with the Accommodation train East.

Heturning leaves Newport on the arrival of the Mail Train from Philadelphia, at 2.39 p. m.

Z. RIGE, Proprietor.

BAILY, Attorney at Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office in the Court House, with J. R. Shuler, Refers to B. McIntire, Esq. June 27, 1871.

CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad yet sweet to listen To the soft wind's gentle swell, And think we hear the music Our childhood loved so well; To gaze out on the even, And the boundless fields of air, And feel again our boyish wish, To roam like angels there.

There are many dreams of gladuess That cling around the past, And from the the tomb of feeling, Old thoughts come thronging fast: The forms we loved so dearly In the happy days now gone,

The beautiful and lovely, So fair to look upon. Those bright and gentle maldens, Who seemed so formed for bliss, Too glorious and too heavenly For such a world as this! Whose dark, soft eyes seemed swimming

In a sea of liquid light; And whose locks of gold were streaming O'er brows so sunny bright.

Like the brightest buds of summer, They have fallen from the stem, Yet, oh ! it is a lovely dream, To fade from earth like them. And yet the thought is saddening, To muse on such as they, And feel that all the beautiful Are passing swift away! That the fair ones whom we love

Grow to each loving breast,

And perish when they rest.

Like tendrils of the clinging vine,

Why Old Dick Was not up to Time.

I N the early days in Kentucky, the set-tlers were put to great trouble with wolves. The barnyard suffered to a great extent in the way of pigs, calves, etc., from their depredations, which frequently, in mid-winter were even carried to the audacious extreme of attacking human for the belated traveller to find himself surrounded by a herd of them in the woods. Some striking stories of hairbreadth escapes and desperate adventures belong to this period and condition of things. Of a somewhat amusing character was the adventure which befell old Dick, the negro

He was "a good-for-nothing old darkey," as the world went in the neighborhood, whose sole merit consisted in his fiddling; but by-the-way-singular as this merit was-it in reality constituted him by far the most important gentleman of color within forty miles around. The fact is, nothing of any interest could occur without his presence.

On the occasion of a grand wedding on a neighboring plantation, some six miles distant, old Dick was, of course, expected to officiate as master of the ceremonies. It had been an unusually severe winter, and a heavy snow lay upon the ground on the eventful evening, when, having donned his "long-tailed blue," with its glittering gilt buttons, and mounted the immense shirtcollar by the aid of which the dignity of his official character was properly maintained, he sallied forth, fiddle in hand, to dare the perils of the distant way alone; for the younger darkies had all gone to the frolic hours ago.

The moon was out, and the stars twinkled merrily overhead, as the spry old man trudged away over the crisp and creaking snow. The path, which was a narrow one, led, for the greater part of the way, through the dark shadow of a heavy bottom forest, which yet remained as wild as when the Indians roamed it, and was untraversed by a wagon-road for many miles.

On he dashed with unrelaxing energy, heedless of the black shadows and hideous night-cries in the deep forest. Wolves were howling around him in every direction, but he paid no attention to sounds that were so common.

However, he was soon compelled to give more heed to those animals than was by any means pleasing or expected. He had now made nearly half of his journey and the light opening ahead through the trees showed him the "old clearing," as it was called, through which his path led. The wolves had been getting excessively noisy for the last mile; and to the undescribable horror of the old man, he could hear them gathering about him in the cracking bushes on either side, as they ran along to keep pace with his rapid steps. The woods very soon seemed to Dick to be literally alive with them, as they gathered in yellow packs from far and near.

Wolves are cautious about attacking a human being at once, but usually require some little time to work themselves up to the point. That such was the case now proved most lucky for poor old Dick, who began to realize the horrible danger, as a dark object would brush past his legs every few moments, with a snapping sound like the ring of a steel trap; while the yells and patter of the gathering wolves increased with terrible rapidity. Dick knew enough of the habits of the animal to be fully aware that to run would ensure his instant death, as the cowardly pack would be sure to set upon him in a body on the instant of observing any indication of fear. His only chance was to keep them at bay by preserving the utmost steadiness until was time to get up."

he could reach an old hut that stood in the middle of a clearing not far off.

