NO. 28.

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Be careful of your money!

MARY CARROL; Or, THE LOST CLASP-KNIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MURDER .- AN ARREST. country of Tyrone, and in the northern Corney." his knowledge of the way one might have courts. supposed that he had often traveled it .-His way was towards Londonderry, and as he found himself in the midst of the gloomy wildwood he began to whistle a low tune by way of enlivening the scene. At some spots, where the flanking of lithe shrubbery was quite sparse, the ground trembled and shook beneath the pedler's fread, but he felt sure, or knew, that he

Not long after he had disappeared frem sight in the intricate windings of the path, any one standing upon the edge of the bog might have heard a sudden rustling of the distant wildwood, as though some one had rushed hastily through it. Then came a short scuffle, a sharp cry of pain, 2 few deep groans, and then for a few moments all was still. In five minutes more there was another rustling in the bushes, a heavy fall, and ere long afterwards a man emerged from the bog path and stood a few seconds upon the hard ground. He was not the pedler, and yet he bore in his hand the pedler's pack .--He gazed cautiously about him, and being satisfied that all was safe he stepped a little out of the way, seated himself upon the grass, opened the pack, and began to overbaul its contents.

"Curse his empty pack!" muttered the man as he seemed to have examined all its contents. "I've done that job for nothing. I've sold my soul for a miserable podge of old women's trumpery."

The speaker started nervously up, for he had heard a noise in the bog, and with a hasty step he hurried off towards a the lake to the southward.

emptied pack there came up from the bog path another man, and he bore a heavy path another man, and he bore a heavy down upon the grass. It was the bloody is guilty of the murder, and he's been said the young man was committed to when I showed it to him he trembled and

corpse of the pedier. "Poor Magdull!" murmured the young man-for young he was, "who could have had the heart to take your life? There He has been convicted and he is going to could have been but a few more years for be hung!" you on earth, and surely they might have left you those. Ah, what's this? Thy arm, and looked wildly into his face. pack, as I live. Holy saints, they've either, for your blood is warm from the week be'll be bung."

heart!" apart the bits of lace and ribbon, the pin- that murder. It wasn't in his heart." papers and the little cushions, and while "Peace, Mary. Young Drake can be he yet gazed vacantly upon them, at the nothing to you now." same time murmuring sadly to himself, "Yes, he can. He can be everything." he was startled by a heavy tread of feet "But he shan't, though," uttered the To-morrow may be too late. Corney nev- girl to his swelling bosom, but he remembehind him. He looked up and saw three dark man, at the same time grasping hold er committed that murder; I know he

tones of rank astonishment. "Good God, got to be mine, and mine you shall be in who knows but he may live yet. Do, do,

Published by Theodore Schoch. man, rising to his feet, "and this-"

TERMS-Two dollars per annum in advance-Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half.

The idea came thundering upon him that No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, he might be thought the murderer. He except at the option of the Editor.

ILT Advertisements not exceeding one square (ten mes) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and tweaty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the men who had found him in his present charge for one and three insertions. The situation

"Believed what?" wildly exclaimed the gain his ends.

"Look at this," slowly returned the other, pointing to the body of the pedler. "I see it. It is poor old Magdull; but

witness that I had no hand in it." month Corney Drake. Look at your your own fate." hands. Look at your clothes. They're all bloody. And feel of the corpse, too, nough, I ween. Ha, what's that?"

-- it's warm." "I found it in the bog. I was coming start. home from the other side, and I stumbled against it, and I brought it up here. No upon a dark spot on his shirt-sleeve.

hand of mine harmed him." "But the pack, Corney,-what were you doing with that?" "It was here-just where I laid down

the body." "And the things? You were making mighty free with 'em when we came up,

"I only was looking to see what-" "Don't hesitate."

