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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.
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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.



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From the "War Life" of Mayne Road. THE GUYASTICUTIS. MAJOR TWINE'S STORY.

Mine, gentlemen, is also a travelling story and though not so new as that of our friend Laurens, it is, perhaps equally as true.

I was journeying to the city of Washington in company with a friend; a Georgian boy, like myself. We went, as thousands have gone before and since, to try our luck at office-hunting. You are well aware that the road from Georgia to Washington passed through the Palmetto State, a State distinguished for the fertility of its soil, as well as for the wealth, chivalry, and intelligence of her sons. Here the Major winked knowingly at the company with one eye, while he kept the other fixed on the South Carolinian. I thought myself a smart traveller, young then, but compared with my companion I was as green as pine. He was naturally sharp as a briar, and experience had polished his wits to the keenness of a cambric needle. His name was Cobb, Willey Cobb.

We started from home on a capital of \$300. It was all that we could rake together. But we had a couple of stout Georgia ponies; and this, we concluded, would be enough to put us through to Washington and back.

If we're stumped, said Cobb, we can sell the cattle.

Unfortunately, before entering the Palmetto State it was our luck to pass thro' the town of Augusta, on the Georgia side. Augusta has always been considered a brisk little place. We found it so. Not being in a hurry we agreed to stay over night and next day. We had fallen in with some very agreeable acquaintances. We got to playing; at first a ninepenny poker—then a quarter dollar loo—then brag; and finally our Augusta friends introduced us to the interesting game of fero.

We played all night, and by day-break had deposited our three hundred dollars in the bank, where it stayed!

What's to be done? said I.

I'm thinking, said Cobb.

Sell the ponies and start back! said I.

No such thing! replied Cobb.

What better chance do you? asked I.

What do you in your saddlebags? inquired my friend, without heeding my last interrogatory.

A shirt pair of pistols, a plug of tobacco and a Bowie, was my reply.

We must sell the bowie first, said Cobb, it will pay our tavern bill, and get us out of this infernal hole!

And what next—on to Washington? I enquired.

Of course, said Cobb, we would look wise turning back—we would certainly be the standing joke of the county, added he. But can we travel without funds? said I.

That we will have to find out, said Cobb, with a look as cheerful and happy as if he had relays of horses all along the road to Washington, and his bill paid at every tavern along the route.

I have an acquaintance, continued he, at the end of the first stage from here, we can stop all night with him; that won't cost anything; beyond that we must trust to the hospitality of farmers; I think we can get through South Carolina and Virginia handsomely; the danger is, we may stick in the tar—we must travel through the turpentine State on the proceeds of your pistols; but let us dispose of your bowie, and get out of this sharper's nest.

As Cobb was my senior, and in my estimation a great genius, I of course acquiesced. He sold the bowie knife to one of our gambling friends for six dollars, the tavern bill was liquidated, leaving a few shillings in our joint purse, and with this we took the road through to South Carolina.

At the end of the first day we stopped with Cobb's friend, and were hospitably entertained. Cobb felt a strong inclination to borrow from him, but he could not bring himself to confess the cause of our necessity. He had a high idea of his travelling talents, and did not wish to acknowledge he had been outwitted by the Augusta sharpers. We left his friend's house therefore, after an excellent breakfast, our horses well fed and carried, but without an increase of our finances. On the contrary, we had given a quarter to the darkey who had saddled our horses.

We were now fairly en route, travelling through to both of us a complete travelling cognia.

That night we stopped at what appeared to be a planter's house, a snug establishment. I do not know what Cobb told the owner as we were preparing to leave in the morning, but I heard him remark, somewhat jeeringly, as we got into our saddles, it ain't usual for folks to travel through these parts without money, and then there was a half stilted ejaculation of h—ll, followed by a hissing of words which would have sounded awful in ears polite.

Rather inhospitable, whispered I as we rode off.

D—d inhospitable, said Cobb, especially for South Carolina—however, he's an exception I guess.

