A Singular Duel. N the north of Ireland resided a singu-
lar eharaoter named Fooks. With the young people ho was an erpecial favorite.
No bottor partner in "Sir Roger de CoverIy," or merrier opponent in the game of
"Matrimony," could be found in the en"ire country; while his skill in making
"hurleys" for the boys, and carving wood on babies for the girth, secured for woom a wide-spread popularity among the rising
generation. By common consent he was known in this neighborhood as "Holy
Fooks," and this epithet was bestowed no in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledg
ment of his singular blameless and usefa memorate a peculiarity in his characterhe was never known to fighit. From the
tithe-proctor, whom he hospitably enter tained and rogularly paid-an unpreeedent
ed line of conduct, which caused that mact enduring man to exclam, "Sure Barnagor in it was like Holy Fooks"-from the ithe-proctor down to the urchins, whom h he with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no sould testify, whose fair-haired boy he had saved from drowning by jumping into the
mill-pond at the imminent risk of his life And when Tom Maloney's house wa
burned, who but Holy Fooks could be
found to tread the falling floor; and while with one hand elinging to the blackened
rafters, with the other toscize in succession hiree children, and hand them safely to
these outside 9 Mr. Fooks, in short, was The estate which bounded his had hain,
T have said, for some time unocupied; but person of a professed duelist from Tiperary,
who having made even that flery localit much money as impudence, resolved to se among its quict inhabitants. Tom Magen-
nis, for such was his name, had not loug managed to establish several "very pretty unerring shot, seldom failing to kill h prone to take offense as the famous Fight-
ing Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for aceidentally touching hin
with his whip, as they were leaping togeth or across a stream, while following the
hounds. All attempts at a reconciliation were rejected by the scornfall bully. They
met; and an hour afterwards a fine lad,
the hope of his house, was carried home a The neighboring gentlemen tried to send
Magennig to "Conventry," but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and
tried to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every
one wished him away, but who was to "bell It happened that a small field, belonging Mr. Magennis's lawn, to which the latter y wrote a lotter, conched in a very high and mighty stylo, requiring lis padific neighbor to sell $h i m$ the pieco of
ground in question. A polite reply in the hegative was returned; and Magonmis, boil hastened to seek an interview with Mr In his pleasant parlor, surrounded by his books; and after the first salutatio
passed, Magemis began abruptly.
your letter that you refuse to lot mo have the lawn field ?
sver of parting with it,
"But I tell you that I want it, and have
it I willl"
"I ahould be sorry" said Mr. Fooks,
mildy, "to disoblige a neighber; but milaly, "to disobige a neighber; but I
am nure Mr. Magennis you will seo the
impropriety of pressing the matter further when I repeat that 1 am quite determined not to well the fleld." "You won't eoll it

## "No, nir," suid Mr. Magennis, with a fear

 fal impre cation, "if you don't give me thefield you shall give me the satiffaction; and maybe Ill find your 'boirs, executors, adwith.'"

## nance of Fooke. <br> "Do you mean Mr. Magennis, that you wiah me to fight a duel "Cortainly; name your friend, and IIl wend mine to meet him." <br> said Fookn, "but I have a right to nelect the weapons and the place of meeting ${ }^{\text {r" }}$ "Ob, certainly: nothing can be fainer Choose what you like, my boy; the wooner light, at tho proapects of alaying another "Then," said Mr. Fooks, "I with

| dispense entirely with seconde to fight on |
| :--- |
| horseback, and to arrange that each of nA | can come armed with whatever weapons

we may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school to-morrow; and let him who is first driven "Queer arravgements as ever I beard," sald Magennis.
don't you know a long sword, and mounted one armed with Highfyer, I'll ride you down, and split you son? However, that's your look out, and not mine; so of course I agree to what you
propose, and have the honor to wish yon a very good morning.
He then walked away, marveling much
t the coolness of his antagonist and think ing what fun he would have on the morrow.
Every one he met was told of the jest invited to witness the combat. Great was
the consternation cansed by the news hhrough Barnagore. "To think," said Mr. Penrose, one of

the chitet land proprietors, "that our own honent Holy Fooks, who would not willing scoundrel ; it mustn't be. I'Il go to him Accordingly he repaired to the dwelling tranquilly occupied with his books as when | ing |
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| Pe |
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| t | "A bad business this, Fooks," said Mr.

