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AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor.

"To Hold and Trim the Torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth"

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VOL. XXI.

Original Poetry.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY KATE.

I stood up on a pleasant hill
With summer verdure crowned,
And tall o' trees, the giant Kings
Of nature, stood around—
Before me lay a lovely vale,
And on the hot air lay
Rotted the breeze and quiet trains,
From the chimneys wafting there.

I saw where, in my early days
I passed the pleasant hours
Beside the waving brook, that still
Went murmuring through the flowers—
And, still beside my ancient home,
The gray old elm tree grew.
Whose verdant leaves were swayed and turned
By every wind that blew.

The wild wren in its woody den,
Sung o'er the sounding brook,
The robin redbreast and the dove,
Chirped softly in their nook—
I saw the clouds on crimson wings,
Flashed swiftly through the sky,
When the evening bluish came o'er the hills,
Whate'er the apple woodlands be.

At times when they were, when I
Thought them what I once had seen,
I felt the pain and grief I felt
When youth and bloom were on the cheek,
And gladness on the brow.
I only see the marks of care,
Of pain and sorrow now.

Interesting Story.

Losing and Winning. OR LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &c.

It was a bright and beautiful autumn evening. The earth was clad in a garb of the richest and brightest hues; and the clear cerulean of the heavens, gave place, near the setting sun, to a glowing "saffron color," over which was hung a most magnificent drapery of crimson clouds. Farther towards both the north and south was suspended here and there a sable curtain, fringed with gold, folded as but one hand could fold them. They seemed fitting drapery to shroud the feet of him, "who rideth upon the wings of the wind."

Such was the evening on which Edward Cunningham conducted his fair bride into the mansion prepared for her reception.—But had both earth and heaven been decked with tenfold splendor, their beauty and magnificence would have been lost on him; for his thoughts, his affections, his whole being were centered in the graceful creature that leaned on his arm, and whom he again and again welcomed to her new abode—her future home. He forgot that he still moved in the world that was groaning under the pressure of unnumbered evils; forgot that earthly joy is oft-times but a dream, a fantasy, that vanishes like the shadow of a summer cloud that fits across the landscape; or as the morning vapor before the rising sun; forgot that all on this side of heaven, is fleeting and changeable, and false. In his bride, the object of his fondest love, he felt that he possessed a treasure whose smile would be unclouded sunshine to his soul; whose society would make another Eden bloom for him. It was but six short months since he first saw her who was now his wife; and for nearly that entire period he had been in "delirium of love," intent only on securing her as his wife. He had attained his object, and his life seemed spread before him, a paradise of delight, blooming with roses, unaccompanied by thorns.

Joy and sorrow, in this world, dwell side by side. In a stately mansion, two doors only from the one that had just received the joyful bridegroom and happy bride, dwelt one who had been four weeks a wife. On that same bright evening she was sitting in the solitude of her richly furnished chamber, her elbows resting on a table, her hands supporting her head, while a letter lay spread before her, on which her eyes, blinded by tears, were riveted. The letter was from her husband. He had been from home nearly three weeks, in which time she had heard from him but once, and then only by a verbal message. The letter that lay before her had just arrived; it was the first that she had ever received from her husband, and ran thus:

My dear wife—Thinking you might possibly expect to see me at home this week, I write to inform you that business

will detain me in Philadelphia some time longer.

Yours, &c.,
FREDERIC WESTBURY.

For a long time the gentle, the feeling Julia, indulged her tears, and her grief without restraint. Again and again, she read the laconic epistle before her, to ascertain what more might be made of it than at first met the eye. But nothing could be clothed in plainer language, or be more coolly understood. It was as brief, and as much to the point as those interesting letters which debtors sometimes receive from their creditors, through the agency of an attorney. "Did ever youthful bride," thought she, "receive from her husband such a letter as this? He strives to show me the complete indifference and coldness of his heart toward me. O, why did I accept his hand, which was rather his father's offering than his own? Why did I believe him when he told me I should win his son's affections? Did I not know that his heart was given to another? Dear old man, he fairly believed his Frederic's affections could not long be withheld from one whom he himself loved so tenderly—and how eagerly I drank in his assurances! Amid all the sorrow that I felt, while kneeling by his dying bed, how did my heart swell with undefined pleasure, as he laid his hand, already chilled by death, upon my hand, gave me his parting blessing, and said that his son would love me! Mistaken assurance! Ah, why did I fondly trust it? Were I now free!—free!—would I then have the knot untied that makes me his for life? Not for a world like this! Nay, he is mine and I am his by the laws of God and man, we are one. He must sometimes be at home, and an occasional hour in his society will be a dearer bliss than ought this world can bestow beside. His father's blessing is still warm at my heart! I still feel his hand on my head! Let me act as he trusted I should act, and all may yet be well! Duties are mine—and thine heavenly Father are results. Overlook my infidelities, forgive all that needs forgiveness, sustain my weakness, and guide me by unerring wisdom." She fell on her knees to continue her supplication, and pour out her full soul before her Father in heaven; and when she arose, her heart, if not happy, was calm; her brow, if not cheerful, was serene.

Frederic Westbury was an only child.—He never enjoyed the advantages of maternal instruction, imposed on the heart by maternal tenderness—for his mother died before he was three years old, and all recollection of her had faded from his memory. Judge Westbury was one of the most amiable, one of the best of men; but with regard to the management of his son, he was too much like the venerable Israelitish priest. His son, like other sons, often did that which was wrong, "and he restrained him not." He was neither negligent in teaching, nor in warning; but instruction and discipline did not as they ever should do, go hand-in-hand; and for want of this discipline, Frederic grew up with passions uncontrolled—with a will unsubdued. He received a finished education, and his mind, which was of a high order, was richly stored with knowledge. His pride of character was great, and he looked down with contempt on all that was dishonorable or vicious. He had a chivalrous generosity, and a frankness of disposition that led him to detect concealment or deceit. He loved or hated with his whole soul. In person he was elegant; his countenance was marked with intellect and strong feeling; and he had the bearing of a prince. Such was Frederic Westbury at the age of four and twenty.

About a year before his marriage, Frederic became acquainted with Maria Eldon, a young lady of great beauty of person, and fascinating of manner, who at once enraptured his affections. But against Miss Eldon, Judge Westbury had conceived a prejudice, and for once in his life was obstinate in refusing to indulge his son in the wish of his heart. He foresaw, or thought he did so, the utter ruin of that son's happiness, should he so ally himself. He had selected a wife for his son, a daughter-in-law for himself, more to his own taste. Julia Horton was possessed of all that he thought valuable or fascinating in woman. Possibly Frederic might have thought so too, had he known her, ere his heart was in possession of another; but being pointed out to him as one to whom he must transfer his affections, he looked on her with aversion as the chief obstacle to the realization of his wish. Julia was born, and had been educated in a place remote from Judge Westbury's residence; but from her infancy he had seen her from time to time, as business led him

into that part of the country in which her parents resided. In her childhood she entwined herself around the heart of the Judge; and from that period he had looked on her as the future wife of his son.—His views and wishes, however, were strictly confined to his own breast, until his dismay was found that his son's affections were entangled. This discovery was no sooner made than he wrote a pressing letter to Julia, who was now an orphan, to come and make him a visit of a few weeks. The reason he gave for inviting her was, that his health was rapidly declining, which was indeed too true, and he felt that her society would be a solace to his heart, Julia came; she saw Frederic; heard his enlightened conversation; observed his polished manners; remarked the lofty tone of his feelings, and giving the reins to her fancy, without consulting reason or prudence, she loved him. Too late for her security, but too soon for her peace, she learned that he loved another. Dreading lest she should betray her folly to the object of her unsought affection, she wished immediately to return to her native place. But to this Judge Westbury would not listen. He soon discovered the state of her feelings, and it gave him unmingled satisfaction.—It augured well for the success of his dearest earthly hope, and as his strength was rapidly declining, consumption having fastened her deadly fangs upon him, he hastened him to the grave, he gave his whole mind to the accomplishment of his design. At first his son listened to the subject with disgusted impatience—but his feelings softened as he saw his father sinking to the tomb—and, in an unguarded hour, he promised him that he would make Julia his wife. Judge Westbury next exerted himself to obtain a promise from Julia that she would accept the hand of his son—and he rested not until they had mutually pledged their faith at his bedside. To Frederic this was a moment of unmingled misery. He saw that his father was dying, and felt himself constrained to promise his hand to one woman, while his heart was in possession of another.

