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THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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"Part's Corner." ELLA LEE. A SONG OF THE SOUTHERN LAND.

Lay her where the woodbine clingeth, To the dark Magnolia tree.

One day Frank Pierce flung down his book. "A man in his hand he took."

Claphorn was the last fight. His soul was up his ears, and he was right.

A Model Candidate. The Philadelphia Sun informs us that John W. Forney, editor of the Pennsylvania,

Plowing in Clover for Wheat. A writer in the last number of the Farm Journal, gives the following as the result of his experience in plowing in green clover.

The United States among the faithful of our Party.

With those planks of our platform we can carry the thirteen original States, and then pledge ourselves to build all the railroads, canals, turnpikes, and bridges.

The Editor of the North Carolina State. Who turned his mouth eating cold porridge. We never faint at our life; never lost a battle, or gained one.

There, there lay her, There, there lay her, Our fair Ella, Our young Ella, Ella Lee.

Singular Courtship. The Church and State Gazette tells the following strange story: "The Rev. well-known to the literati world, dreamed that he was officiating in a strange church, and whilst so engaged, saw a lady enter whose dress he particularly noticed."

There can be no doubt that the soil and climate of a greater part of the United States are well adapted to the growth of flax of good quality and quantity, and that we shall soon be extensive exporters.

Shortly before the period when gambling was suppressed by the French Government, I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend.

In another minute we arrived at the door, and entered the house, the back of which was drawn in your sketch. When we had got up stairs, and had left our hats and sticks with the floor-keeper, we were admitted into the chief gambling room.

The hostess, said I to my friend, let us go somewhere where, we can see a little genuine, black-guard poverty-stricken gambling, with no false gingerbread glitter.

Thrilling Adventure.

A TERRIBLE STRANGE BED.

This most difficult likeness I ever had to take, but even excepting my first attempt at the art of portrait-painting, was a likeness of a gentleman named Faulkner. As far as my coloring went, I had no particular fault to find with my picture; it was fast finished in a matter of a few minutes.

"Probably," I answered, "there is some remarkable historical interest connected with that street at the back of the palace royal, of which I am ignorant."

"No," said Mr. Faulkner, "at least none that I know of. The only association connected with the place in my mind is purely a personal one."

He had not long occupied the sitter's chair (looking pale and thoughtful) when he returned, involuntarily as it seemed, to the subject of the house in the back street. Without knowing my undue curiosity, I contrived to let him see that I felt a deep interest in everything he now said.

Shortly before the period when gambling was suppressed by the French Government, I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend. We were both young men then, and lived, I am afraid, a very dissipated life.

register how often, black wags, and how often, never spoke, the dirty, wrinkled man, with the future eyes, and the darned great coat, who had lost his last now, and still looked on desperately.

By the time the second bottle of Champagne was emptied, I had been drinking liquid fire—my head began to swim, and my eyes were all in a flutter.

"Listen, my dear sir," said he, in mysteriously confidential tones—"listen to my old soldier's advice. I have been to the mistress of the house, a very charming woman, with genius for cooking."

"Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in very laconic tones, the coffee came on. I had just time to take a few sips, when my friend handed me one of the cups of wine.

"I had no power of thinking, no feeling of any kind; but the one that I must die down somewhere, immediately, and fall off in a coffin, and that I was not." I eagerly accepted the proposal.

"I am, constitutionally, anything but a timid man. I have been, on more than one occasion in peril of my life, and have not lost my self-possession for an instant."

all intrusions; looked under the bed and into the cupboard; tried the fastenings of the window, and then satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my nightgown, and lay down in the bed.

I soon felt that I could not sleep, nor even close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in me trembled.

"I discovered the murderer's conspiracy formed against me. I had been dragged, and dragged too strongly, I had been saved from being strangled, I had been taken an over-dose of some narcotic."

"My blood ran cold as I thought what its contents might be!" Without making some distance was impossible, and, more-over, to think of getting through the house, now barred up for so long a time.

"I turned on my back and looked up. Was I mad? I drank? dreaming? giddy again? Was the top of the bed really rising and falling, sinking, slowly, regularly, silently, horribly right down, throughout all of its length and breadth?"

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and nerved me to save my life, while you were sleeping. I got out of the bed very quietly, and quickly dressed myself again in my upper clothing. The candle, fully alight, was still burning on the table.

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