And he was an exception, for the next place we stopped at, they turned to and blackguarded us outright, calling us im-

postors, and Georgia Yankees, and the next after that, the landlord of the house, which was a tavern, threatened to levy upon our saddlebags, which he certainly would have done, but Cobb told him very significantly that they contained only a pair of pistols, and that these were loaded and might go off. As if to assure him that he spoke the truth, he drew out the pistols and handed one of them to me, then cocking his own, he told the landlord he might have the saddlebags now, as they were empty.

But Cobb was six feet two with a pair of fierce black whiskers, and an eye as black as coal, and the landlord concluded to let the bags hang where they were, so we leaped in our saddles and rode off.

This will never do Harry, said Cobb, as we jogged leisurely along.

Never, said I.

We must hit upon some plan to raise the wind, continued he.

I wish we could, said I.

Think, said he.

I'll try, said I, and I commenced turning over in my mind every plan I could think of, that would be likely to relieve us from our present difficulty.

But raising the wind by the mere process of thought, is an achievement which has puzzled sharper intellects than mine, and I was abandoning the twentieth project, when he, who was riding ahead, suddenly checked his horse, and wheeled around in the saddle with a triumphant gesture shouted out—

Harry—I have it!

Good, said I.

I've tree'd the varmint, continued he.

You have? said I.

Like a knife, said he.

I'm glad of it, said I but how?

Never mind, I'll tell you all to-night; I haven't got the thing straightened yet—How far do you suppose we are from Columbia? inquired he.

About twenty miles, I should think, answered I. We have come five and they said twenty-five miles from the tavern.

Well, then, ride slowly, said he. We mustn't reach Columbia before dark; what sized place is it?

I haven't an idea, replied I; it ought to be a good chunk of a place though—it's the State Capital.

So it is—your right—it'll do, said he; and we rode on in silence, he buried in profound meditation, evidently mulling his plans, and I dying of curiosity to know them.

About half an hour after dark, we entered the town, and rode up the street—Cobb looked inquiringly at the different stores as we passed.

Here's the thing! ejaculated he, pulling up in front of a shoe shop, and getting off his horse.

He entered the shop. I could see by his gesticulation to the owner of the establishment, that he was in the middle of the story. All I could hear was the following: After you have made the hole, you may nail on the lid, and paint the letters upon it—here they are. Saying this, he took a scrap of paper and writing some words upon it, handed it to the store keeper.

I'll send a dray for it in half an hour, continued he, as he paid for the box; and bidding the man good night, he came out, mounted his horse, and we continued our way to the principal hotel, where we drew up and dismounted.

I'll be back in an hour, Harry, said he, throwing me his bridle; in the meantime, take your supper, engage a snug room, & wait for me. Don't register till I come—I'll attend to that.

So saying he disappeared down the street.

Agreeably to his instructions, I ate supper, and heartily too, for we had not fasted victuals since morning; and was shown to my room, where I waited patiently for about two hours. I was still ignorant how the supper was to be paid for, when the door opened, and Cobb entered. A couple of darkies followed at his heels carrying the box that I had seen him purchase upon the lid of which was painted in large bold letters, "The Wonderful Guyasticutis!" and underneath an oblong hole or slit, newly chiselled in the wood.

Cobb held in his hand, a broad sheet of paper. This as soon as the darkies had gone out of the room, he spread out upon the table and pointing to it, triumphantly exclaimed:

There—now Harry, that's the varmint! What the devil is it? said I.

Read for yourself, old fellow!

I commenced reading,

The Wonderful Guyasticutis,
Caught in the Woods of Oregon, near the Boundary of 54 40.

This was in large capitals. Then followed the description in smaller letter.

"This remarkable animal, hitherto unknown to naturalists, possessing all the intelligence of the human, and the agility of the ferocity of the tiger, and the agility of the ourang outang! He is of a bright sky color, with eleven stripes upon his body, and one around his nose, which makes the oven dozen; and not one of them alike!