Penrose, "a very bad business. Why,
man, nther than you shoul meet Magen-
nis, In fight the rakeal myeolf."
"Thank yon, my friend," replied Mr. Fooks; "I feel most grateful for your kind-
ness; but tince Mr. Magenis has chosen to
take cauceless offonec I him the meeting he desires. Perhaps," he
added smiling, "the result may be better
than chan you expeet."
"Ol, my dear Fooks," said his friend,
"don't, I beseech you, build on that. The follow is a regular assassin, and if he had
his deserts would long since have gained
promotion at the hangman's hands. However, there will be a score or two of your
friends on the ground to see fair play, and
have satisfaction from him for your death." With this somewhat equivocal piece of
consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand,
Mr. Penrose took leave of his friend, who during the remainder of the day, stayed
within doors, and declined seeing any visi-
On the following morning, a large con-
course of people, including, indeed, nearly
every inhabitant of the parish, assembled combat. Long and loud were the lamenperienced mueh kinduess from Mr. Fooks
at the fate which awaited him; while the at the fate which awaited hinj; whle the
deepened tones and darkened looks of the
gentlemen testified their sympathy with him and
tagonist.
Precisel
Precisely at twelve orelock the following
morning, Magemis appeared on the field mounted on a splendid blood horse; a dag.
ger was stuek in his belt, and he brandibhod an enormoustwo-edged sword in hishand.
He cast a scornful glanee aroudd and not dressing any one in particular:
"I thought the cowardly fool would be
fraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away perhaps one of his friends (with a karcastic muphasis) will take his place.
Here he comes himself!" oried a boy,
hirowing up his hat; and a general cheer Heunced the approach of Holy Fooks. He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry
pony of so diminutive a size that its rider's le was little raised above the ground crimson dressing gown, which waved and
launted in the broeze after a aingular fush on. In his right hand he bore nome-
thing which had the appearance of a yery ong lance; but which having both extrem-
itien covered by the extended folds of the dreasing gown, was not as yet clearly visi-
be. With his loft hand ho shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steced toward the
where stood the astonished Magennis. Whatever tho latter gentloman may hought of Mr. Fooks' costnme, his nettled homo seemed to have formed his own pri-
vate opinion on the subject; for no sooner did the gandy dressing gown llaunt befor
his eyes than he started, shied, aud began o prance in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with a
foreible for transeription:
" What
Come and moet me like a man
"Always happy to oblige a frien
Mr. Fooks, and suldenly throwing back he ofiensive garment, he rained his weapon,
and shook it full in the face of his adversary, It was a long, slender pole, having at one
ond a distended bladder filled with dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highallyor; and so appalling to his cars was the rutting noise it made, that despith bolted, turned tall, and galloped at foll peod across the common. Afrer him rode
Yooks, thaking him rattle, and abouting; "Come back, Mr. Magennis $t$ eome back!
Tis a ahame for you, man, to be afrid of a Faoter and faster flew the afrighted ho
bearing the euraged master beyond the
sound of the inextinguinhable laughter
which halled bin defeat, and the boundlesi
triumph of Holy Fooke.

President Jackson Didn't UnderHENRY A. WISE, of Va, has pub-
lished a volume of "Recollections,"
from whiteh we take this good one on President Jackson
But, on another occeasion, his ignorance of language did entangle him in a ridicuing his administratiton, while Mr. Louis Hecane, of Delaware, was Secretary of
State, France sent a certain dahhing min inter to Washington, a young man just elevated above the grade of Charge, whose
passion was display. His outfit of equipage, grooms postillions and gold lace was
magnificent. He called on the Secretary of State to appoint an audience with the
President; and Mr. MoLane, an accom plished, easy gentleman, begged him to call
the next morning at $100^{\circ}$ clock at the State ofice, and he would ac.
him to the President.
Monsieur lo Ministure mistook as to the place of calling. He thought he was to
call at the President's mansion at 10 o'elock A. M. Accordingly, in full panoply
costume, in coach-and-four, with attendanta, grooms, postillions, out-riders and
footmen, at the hour appointed he drove up to the door of tho White House, instead
of the State Department where Mr. McLane At that time tho President was served by
a French cook, and the celebrated Irishman Jemmy o Neal, war General Jackson's
petted major domo. The hour was about
the time of General Jackson's finishing puff of the pipe after breakhast, and he
smoked, as he did everything else with all his might. His mode was no Latakia curl,
no dreamy, thready line from barely open-
ed lips ; but a foll drawing and expanding ed ips ; but a fnil drawing and expanding
volume of white cloud rising up whiff after Whiff, puff after puff, and bowl and stem
and pipe all smoked as hard and fist as ashes hot, and the whole room was so obfuseated that one could hardly breathe it
atmosphere or see. His usual mode atmosphere or see. His usual mode of
sitting while smoking, was with his left le
thrown across the right hrown across the right, and the left toe
brought behind the right bendo-Achilles, and the long pipe stem resting on the fork
or crotch of the two knees, and reaching nearly to the floor. He smoked the old
Powhatan bowl, with red stem very long. In this attitude he was sitting and smoking
while Mr. McLane was waiting at the State Whice Mr. Mcciane was waiting at the state
Ofico for Mr. Minister, and while Mr.
Minister was riding up to the Presidential Mansion. He arrived-the French cook in the kitchen, Jemmy O'Neal about his busi
ness, and General Jackson alone in his of
fice. A bustle was made, bell began to ring, Jemmy was summoned to the door
and thero presented itself all this parade The divil the word could Jommy under-
stand, and the best he could do was to run up stairs to the General and announce
somelody very grand, but Jemmy winked
that all didn't seem right, as there seemed too much fuss for that, soon in the mor-
nig, and it might be, after all, an imposition. "Och, there was no telling nbout
the thing, it was so unusual " It might rence affair! The General quietly replied, "Oh, Jemmy, show the stranger upp-we will see who it is." Jemmy ran, and Jack-
son sat smoking, when presently the roomdoor was thrown wide open, and a manikin
of gold lace entered, cocked hat, with bullion and whito feather, flourished in liand, making a salaam to the right and a salaam
to the left with tremendous sweeps, whizving and whirring French with vehement
gesture, and approaching nearer and near-
er; it seemed threatening in the extreme :
The president quit smoking, beat the
bow of his pipe in his hand, rose quickly, took hold of the back of the chair, and ex-
claimed with a ntrong voice. "By the
cternal cods, Jimmy O'Neal, who ts this $\%$ " ternal gods, Jimmy O'Neal, who is this?'
Jemmy, with eyes and hands ready, was amazedly looking on,
when, fortunately, he bethought him of the Fhen, fortunasely, he bethought him of the
French cook, who with his shirtsleeves rolled up to his shoulders, and just as ho was be-
sprinkled white with flour, ran up with
Jemin, Jemmy, arriving just in time to aveo Mr.
Ministor's pate from being smathed by the chair in General Jacknon's hands.
"Mon Dieu !" exclaimed the cooik; "
the grand Minister of Louis Phillippe: "Oh!" said the General; " walk in, sir, about taking the Minister by both hands Just as Mr. MeLane entered to see the
mistake, to witness the prevention of the
catantrophy, and malle him a thousand times afterward jolly,"
tzin!
young

A gentleman was introducod to "Where do you live when you aro am at home I live there."
ty The rose han its thorr, the diamond

SUNDAY READING. Tro Kinds of Rehes A little boy sat by his mothor. He looked long in the flre, and was silent. Then,
as the deep thought began to pass away, ine deep thought hegan to pat bright, and he spoke.
"Mother I wish to bo rich." "Why do you wish to be rich, my son?"
"Bechuse every one praises the rich. Everyone one inquires after the rich. The
stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. well. Sometimes he speaks evil words.
But the children blame him not, for they The mother say boy." danger of believeing that wealth might for in dolence or cause them to be held in honor who
anked him:
"What is
"I do not know," he answered. "Yon
tell me how I may, become ricb, that all "To become rieh," replied the mother,
is to get money. For this you must wait int you are a man."
Then the boy loked sorrowfal and said:
"Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"
"Yes, my boy she answered. "The
gain of money is not the only nor the true
wealth. Fires may burn it, the thoods
drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth
and rust wate it, and tho robber make it
his proy. Men are wearied with the toil of
last. They dic, and earry nothing away.
The sool of the richest prince geeth forth
like that of the wayside beggar, like a
garment. There is another kind of riches
which is not kept in the purse, but in the
Which is not kept in the purse, bat in the
beart. Thoso who possess them aro not
always praised by men, but they have the
praise of God."

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## The Devils Servant.

Many years ago, when as yet there was
but one church in the town of Lyme, Connectient, the people were witho ut a pastor and now were on the point of making a er, when a cross-grained man, named Dor bogan a violent opposition to the candi-
date, rallied a party, and threatened to lofeat the settlement. At a parish meet a half-witted fellow roso in the honse and
said he wanted to tell a dream be had las night.
He thought he died, and went away
where the bad peoplo go, and as noon as Satan saw him, "he asked me where
came from."
$\qquad$
"They are trying to settle a minister,"
"Settlo a minister !" Le cried out. boots; I must go to Lymo thiss very night
1 then told him as ho was drawing
his boots, that Mr. Dorr was opposing mettlement, and very likely he would prevent it ultogether.
" My sernant Do
 going at all ${ }^{\text {m }}$
This apeech
ande no more oppoution thoss. Mr. Dorr settled, but his opponent earried the title
tz It does not require much religion to or praise the Lord at the top of your voice. Most any one can do that. Bo not deceiv-
ed. You may do all that, mont uno all the
vain repetitions you can, and not have mil vaiu repetitions you can, and not have reil-
gion. It in the puro in heart who shall see
God.

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