"Well, it was natural curiosity that made me look at them. You would have done it, Phil Kanaugh."

found it in my heart to have done that!" "O, God, I did not do it! You know murdered in the bog, and I brought him on your hand, too." up here; and here I found his pack torn

"I hope it is, Corney, but the deed looks dark against you. You'll go to the tained by a strange power, "nor can all village with us."

"Yes. That's where I intended to go so."

"Phil Kanaugh," said one of the others, "what shall we do with the body?" "Let it be here, and one of you must by the arm.

It was a wild, rugged scene, near the stay and watch it. The coroner must western shore of Lough Nengh, in the see it here just as we found it. Come, yelled. "I want no more of it. You are

part of Ireland. To the left, stretching | Corney Drake turned one more look I have loved you as I never loved a hu- tending your finding of the body." away from the banks of the lake, was a upon the murdered pedler, then he gazed dark bog, over which, in close-tangled upon his blood-stained hands, and with a masses, grew the rank morass wildwood. heavy heart he followed his companions. may-" It was just at nightfall that a wayworn He saw the full force of the circumstances peddler entered upon the dubious foot- under which he had been found, and he track that led through the bog, and from knew how summary was the method in the confidence with which he trusted to which such cases were disposed of by the

CHAPTER II.

MARY CARROL AND HER VISITOR. . Marry Carrol was an orphan, just lifting her head into beautiful womanhood. It was at the cool of evening that she sat upon the door-stone of her neat cottage, and over her fair features was spread a cloud of despondent agony. She heard was in the right track, and he kept steadfootsteps approaching her cot, and lifting her eyes she saw the dark form of Caspar Bagroon. With a shudder she hurried into the house, but Caspar followed ber .-He was a stout young fellow, but he looked ugly and repulsive. There was in every lineament of his features a dark scowl, and his face bore numerous scars that had been left by the wounds he had received in many brawls and drunken rows. "A good evening to ye, Miss Mary,"

said Caspar, as he unceremoniously on-"Your presence makes it a bad one," returned the fair girl, in a firm tone .-

"Go your way Caspar Bagroon."

"This is my way, darling, and here I choose to stay for the present." "If you stay here, then I shall go. I've told you time and again, Caspar, that I would have nothing to do with ye. Now

leave me in peace, for I am miserable." "No, Mary, I shan't leave you, for I be mine. Young Corney Drake wont be saw Caspar Bagroon just stepping into all traces of tears were gone, and her my rival any more. I might have had the street, and she could see through the whole of a resolute woman's unyielding yet the evidence had been produced. your pretty hand long ago if it hadn't dim twilight that his hands were clenched will. have been for his winning ways and together, and she thought she heard bit- "Corney," she said, "I believe God

small village that lay upon the borders of had my hand. I hate you, and I always ily off in the oppostte direction, and was derstanding could have caught it.-Not long after the man had left the did. Corney Drake isn't guilty of that soon lost to sight in the gathering gloom. To-night Caspar Bagroon was in my cot-

proved so."

"It's a lie!"

Mary Carrol grasped Bagroon by the

"Don't you lie to me, Caspar Bagroon!" "It ins't a lie. Corney Drake has been

"No, no! they shan't hang him!" cried The young man knelt down and pulied the half-frantic girl. "Corney never did

out men standing over him.

of the excited girl with a rough grip.—

did not. I was his—his—I should have

"Corney Drake!" said one of them in "Now listen to me, Mary Carrol. You've been his wife, sir, had he lived; and O, spite of all the powers of heaven and earth. O, do, sir." Yes it is me," returned the young I've set my very soul on possessing you, Mary Carrol sank upon her knees and

getting of you!'

was frightened. She was a stout-hearted "There, go and and see him; but you

"Let go of me!" she shricked. "Let "So he is. So he is. You shall not

"Don't call on God with a lie in your some things that would open your eyes to more strong than before.

"Where?" uttered Bagroon, with a quick

"You lie! It isn't blood!" hue. He trembled at every joint, and his Mary Carrol entered the cell.

there is no blood on me!" It seemed as though at that moment "Mary, Mary," he cried, "the holy some mighty power descended upon Mary saints bless you for this. I can't embrace "Perhaps I might; but I couldn't have with a steady gaze she looked upon the chained." man before her.

