TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: -50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square or every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms.

353, All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEY.

The Child and the Mourners.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

A little child, beneath a tree, Sat and chaunted merrily A little song, a pleasant song, Which was-she sang it all day long-When the wind blows, the blossoms fall, But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way, Moaning in the face of day, There were tears upon her cheek, Grief in her heart, too great to speak; Her husband died but yester morn, And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child. That looked to Heaven, and singing smiled, And saw not for her own despair. Another lady young and fair, Who also passing, stopped to hear The infant's anthem singing clear.

For she, but few sad days before, Had lost the only babe she bore, And grief was heavy at her soul, And showed how bright hal been the Past, The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree Listening soothed and placidly A youth came by, whose sunken eyes Spake of a load of miseries: And he arrested like the twain, Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death hath bowed the youthful head Her marriage robes were fitted on, Her fair young face with blushes shone When the Destroyer smote her low, And changed her lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song. Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong, Which that child, the live-long day, Chaunted to itself at play-"When the wind blows the blossoms fall, But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved, The mother's grief though unreproved, Softened as her trembling tongue Repeated what the infant sung. And the sad lover, with a start, Conned it over in his heart.

And though the child-if child it were-And not a scraph sitting there-Was seen no more the sorrowing three Went on their way resignedly, The song still ringing in their ears, And oft in midst of grief and tears, The strain recurred when sorrow grew, To warn them and console them too. When the wind blows the blossoms fall, But a good God reigns over all."

Riot at St. Louis. Later accounts from St. Louis, state tha-

the only person killed at the recent riots, was oung Stevens, of the St. Louis Fire Company. The number of gun-shot wounds did not exceed eight or ten. The St. Louis Intelligencer says: The only additional names of the wounded, learned vesterday, are James Collins of the Phoehix Fire Company, and Doctor Moses of the Missouri. Mr. Collins we learn was shot near the corner of Seventh and Cerre streets, between one and two o'clock yesterday morning. He was returning with a small party of friends, from the fire at the corner of Seventh and Gration streets, and was fired upon from a house

without having given the slighest provacation. The member of the Missouri mentioned, was shot at the First Ward polls on Monday afterternoon, and is dangerously wounded in the arm, face and breast. He is now lying in a critical condition, at his boarding house on Olive, between Second and Third streets.

It was also reported on the street, yesterday, that Mrs. Nehemeyer, who was sick and in bed when her house was fired, had since died, and that her infant child, only three or four days old, was also dead. This, like the report of the attack upon Dr. McDowell's College, and the mass meeting of the Germans in the First Ward yesterday, is without foundation. We have not the space to go on and contradict all the idle rumors affoat; suffice it to say, one may believe less than half he hears, and then not arrive at

feet high poplar pole, and then drew the pole to-day." toly circus company to ride a switch tailed ther at home," said Paul. horse chesnut tree round the ring, without "Oh, Mr. Dougherty," exclaimed the gentle-

In that beautiful city called Cork, dwelt, some ed every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and twenty years ago, a snuff and tobacce manufacturer named Paul Dougherty, who had lately turned to that trade, having become too advan-No subscription will be taken for a shorter ced in life to follow his former profession of Teacher of dancing, and all other kinds of mu-

He was a plain, homely man; rather large in his person, very oddly dressed, and so wedded to old times and old habits, that it was impossible to get him to look like a Christian, as poor Mrs. Dougherty used to say (rest her soul in glory) when she would wish him to lay aside ered hat, all of which contributed in small degree to the grotesqueness of his appearance.

But these little oddities had pleasing associations for Mr. Dougherty's recollections as he put them on religiously every day, and seated Betty. himself on the pipe chest facing the shop door, humming "Nora Creina," in a pleasing dronelike growl, while he kept time with his heels swinging against the side of the chest, as they hung down but did touch the flags of the shop- farewell "

Mrs. Dougherty, good soul, minded the shopscolded the kitchen wench, abused the cow boy. mended the stockings, and, in short, did everything to please Mr. Dougherty, who scarcely minded any thing but his corns when his customers came in.

