VOLUME X.

NUMBER 26

OR, LOVE AND REVENCE.

Oh! God, what paroxysms of grief must have baptized her soul in its awful agony.— Had the wish of Nero been applied to the carth, she would have exulted in its desceration, only that she would thereby been robbed of her re-

venge.

It was night. Claire Leslie was alone in the spacious parlor of her new dwelling, a weary hearted watcher beside the oaken casement.

The clock tolled forth the mid-night hour, and yet she was alone. Where was Gordon Leslie that his young wife should be awaiting his return at this late hour?—Alas! where? Since his marriage he had plunged more deeply than ever in the whirlpool of sin and dissipation. He had soon wearied of the quiet monotony of home, and now he seldom passed an evening

Why should he stay home. There was no love existing between himself and Claire, and though they breathed no word of murmuring, yet they knew the misery within each others hearts. Could Claire Leslie look up foully, and confidingly to her husband, for protection and counsel? or could Gordon Leslie gaze into the depths of his wife's sparkling eye with confidence and truth?—Alas, no? Those two perjured beings felt the utter desolation of their condition in all its bitterness; and yet, they rushed on wildly towards their ruin. Revenge was their watchword, and they resolved to sa-tiate themselves in its depths 'till their souls

were relieved by its baptism.

Alas! what changes a few short months can create. One year ago would we have believed the gentle Claire Willis would so soon become the guilty being we now behold her? Verily, we cannot trust our own hearts. Far down within their hidden depths lurks treachery and Ah! Ernest, they call me the maniae, now, deceit we dream not of. It becomes us to They marvel the shadows that cover my brow,

tempration. It was very beautiful, that calm bright morning in early June. Trains of whiterobed maidens, and smiling swains passed up the flowery lane leading to the little village church on the green sward. White haired old men came leaning on the vigorous arm of youth. Middleaged men and women, and giddy light-hearted
children were there assembled in the little
church awaiting the opening of the drama.— The village pastor too was there looking calm and happy surrounded by his numerous flock. And this wasted wreck was the once gifted and brilliant Claire Leslie. Who shall say

rand and Alice Layton passed up the aisle, and rayed in the simple white muslin, looped up. It was a bright June morning, the anniver-from the floor with pure white roschuds. A sary of Alice Durand's bridal day, and she sat

sing to rest on those young heads. A hushed stillness reigned in that room, for every

The low tones of the minister died away, when the door was thrown widely open, and a

sounded unnatural and hollow, "Ernest Du- cannot write, my eyes grow dim and my limbs

With the look of a demon he drew a revolver. late!" A quick report rang through that sacred room, a groan, a stifled sigh, and the good and noble Alice Durand hastily equipped herself and

All this was but the work of a moment and ere any one could interfere, that quick report her and stood in the presence of the dead.—
rang out again, and Gordon Leslie's guilty perjured soul was ushered into the presence of its
had returned on the morning of her death, and gone to answer for his many crimes, to meet in which she had spent her life. One request the spirit at the tribunal bar, that he had sent only had she left behind, and that, to be buried

ness. Long days of wasting disease, had request of the dead should be unfulfilled. They wrought a fearful change on her fragile form. placed a low white slab above the grave, and The rose-tint had left her cheek and the lustre inscribed thereonfled her eye. A spiritual loveliness marked her whole being, for she had found in the waking her whole being, for she had found in the waking up of that dear life-dream, a precious boon more valuable than the richest gems earth can afford. Thy bliss or bale we leave with God!"

Reader, should you ever visit the charchyard of old St. Joseph's, pause one moment. She had found the grace that passeth under-standing, and she knew that Ernest Durand's the gifted but erring Claire Leslie.

