

TERMS:

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of insertions desired, or they will be d until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Select Poetry.

TWO WORLDS.

[FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.]

el's world is bathed in beauty. Ged's world is steeped in light; is the self same glory Which makes the day so bright, Which thrills the earth with music, Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in earth's mines of silver, Floating on clouds above-Einging in autumn's tempest, Murmured by every dove; One thought fills God's creationllis own great name of love!

Miscellancous.

The Prisoner's Child. BY MRS MARY DENNISON. It was ealy morning. 'Is this the way to Sing Sing?'

'Yes,' roughly replied a brown faced countryman, and passed on. It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw; her shoes were much

torn, the sun played holy on her tender fore-head. She walked on an hour longer.

there for?" not deigning to answer the pleasant-faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked

sion face

She looked so wearied and aged, sitting there, she wants to see somebody in the prison her tangled hair falling on the hands that But we can't get anything out of her; where were clasped over her face! By the shaking of her frame, the tears were coming too, and

she was bravely trying to hold them back. 'Why, what is this dear little girl doing here?

The exclamation came from a pair of eager young lips.

'A curiosity! I deelare!' exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katy looked up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the pretty young some one had put a good pair of shoes on her girl and her agreeable looking companion. 'What are you doing here, little girl?' askthe frightened child.

'Going to Sing Sing,' said Katy, is a seared

'Did you ever, George! this child is going to Sing Sing, why, it's ten miles off. Child did you know that it was so far off.' Katy shook her head, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears one by one. 'Why, yes you poor little goose. What are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?' Katy shook her head. 'Have you had any dinner?' Again the sad child shook her head. Nor breakfast? Why George, the poor little thing must be almost starved?' 'I should think so,' mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn and showing signs of sympathy. 'Look here; what's your name?' 'Katy.' Well Katy you must come up to the house and get something to 'eat. Going to Sing Sing on foot; dear me how ridiculous! Fol-Jim ? low me, Katy, and we'll take care of you to night, somehow, and see about your going to she did; she was all convulsed by the re-ac-Sing Sing tomorrow.' Katy followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view! The palace house; the rocks reddening in a low western sun, the in a low voice, 'he is in irons this morning shining river; the signs of luxury on every hand.

'Yes, Miss Nell; and told her what a good bed there was over the wood shed; but she and never seemed to hear.'

again; if so, will you send her to me?' 'If she do, I will, Miss,' answered Susan, jailor going at the gooseberries again.

But little Kate did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off mouth. 'What in Heaven's name brought

ness 'Mr. Warden, there is a queer case over at found her last night in some out of the way

The day was falling. Katy had fallen too place, and nothing would do but my wife open, and they came together with a clank-almost. A rough stone lay by the way im- must take her in. We can't find out her ing sound, together about the form of that bedded in moss, received her tired little frame | name, except that it is Katy, and I expect | poor little child. she came from or anything about it."

'Bring her over here,' said the warden.' 'My wife is wanting a little girl for help; maybe she's just the one.' So Katy stood trembling more than ever, in a few moments,

in the presence of the warden and the jailor. Katy was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy ; her hair had been combed and curled, and

feet. 'Well, my little girl,' said the warden,

ed Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer to kindly, for he was prepossessed in her favor. come. Katy? "where have you come from ?" "New York," said the child, faintly.

The men looked at each other incredulously.

'Do you mean to say that you came to Sing Sing, from New York, on foot?"

'Yes, sir,' said the child, frightened at his mother?

looked strange out of them large eyes of hers. face and outlines of a well-made man-the Diddle, called to buy some furs of us. For 'The poor child is in trouble,' said Nell not to comprehend. But as fast as his chains quite sorrowful, that she could not relieve would permit him, he came forward and lookher necessities. 'I'd have given her some- ed out at the anxious face below. It was thing to wear, and we could have sent her to almost too much for the child. With a loud Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several Sing Sing, but perhaps she will come back convulsive cry, she exclaimed-"Father !--Father I' and fell nearly senseless against the

'Katy !' exclaimed the man, and there was

a nervous twitching about the muscles of the "Is this the way to Sing Sing?" "Yes little gurl but what are you going slept in the open field, craweled into some The juilor was calling the child to con-here for?"