One forenoon, as Paul was seated on his favorite chest, and Mrs. Dougherty was washing the breakfast tackle in a little glory-hole of the shop, a tall, elderly gentleman came in and asked to see Mr. Dougherty.

"Well, sur," says Paul, stopping short his tune of "Nora Creina" with a sudden grunt as

"Yes." was the reply.

"Pleasure-aisy; now avick," says Paul, "sure isn't id myself your talking to all the

"Are you Mr. Daugherty?" "Faix ! an' sure I am ; barrin' I was chang'd

"I am very happy to see you, Mr. Dougherty. My name is Beamton ; I live on the Parade."

"I'm proud of id; it's often I heerd tell ov ye, and I know you're come of mighty grand people entirely ; but I be so bowld as to ax you what business you have wid your humble sarvin't," inquired Paul.

"Business! oh, none whatever. I am only come to pay my respects to you. I am under many compliments to a son of yours whom I met in Paris," answered Mr. B.

"You did not, indeed, sur, 'tis ampossible Tom's in France at present."

"Well, well," said the gentleman, "it makes no difference ; it's all the same."

"How the puck could it be all the same, sur." urged Paul; "faith, I beg your pardon, you're quite mistaken. Ha'n't I Tom's jog-graphy. and is'n't Paris at the fut of the Kimmeary Islands at the back ov the gulph of Mexico, while France is a small village in the island of Mediterranean in the sea of Marinschy in South Americky ; ow, wow ! may be ean't tell the latitude and longitude afther thravellin' all the

way from Bristol to Watherford." "Well, we won't fall out about that; but at all events you have a son named Tom," said

"By my faith, I have ; that's his name sure-

"Well," continued Mr. B., "I met him abroad. where he saved my life, and was so kind and attentive to me that I wish to return the compliment to you in any way that lies in my power."

"And ye saw Tom, sur, abroad ?" asked Paul, and turning to his wife said, aside, "anaugh, Betty throw by them Kimmens, and cum spake to this gintleman, sure he seen Tom abroad. Is Tom as fat as he was whin he went, sur ?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. B., "I did not see him before; but he looks remarkably well

"I'll be bound Tom was axin' you a good deal about the crop of pratees that he finished before

"I can't say he was," returned the gentleman.

"It was as my physician that he attended me." "Tom's a clever chap," said Paul, "he'd pick up anything. Here, Betty, dust that chair, and

let the jintleman sit down. Sit down, sur, sit down; and so Tom's gettin' lusty, sur. D'ye think he'll fall into flesh. He takes afther the "Excuse me for not sitting down," said Mr. B., "my time is limited. I should be delighted

to tell you all about your son, and will be able to give you a good deal of pleasing news of him The man who climbed a freshly peeled, forty if you will do me the favor of dining with me there was no getting over it. So, sez I-Och

after him, has been engaged by the Schenec- "Troth, sure, an' to be plain wid you, I'd r

Paul Dougherty's Dinner in High Life. | with me. 'Pon my honor, you shall ; you must

come." "What time do you dine, sur ?" asked Paul.; | iintleman," sez he. "At six o'clock."

"Oh! I couldn't go," exclaimed Paul; "I'd an omhadaun fool as I was, niver howld out until that. I never get my dinner later than two o'clock. Blur an' nouns! sic, wherein he had acquired a good share of sure, a man ought to be going to bed at six .-Was it from Tom you larned such outlandish of Place 1 .. hours? By Gor! when he was at home he wouldn't be done his breakfast till he'd be goin' house," sez he to bed, though he used to begin whin he'd get but it lasted from mornin' till night."

is bush wig, his old ruffles, and his three corn- cuse ; you must come and dine at six." urged fut on. So I stuck quite close to him till we

"Go, Paul, avick, it may sarve Tom," said |

"Faith, an' may be so," answered Paul .-Well, sur, as you wont be put off, I'll go and | dine wid you at six."