"In his rage he has been known to

carry Indians up to the top of the highest trees, and there leave them to perish with hunger, thirst and cold! which accounts satisfactorily for the uncivilized nature of the red man!

"The highly intellectual citizens of Columbia are respectfully informed, that this wonderful quadruped has arrived among them, and will be exhibited this evening at the Minerva room, at the hour of 8 o'clock. Admittance 25 cents."

But, said I, my dear Willey, now for the first time catching the idea of his project, you don't intend—

But I do though, interrupted he, and I will—that is as certain as my name's Willey Cobb, of the State of Georgia!

But you don't think you can gull the intelligent people?

Bah! intelligent people; it is plain Harry you don't know the world, said he contemptuously.

And what do you expect for me to do I asked.

Nothing but to stay in this room to-morrow, and see that nobody peeps into that box.

But at night?

At night you will stand at the door—take the money, and when you hear me groan and shake the chain, you will run in behind the screen.

I, beginning to look upon the thing as a joke, promised faithfully to follow his instructions—not without some disagreeable anticipations, that he and I would spend the following night in the Columbia jail.

Next morning, Cobb was up at an early hour, and after moaning piteously, and groaning in the most hideous and frightful manner, and talking at intervals into the box, as, Be still, Guy! Down, Guy down! Keep him down, the old fellow! I left the room, bidding me to keep a sharp look out.

As soon as he was gone I noticed a considerable shuffling and whispering outside the door, and presently a darkie looked in and asked me if I wanted anything.

Not anything, said I; don't come in!

The darkie pulled back his head with a look of terror, and pulled to the door.

Shortly after, the whispering recommenced and the door again opened. This time it was the landlord of the hotel, whose curiosity had brought him up to "see the elephant."

It's a fierce critter that, said he, putting his head inside the door, but still holding on to the handle.

Dreadful! said I.

Could not I have a peep? inquired he.

It's against the rules answered I; besides a stranger makes him savage.

Oh, it does, said he apologetically.

Terrible, said I.

Ye'll have a good house, I think, said he, after a short pause.

I hope so, said I.

The bills is out, Mr. Vanamburgh was about pitty early this morning.

Mr. Vanamburgh, ejaculated I.

Mr. Vanamburgh, your partner.

Oh—yes, Mr. Vanamburgh my partner I chimed in, as I saw that this must be the name of manager of my friend Cobb—but Mr. Vanamburgh did not put out the bills himself.

I said this to cover the faux pass I had made.

Oh no, of course not, replied the landlord—he hired a boy.

Certainly, that was right, I added.

Breakfast'll be ready in a minute—ye'll come down?

Oh, of course.

Cobb now returned, bringing with him about six feet of a leg chain, done up in a paper.

After repeating his groaning and grunting, we descended to breakfast, Cobb first locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket.

We were evidently objects of interest at the breakfast table, Cobb calling me Mr. Wolfe, and addressing him as Mr. Vanamburgh. The servants waited upon us with delighted attention.

After breakfast we returned to the room when Cobb went through the groaning and grunting, and shortly after left me.

This he repeated at intervals through the day: upon each succeeding occasion louder, if possible, and more terrific than before.

Night came at length, and with our box covered up in one of the landlords' quilts, we started for the Minerva rooms.

These I found fitted up with running screens, and brilliantly lighted with candles. Cobb had the box and chain carried behind the screen while I remained at the door to look after the treasurer. We had no tickets, each one paying his or her quarter, and passing in.

In a very short time the room was full of ladies, gentlemen and children—tradesmen and their wives—merchants and their families—young bucks and their sweethearts and even a number of the intelligent members of the State Assembly. Expectation was on tip-toe to see the wonderful Guyasticutis!

Presently a low moaning was heard behind the screen; then a groan and the most piteous of whines. Down, Guy, down! still, dog, still! cried a voice; in horse commanding accents.