'Shall we let her come in the cell ?' asked

the warden. Jim was dashing his hand across his face. my house," said a bluff-looking fellow meet- A smothered 'yes' issued from his lips. They that little face, anxious and sad as its expres- ing the warden of Sing Sing prison. 'We opened the ponderous door, and put her in. Her arms were outstretched ; his were wide

'O, Father !' 'O, Katy, Katy !' and then

there was a quiet crying. By and by the man lifted the little head whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulders, and oh ! what

a sharp rattle of chains smote on the ear, and looked her in the face After a moment's irresolution he kissed her, and then his head fell under her earnest, loving look.

'Katy, what made you come ?' 'I wanted to see you, Father,' and the

head was on his shoulder again. 'How did you come, Katy? never mind

the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again and let you out. How did you 'I walked here.'

'From New York, child?' 'Yes, Father !' There was no sound save that of the chains

as he strained her to his bosom. 'And how did you leave-her, Katy-your

There was a sound of rattling irons that A Hatter in Search of Russian Fur. made the child shiver. Dimly appeared the On one occasion a hatter named Walter countenance handsome, but evil. He seemed certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke A Literary Enterprise Honorably Conduct-not to comprehend. But as fast as his chains upon him I sold him several kinds of fur, ed.—It is stated that during the year 1858,

bundred pounds.

.What on earth is a woman doing with Russia ? said he.

I could not answer; but assured him that there were 130 pounds of old Russia and 150

Wheeler the elder made her appearance.

ter. Mrs Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had

come after her daughter 'Rushia,' 'What do you want of Rushia ?' asked the

old lady.

'To make hats,' was the reply 'To trim hats, I suppose, you mean,' re-

sponded the old lady.

'No, for the outside of hats,' replied the hatter. "Well. I don't know much about hats, but

I will call my daughter,' said the old lady. Passing into an other room where Rushia ' ally, and conversed with scores of others who

that a man wanted her to make hats. O, he means sister Mary, probably; I sup pose he wants some ladies' hats.' replied Rus-

hin, as she passed into the parlor. 'I suppose you wish to see my sister Ma-ry; she is our milliner,' said the younger Rushia

'I wish to see who ever owns the property,' said he.

Sister Mary was sent for and soon made her appearance. As soon as she was introduced, the hatter informed her that he wished

to buy 'Russia.' 'Buy Rushia !' exclaimed Mary

From the Columbia Democrat, an old and well established journal.

Great Gift Book Store.

including beaver and coney. He wanted Mr. G. G. Evans, of Philadelphia. distribu-some 'Russia.' I told him we had none, but ted among his patrons over \$30,000 worth of Gifts, consisting of gold and silver watches, gold jewelry, silver-plated ware, silk dress patterns, and other elegant Gifts of intrinsio value. Mr. Evans being the originator of the Gift Enterprise, has distanced all compe-tition, lived down all opposition, and is enthere were 130 pounds of old Russia and 150 pounds of young Russia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say: Off he started with a view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door Mrs. 1859, which is sent free to any address.

In addition to the above just tribute to the 'I want to get your Russia,' said the hat- merits of Mr. Evans, and the unequaled success of his popular euterprise, we take great pleasure in bearing testimony to the high integrity which has ever characterized his multifarious business transactions, establishing for himself and his house a name above suspicion or reproach, and a fame which must "lead its possessor to fortune and renown." This is no spasmodic effort, on our part, at fulsome eulogism; it is the plain recital of self-existent FACTS, read and known of all men in our own State, to whom Mr. E. and his business operations are extensively known. We have dealt with Mr. Evans for years, personthe younger was at work, she informed her have sent him their money and orders, and received Books and valuable Gifts in return, and it is certainly a higher meed of praise

than usually falls to the ordinary lot of man to be able, truthfully, to say, that in no sinble instance have we ever heard the first word of dissatisfaction expressed.

As "UGLY CUSS !"-A California paper walks into an unwelcome correspondent in the following rough-shod style :---

"We have received a communication, intended to damage a neighbor, which the writer tries to bribe us to publish, by promising to subscribe for the paper, on condition of his miserable article appearing. We've half a mind, you cowardly villain, to tell your name, and print the article, and get you a famous ubbing. We'll instruct you that you have deplorably mistaken the character of the A! very well, Is there old and young journal by which you would diffuse your assassin-like poison. Haven't you courage to confront your enemy and tell him what you, You're one of the "gramblers," are you ?-You'd grumble at the postmaster, priest, President, at God Almighty himself, if you vere not airaid of being eternally burned for it. You'd bribe the village paper, which should be a messenger of peace, to stir up quarrel and dissension in a neighborhood,---You'd cause a faithful wife to shed tears of mortification by multiplying a lie about her husband! Oh, you're a beautiful specimen of the Creator's handiwork! Let's look at you : Six feet high ; dark hair ; thick full beard ; downcast eye ; cadaverous jaws ; visage like a fellow who had been buried long enough to let humanity and manhood out of him-you look just like the man who would scond and leave the editor to a tar and feath-Indeed this young lady stated such to be the ering. We'll tell you what to do : Find a fact, but she says the old Russia is not for three-story warehouse; crawl along the ridge pole; discover a big flat rock, on a line dropped from the termination; turn your moccasins up to the sun, and let yourself go -the discovery of your brains on the rock below will be conclusive and gratifying evidence that a nuisance has been abated RE In the Eastern part of Deleware Co., in this State, there resides a man named B -, now a justice of the peace, a very senbusiness in these parts, that you think a man sible man, although by common consent the long, guant sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, he was longer, gaunter by all edds, than himself. He could give the "squire" fifty, and beat him. Without saying a word. B ---- raised his gue and deliberately levelled it at the stranger. "For God's sake dont shoot?" shouted the man, in great alarm .- "Stranger," replied B----, 'I swore ten years ago, that if ever I met a man uglier than I was. I'd shoot him; and you are the first one I've seen."

In God's world strength is lovely, And so is beauty strong, And light-God's glorious shadow-To both these gifts belong ; And they all melt into sweetness,

And fill the earth with song. Above God's world bends heaven. With day's kiss pure and bright, or folds her still more fondly In the tender shad e of night ; and she casts back heaven's sweetness la fragaant love and light.

God's world has one great echo, Whether calm blue mists are curled; On lingering dew-drops quiver, Or red storms are unfurled ; The same deep love is throbbing Through the great heart of God's world

Man's life is black and blighted, Steeped through with self and sin; and should his feeble purpose Some feeble good begin, The work is marred and tainted By leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter; Wherever he has trod He spoils the tender beauty That blossoms on the sod, And blasts the loving heaven Of the great good world of God.

There strength on coward weakness In cruel might will roll ; Beauty and joy are cankers That eat away the soul ; And love-O God, avenge it-The plague-spot of the whole.

Man's world is Pain and Terror, He found it pure and fair, And wove in nets of sorrow The golden summer air. Black, hideous, cold, and dreary, Man's curse, not God's, is there. And yet God's word is speaking ; Man will not hear it call ; But listens where the echoes Ot his own discords fall ;

That clamors back to heaven, That God has done it all.