"Well, good bye; I will expect punctually; Dougherty! twice as loud as before.

drew. But as the subsequent part of our narra- stick below? Ye were afeard I'd give ye the tive cannot be given in the third person, we length and breadth of it; don't ye see me here must leave it to Mr. Dougherty himself to de- ye spalpeen ? sez I, threatenin' my fist at him; trol entirely," and while this was all goen on, scribe the entertainment of the evening. We but he was only laughin' at me. In a minit out the sarrah morsel the fellows behind the chairs have taken some pains to give his own words, comes 'Squire Beamtonerbatim, which are as follows :

"Whin 'Squire Beamton left the house, by nothing is the matter wid ye." gor I wint and brushed up my duds, and blackthe minit two o'clock kem I thought the stomach would fall out ov me wid the hunger. Howsomedever, sez I, I'll bear everything for Tom's sake, so I passed it over as well as I could, an' turned his head side-ways and squinted at the thought every hour in the day that it was six, it they saw myself. new comer, "and so you wanted to see Mr. | an' time for meself to be off, for I had a mile ov ground to walk to the parade. So I tuck my bowing down to the ground. cane an' my gloves, and sauntered away very "Id's likely you don't know him?" continued leisurely till I kem to the parade, an' as I had takin' my hand an' bowin' again along wid me. the number of the door, I reckoned upon my "I have not that pleasure yet," replied the fingers, an' know'd I could make no mistake, manners, to give my third and last bow; but the divil a finer house an' place ever I laid my mighty impolite. But in troth, thought I to mytwo good-looking eves upon than Source self, the crathers are not to be blamed whin they Beamton's, wid a hall door big enough niver tik lessons from the renowed and celebrabrass rapper on it, not to talk ov a beautiful other kinds of music. brass plate with an illegent big B. an' an E afhead. Prisently the door was opened mighty hunger. 'Oh! Tom, Tom,' sis I to myself, 'isn't smart an' a jintleman wid a green coat an' pow- this purty threatment I'm suffering for your dered head, an' bundles of goold strings from sake, but there was no use in' complaining, and his shoulders, and red breeches, an' white stock. I turned to look at the beautiful winder curtains 'did I want to knock down the house 9' 1'

ings-axed meself very snappishly entirely, at the top ov which two sarpints were peeping

that would hurt a bair ov its head."

"Thin what do ye want," sez he, mighty

"Ye can't see him," sez he, slappin' the door

Blur an' turf, sez I to meself, isn't this migh.

ty dacent treatment. Well, afther waitin' a while, I thought I'd try again for Tom's sake, not to talk of the starvation that's in my stomach this minit, on account of keeping my appetite for the jintleman's dinner that he promised to give me. So I give another rap, an' the same jintleman opened the door agin; he looked mighty wicked, but afore he had time to say a

"I ax yer riverence's pardon but isn't this a chair." Misther Beamton's an' sure he axed me to dine with him, an' sure this is square threatmint."

"What's yer name, sur," sez he, mighty po-"Paul Dougherty," sez I, takin' off my hat by the hand and led her to the table, where eveand showing him my manners.

"I beg yer pardon, sir," sez he : "come in av So he bowed and scraped twice as low as I

did, showing me the way in, all the time. Whin he sut the door, sez he-"Will you show me your hat, sir ?"

"Indade an' I will, an' welcome, sir," sez I

it was made by Beahan, in Patrick street, and cost but fifteen shillings : a very dacent man if you want to buy one." "Och ! sure," sez he, "ye mistake me intirely:

only wanted ye to give me ver hat." "Give it to you ?" sez I, "be gor that is too had Would ye have me go home in the night

"Och ! sur, ye mitsake me-I only want to put by yer hat till ye go home." "The divil thrust ye," sez I : "what 'ud make

me give ye my hat at all, at all. Can't I take care of it meself?" Sez he-"Every jintleman that dines here

Well, we see the fellow was so persuadin' that

So he tuk and put it by.

gives me his hat to take care ov "

"What for ?" sez L.

"To put it by for ye, as we do for every other

"Very well," sex I, handin' him the cane like

"I'll take care ov yer gloves, sur," sez a third catching them by the fingers. "Blaz en' ouns ! can't I put 'em in my pock-

"Oh, no-that's not the way we do in this

Well, thought I, I must bear it all for Tom's up. He commonly made but one meal a day, sake. So I followed the first gentlemen, who beconed myself afther him up stairs on a green "Indeed, Mr. Dougherty, I'll take no ex- carpet that you wouldn't hear the tread ov yer got to the top, and he steps over to a door and ting in her glass. "Anaugh Betty, do ye hear that ?" said Paul | flings it open, crying out at the top ov his voice, "Misther Dougherty!"