"Where?" grasped Bagroon, gazing "Ah, Mary my fate is sealed, and no open, and the things all scattered about. quickly at both his hands. "There is no earthly power can help me now." 'Tis true, what I tell you-as true as he- blood there. Out upon your trickery .- But you did not do that wicked mur-My hands are clean."

> the waters in Lough Neagh make them Caspar Bagroon foamed at the mouth, ing out who did it," said Mary.

and in a frenzy of mad wrath he sprang forward and grasped the girl once more

"Now hold that tongue of thine," he she eagerly asked. mine, Mary Carrol. Mine-mine! man being before, but by the holy saints, Corney went on and told the circum-

sprang into the garden, and was just o- Tyrone side he saw a dark object against pening the gate when Bagroon caught her the bushes near the solid path. He went you do it, sir ?" Say, will you do it ?"

you do you'll never-"

strung to its utmost, and the heart of the for the jury to bring in their verdict. dauntless heroine struggled in her bosom; "Tell me," said Mary, as Corney closed yet for an instant was she cool.

The villian let go his hold upon her cinity on that evening?" shoulder, and looked down upon her in a "No-only the three men who found me." mocking triumph. Quick as thought the the low paling and gained the street.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRISON INTERVIEW. a neighbor's house, and then she turned gers passed to and fro around each other, love you, and you know it, and you shall and looked towards her own cot. She and when she at length raised her head smooth tongue; but he's done for, now." ter curses fall from his lips. He came sometimes puts the truth into the heads "Caspar Bagroon, you never could have not after her, however, but walked mood- of us poor mortals when no earthly un-

street and hastily wended her way to- "Ha! Did he dare-" "Ha, ha, ha, Mary Carrol, you don't wards the jail. She asked to see Corney "Hush, Corney, he did not harm me.

off for the house of the Sheriff whom she thought, for it came like a perfect convichad the good fortune to find at home- tion. I got away from him again and you carried; and it can't have been long, sentenced this very afternoon, and next She made known her request, and he at fied, and then I came here." first refused.

"O, I must see him," she cried. "He clasped her hands firmly together. O, let me see him."

"Not to-night," said the sheriff, but it was spoken in a wavering tone. "Yes, yes, -for the love of God, sir, do!

and I don't care if I lose that soul in the clasped her hands. Big tears rolled down her cheeks, and as the stern officer gazed Bagroon looked pale and haggard-his upon her thus he could not find it in his black eyes shot forth streams of fire--his heart to refuse her further. He wrote an teeth were grating together, and his order for her immediate admittance to the

"Ab, Corney, no wonder you hesitate. and true-hearted girl, but she knew that must make up your mind that this will be We never could have believed this of Caspar Bagroon was a fearful man, and your last visit. I shall feel miserable she knew that he would do anything to when I hang the poor youth, for I have always thought him a noble-"

> go of me, Caspar Bagroon. I can never hang him,—by heavens, you shall not !—
> be yours I swear—"
> He never did it—he never did it!" "Hush, Mary Carrol," interrupted The sheriff pitied the poor girl, for he

Table I did not murder him. I call on God to Bagroon, in a hoarse whisper. "I am not thought the thing had turned her brain. a man to be thwarted. I could tell you He knew not that that brain was ten times Mary sought the jail once more, and

> "Ah, you could tell of dark deeds e- she found no difficulty in gaining admit-Cornelius Drake sat in his cell. He was not more than one-and-twenty-a noble

"There!" said Mary, laying her finger looking youth, with auburn hair and large blue eyes, and a countenance full of good-"It's nothing." . ness and truth. His very appearance "It's blood, Caspar Bagroon. It's gave the lie direct to the idea that he could commit a deliberate murder, and along its edge. Then she closed it, and vet all knew that no one could have kill-The villain hurled Mary from him as ed the pedler except in cool blood, for sought her chamber. She laid down upon he spoke, and his face turned to a livid old Magduhl could have had no enemies. her bed, but not to sleep, for her mind

eyes glared wildly upon the dark stain. stood an instant upon the threshold, then It isn't blood! You lie, Mary Carrol; sprang forward and threw her arms about the young prisoner's neck.