Julia's emotions were of the most conflicting character. To be the pledged bride of a man she loved, made her heart throb with joy, and her faith in his father's assurance that she would win his affections, sustained her hope, that his prediction would be verified. Yet when she marked the countenance of her future husband, her heart sank within her. She could not flatter herself into the belief, that its unmingled gloom arose solely from grief at the approaching death of his father. She felt that he was making a sacrifice of his fondest wishes at the shrine of filial duty.

Judge Westbury died, and with almost his parting breath he pronounced a blessing upon Julia as his daughter—the wife of his son—most solemnly repeating his conviction that she would soon secure the heart of her husband!

Immediately on the decease of her father and mother, Julia returned home, and in three months Frederic followed her to fulfill his promise. He was wretched, and would have given a world, had he possessed it, to be free from his engagement.—But that could never be. His word had been given to his father, and must be religiously redeemed. "I will make her my wife!" thought he; "I promised my father that I would. Thank heaven I never promised that I would love her!" Repugnant as such an union was to his feelings, he was really impatient to have it completed; for as his idea of his duty and obligation went not beyond the bare act of making her his wife, he felt that, that once done, he should be comparatively a free man.

"I am come," said he to Julia, "to fill my engagement. Will you name a day for the ceremony?"

His manner was so gloomy, his countenance so cold—so utterly destitute of tenderness or kindly feeling, that something like terror seized Julia's heart; and without making any reply, she burst into tears.

"Why these tears, Miss Horton?" said he. "Our mutual promise was given to my father; it is fit we redeem it."

"No particular time was specified," said Julia, timidly, and with a faltering voice. "Is so much haste necessary?"

"My father wished that no unnecessary delay should be made," said Frederic, "and I can see no reason why we should not as well be married now, as at any future period. If you consult my wishes, you will name an early day."

The day was fixed, and at length arrived, presenting the singular anomaly of a man eagerly hastening to the altar to utter vows from which his heart recoiled,

and a woman going to it with trembling and reluctance, though about to be united to him who possessed her undivided affections.

The wedding ceremony over, Mr. Westbury immediately took his bride to his elegantly furnished house; threw it open for a week to receive bridal visits; and then gladly obeyed a summons to Philadelphia, to attend to some affairs of importance.—On leaving home, he felt as released from bondage. A sense of propriety had constrained him to receive the congratulations of his friends with an air of satisfaction, at least while those very congratulations cooled his heart, by bringing to mind the wife which he had formed with one, he could not love, to the impossibility of his forming them with one whom he idolized. When he had been absent about ten days, he availed himself of an opportunity to send a verbal message to his wife, informing her that he was well, and should probably be at home in the course of one or two weeks; but when that period was drawing towards a close, his business was not completed; and as home was the last place he wished to visit, he resolved to protract his absence, so long as he had a reasonable excuse. "I must write, and inform her of the change in my plan," thought he, "deceit demands it, yet how can I write? My dear Julia—my dear wife! No such thing—she is not dear to me!

She is my wife—she is Mrs. Westbury, she is mistress of my house, and must share my fortunes—let that suffice her! It must have been for those that she married me. A name! a fortune! an elegant establishment! Mean! ambitious! heartless! Thou, Maria—bright, beautiful and tender—thou wouldst have married me for myself! Alas! I am undone! O, my father!" Under the influence of feelings like these, he wrote the laconic epistle which cost his bride so many bitter tears.

It was at the close of about two weeks from this, that Julia was sitting one evening in her parlor, dividing the time between her work and a book, when the door bell rang, and a minute after the parlor door opened and Mr. Westbury entered. With sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, she sprang forward, her hand half extended to meet him—but his ceremonious bow, and cord "good evening Mrs. Westbury" recalled her recollection; and scarcely able to reply to his civility, she sank on her chair. She thought she was prepared to see him cold and distant—though she expected it. Now, notwithstanding all her later suspicions on her husband's indifference towards her, there had been a little undercurrent of hope, playing at the bottom of her heart, and telling her he might return more cordial than he went. His cold salutation, and colder eye, sent her to her seat, disappointed, sick at heart, and nearly fainting. In a minute, however, she recovered her self-possession, and made these enquiries concerning his health and journey, that propriety dictated. In spite of herself, she succeeded in some degree in drawing him out. She was gentle, modest, and unobtrusive; and good sense and propriety were conspicuous in all she said. Besides, she looked very pretty.—Her figure, though rather below the medium size, was very fine, her hand and feet of unrivalled beauty. She was dressed with great simplicity, but good taste was betrayed in every thing about her person. She wore her dress, too, with a peculiar grace, equally remote from precision and negligence. Her features were regular, and her complexion delicate; but the greatest attraction of her face, was the facility and truth with which it expressed every feeling of the heart. When Mr. W. first entered the parlor, an observer might have pronounced her beautiful; but the bright glow of transient joy that then kindled her cheek, had faded away, and left her pale—so pale, that Mr. Westbury inquired, even with some little appearance of interest, "whether her health was as good as usual?" Her voice, which was always soft and melodious, was even sadder and sweeter than usual, as she answered "that it was." Mr. Westbury, at length went so far as to make some enquiries relative to her occupations during his absence, whether she had called on the new bride, Mrs. Cunningham, and other questions of similar consequence. For the time he forgot Maria Eldon; was half unconscious that Julia was his wife—and viewing her only as a companion, he passed an hour or two very comfortably.

One day when Mr. Westbury, came to dinner, Julia handed him a card of compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, who were about giving a party.

"I have returned no answer," said Julia

"not knowing whether you would wish to accept the invitation or not."

"For yourself, you can do as you please, Mrs. Westbury—but I shall certainly attend it."

"I am quite indifferent about the party," said Julia, "as such soirees afford me little pleasure; but should be pleased to do as you think proper—as you think best."—Her voice trembled a little, as she spoke; for she had not yet become sufficiently accustomed to Mr. Westbury's brusque manner towards herself, to bear it with perfect firmness. "I should think it very suitable that you pay Mr. and Mrs. Brooks this attention," Mr. Westbury replied.

Nothing more was said on the subject and Julia returned an answer agreeable to the wishes of her husband.

The evening to visit Mrs. Brooks at length arrived, and Julia repaired to her bed-chamber to dress for the occasion. To render herself pleasing in the eyes of her husband, was the sole wish of her heart, but how to do this was the question. She would have given the world to know his taste, his favorite colors, and other trifles of the like nature—but of these she was completely ignorant, and must therefore be guided by her own fancy. "Simplicity," thought she—"simplicity is the surest way for it never offends, if it does not captivate." Accordingly, she arrayed herself in a plain white satin—and over her shoulders was thrown a white blonde mantle, with a girdle of the same hue encircled her waist. Her toilet completed, Julia descended to the parlor, her show and blush in her hand. Mr. Westbury was waiting for her, and just casting his eyes over her person, he said—"If you are ready, Mrs. Westbury, we will go immediately, as it is now late." Most of the guests were already assembled when they arrived at the mansion open for their reception, and it was not quite easy to get access to the lady of the house, to make their compliments. This important duty, however, was at length happily accomplished, and Mr. Westbury's next effort was to obtain a seat for his wife. She would have preferred retaining her arm, at least for a while, as few persons present were known to her, and she felt somewhat embarrassed and confused; but she durst not say so, as, from her husband's manner, she saw that he wished to be free from such attendance. In such matters the heart of a delicate and sensitive woman seldom deceives her. It is that her instincts are superior to those of men!

Julia had been seated but a short time before Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham approached her, and entered into a lively conversation. This was a great relief to Julia, who could have wept at her solitary and neglected situation, alone, in the midst of a crowd. Mrs. Cunningham was in fine spirits, and her husband appeared the happiest of the happy. Not that he appeared particularly, to enjoy society—but his blooming wife was by his side, and his eyes rested on her with looks of the tenderest love—while the sound of her voice seemed constantly to awaken a thrill of pleasure in his heart. After conversing with Julia a while, Mrs. Cunningham said—

"Do you prefer sitting to walking, Mrs. Westbury? Pray take my arm, and move about with us a little—it looks so dull for a person to sit through a party."

Julia gladly accepted the offer, and was soon drawn away from herself, in listening to the lively rattle of her companion, who although only a resident of a few weeks in the city, seemed already acquainted with all the gentlemen and the ladies present.—An hour had been passed in this manner, and in partaking of the various refreshments that were provided—to which Julia did little honor, though this was of little consequence, as Mrs. Cunningham amply made up all her deficiencies of this kind—when the sound of music in another room attracted their attention. Mr. Cunningham proposed that they should endeavor to make their way to the room.—After considerable detention, they succeeded in accomplishing their object, so far at least as to get fairly within the door. Considering the number of persons present, the room was remarkably still—a compliment deserved by the young lady who sat at the piano, who played and sang with great skill and feeling. Julia's attention was soon attracted to her husband, who was standing on the opposite side of the room, leaning against the wall, his arms folded across his breast, his eyes resting on the performer with an expression of warm admiration, while a deep shade of melancholy was cast over his features. Julia's heart beat tumultuously. "Is it the music," thought she, "or the musician that thus rivets his attention? Would I knew who it is that plays and sings so sweetly? She did not remain long in doubt. The song finished, all voices were warm in its praise.

"How delightfully Miss Eldon plays!—and with what feelings she sings!" exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. "I never listened to a sweeter voice!"

"How delightful Miss Eldon plays!—and with what feelings she sings!" exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. "I never listened to a sweeter voice!"

Mrs. Murray, an English woman, who visited the United States in 1813, says the following tribute to the preeminence of three distinguished American ladies. She says—

"I have seen three anointed kings and three inaugurated Presidents. I admire the Presidents the most. I have seen three queens; and three ladies who have shared the honors of the presidency; and truly among the queens not one could compare with the royal grace of Mrs. Madison, the feminine, distinguished personell of Mrs. Polk, and the intelligent, lady-like demeanor of Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Polk, were it not for the same defect in the teeth which characterizes Queen Victoria, would be a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black, and her dark eyes and complexion gives her a touch of the Spanish dams.—These American ladies are highly cultivated and perfectly accomplished, and practised in the most delicate and refined usage of distinguished society. Mrs. Polk is very well read, and has much talent for conversation; she is highly popular; her reception of all parties is that of a kind hostess and accomplished gentleman.—She has excellent taste in dress, and both in the morning and evening, prescribes the subdued though elegant costume which characterizes the lady. She is ready at reply, and preserves her position admirably. At a levee, a gentleman remarked, 'Madam, you have a very general acquaintance to-night.' 'Sir,' replied Mrs. Polk, with very good humor, but very significantly, 'I never have seen it otherwise.' One morning I found her reading. 'I have many books presented me by the authors,' said she, 'and I try to read them all; at present this is impossible; but this evening the author of this book dines with the President, and I would not be so unkind as to appear wholly ignorant and unimpartial of his girl.'

The following letter was received by the Proprietor from a pro tem. postmaster out west—

Chenango County, N.Y., Apr 13, 1857.

Mr. Buchanan—Dear Sir, I am the postmaster at this place, and he is gone out west, and has been gone for three or four weeks, and he has no deputy here, but I have been opening the mail, and attending to it since he has been gone, as he left the key with me, and the postmaster told me that I must make a report at the end of every month, and did not tell me who I was to write to, but I suppose it is to you we should make our reports, as we are all citizens of the government of which you are now President. If you are not the right one to receive the report please drop me a few lines, letting me know who I am to report to, and I will write again.

Report at the End of April.—The weather is cold for the season—providing a scare and very high—but, notwithstanding all that, we have regular mails once a week, good health, and the people of this county are universally pleased with your administration; this is all I wish you should interest you; if there is anything omitted in my report please let me know. My best respects to you and Mrs. Buchanan.

THE BELLES' STRATAGEM.—There are more ways, says the Liverpool Advertiser, of eluding the vigilance of the lynx eyed guardians than by a ladder of ropes from a chamber window, as the sequel will show.

About the middle of last week, two young ladies and two gentlemen, all apparently in mourning, paid a morning visit to a church in a quiet neighborhood in St. Anne's Ward. On entering the church the door was closed and locked, and the ladies leaving the gentlemen to disencumber themselves of their overcoats and draw forth their white kid gloves—retired behind the pulpit, whence having relieved each other of the habiliments of wo, they shortly emerged in full bridal attire. The object of their visit was now apparent, and the clergyman, accompanied by a minor official, appearing from the vestry, they joined the metamorphosed mourners at the altar, when the nuptial ceremony was gone through. The gentlemen then resumed their overcoats, the ladies again retired to their impromptu robing room, and re-appearing in their mourning costumes, the happy party left the church, looking as demure as though their visit had been for the purpose of inspecting a tablet erected to the memory of a defunct relative.

"Sally," said a witty young man to a girl with red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me a fire." "No danger of that," was the answer, "you are too green to burn."

A gentleman being asked, "how many dog days there were in a year," received for answer, that it was impossible to number them "as every dog has his day!"

THE GRAVE OF HENRY CLAY.—The editor of the Fort Wayne Times has been on a journey through Kentucky, and went to pay his devotions to the grave of Henry Clay. In the cemetery not far from Lexington, he searched for it first among those covered with entablatured slabs, obelisks, pyramids and imposing monuments, but the name was found on none of these—he sought it among less imposing tablets, but found it not. A lad at last led him to the spot, where a little mound marked only by the path worn by the feet of devoted countrymen, told that the Great Commoner still lived in the hearts of the people.—Near by, was the monument affectionately inscribed by Mr. Clay to his mother.

On an adjoining eminence, which is a beautiful site—with an area of half an acre, circular in form—the people of Kentucky are to erect a monument of Kentucky marble, of beautiful design, which is to rise 120 feet in height, under which the ashes of the noble son of our sister State are to be deposited. The corner stone will be laid on the 4th of July next, with imposing ceremonies.

A DAMING FOX.—A gentleman residing in Scott county, Missouri, informs us that while he was leisurely riding along the banks of the Mississippi, recently, with a half dozen favorite chickens thrown across his saddle bow, a large fox emerged from the woods and impudently followed him. Thinking Reynolds would lay himself liable to capture in making off with them, he tossed the chickens from his horse. They had scarcely struck the ground before the fox had seized them. Our friend threw himself from his horse, but before he had cleverly alighted, the fox, with all six of the fowls, was several feet out in the Mississippi, paddling, with an industry worthy of the occasion, for the opposite bank of the river! After offering his kingdom for a gun, about a dozen times, our friend bestrode his nag, and pushed onward, feeling very much like acknowledging that he had been abominably "sold!"

A Vermont Editor gives the following advice to ladies: "When you have got a man to the sticking point—that is when he proposes—don't turn away your head, or affect a blush, or refer him to papa, or ask for more time—all those tricks are understood now—just look him right in the face, give him a "buss," and tell him to go and order a "cradle."

BONAPARTE, when he went to take upon him the chief command of the army of Italy, was only twenty-five years of age. It is said that on his promotion, a friend observing to him, "You are very young to go thus, and take the chief command of an army," he replied, "I shall be old when I return."

THE MARCH OF EDUCATION.—"So here am I between two tailors," said a fellow at a public table, where a couple of tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves.

"True," was the reply, "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

At a late reception at Paris, no less than sixty carriage loads of Americans followed Mr. Mason, our Minister, to the palace, and the letter presented them all in a lump, saying:

"Your Majesty, all these are Americans," whereupon Louis Napoleon laughed heartily.

"Ma," said a lit le girl to her mother "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Fahw, child, what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't do so."

Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow—I never whistled in my life, and I can't whistle now. Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man—I never whistled in my life, but I'll whistle if I can.

A clergyman asked of his scriptural pupils whether "the leopard could change his spots?" "To be sure," replied Billy, "when he's got tired of one spot he goes to another."

A horse owned by Dr. F. Dorsey, of Hagerstown, Md., died last week, in the forty-fifth year of his age. The Doctor had rode him in his practice for thirty seven years.

Lites are fireless swords, which cut the hand that wields them.

[TO BE CONTINUED]