"What the divil do ye want wid me?" says I, in a voice aigual to his-"didn't ve know well enough that I was jist at yer heels!"

But he niver minded me, an' walked into the room another step or two, an' roars out 'Misther

"Bad luck to yer impidence, ye thievin' ras-And here Mr. Beamton made his bow and with | call" sez I-is it for this ye made me lave my

"Ye're heartily welcome, sur,' sez he; 'I hope

"Thank ye kindly, sur-not much, only the ened my pumps, and put on my buckles ; but liberty this jintleman tuk wid my name," sez I. But the 'Squire only laughed, an' takin' me under his arm brough me forminst a whole parcel of ladies, who wer stuffin' their prashkeens down their throats to smother the laugh the min-

"Sarvent, genteels, sez I, in rale quality form,

"This is Misther Dougherty,' sez his honor, "God save all here,' sez I, not forgetting my Whin I had counted the steps I looked up, an' quality only nodded to myself, which I thought for a bishop, an' the full ov yer first ov a ted Paul Dougherty, teacher of dancing and all

So the squire made me sit down, and it was ther it, an' thin an A, an' thin an M-making then to be sure that I admired the beautiful pic-BEAM. Right, by gor ! sez I, this is the place | there an' tapets full of flowers, and carpets, but -an' I lifted up the big brass rapper an' give a the divil a sign of dinner myself saw, the' I pound that 'ud drive a twenty-neury nail to the thought the very guts would fall out ov me with out, foremost one another, ready to prounce "No, sir, in troth thin," sez I, "tisn't meself down upon us, when I hears the same fellow that brought me up stairs roar out dinner on the table, and upon looking about devil a sign ov a table was there but what had been whipped a-"Why thin, in troth, it's Mr. Beamton I want, way by enchantment, and there stood the dinner in a white table cloth as beautiful as a corp's

All the ladies and gentlemen did presently stood up, ov course so did myself.

"Misther Dougherty?" sez the Squire. "Will you take Mrs. Beamton by the hand ?"

"What call have I to take her hand, sir," sez I, 'can't ver's that's her husband, and has the

best right to it take it, sir.' "Do, sir, if you please,' sez he, 'for we are only gein' to dinner, I only ask you to lead her to

"Deed, faith,' sez I,' I barm to oblige you for a short time, 'tis contrary to my religion to do the likes to any man's wife;' and my own alive but they fell to laughin' as I tuk Mrs. Beamton

ry one was taking places. "Misther Dougherty,' sez the 'Squire, 'will

you sit beside me ?"

"Faith, then, that I will, sir," sez I. "What shall I help you to?" sez he. "Some of that pork, sir," sez I.

"Its not pork," sez he, "its ham."

"Well, ham is pork, sir," sez I; for be gor I lidn't like them to have all the laughin' to them-

"You'r right sir," sez he, sending me a plate full ov it, well bolstered in cabbage, and faith I stuck into it like a hungry hawk.

"Misther Dougherty,' sez the 'Squire. "Sur,' sez I, laying down my knife and fork n my plate and looking at his honor.

"I hope you are helped to your liking. "Mighty well, I tha-but devil a plate I had, for the thieven villian in the red breeches had stolen away my plate, while I was speaking to his honor. 'Oh murther!' murther!' sez 1 to myself, 'isn't this fine threatment I'm bearing saying- Life the best and blome post

"Misther Doughtery," see the 'Squire. "Sur." ses I.

"The misthress is looken at you," sez he.

"She's welcome, sur," ses I. "She's looken at you," ser he, laying his hand

"Blur an' nouns," sex I, 'what's amiss wid me ?' looken round at my clothes to see if all my sing our profound disgust of bachelorism and buttons were fast.

"Oh, she only wants to take wine with you, sez he.