Carrol, for she grew suddenly calm, and you, darling, for see, my hands are shawl, she hastened to the house of the

"It is blood," she slowly, firmly utter- you, and for even that we may be thank-I could not have done it. I found him ed, "and you know it. There's blood up- ful. They told me you were to be hung, his appearance, but he came at length. but I swore that you shouldn't."

der, Corney."

"They are not clean," said Mary, sus- "You know I didn't, darling." "Indeed I know it."

"Then there's some satisfation in that." "But there'd be more satisfaction in find-

"That's past hope," returned Corney. "But don't you suspect any one ?-Haven't you the least idea of who did it;"

"Not in the least. But why do you ask?" "First tell me all the circumstances at-

you can turn that love to madness. You stances just as they had transpired. How that he was returning from the London-At this moment Mary broke from his derry side of the great bog just at night grasp and leaped towards the door. She fall, and when he had nearly reached the by the shoulder and dragged her back up to it and found that it was the pedler. Life was extinct, but the body was warm, "Don't you scream," he hissed, "for if and the blood was still flowing. Under these circumstances he took the body up raving. The remainder of his sentence was and carried it to the upland, where, as the spoken in a silent language by the draw- reader already knows, he came across the can give me a good reason. Whom do shackles from the young man's feet and ing of a large knife. At another time pack. The rest he told in a few words. you suspect ?' Mary might have been frightened into Everything was against him-the evidence, implicit obedience, but now her soul was though circumstantial, was yet almost posfired, her every nerve and muscle was itive, and it had taken but a few minutes

his story, "is there no one whom you think "O, spare me!" she cried, and she sank might have done this thing? Do you know of any one's having been in that vi-

"Was not Casper Bagroon there?" dauntless maiden leaned forward and "Casper Bag-. But tell me, Marywound her arms about his ankles, and what do you mean? My God! I believe with a sudden jerk she brought his legs Caspar dogged me there! He has sworn from under him. He fell upon the floor to kill me. He may have laid in wait for like a leaden weight, his knife flew from me, and the appearance of the pedler, the his grasp, and on the instant Mary once apparently well filled pack, and the lonemore sprang through the doorway. She liness of the hour and the place, may did not stop this time to open the gate, have excited his cupidity. He had the but with a single bound she leaped over heart capable of it-I know he did. But

we can't prove anything." Mary sat down upon the edge of the low cot, and for some time she remained in silent thought. Her foot played ner-Mary Carrol gained the garden-gate of vously upon the tiled floor, her little fin-

body in his arms. When he reached a know what you're saying. Corney Drake Drake, but the jailor refused her. He I saw blood upon his shirt-sleeve, and die, and none but the priest could be ad- stammered and broke from me. Then he mitted to his cell. She begged and pray- seized me, but I leaped away, and he fol-"Hold your tongue, Mary. It's no lie. ed, but the jailor was inexorable. He lowed me. He caught me and dragged told her, however, that she might apply me back, and he drew his knife. The to the sheriff, and that a pass from him thought came upon me like a shaft of lightning that Bagroon had murdered the With the fleetness of wind Mary darted pedler. God must have given me the

Mary Carrol arose from her seat and

was all the world to me. If he must die, of the real murderer on the face of the Corney,"she continued, "if there's proof earth I'll find it out. I will, or I'll die with you." Corney Drake longed to clasp the fair between the left ribs and the sternum, and

point of a knife!

CHAPTER IV.