It was a dark stormy day in December, the heavens were veiled in leaden clouds, and the to visit Italy. Ernest Durand had dwelt on its occurred, the crowning glory of the American rain swept swiftly along the mountains and beauties 'till she had almost fancied herself in arms. On Friday, the motion was made in valleys. But Claire Leslie little heeded the the spirit land. It had been the home of some Congress that the United Colonies were, and of denoching torrents, that fell upon her uncovered of the great spirits of her admiration. It was right ought to be, free and independent. Amerhead. Backward and forward, through that the land of poetry and romance. But she had icans surely need not be afraid of Friday. silent churchyard her tall ghost-like figure wan-dered. Now kneeling low over Ernest Durand's The death summons found her ready, and

caused that life blood to stain the little church, and mark me, you shall pay the penalty!"
With a hollow laugh, she drew a small

jewelled dagger from her girdle, and whirling for such service was never written.

t over her head, thrust it into the air at the Write to me very often, imaginary form before her. "Ha! you may cry for mercy, but it will be in vain. You cry for mercy, but it will be in vain. You murdered him, and I have murdered you."-Then she turned away, and sought the grave of Durand, and setting herself she sang in a low

"Ernest, I loved thee, but then wert untrue: Thy love was as fleeting as the mid-summer dew. Thy vows were forgotten-vou heeded them not, You left me in sorrow to mourn my sad lot. You knelt to another, and left at her shrine The pledges once given and offered at mine. And I wed another, and vowed to adore. When I know that I never could love again more.

He killed thee, oh, heaven! even now thy life's blood Is crying for revenge before the great God, But thou art avenged-he has answered his guilt, In his heart I have buried this blade to the hiit. He cried for mercy, but his cries were in vain; I laughed at his pleadings, and mocked at his pain, I have cursed him, and left his body so cold. Where the raven and vulture their wild revels hold.

watch and pray continually lest we enter into | They know not the sorrow that covers my soul, They know not the guilt that o'er it did roll. Thou art in heaven, but I cannot go there; They would ne'er ope' the gate to admit crazy Claire But I see thee, I hear thee, I know thou art near, I know that thy spirit is lingering here."

unmeaning words.

And this wasted wreck was the once gifted

A slight rustle was heard, and Ernest Du-that this was not the retribution of God.-'Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, and she paused before the holy man of God. Very had not regarded this injunction, and as her rehappy looked Durand as the tiny trembling ward, her reason had been taken from her, and hand was placed within his own. And Alice, the proud and gifted woman had become the

veil fastened by a wreath of the same sweet within her little room what scenes came up to buds, confined the dark tresses back from off her view. But think you she repined, and her brow. A world of happiness beamed from passed her time in unavailing woe? No! The the liquid depths of her clear blue eyes.

Ah! radiantly beautiful did she look, and thought only of a re-union in heaven with the

your forgiveness. I have bitterly wronged a few miles above Newport on the Licking riv. ed for his excellency Santa Anna, Mr. Du Font It is to the working men only that the rod of called to a man to bring him some powder in a complete the only mourner by his grave. Three days scoop-shovel, and therein I inspected about a half the only mourner by his grave. Three days scoop-shovel, and therein I inspected about a half a peck of powder, destined to knock out of this the globe from which mechanic inventions of the control of the when the door was thrown widely open, and a tloved him so intensely, I sought revenge, but follows. The person whom she mentions as world some enemy of his said excellency.—steam and the press, and which is hourly adwe have the diseast and Gordon Leslie's voice on the follows. The person whom she mentions as Great care is exercised, the yards and the build vancing with a pace that excites astonishment. rand thy time has come; prepare to meet thy are growing cold. Haste thee, I pray, to my God! Alice my revenge is come at last." side, that I may beg forgiveness ere it be too CLAIRE LESLIE.

Durand was no more. A pale stiffened corpse started on her journey. There was not one was left on earth, but in heaven a happy glori-moment's hesitation; no reluctance to enter the fled spirit was basking in the sun-light of God's presence of the great destroyer of her life's hap-

Very softly she entered that darkened cham-Judge. A murderer and still more dreadful, with it a sense of her guilt. Guilty and unrea self murderer, guilty and unrepentent, he had pentant she had gone to answer for the manner unwarned to an endless eternity.

Months had passed away. Alice Durand sat bright morning, they robed her in her death alone in the stillness of her little room. In her robes, and softly lowered the coffin beside the desolate heart lay the blackness of intense dark-

"CLAIRE LESLIE-AGED 22.

(From the Wilkesbarre Record of the Times.)