"Thank you and her," sez I. "Your health, sur,' sez she.

madam," sez I. But bad luck to the more than a thimble full the stingy fellow was after put-

her as he likes her, may be,' and I pitied the creature. So I watched my opportunity and when I thought he wasn't looken I nodded to her and pointed to the decanter, liften up my glass | you in 'the generations yet unborn' you read at the same time, which she understood, for she smiled and helped herself; but she was so much | vile habits ever permit you to arrive at a good afeard oy him that divil a more than a tooth-full old age? Won't you be like lonely, seard and she put in it in spite of all the nods and winks I unscathed trees standing in a big clearing withcould throw at her, and pointing to my full glass. ut a companion, and your life unprotected from "Thunder and turf." sez I, thinking of Betty at the same time, 'hasn't he her undher great conleft on the table, but what they whipped away with them.

"Oh, ye villans,' see I in my teeth, finding I was not off with a mouthful of dinner. "Oh, ye villians! If I had ye in my tobacco press, may be I'd give you a squeeze that would put the conceit out of yez:' but there was no use in talking. Up they came as impudent as ever, and placed fornenst each one of us a great glass bowl half full of wather with a towel beside it, and myself not knowing what they meant at all at all, was watching to see what every one else would do when the 'Squire sez to me-

"Misther Dougherty."

"Sur,' sez I. "Make use of the wather," see he, "till we get

at the claret. "Yes sur,' sez I.

I tuk up the bowl between my two hands, and throwin' myself back in the chair with my mouth wide open, gulphin the whole of the wather down in one swaller, till it filled me up to the chin, body before, barrin' the thrifle ov boiled nettles | years. The notice concludes with these surpri-I got at by chance. Och, mayourneen! the cold wather began to

give me such a-it almost gives me the cholic to think ov it now : but such a rumblin' an' grumblin' an' shiverin' an' shakin', that heartily as the Squire and the ladies laughed at me, the sorra a wrinkle was in my stomach. So, sez I to the 'Squire in a pig's whisper-"I'm fairly done over; you must excuse me

I great hurry, and there's no back doors for me -- so I must be gone as quick as I can.' Oh, Tom! Tom! what I suffered for your sake!

his hand to me.

guts and slinking down stairs as if I hadn't a

"Yer hat, sir," sez the first fellow I met at the foot ov the stairs, giving it a nate twirl with the

"Thank ye, sir," sez I taking it from him. "Hope ye won't forget me, sir-we always get a tenpenny or two,' sez he.

"Och, murther!" sez I, drawing a tenpenny like a tooth, from my breeches pocket. What I suffered for your sake. Tom, honey: and here I | Mount Verson estate :had to squeeze my guts again.

"Yer gloves, sir," sez another fellow-'they're nicely aired; hope ye won't forget me.' Och, Tom! Tom! sez I, pulling out another

ten-penny and giving it to him. "Yer cane, sir," sez a third, handing it to me; I tak great care ov it; hope ye wont forget me. tuk great care ov it; hope ye wont forget me.' company of eight or a dozen should unite in Och, Tom! Tom! sez I, groaning as I pulled the purchase. W. W. Corcoran was to become

out a third tenpenny and gave it to him. 'Let me out now, jintleman, sez I, as they opened the door, and bowed and scraped enough to make one think them the rale sort; but the to hold it permanently, permitting the geveral divil fire me, sez I when I got on the flags, and government to improve, adorn and beautify it, cooked round at the house as I heard the door shut-the divil fire me if ever I give half a crown for a mouthful of chopped nettles and a bellyful of cowld water?

Is not this too True. "The gay will laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care Plod on, and each one as before will chase His favorite phantom."-Bryant

A few friends will go and bury us-affection will rear a stone, and plant a few flowers over our grave-in a brief period the little billock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, for your sake. Tom,' but before I could say and neither friend nor stranger will be concernanother word a black faced fellow ov them, clap- ed to ask which of the forgotten millions of the ped a dish full of chopped nettles before me, and earth, was buried there. Every vestige that we very well, plaze yer riverence, put it in a clane I, seeing I could do no betther, began botling it ever lived upon earth will have vanished away into me, when he runs back and whips it up, All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that his solar ribs are in a concussed state and he "I'll thank ye for yer cane, sur," sez another "Oh, by your leave, the mistress wants some hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the ain't got any money, consequently he's bound man, "you shall make yourself quite at home jintleman, as I passed him by. spinach," and off he scampered with it. slightest value to any living being. to die.