THE KNIFE, AND A NEW ACCUSAL. When Mary entered her cottage it was

quite late. She feared not the return of Casper Bagroon, for her heart had been strong by the strange conviction that some superhuman power was aiding her, and she even felt happy in the assurance that she should succeed in her efforts. She opened her tinder-box, and having lighted a candle she bolted her door and windows, and was turning towards her bed-room when her eye caught an object that lay upon the floor at the further extremity of the apartment. She went to it and picked it up. It was Bagroon's clasp knife!

In all probability the villain's fall had so thumped his head that he entirely forgot the knife he had dropped. knew it, for she saw it when he pulled it out that same evening, and she had often seen it before, and, more than all, she knew that half the people in the village could swear to its identity, for there was none other like it, Casper having made tripped him up and then fled. He dropthe handle himself from curiously carved

bog-oak. For full five minutes Mary stood and gazed upon that knife. The blade was open, and she thoughtfully ran her thumb placing it carefully in her bosom, she was too busy, too active, too much excited, for that. It could not be halled into forgetfulness, nor yet into dreams. It dwelt in the land of facts and cool calculations.

The next morning Mary was up before the sun, and throwing on her bonnet and sheriff. (This sheriff acted both in the "Hush, Corney dear. I can embrace capacity of an executive and a coroner.) She had to wait sometime for him to make "You here again?" he uttered, with a

> "Yes, sir, -and I have important business, too. Were you not the coroner who

examined the body of old Magdull?" "Yes." The sheriff opened his eyes, and began to wake up. "Was the body opened?"

"No .- of course not. The pedler was dead-stabbed two or three times-and we knew who did it." "You did not know who did it, Mr. Sheriff; you did not know, I say, or you never would have put an innocent man in

jail and had him convicted of the murder. Is the body burried ?" "Yes,-over a week ago," returned the officer, looking upon the girl in a state of

"Then it must be dug up. Dig it up, sir, and I'll prove to you that Corney Drake did not do the bloody deed! Will

The Sheriff began to be deeply interested in the matter, for there was something more in the manner of the girl than idle her lover's bosom. Corney, dear Corney,

"Most assuredly," he replied, "if you

"If I tell you he may escape." "No,-he shall be arrested." "Then 'twas Casper Bagroon."

The sheriff's eyes snapped. "Can you prove it?"

body and let the doctor examine it.' "Caspar Bagroon is a dangerous fellow," uttered the officer, "and I think him just the man to have done such a deed. If I had reasons I'd arrest him this very morn- This time there was a wedding, and Cor-

"You have reasons. I believe he did the murder. I accuse him of it! Is not that enough ?"

"I'll arrest him, by the saints, I will. He needed it long ago. "And you'll have the body dug up, too."

CHAPTER V.

People were surprised when Caspar Bagroon was arrested for the murder of the pedler, but no one was sorry. Public opinion turned like a weather cock ere

The body of the pedler was brought into the court, and the doctor was there to examine the wounds. Caspar Bagron was there, and though his bosom heaved, and his features were contorted, by the fiercest passion, yet he spoke not a word. He turned his flashing eyes upon Mary Carroll, and he grated his teeth together like the stones of a mill. He seemed to forget that this was working against him.

The doctor began to probe the wounds. The first went to the heart, but there he found nothing. The second was further ing with ?" towards the centre of the breast, and seemed to have been a very slight one .-The skin was cut away, and in a few mo. for having such a name.' ments more the operator uttered a slight

"What is it? What is it?" quickly asked Mary, springing forward. "Wait a moment," returned the doctor;

and as he spoke he produced a pair of He applied them to the incision he had made, and after two unsuccessful efforts he drew forth a piece of metal which had been driven through the tough cartilage

which, upon examination, proved to be the editor's hat, whereupon the Connersville "Here! here!" eried Mary, at the same any lives lost! time drawing a clasp-knife from her bosom. "You all of you know to whom this

bejongs. Try it, try it." The people crowded eagerly forward, to our own.