ALICE LAYTON,

B. LOVE AND REVENCE.

CONCLUDED.

Of the maniac, for such she was, the light of real churchyard of old St. Joseph's. Among strangers in a strange land her last farewell had been breathed, but her soul went just as joyfully to rest in the presence of the loved one in heaven. Reader is my story sad? Aye, you would into confidence and trust, from the awful remorses.

ON CLUDED.

Of the maniac, for such she was, the light of real churchyard of old St. Joseph's. Among strangers in a strange land her last farewell had been breathed, but her soul went just as joyfully to rest in the presence of the loved one in heaven. Reader is my story sad? Aye, you would mills of Du Pont, in that city: Of course, of the bistery of the heavis breathed wills of Du Pont.

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WRITE OFTEN.

Write to me very soon, Letters to me are dearer Than the loveliest flowers in June ; They are affection's touches, Lighting of friendship's laune.

Plitting around the heart-strings, Like fire-flies in the damp. Write to me in the jayous morn,

Or at the close of evening, When all the day is gone. Then while the stars are beathing Bright on the azure sky. When thro' the fading forcest.

Draw up thy little table, Close to the fire, and write Write to me soon in the morning.

Cold the wild wind sigh.

Or write to me late at night. Write to me very often, Letters are links that bind, Truthful hearts to each other. Fettering mind to mind.

Giving to kindly spirits Lasting and true delight If ye would strengthen friendship,

Never forget to write. (From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

The Devotion of a Wife Down Public opinion was so savage against blow. Public opinion was so savage against blow of the defence were overwed, and a change of venue, which was begged by the prisoner, was not obtained. The attorney of Monroe feared to apply for it, apprehending murderous designs on the part of the people. The trial proceeded and the Jury did not dare to find the prisoner guilty of anything but murder in the first degree, and he was sentenced to be hanged. The Governor impressed that something was wrong in the case, granted a respite of ninety days, and the mob broke into the jail and dragged Monroe out and hung him. Amid all this terrible storm of infuriated public opinion, and that deriving house the powder is taken to the glazing mill. Here 600 to 700 pounds are put into a wooden cask, resolving moderately first for twenty four hours, there here glazing mill. Here 600 to 700 pounds are put into a wooden cask, resolving moderately first for twenty four hours, there here glazing mill. Here 600 to 700 pounds are put into a wooden cask, resolving moderately first for twenty four hours, and close they can be defined to lie loose on the floor, small they done most to enlighten it and advance the prosperity of the human race—have been mechanics. Its directness of mind—the plain good send the time of my vist. The greatest men in the annals of the world—the men that have done most to enlighten it and advance the prosperity of the human race—have been mechanics. Its directness of mind—the plain good send the rouse there have done most to enlighten it and advance the prosperity of the human race—have been mechanics. Its directness of mind—the plain good at the trible, where can she find it? Is anything the new rolving moderately first for twenty four hours, there have done most to enlighten it and advance the prosperity of the human race—have been mechanics. Its directness of mind—the plain good at the trible, where can she find it? Is anything the new rolving moderately first for twenty four hours, there of the chirage.

From the liquid depths of her clear blue eyes.

Al: radiantly beautiful dis be look, and there was many a gallant in that assembly who envied Durand the privilege of clasping that holy rows at her shrine.

The ceremony was ended, and they knelt in The ceremony was ended.

The ceremony was ended, and they knelt in The ceremony was ended.

The solonn tones of the minister fell

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Al: radiantly beautiful dis she look, and the mob broke into the jail and drag.

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The solonn tones of the minister fell

The solonn tone of the mob broke into the jail and drag.

The solonn tone of the mob broke into the jail and drag.