Renouncing Bachelorism.

The editor of the Evansville Journal, went to another State, and took himself a wife. On his return home, and on the resuming the editorial chair, he thus discourses :

"And in announcing the fact of our return home with a rib, we cannot refrain from expres bachelors and we expect to be disgusted with both several wooks. We are well aware that in time gone by, we occasionablly made ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of consible men, by upholding the bachelor state as the only life of "God bless your own pretty countenance, happiness, independance, and earthly glory. But we were young and green then, and of course knew but one side of the subject. Now stand up, here, you consarned ugly picters of human-"Blur an' nouns!" sez I to myself, the helps ity, rejoicing in the name of bachelors, and answer us a few questions.

"What are you fit for in this world? What are you doing for posterity? What interest have of? Where will you be when old men, if your the frosts by young saplings and shrubs at your feet? Or won't you be like pumpkins in a cornfield, more prominent because of your prodigious ugliness, than the stalks at your side, laden with golden grain? Hold your heads up, and talk like men, whether you can act so or not. Now don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Look at the girls about you, all smiling and sugar-hearts overflowing with love ready to be spilling on the first good fellow that can touch their sympathics-feelings rich as cream, which by a kindred spirit can soon be worked into butter, and spread over your life till you are as happy as the birds of spring. Look at 'em, and feel the disgusting position you occupy in the cabbage garden of humanity! What are you holding back for? Now, just reform-put on your best looks and your other coat-visit the girls, ice cream them. talk to them prettily, drive them, walk them, please them-then propose, get accepted, marry,-and-the country will rely on you as a faithful and well disposed cit-

A Remarkable Man.

The Germantown (Ohio) Emporium, has an obituary notice of Mr. John Schaffer who died the' there was not the full ov an egg shell in my in that vicinity on the 24th of March aged 65 sing statements :

The deceased was the largest man that we ever saw. The coffin was sufficiently large to contain five men of ordinary size; measuring in width three feet four inches in the clear, and three feet in height. Three men have worked in it at the same time with convenience. It required six men to take him from the bed on which he expired. This was done by raising a Squire, jewel, for goin' off, but I'm in a morth- platform-removing the head-board of the bedstead, and taking him out endwise. They could not get the coffin into the house, but by taking off the door-facing of an old vacated house that "Yis, but there is," sez he, whispering behind stood in the yard, they got it into that, and earried the corpse thither in three empty bags .-"Och, no, mayourneen!" sez I, squeezing my A wagon and four horses stood prepared, and ten men placed the coffin into the grave, they had two lines doubled-one at each end, and one large well-rope in the middle; and seventeen men to let down this syrinkle of mortality into its last home on earth. His weight was not

Mount Vernon.

The Washington Telegraph contains the following extract from a letter to the Editor from New York in relation to the purchase of the

"During the stay of the Baltic in your river, an incident occurred in which I am sure you will feel agreeably interested. In a select company the present sad and neglected condition of Mount Vernon was spoken of, and a proposition was made to purchase it, which was very promptly assented to by all present. A probable price was fixed upon, and it was determined that a one of the number, and so were Messrs. Thaver, Wetmore, Appleton, and others. Abbott Lawrence was pledged by a friend present. The plan is for this company to purchase the place, and and preserve it as a place of public resort, under proper restrictions.

A Doctor as is a Doctor.

A self sufficient humbug who took up the business of a physician, and pretended to a deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy .-Bolos gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opin-"I think he's a gone feller." "No, no exclaimed the sorrowing wife, "do not say that" 'Yes," returned Bolos, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "yes I do so; there arn't any hope, not the leastest mite ; he's got an attack of nihil fit in his lost frontis-

"Where ?" cried the started wife. "In his ost frontis, and he can't be cured without some rouble and a great deal of pains. You see his whole planetary system is deranged, fustly, his vox pepuly is pressin' on his advalorum : secondly, his cutacarpial cutaneous has swelled