The chain is my cue, said I to myself,

as I waited for the appointed signal. The people had all arrived, and already begun to stamp and clap their hands, and exhibit the usual symptom of impatience, crying out at intervals, the Guyasticutis!

Bring him out Mr. Showman—trot him out.

Let us see the savage varmint.

At this the Guyasticutis growled fearfully.

Give him a bone, cried one.

Go it, old 54 40 exclaimed another.

The whole or none, shouted a third.

Fifty-four forty or fight, cried a fourth.

Go it, old K. Polk, came from a distant part of the room.

At this the audience became convulsed with laughter. The groaning now became louder and more terrible, and Cobb's voice was heard in coarse accents apostrophizing the Guyasticutis. Tlien commenced a struggle behind the screen and the rattling of the chain. This was my cue,—Putting on a look of terror, as I had been instructed by Cobb, I rushed up the open space between the spectators and pushed in behind the curtain. I stole a glance backwards as I entered, and saw that the audience had already caught the alarm.—Some of the people had risen to their feet and stood pale and trembling! Behind the screen, Cobb was running to and fro, scraping the sanded floor rattling the chain, and chiding some imaginary object in the most threatening accents. He was in his shirt sleeves, and streams of what appeared to be blood were streaming over his face, neck and bosom!

Down, savage down, cried he.

Boo-oo-wow, roared the Guyasticutis.

Oh, Mr. Wolf, cried Mr. Cobb, seeing me enter—come here—for God's sake help, or he'll be off.

Hold on to him shouted I in a loud voice—hold on!

Boo-oo-wow-awo, groaned the Guyasticutis.

Help, help, cried Cobb.

Hold on; shouted I.

Rattle, rattle, went the chain. Cobb struggling for a moment; and then rushing in front of the screen, and holding up the chain, he shouted in a voice of thunder.

Save yourselves gentlemen! Save your wives and children! The Guyasticutis is loose!

Gentlemen, said the Major. It's more than I can do to describe the scene that followed, in less than two minutes the room was empty, and when Cobb and myself reached the street, there was not a soul, man, woman or child to be seen.—We hurried to the hotel and ordered our horses saddled with all dispatch. C. telling the landlord that the Guyasticutis had taken to the field and we must pursue him on horseback. While our horses were being saddled, we settled the landlord's bill out of our newly acquired funds. We then started at a brisk pace, and did not stop until we had put twenty miles between us and the good city of Columbia. Then we halted and counted our receipts, which amounted to—how much Captain Cobb!

Sixty-six dollars and seven-fifths cents to a figure, said a tall swarthy officer, who sat some way down the table to the Major's right, and whose dark, saturnine countenance, would never have betrayed him as the hero of the Major's story. But it was he, indeed; and when the long loud laugh had subsided, a dozen hands were stretched across the table and a dozen of voices were heard congratulating—

Captain Cobb's health!—the health of Capt. Cobb!

And now the Major! cried a voice.

The Major! the Major! repeated several voices at once.

The Major with three times three!

Nine deafening cheers were given for the Major.

One more for the Guyasticutis! and a cheer followed, mingled with shouts of laughter.

Discovery in Oregon.

It has been supposed until lately, that the shore at Oregon, south of the Columbia river, was without indentation or harbors.—Explorations for a considerable distance south of the Columbia have been made, which is producing an entire change in public opinion, and not only bays are found, but beautiful prairies, fine timbers, rivers and water power.

Tilamuke bay, situated about fifty or sixty miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river, is several miles in extent, receiving five rivers, some of which are good mill streams. Two miles back of this bay a prairie commences, varying from one and a half to three miles in width, and eight miles long.—Below the Tilamuke bay two others have been discovered, which are worthy of being noticed; the first of which is known to the natives by the name of Celeste, and the second by the name of Yacquina. The bay is from a fourth of a mile to a mile in width, three miles long, and receives the waters of two rivers. A bed of excellent stone coal has been discovered on the bank of the Celeste river, ten miles from its entrance into the Celeste bay. There are several small rich level prairies on the Celeste. The Yacquina bay is three-fourths of a mile wide at its mouth, from a mile to two and

a half miles wide, extends parallel with the coast from six to ten miles in length, and is perfectly sheltered from the ocean winds. There is considerable prairie in the immediate vicinity of Yacquina bay. All the rivers emptying into these bays abound with salmon and other fish, and the bays all afford clams, crabs, &c., in abundance. Within the Yacquina bay the water is deep, and the waves roll into the mouth from the ocean without any apparent obstruction.

From the Pennsylvania of September 17th.

SHOCKING MURDER.

On Saturday evening, about half-past seven o'clock, Louis Rod, a young German, aged about 21 years, was murdered by Charlotte Levering, an Irish woman, aged about 20 years. The parties were engaged in the Mount Pleasant refectory, at the corner of Ninth and Lodge alleys, above Chesnut street. The deceased was the cook of the establishment, and the woman Levering was employed in the culinary department of the house. A great intimacy had for some time existed between them. At various periods they had quarrels which were made up again. On Saturday evening, a new difficulty arose between them, the precise cause of which is not known. The cook ordered her to clean off a table, which she refused to do. Mutual recrimination passed between them; and the woman, Charlotte Levering, seizing a large carving knife, the blade of which was twelve or thirteen inches in length, threatened to stab him if he repeated his words. He bared his breast and invited the blow, and the woman immediately plunged the knife in his body. The blade entered below the heart, making a dreadful wound. Mr. Debaure, one of the proprietors of the house, hearing the noise rushed below, and entered the kitchen just as Rod fell back from the effects of the blow, and caught him in his arms. The gash was horrible, and the man died in less than five minutes after its infliction, having in vain tried to speak. The woman, Charlotte, escaped, but was pursued by one of the waiters in the establishment, who caught her in Lodge alley and arrested her.

The Coroner held an inquest on the body, the jury rendered a verdict "that the deceased, Louis Rod, came to his death by wounds inflicted at the hands of Charlotte Levering."

The murderer was taken to the north-east lock-up, and the body of Rod taken in charge by the Coroner. A hearing of the woman will take place this morning before Mayor Swift. She subsequently escaped, during the excitement, and in the street enquired for the residence of Mayor Swift. On being informed, she repaired to his house, rang the bell, entered, and told the Mayor that she had killed Rod.—The Mayor thought her insane, but finally sent for an officer, and had her secured.

From the Pennsylvania of September 18th.

Murder of Rod.

The excitement, relative to the dreadful tragedy at the corner of Ninth street and Lodge alley, was somewhat increased yesterday, in consequence of a supposed hearing of the murderer, before Mayor Swift. The crowd about the police office was numerous, every avenue being blocked up with an excited multitude. Charlotte Levering, the accused, is rather a good-looking young Irish woman, but from her countenance, one is led to suppose that she has been the child of misfortune. She was married, during the summer of 1848, to a sailor, who shortly after deserted her, when she made her home at a house in Water street, above Chestnut. Complaint of the harsh treatment received from her husband, was made at the police office, soon after marriage. She has also resided at a number of other places in the city and districts. Charlotte alleges, that it was far from her intention to murder young Rod, and feels her deplorable situation.—Yesterday, she was committed to Moyamensing prison, but will have a hearing before Mayor Swift to-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock.

From the Pennsylvania of September 19th.

The Ninth street Tragedy.

If the following version from the *Daily Star*, of the previous relations between the man killed by Charlotte Levering and that woman, should turn out to be true, it will very materially alter the aspect of the case.

The late Homicide Case.

Who have gleaned some facts and circumstances in connection with the homicide case of Saturday, which materially alter the first report. The maiden name of the young woman was Charlotte Levering. She was born in Dublin, and was brought to this country when she was between three and four years old. She has been here about sixteen years, thus making her age to be between 10 and 20 years. She is a fine looking young woman—clear skin, black hair, and dark eyes. She has not the advantage of education. For four or five years she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Hanson's family, in South Front street, and assisted at times to do house work there. This place is a respectable sailor boarding house; and whilst there, Charlotte conduc-

ted herself with marked propriety. In the month of May last, she married a sailor, named McKaig, who, shortly after the interesting ceremony was performed, shipped in the U. S. ship Independence, bound for the Mediterranean. Previous to his departure, he left an allotment ticket of half pay to her, at the office of William Sloanaker, Esq., Navy Agent. In consequence of Mr. Hanson, and has been living in different places since that time. She always acted an honest part towards those with whom she lived.

About six weeks or two months ago, she engaged to do work in the kitchen, at the Hotel, corner of Ninth street and Lodge alley, and it was here that Lewis Rod saw her for the first time. He was struck with her beauty, made certain advances, and affected to be deeply in love with her. She did not divulge her marriage to any one about the establishment, and the advances made by Rod, up to a certain time, were not improper. He finally grew more desperate, and finding that she would not yield to his desires, he became cross and sullen, and exhibited considerable jealousy if any other men about the place happened to speak to her.

If she went from the kitchen up to the yard, he dogged her footsteps; and even went so far as to go to one of her acquaintances, where he made great pretensions of love for her. She did not return his passion; and consequently he would order her about as though she was a mere serf, and treat her with indignity. This report that he had illicit intercourse with her, is not founded in fact. It was in consequence of repelling his dishonorable attempts, that he became angry with her. Such were the gross insults heaped upon her, that two weeks ago, she expressed a desire to a friend, to quit the place, and was on the look-out for an engagement with a respectable family, at the time she saw the fatal blow.

A strong aspect in the case is, that she defended and sustained her own honor, on several occasions; and finally, in a moment of madness, goaded to that point when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, by the very man who would have robbed her of her reputation, she plunged a knife into his bosom, and he fell a corpse.

She was committed to prison yesterday by the Mayor, on her own confession. She did not intend to kill him, nor did she expect to receive a fatal blow when he bared his breast, and taunted her to strike him.

RUSSIAN VENGEANCE.

Behind the chapel was a rack, and on both sides of the rack were several rows of gallows some miles in length, and instruments of torture ready for the unfortunate victims. The punishment was in accordance with the degree of culpability and station in society the most guilty were executed: after being subject to the rack they were quartered alive. The leaders had their hands and left leg cut off, and afterward impaled on long spikes, and left to their horrible fate. Their groans was heard for miles, and their bodies feasted the eyes of the panic stricken population. In the second row of gallows they were only quartered, & their sufferings were at least shorter. In the third row the parties were merely hanged. In the fifth they ran the gauntlet and the knot. All the ecclesiastics were burned. There were separate gallows for women, and maidens. Even children of thirteen years were subject to great cruelty. Married couples were occasionally hanged on the same gallows, as well as whole families. During the space of three months, 13,000 human beings were executed in presence of Doglarouki. Stenko Roshin's nephew and particular friend was quartered. Among the female prisoners was a handsome man, who over her female garments had a male attire. She commanded a corps of 7,000 men, gave more than once proofs of extraordinary courage and great ability in the field, and inflicted terrible losses on the Russians. When summoned before Dolgorouki, she displayed a firmness and presence of mind difficult to describe, and said, if every one under her command had done his duty in such a manner as she had done, Dolgorouki, instead of erecting gallows, would have taken to his heels. As for a nun in Russia to run away from a monastery is a capital offence, she lay down quietly on the funeral pile, and was burned to ashes.—The dangling dead bodies of so many thousand veterans brought many crows and ravens, which devoured the corpses. From that time that suburb was called the suburb of hell.—*The Cossacks of the Ukraine.*

GOLD BY LETTER.

The steamer Empire City brought over eleven thousand letters from California. Among them were several neatly sewed linen packages, directed as letters, and weighing from four to sixteen ounces, which were, it may be presumed, well worth their price.

Printers prefer short stories.