The wolves were becoming more audacious every minute, and rushed at him, snapping as they went past in closer and closer proximity to his thin legs. The frightened fiddler instinctively thrust at them with his fiddle. The sudden sound of the strings caused the wolves to leap aside with surprise. Dick instantly drew his hand across the strings, and to his infinite relief they sprang back and aside as if he had shot amongst them.

Taking immediate advantage of this lucky diversion in his favor, as he had now reached the edge of the clearing, he made a break for the hut, raking his hand across the fiddle-strings at every jump, until they fairly roared again. The astonished wolves paused for a moment on the edge of the clearing with their tales between their legs; but he had broken the spell by running, and in a moment they were after him.

Luckily the old man reached the hut just as they were at his heels, and slamming the rickety door behind him, he had time to climb upon the roof, where he was comparatively out of danger.

The welves, thronging the interior, leaped at him with wild yells of gnashing rage. Poor old Dick had managed to eling to his fiddle through it all, and remembering that it had saved him in the woods, he now, with the sheer energy of desperation, drew his bow shricking across the strings with a sound that rose high above their deafening yells, while, with his feet kicking out into the air, he endeavored to avoid their steellike fangs. An instant's silence followed this sudden outburst, but old Dick soon learned to his increased horror that even wolves are too fastidious to stand fiddling, for they commenced a renewal of the attack as soon as the first surprise was over, more furiously than ever.

When the head of a great wolf was thrust up between the boards of the roof within a few inches of where he sat, he gave himself up for a gone darkey, and went to fidbeings. Indeed, it was no unusual thing dling "Yankee Doodle" with all his might. With the first notes of the air silence commenced; the brutes owned the subduing spell, and the terror-stricken fiddler, when he came to himself-astonished at the sudden cessation of hostilities-saw he was surrounded by the most attentive and certainly appreciative audience he had ever played before.

> For the moment there was the slightest cessation of the music, every listener sprang forward to renew the battle, and set his pipe-stem legs to flying about in the air

> But he had now learned the spell, and as long as he continued to play with tolerable correctness he was comparativly safe. The old fiddler forgot his terror in professional pride, for he was decidedly flattered by such intense appreciation ; and entering into the spirit of the thing, played with a gusto and effect such as he thought he had never before surpassed or even equalled. Even the wedding, with its warm lights, its sweetened whiskey, was forgotten for the time in the glow of this new profession-

But as time progressed, he began to give way under cold fatigue, and exhaustion. But he could not stop a moment before they were at him again, and there they persistently sat, that shaggy troop of connoisseurs, fidgeting on their haunches, with lolling tongues and pricked ears. listseveral weary hours until the negroes at the wedding, becoming impatient or alarmed about the old man, came out to look for him, and found him thus perched upon the roof of the tottering hut, sawing away for dear life. They rescued the old man from his comfortless position, while the lingering forms of his late audience told that they most unwillingly surrendered the fruition of their unwanted feast.

127 It became necessary last week in the Criminal Court at Newport, Ky., in order to render a boy witness competent, to prove that he had reached the age of ten years, and his mother, an Irish woman, was called for that purpose.

"How old is your son John?" quoth the

" Indade, sir, I dunno, but I think he's not tin yit," was the reply. "Did you make no record of his

"The priast did, in the ould country, where he was born."

"How long after your marriago was

"About a year ; may be liss." "When were you married?"

"Dade, sir, I dunno."

" Did-you not bring a certificate of your marriage with you from the old country?" "Hey, sir? and what should I made wid

a certificate whin I had the ould mon himself along wid me?"

No further questions were asked.

Suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" said a teacher to a plow boy pupil, whom he was examining on miracles. "The mune pleas, sir!" "But suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night, what would you think?" "Please, sir, I should think it

A Floating City.

O NE of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bankok. It is the capital of Siam, and is situated on-or rather in -the great river Meinam. The following graphic account is from a volume of trav-

"The capital of Siam! Did you ever witness such a sight in your life? On either side of the wide, majestic stream, moored in regular streets, and alleys, and extending as far as the eye can reach, are upwards of seventy thousand neat little wooden houses; each house floating on a compact raft of bamboos, and the whole intermediate space of the river presents to our astonished gaze one dense mass of ships, junks and boats of every conceiveable shape, color and siz. As we glide along among these, we occasionally encounter a a stray house, broken loose from its moorings, and hurrying down the stream with the tide, amid the uproar and shouts of the inhabitants and all the spectators. We also noticed that all the front row of houses are neatly painted shops, in which various tempting commodities are exposed for sale; behind these again, at equal distances rise the lofty and elegant porcelain towers of the various watts and temples. On our right hand side, far away as we can see, are three stately pillars, erected to the memory of three defunct kings, celebrated for some act of valor and justice; and a little beyond these, looming like a line-ofbattle ship amongst a lot of cockle shells rise the stragglers and not very elegant palace of the king, where his Siamese majesty, with ever so many wives and children

"Right ahead, where the city terminates, and the river, making a curvo, flows behind the palace, is a next-looking little fort, surmounted with a top of mango trees, over which peep the roofs of one or two houses and a flagstaff, from which floats the royal pennant and jack of Siam-a flag of red ground work, with a white elephant worked in the centre. This is the fort and palace of the Prince Chou Fau, King of Siam, and one of the most extraordinary and intellectual men in the East. Of him, however, we shall see and hear more, after we have bundled our traps on shore, and taken a little rest. Now, be careful how you step out of the boat into the balcony of the floating house, for it will recede to the force of your effort to mount, and if not aware of this, you lose your balance and fall into the river. Now we are safely transhipped, for we cannot as yet say landed; but we now form an item, though a very small one, of the vast population of the city of Bankok.

"We take a brief survey of our present apartments, and find every thing, inconveniently small, cleanly, and in other respects comfortable. First, we have a little balcony that overhangs the river, and is about twenty yards long by one and a half broad. Then we have an excellent sittingroom, which serves as a parlor, diningroom and all; then we have a little side room for books and writing; and behind these, extending the length of the other two, and bedroom. Of course we must bring or make our own furniture; for though those houses are pretty well off on the score, the Siamese hae seldom anything besides their bedding materials a few pots and pans to cook with, a few jars of stores, and a fishing net or two. Every house has ening to their compulsory charmer, for a canoe attached to it, and no nation detests walking so much as the Siamese; at the same time they are all expert swimmers, and both men and women begin to acquire this very necessary art at a very early age. Without it a man runs momentary risks of being drowned, as, when a canoe upsets, none of the passers by ever think it necessary to lend any aid, supposing them fully adequate to the task of saving their own lives. Canoes are hourly being upset, owing to the vast concoourse of vessels and boats plying to and fro; and, owing to this negligence or carelessness in rendering assistance, a Mr. Benham, an American missionary, lost his life some twelve years ago, having upset his canoe when it was just getting dusk, and though surrounded by hundreds of boats, not one deemed it necessary to stop and pick the poor man up."

"Clerk," said a tall Kentuckian to have eloped. Have you any marryin' facilities 'round here?"

The clerk replied in the affirmative, and the two were "spliced" in less than an hour. The bride-groom was evidently not yet satisfied, and lingered around the hotelbook.

"Clerk," said he confidentially, at length, "hadn't ye better change the register, and give us one room now we're married?" "It's already done," replied the clerk;

'you're marked for the same room." "Well, clerk replied the Kentuckian, quickly, "won't you just show me up, then, for I'm auful sleepy."

These ladies are like birds that are on the wing," said a humorous clerk to his employer, as a bevy of shop damsels left the store. "Why so? asked the proprietor. "Because it takes them a long time to settle upon their purchase," (perches,) replied the clerk. The proprietor saw the "point," he at once raised the clerk's wages.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Poetical Enigma.

There is a word of plural number A foe to peace and human slumber Now any word you chance to take By adding a you plural make; But if you add an a to this, How strange the metamorphosis: The word is plural then no more, And sweet, what bitter was before. Answer next week.

Problem.

Can any one send an answer to the following problem :

Two men A and B are on a straight road on opposite sides of a gate, and distant from it. A 308 yards, and B 277 yards, and travel to-wards each other. At what time will each be at the same distance from the original station of the other, B traveling 2 yards and A 2 I-8 yards each second ?

Answer to Enignsa in the Times of the

A Shawl Factory in Cashmere.

OHN B. Ireland, who travelled a long • time in India and Cashmere, gives some curious facts about the manufacture and cost of a real Cashmere scarf or shawl, While in Cash mere he visited Mooki Shah, who is the best and the greatest manufacturer of shawls in that city. The factory was a miserable dirty building, the workroom measuring 60 by 30 feet. Here he found some forty men and boys, of all ages, from six to fifty arranged in twos and threes, at different looms, each one having a loom to himself; for all the most valnable shawls are made in looms, in small pieces according to the pattern, and then sewed together. The pattern is not put in colors and squares like our patterns of worsted work for chair backs, seats or slippers, but the directions are written. When the patterns are made they are all sewed together. At some looms in operation there appeare d to be four or five hundred small pins of wood with rolls of different shades of woolen thread, to be used in different parts of the pattern. It was astonishing to see the dexterity with which the small children worked these handlooms, and understood their written directions.

The traveler bought a shawl which took fifteen men seven months to make; the workmen received four and three-fourth cents a day! Mr. I. says he cannot imagine where all the one, two and three hundred dollar shawls come from-certainly not from Cashmere. Mootki Shah makes none that could be brought in London or New York for less than eight or nine hundred dollars. Our author, upon application to the trade, would have learned that a large portion of the shawls sold as real India ones are actually made in France, for the Thibet goat was introduced into that country more than forty years ago, and Cashmere shawls also imitated with considerable skill. There was a magnificent shawl made at this factory for Eugenie, while Empress of France. It had a white ground or centre, and was the most elegant specimen of Cashmere work Mootki Shah ever produced. Thirty men were kept steady at work on it for nine months. That is, 8,250 days' work were bestowed on that one shawl. The price, when finished, 1,300 rupees, or \$650. Such a shawl would sell for about \$4,000 in London or New York; the shopkeepers, even if they do not visit a little when they stay at home.

Space Measuring.

Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly at a hundred miles an hour without making any stopages, the baby would grow to be a boy-the boy would grow to be a man-the man would grow old an die-without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway at the creation to go from Neptune to the sun at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system. But we are getting into too large numbers again ; we must have some swifter servant than a railway to measure space for us. Light will answer our purpose, for a hotel official, "this young lady and me light travels from the sun to the earth in eight minutes. Eight minutes, then, counting by light, are equivalent to a hundred years of railway express speed. It would take about four hours to go from the sun to Neptune. Among the stars we shall find that the nearest is three year off, counting by light.

Adroit Rognes.

A hat and fur dealer in Boston was recently victimized by two rogues. The fellow were in the store at the same time, and while one was negotiating with the man in attendence for the purchase of a hat, the other seized a Russian sable cape, wortn about \$75, and left with it. "Has that fellow stolen anything from you?" asked the buyer, coming to the front of the store with the hat he had been examining on his head. "Yes," said the salesman, "he has stolen a sable cape." I think I can cutch him," said thief No. 2, and suiting the action to and was se gratified at his acuteness that the word, he was gone in a twinkling, and never came back.