The shcriff took the knife and opened it The point of the blade was broken off .-He took the piece from the hands of the doctor and applied it to the broken blade It fitted-it was the missing piece !"

"Ha, ha, ha!" half wildly, haly bysterically laughed Mary Carrol. "That is Caspar Bagroon's knife!"

"You lie you she-devil !" roared the "No, she don't Caspar," said Phil Kan-

augh. "We all know that knife." "Ay," cried Mary, "and he drew it upon me, too. Listen, hearts of Tyrone .-

That bad man came to my house, and he insulted me. He taunted me because Corney Drake had been convicted of murder. I tried to flee from him, but he caught me and drew that knife, and swore he'd kill me if I screamed. I sank upon my knees, and grasping him by the ankles, I ped his knife and forgot to pick it up, and when I returned I found it. I knew he had done the murder, for I saw blood upon his shirt sleeve; but when I saw that broken blade I believed that God had provided a way for me to prove it. I have proved it. You all see it. Bagroon is

the real murderer, and Corney is free !" The sheriff may have tried to quell the noise, but he certainly failed, for the enthusiasm of an Irish crowd is not to be

The new trial went summarily on .-The identity of the knife was proved at starting. Phil Kanaugh swore that he met Bagroon coming from the bog a short time before he came across Corney, but he thought nothing of it at the time nor had it occurred to him since. In less than half an hour the word "guilty" sounded

upon the ears of the villain. "It's a lie! a lie! Curse ye all!" he yelled, and in a moment when he caught

the chance, he sprang towards Mary He did not reach her, however, for Phil Kanaugh pushed forward his foot and tripped him up. Bagroon was at full speed, and when he was thus thrown from his feet he fell forward with a fearful impetus, and his neck struck the sharp edge of an oaken bench. An instant he remained with his head lopping over upon the seat, and then his body rolled over upon the floor. There were two or three long struggles-a crimson stream started forth from his mouth-and he was no more! The fall had broken his neck !-His fair victim had escaped him!

"God did that !" said Mary.

"God did it !" eried they all. Mary Carrol held the order for Corney Drake's release in her hand. She rushed wildly to the jail, and an hundred young

men and old followed her. "Free! free!" she cried, as she fell upon you are free !"

The jailor came and knocked off the hands, but before he could gain sense enough to speak, his cell was filled with men. They caught him in their arms and bore him to the street, where they placed bim in a carriage they had dragged from from the sheriff's stable, and seating the "Dig up the body and see. God will heroic Mary by his side they proceeded not suffer the guilty to escape. Dig up the to the fair girl's cottage. Shouts of joy rent the air, and a hundred lips blessed

the saved and the saviour. Ere many weeks had passed away those people were shonting and singing again. ney and Mary were the happy couple.

A Big Story. An old gentleman who had a neighbor rather addicted to telling large stories, after listening one day to several which quite taxed his credulity, boasted that he himself could tell a bigger one still; and

proceeded to relate the following: Said he one day I was quite at the farther end of my farm, more than half a mile from my house-when at once, I saw a heavy dark cloud rising in the west. Soon I saw the torrents of rain descending at a distance, and rapidly approaching the place where I stood with my wagon and horses. Determined-if possible -to escape the storn I instantly leaped. into my wagon, and started my team towards home. By constant application of the whip to my horses, I barely escaped being overtaken, by the rapidly approaching torrent. But so tremendously did it pour down that my little dog, who was close behind mo, actually had to swim all the way !'- A'iquis.

'Ned, who is that girl I saw you walk-

'Mis Hogg.' 'Hogg, Hogg-well, she's to be pitied 'So I think,' rejoined Ned. 'I pitied

she is going to take it presently.' 'There is a woman at the bottom of every mischief,' said Joe.

ber so much that I offered her mine, and

'Yes,' replied Charley, 'when I used to get into mischief my mother was at the bottom of me." A late number of the Brookville A-

Times impudently wonders if there were

merican announced the destruction of the

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior