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These goods have been selected with great care to suit the wants of this community, and will be sold as heretofore, at the lowest living rates for cash or exchanged for country produce at market prices.

C. DETRICK

Poetry.

THE COBLER'S SECRET.

A waggish cobbler once, in Rome, Put forth a proclamation That he'd be willing to disclose, For due consideration, A secret which the cobbling world Could ill afford to lose— The way to make, in one short day, A hundred pair of shoes.

From every quarter to the sight There run a thousand fellows— Tanners, cobblers, boot men, shoe men, Jolly leather sellers— All residents with beer and smoke, And cobblers' wax and lides; Each fellow pays his thirty pence And calls it cheap besides.

"A good, sharp knife is all you need, In carrying out my plan; So easy it is, none can fail, Let him be a child or man; To make a hundred pair of shoes, Just go back to your shops, And take a hundred pair of boots And cut off all the tops!"

THE BRIDGE OF GOLD

She stands in a flowery meadow, And in a barren strand, Where flows a broad, strong river; 'Tis vain to brook, 'tis vain to weep, The river is broken and strong and deep.

I cannot swim that river, But if my ship should come in, Its mid-like sails would carry me, To the lady I hope to win.

I know she has many lovers, For I see them wooing my sweet, They lay their hands on her honors And bring gold at her feet; Had I but them no river would keep Me from my love, though 'twere broad and deep.

But I make a bridge of my fancies, And I cross to that pleasant land; I weave her hair through my fingers, And knit her hand in my hand, And kiss her lips in the sweetest sleep, Though the river is broad and strong and deep.

Could I build the arches of silver, And lay the floor with gold, I could cross to claim my darling, 'Not waiting until I am old, Old and worn and withered, to creep, O'er the bridge of gold to a grave, and weep.

JOSHBILLINGSIANA.

I never tell on the man who is always telling what he would have done if he had been there; I have noticed that this kind never gets there.

The fees of the law here, and the law hereafter, has furnished us some very clever specimens of Christianity.

True happiness seems to consist in wanting all we can enjoy, and then getting all we want; 'Beats never dies; it is like truth; they both have an immortality somewhere.

Men never seem to get tired of talking of themselves, but I have heard them when I thought they showed signs of weakness.

Common sense is most generally despised by those who haven't got it.

Monuments are poor investments—the bad don't deserve them, and the good don't need them.

Has anything bad happened, Mrs. Riley? "You seem sorrowful today."

"You have quarreled with Jamie here you not, Maggie?" "Nay, Mrs. Riley," she answered, "I quarrel with Jamie? You know I love him dearly."

"And then the sweet girl blushed at her own confession. You may guess that this knowledge did not ease my mind much, How now could I account for Jamie's pale face and nervous manner?"

"It did not seem possible to me that the lad could have done any wrong act, but I couldn't forget how the bells seemed to clang, 'Ja-mie Ri-ley, Ja-mie Ri-ley,' and when I remembered the boy's strange actions an awful fear grew upon me.

Maggie tried in vain to discover what disturbed me. She went away in a little time, but promised to call next day, "for I am afraid the fever is a coming on you," she said, as she kissed me and bade me good-by.

After she had gone I busied myself in getting ready the supper, for Jamie always enjoyed his supper; and what wonder that, with a hard day's work, an early breakfast, and only a lunch at noon, he should eat heartily at night. I baked some biscuit and kept them smoking hot, cooked a nice bit of meat, and boiled some potatoes enough out of that 'ere fog to fill every cask in the ship. It was tip-top water that fog made, but it didn't melt very fast. Some of it wasn't melted when we got back to Liverpool, three months afterwards.—Lit. Elect.

UNDER SUSPICION.

A hard dark day it was for us when the constable took poor Jamie to the jail. He was only a boy, scarce turned of twenty; and though I'm his mother that says it, an honest lad or a better son never lived.

"Well, mother," he said, "if everything is ready we'll eat, for I'm as hungry as a bear, and after supper I've something important to tell you."

These last words he spoke hesitatingly, but I was glad to know that he was about to unburden his soul of what ever secret it contained.

So we sat down to the table I was just pouring out the tea when there came a loud and unexpected rap at the door. I opened it, and found Mr. Keating, the constable. He lived not far off, and had been a friend to my husband's.

"Good evening, madam," he replied "does James Riley live here?" "And don't you know he lives here?" I answered.

"Is he at home?" "Supposing he is—what then?" "I must see him I have an order for his arrest."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked angrily. "Surely you're joking, Mr. Keating. You certainly wouldn't carry Jamie to jail! You know he's never done any evil deed."

"It's a sad duty," answered the constable, "but arrest him I must, if he's in the house."

"Well, he's not in the house, nor has he been to-night," Before these words were fairly out of my mouth, Jamie himself stepped to the door.

He had listened to all our conversation, and now he spoke, in his clear manly voice: "I'm ready to accompany you, Mr. Keating; but with what crime am I charged?"

"Mr. Keating spoke very low so as that I should not hear, but hear I did, and the words made me faint and sick. I tried to banish the horrible suspicion of my son's guilt, but I could not forget how the bells had clanged the night before."

"Mr. Keating," I said as calmly as I could, though my voice trembled, "will you let me speak to my son alone one minute?" "Certainly, Mrs. Riley."

Then the lad came into the room, and the constable stood without the door, and I took my boy's hand in mine, and looking up into his face I spoke these words: "Jamie Riley by the love you bear me; by the memory of your dead father; by the hope of your soul's salvation, speak truly—are you guilty or innocent?"

"Innocent, mother—before God innocent!" and he bent down and kissed my wrinkled forehead, and lifted the great load of doubt from my mind.

"Then, go, darling," I said, "and may the Lord in his mercy watch over you and bring you forth from this tribulation. So Jamie went away with the constable, and I sat all night by the fire-place moaning and crying as I thought of my poor boy in the cold stone cell of the jail.

When morning dawned I tried to rouse myself for the duties of the day, but, Oh! how lonely and desolate the little kitchen looked, and when I laid the table and put Jamie's plate in its accustomed place, and thought how, perhaps, for long days he would not be there to eat any more, my eyes filled with tears and I could do nothing.

The news of Jamie's arrest spread quickly through the village. When they told it to Maggie Bryan, the brave girl tied on her hood, and going straight to the jail, demanded an interview with her lover.

She never doubted his innocence for a moment and there, with the bleak, dreary walls surrounding her, she vowed to remain faithful and true to him always, and devote every energy to secure his vindication and release.

Her presence cheered Jamie, and she came from the jail to my cottage bringing many hopeful messages from the dear boy. From her I first learned fully the charge against him.

It seems that on Sunday night Jamie had been seen near the Presbyterian Church shortly before the fire was discovered there.

Nor was that the worst. Joseph Milward, whose father owned the factory, where my son worked, was ready to swear that he saw Jamie rush from the vicinity of the vestry, where the fire broke out, and that he spoke to him as he passed. David Butler a wealthy young man, was Milward's companion, and his statement was the same.

Jamie's examination—the preliminary examination they call it—took place on Tuesday. The magistrate heard the evidences and said that he must commit the prisoner to await the action of the Grand Jury. We might have got him out on bail, but there was no one to become his bondsman, for though Jamie had plenty of friends they were all poor. The boy spoke no harsh words, whatever.

"Will make no difference mother," he said, when I visited him in his cell, "for the jury is in session, and if they find an indictment against me I shall be tried in a few days. You have money enough saved up to live on these many weeks, and they will acquit me in the end."

"But Jamie," I asked, "what does young Milward mean by his evidence? He has perjured himself has he not?" Jamie hid his face in his hands for a moment, then looking up he said resolutely: "I can't answer your question, mother, God must judge between him and me."—Then changing the subject. "Can you get me a lawyer, mother?" "Of course I can, and I will."

So after a little more talk I left Jamie, and sought the office of Squire Carnan.—

appearance of the table. But there was a firm resolute determination in his face that I had not seen there before, and it troubled me to know what it betokened.

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A good man the Squire was, and an honest lawyer. When he discovered who I was and my business, he told me bluntly that he did not wish to undertake the case.

"And are you afraid that I'll not pay you?" I asked. "Indeed, sir, if it costs years of labor, you shall receive every cent that you charge."

He smiled sadly. "No madam, 'tis not the money," he said; "but I do not like to feel that the saving of anybody's life depends on my efforts."

"Life," I replied. "Would they hang Jamie?" "If found guilty, in all probability they will," he replied.

I scarcely knew what I said, but I begged and implored Mr. Carnan to save the poor boy. At last he consented to visit him; and if I am convinced of his innocence," he added, "I will endeavor to obtain his acquittal."

So the Squire went to the jail, (as I was told afterward,) and saw my son alone in his cell.

"James," said he kindly, "I want to know the truth in this case. My position as a lawyer and the rules of the court render whatever you may tell me now a secret. By acknowledging your guilt—if you are guilty—I shall be able to shape my defense so as to obtain the lightest possible punishment."

Then Jamie stood up boldly in his cell, and raising his right hand toward heaven he said: "Mr. Carnan, they may hang me if they want to; but I am entirely innocent of this charge and I am willing to die with those words on my lips."

The lawyer looked steadily in Jamie's eyes for a moment, and he must have seen truth written there, for he took his hand and said: "I believe you Riley, and I'll defend you. Now tell me where you were last Sunday night?"

"Well," answered Jamie, "I spent the evening at a friend's house in the northern part of the village. I returned home between 11 and 12 o'clock."

"And you passed the Presbyterian Church on your way?" "I did," replied Jamie.

"Did you see any one in that vicinity?" "Yes, sir."

"Who?" "I cannot answer that question, Mr. Carnan."

Then the lawyer sat, and thought for a little while, and without another word, he left the cell, and went straight to his office; nor did Jamie see him again until the day of the trial.

But he was not idle in the meantime, and when I called on him at once he told me to be of good cheer; that he believed my son to be innocent, and hoped to clear him.

Maggie Bryan grew paler and paler day by day, and it was little sleep she got at nights. When the thoughtless villagers talked of Jamie's guilt, her cheeks turned red, and her eyes flashed bright as the stars in Heaven.

The trial came off in two weeks—and long weeks they were to me; but I prayed for strength, and I think the great Lord heard my prayers, and he gave me the power to bear my cross.

A great crowd there was in the courtroom when the day came. Jamie was led in by the constable, and took his seat in the prisoner's box, as calm and collected as though he had been sitting by the fireside at home.

Mr. Carnan was seated near Jamie, and his fine face looked very serious, while he showed by all his actions that he was deeply interested in the case.

Maggie and I had a seat together, but we scarcely spoke a word during the preparation for the trial. We thought it would occupy the whole day, but it came to an unexpected termination.

Joseph Milward was the first witness called. He told the same story that he had at Jamie's former examination. I remember the scene well.

The District Attorney had asked the questions, and having finished he said: "That will do, sir."

Milward was about to leave the witness stand, when Mr. Carnan spoke out: "We will cross-examine this witness."

Oh, what a cross-examination that was! And what an excitement there was in court.

The old Judge dropped his spectacles the District Attorney looked bland, the jury scratched their heads, and the vast crowd kept still as mice, that they might hear every word.

Mr. Carnan had ferreted out the whole case, and from the mouth of that witness he proved that Joseph Milward and his companions were the guilty parties, that they had been aided by many of the wealthy young men of the village, and before he had finished, the District Attorney jumped up and said: "May it please the court? We throw up the case."

home. He doubted whether to divulge the secret or not. He came to the conclusion, Monday night, that it was his duty to make it public; but Milward and Butler fearing this, had anticipated him, and perjured themselves, had secured Jamie's arrest. Then the lad saw how useless it would be to make a charge against his accusers, and so he resolved to let justice work out her own victory.

Six months later Jamie and Maggie were married, and Lawyer Carnan was present at the wedding, and he gave to Jamie a receipt bill for his services, and to Maggie the finest dress you ever beheld.

Jamie still works in the factory, but to this day, no one has seen Milward and Butler in our neighborhood. It is in California they're living I'm told.

THINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen a farmer build a house so large, that the sheriff turned him out of doors.

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant and die in an insane asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much, that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off, and end where his father began—penniless.

I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children, bringing their parents to poverty and want, and themselves into disgrace.

I have seen a prudent, industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family, when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.

I have seen a young man, who despised the counsel of the wise and the advice of the good, end his career in poverty and wretchedness.

I have seen a man spend more in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.

I have seen a man depart from the truth, when candor and veracity would have served him a much better purpose.

I have seen a man engage in a lawsuit about a trifling affair, that cost him more in the end, than would have roofed all the buildings on his farm.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

Two thirds of the young men in the community have no business qualifications whatever, and are not fitted or qualified at all to meet with success in any undertaking. They have no practical knowledge.

Now this is the class of young men we propose to educate, so that they can be independent, fill honorable and lucrative situations, and rise to distinction; whereas, without this education, they would be drones all their lives.

Some parents, it is lamentable to state, exercise improper judgment in the management of their sons, by tying them to a business they heartily dislike, and in which they will never excel, whereas, if pursuing some avocation suited to their tastes, they might rise to success.

Their pride of character becomes humbled, their ambition blighted, their efforts paralyzed, and their prospects cut off for ever, by the difficulties attendant upon making the required education.

This is all wrong; give the boy a practical education—educate him for the times—and then let him follow some avocation to which by nature he is adapted, and he will come out all right.

PERUVIAN Mummies.—The statement that during the recent earthquake at Arica, Peru, five hundred mummies were thrown to the surface, is confirmed by travellers who report that the desert hills in that region, are filled with the desiccated bodies of the aborigines. The preservation of these remains of mortality is attributed to the climate, and also to the soil, which is impregnated with nitre. The bodies of the natives are interred in shallow graves, and the wind removes the light sands covering them, so that even in ordinary times hundreds of so-called mummies, wrapped in coarse grass matting, or in crumbling nets, have been exposed.

Wishes of ladies: First a husband; second, a fortune; third a baby; fourth, a trip to Europe; fifth, a better looking dress than any of their neighbors; sixth, to be well battered with flattery; seventh, to have nothing to do in particular; eighth to be handsome which is sometimes commendable, since to be plain or less is a defect; ninth, to be thought well of, which is commendable, except it be from those whose opinions are worthless; tenth, to make a sensation; eleventh, to attend weddings; twelfth, to be always considered under thirty.

A lady recently called at a store and inquired of a young clerk for a "kew-dell." Not willing to appear ignorant, and not exactly comprehending her, he hailed down a regular twisted corkscrew. "Why," said the lady, "that is not what I want."

"Well," replied the boy, "that's the earliest thing I know of."

There are some things which will never be hurt by falling. A growled an old man in Washington market, the other morning. "What's them?" inquired a huckster. "Pices," said the old man; "they're so awful slow in falling that they'll never get smashed."