The solonn tone of the Come to me quickly! Oh! do not refuse my murdered by the mob, she begged for his reparre! I am dying, but I cannot go without mains, had them transported to a burial place, your forgiveness. I have bitterly wronged a few miles above Newport on the Licking rivers and fust as I had given a sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their mains, had them transported to a burial place, kick to a hundred pound keg of powder, intending the satisfication of the last. When he had been the granding mins. While satisfied in the sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their mains, had them transported to a burial place, a few miles above Newport on the Licking rivers and fust as I had given a sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their mains, had them transported to a burial place, a few miles above Newport on the Licking rivers and fust as I had given a sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their mains, had them transported to a burial place, a few miles above Newport on the Licking rivers and fust as I had given a sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their mains, had them transported to a burial place, a few miles above Newport on the Licking rivers and fust as I had given a sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their mains, had them transported to a burial place, a few miles above Newport on the Licking rivers and the first of the last. When he had been the packing houses, and just as I had given a sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their mains, had them transported by the mob, she begged for his re-

> : husband : you must be. My very heart aches for you.—
> I have not given up yet—I still have hope. I am now at Mr. Bail's with Pole and Ma. Pole has been a brother to we and a still have hope. I have no a brother to we and a still have hope. I have no a brother to we and a still have hope. I have no a brother to we and a still have hope. I have no a brother to we and a still have hope. as been a brother to me and a friend to you. I intend to make his home my home, wherever

FRIDAY NOT AN UNLUCKY DAY.

This day, which has been long superstitious-This day, which has been long superstitiously regarded as a day of ill-omen, has been an
eventful one in American history. On Friday
Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday he, though unknown to himself, discovered the Continent of
known to himself, discovered the Continent of
America. On Friday Henry III., of Eng-America. On Friday, Henry III., of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the standing, and she knew that Briess Durant's the gitted but erring Claire Lesile. It do to the discovery of North America. On immortal spirit awaited her in heaven. His Five years had rolled their wearied round Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the spirit presence was always with her to minister since the events recorded above. It was in United States, was founded. On Friday, the spirit presence was always with her to minister to her grief fraught soul.

Earth possessed not one charm to woo her to its fickle pleasures. What were all its giddy whirling scenes to her, who had loved as only such spirits as hers can love, and had lost, lost forever, as far as earthly prospects are constituted in the calm composure of death, if the quiet spirits all loveliness that rested on her countered.

Since the events recorded above. It was in United States, was jounded. On Friday, the profession of a dandy, not having the means is given the profession of a dandy, not having the means is given the profession of a dandy, not having the means in which some of our greatest and most talent, softly smoothed over the marble forehead.—

Beautiful, A fair girl was resting in the embrace of death. Those great mild blue eyes were of death, and on the same day they is great that august compact, the forerunner of the profession of a dandy, not having the means is great that august compact, the forerunner of the profession of a dandy, not having the means is great that august compact, the forerunner of the profession of a dandy, not having the means is great that august compact, the forerunner of the profession of a dandy, not having the means is great that august compact, the forerunner of the profession of a dandy, not having the means is great that august compact, the forerunner of the profession of a dandy, not having the means is great that august compact, the forerunner of the profession of a dandy, not having the means is which some of our greatest and most talent.

A young gentleman who had been educated for the profession of a dandy, not having the means is which some of our greatest and most talent.

They, through the instrumentality of this great and molecular the profession of a dandy, not having the means is which some of our greatest and most talent.

They created the profession of a dandy, not having the means is withing the profession of a dandy, not having the profession of a dandy, not having the

dered. Now kneeling low over Ernest Durand's quiet grave, clasping the white marble to her bosom, breathing a wild prayer for death, and, then away in a distant corner, over the grave of the suicide, cursing and taunting. But that heap of dust could not be injured by the curses

through to have these materials of a proper quality. The saltpetre as received at the of refining, 2 or 3 times repeated, it assumes the appearance somewhat of fine table salt, in which state it is fit for the powder mill. Great necessary in procuring the charcoal, which is made of the willow and poplar, the former be-ing used for the best kinds of powder.

charcoal. This method of procuring the wood ry walls strengthened with piers; the other men. Not one of them had a fashionable without the consent of her parents, convicted side facing the stream, is of wood, and the roof mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, and fined £15, fees 2s. 9d. Three married woalso slopes toward the stream.

The plan of construction is to lessen the damage from explosions; for, should an explosion take place, the force would be diverted to- clouds. ward the stream. The mills consist of two heavy iron rollers on wheels, movining in a trough. I saw a pair, each of which weighed 15,000 pounds—about seven tons. The materials being well mixed up and pulverized in

CHARLESTON, Feb, 12th, 1856. ings being under the direct and constant supervision of the firm, and to such an extent is

BIG GUN.

that may be—I hope a good way from here—
the further from here the better. I would rather evening seated in the bar room of a country tadic to-night, than to stay here among my ene
Joe Billings, a romancing Yankee, was one without books or newspapers? The Almighty without books or newspapers? The Almighty was a printer from the beginning. Look up at coat tails, cigars, profamity, tall shirt collars mics, for those who are your enemies are mine, countrymen discussing various matters connect, and your friends are my friends.

cd with the 'pomp and circumstances of war.' As soon as I can make arrangements and get the means, I will leave this town, never to rethe means, I will leave this town, never to rested that the British Government possessed the again. May is well. Farewell, but I largest cannon in the world—and gave the disideas. Burning stars are types which have wearing kids, and talking nonsense do not

Joe's Yankee pride would not allow min to Joe's Yankee pride would not a the mistaken in supposing it to be named in the oceans, trees, and beautiful flowers? The pen same minute with one of our Yankee guns of the Almighty is traced on them. Is not which I saw in Charleston last year, Jupiter! printing a clarious art? What art can heast

died under particularly shocking circumstance Alice had even felt a lingering intense desire day, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown to visit Italy. Ernest Durand had dwelt on its occurred, the crowning glory of the American beauties 'till she had almost fancied herself in arms. On Friday, the motion was made in tache and pulled it down his throat, and a paintance of the property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustical transport of the property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustical transport of the property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustical transport of the property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustic property of the property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustic property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustic property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustic property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustic property of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown of the world of the sticky edible had caught the end of ful death was the consequence, though the jury could not agree as to whether it was the result of strangulation, or poison by the nitrate of silver in the hair dye with which the moustache

that haunted her spirit. She felt that she was tread the history of the hearts beating around the cause of all: the awful guilt rested on her heart, and no wonder the light of intellect died out. Let us pause a moment and listen to her words as she bends above that lowly grave.

The slave-woman at her tasks will live and of the business of the Messrs. Du Pont, it that the history of the hearts beating around details of the business of the Messrs. Du Pont, it that the hardships of poverty and neglect it that in that year it was agreed by the town to me, I could not make mention, then the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her tasks will live and of the business of the Messrs. Du Pont, it that the hardships of poverty and neglect it that in that year it was agreed by the town to me, I could not make mention, then the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her tasks will live and of line thinks of the physical and then the countries. The character is in that city to countrie the task will live and of the business of the Messrs. Du Pont, it that the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her tasks will live and of line that the process of miles that the history of the town to me, I could not make mention, then the archer was agreed by the town to me, I could not make mention, then the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her tasks will live and of the business of the Messrs. Du Pont, it that the hardships of poverty and cheating of the town to me, I could not make mention, that the hardships of poverty and cheating of the business of the Messrs. Du Pont, it that the hardships of poverty and cheating of the town to me, I could not make mention, that the hardships of poverty and cheating of the mention of the missing of the provided the history of the task will live and the literal mention of the missing of the missing of the missing of t words as she bends above that lowly grave.

"Gordon Leslie, I never loved you, in my soul I dispised you; but I thought revenge would be sweet. Ernest Durand I worshipped, and you were his murderer; you it was who and you were his murderer; maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to to the wrists, and required reformation in im-Cut out the following and place it in the next letter yards, has the appearance of dirty coarse salt, be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that moderate great breeches, knots of ribbon, broad you write to a dear friend. A more appropriate poem filled with a short fibrous matter: by a process Fashion-pampered women are almost worthless shoulder bands and tayles, silk rases, double . for all the great ends of human life. They cuffs and ruffs. have but little force of character; they have 1639. For preventing miscarriage of letters, which state it is no the powder him. Great care is also taken to have the sulphur pure. Still less power of moral will, and quite as little it is ordered that notice be given that Richard But the most labor and forethought seems to be physical energy. They live for no great pur- Fairbanks, his house in Boston, is the place appose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. pointed for all letters which are brought from They are only doll-forms in hands of milliners beyond the seas, or are to be sent thither, are To procure supplies of these woods, the pro- and servants, to be dressed and fed to order, to be brought unto him, and he is allowed for prictors set out yearly, in every nook and cor- They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they every such letter 1d; and must answer all ner, trees, which are hewn down every three instruct nobody; they bless nobody, and save pressured into charge of procuring the wood into the wood instruct nobody. They write no books; they set no kind, provided that no man shall be obliged to gives a singular appearance to the country; for rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If bring his letter thither unless he pleases. in many places alongside the roads, or by the streams, may be seen old free trunks standing but little higher than a man's head, and tonned but little higher than a man's head, and tonned by the streams are streams. but little higher than a man's head, and topped when reared what are they? What do they out the consent of her parents, or in case of only by a bunch of small branches. I saw some trunks that appeared to be forty or fifty years old, without a limb bigger than my wrist. stock ? Who ever heard of a fashionable wo- fined £4 for the first offence, £10 for the second, ground and mixed, are scattered along the banks of the stream, each containing a mill.

They are built of stone on three sides, with hea-The mill buildings in which the materials are man's child exhibiting any virtue of power of and be imprisoned for the third.

MECHANICS.

There never was a doctrine more untrue than of human liberty and civilization, are of me- There is no better looking glass than an

is a glorious art. It is the sun of the moral world. What would have been our condition whale said, when he sucked in the little fishes. been read and instructed all people and kindred make the true woman.

not read the language of the mountains, the gunpowder, is said to be a hoax. printing a glorious art? What art can boast arms. of greater antiquity? Who wouldn't be a the human family.

Yes, friend, it is a beautiful antique and glo- An inventive genius intends applying to rious cause, one in which none should be asham- patent a machine, which he says, when wound ed to enlist; one which should be encouraged, up and put in motion will chase a hog over a from the bonds of tyranny, and serve as bea- wanted salvatian.

Our devil says that getting in love is some. what like getting drunk, the more a feller does it the more he wants to.

It is a good horse that never stumbles, sexton won't let me take her out till meetin's and agood wife that never grumbles.

strong-minded women, who had about as little men were fined 5s each for scolding.

to do with Fashion as with the changing 1653. Jonas Fairbanks was tried for wearing great boots, but was acquitted.

POCKETS. What about a youngster's dress is he more the now, we trust, almost absolete one, derived proud of than his pockets? Does his mother from a false distinction of monarchies, that me-One of the most remarkable instances on record of the unfaltering devotion of a wife to her husband, under the most trying and dreadful husband, under the most trying and dreadful distances, is given in the history of the Monroe tragedy, in Coles county, Illinois. A. Honoroe killed his father-in-law—Ellington --in a fight, in which Ellington struck the first blow. Public opinion was so savage against Monroe that the Court, and even the attorneys for the defence were overawed, and a change of the most remarkable instances on record of the unfaltering devotion of a wife to her husband, under the most trying and dreadful husband, und one ball, two primers, five hen's eggs, and a bird's nest.

Odds and Ends.

Erioy the little you have while the fool

old true friend. JTLaugh at no man for his pug nose-you

can't tell what may turn up. Come in children, out of the wet,' as the

Young ladies should also remember that

mensions of one he had seen.

Joe's Yankee pride would not allow him to from the birth of existence to the present hour.

Doe's Yankee pride would not allow him to from the birth of existence to the present hour. The earth, too, is printed all over. We can- long that he couldn't blow it without the aid of

OFA fellow "out West," being asked what printer or an editor, and a working man with made him bald replied that " the gals had pul-God in interesting, elevating and regenerating led his hair out pulling him into their windows."

bold, untiring and successful effort to free us cons came around, asking the people if they

cons to allure us on to any greater and noble Near us sat a butcher's boy, nineteen years old, about as ameniable to salvation as a lamb in his hands would be to mercy.

'Do you want salvation ? said the deacon, looking into his brutal face. 'No darn yer-I want Sal Skinner, and the