The Prezs and Good Business .- There no discount in this paragraph, if a contemrary is correct in the assertion :

Where is she. It was noon when I saw ded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible me men advertise for a short time after tion on the re-opening of the slave trade. with me?' and good old Maywood stroked prison. But as the scowling face came clobeen doing this for a joke.' her?' "Clem, I'se tell you, if dey gwine to decommence business, and think that it is her hair, as he said pityingly, 'poor child !' 'In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking ser to the bars, the child hid her head quick-'A joke !' exclaimed Diddle, in surprise. vour to fotch dem 'ported niggers ober dis way, which I hear dey be, dare'll be a fuss in ent; others intermit advertising after Reader, ten miles from Sing Sing there is good care of her, I expect, and when she has ly in the jailor's arms, half sobbing; it wasn't 'Have you not got any Russia then ?' bave established a flourishing business a little cottage occupied by a laborious man 'My name is Jerushia, and so is my daugh had a harty supper we will talk with her.' Its aid. This is a mistake. From the him and his one daughter. Little Katy is fulfilde family, sure. 'Spect dey want us to 'so-'We'll try the next one.' He walked furter's,' said Mrs. Wheeler, 'and that I sup-A gay trio of young girls came. The neteiate wid dem niggers on quality. Neber do oment a house ceases to advertise, however ling the commands of her dying mother. She arge its reputation and standing, it begins to tings were put up, the gas burned brightly. pose is what he meant by telling you about ther on, and spoke more pleasantly this time. 'Well Bondy, here is little Katy; don't you is taking care of her father, and he, thank God, is taking care of himself. Men respect it, sure." old and young Rushia." "Sam, dus you raly tink dey'll fotch dem ae. The changes are so rapid in this intry, and the public mind is so constantly of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remember-Mr. Diddle bolted through the door withwant to see her ? niggers here? him and God has forgiven him. 'Little Katy-' There was a long pause. out a word of explication, and made directly ed the little odd figure and clapping her "For sartin Clem I beard massa say dar pied for new applications to its favor and attention, that to be out of the papers, hands cried, 'Oh, I've something to show was five thousand ported souf in Carolina, 'I had a Katy once-not a little Katy-I for our store. A New Doxology .- One of the illiteverybody seeks for information on you girls,' and disappeared. 'You young seamp,' he said as he entered, broke her heart-God pity me Go on, it and half ob dem now ready in dis State. I erate who had "a call to preach," recently Susan was picking gooseberries in the pan- | can't be for me." what did you mean by seuding me over there subject, is to be forgotten. The press set his congregation on the broad grin at the tell you, Clem, if one ob dem forin' unnatur-Again the sweet voice rang out. 'Father. try near the kitchen. to buy Russia ? daily more becoming a necessity, and its alized niggers calculate to 'sociate wid dis close of a hammer and tongs sermon, by re-'I did not send you to buy Russia. I sup-"Where is the child, Susy?" asked Nell The prisoner came up to the bars; a youthquesting them to sing "sing the sockdolachile, he is a hoin' de wrong patch. Someness as an advertising medium is conthing will hit him like male kicked him for ful face framed with light wavy hair ; a face posed you were either a bachelor, or a widowincreasing. No man is wise or just Maywood. ger." 'On the door-step, .Miss,' Susan replied, in which the blue eyes looked innocent; a face ea. and wanted to marry Rushia? I replied sartin, and it wont be dat animal eder." aimself who undertakes to do business that it seemed a sin to couple with a foul 27 "Say, Pomp, you nigger, where you | with a serious countenance. out availing himself of its advantages. picking away 'Why no Susan, there's nobody here, deed, gazed out. I saw the child's earnest, get dat new hat?" "Why, at de shop, eb 'You he, you dog, and you know it, he Cure for Depression of Spirits. - When DEATH OF HON. GEORGE M. BIBB .- HOD. galvanic rings were sold to cure every ill that pleading, tearful eyes; a dark axpression course " "What is the price of such an ar- replied; but never mind, I'll pay you off for body to be seen.' orge M. Bibb died, on Thursday, 14th rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan, ticle as dat?" "I don't know, nigger-I 'Yes, Miss.' Susan placed her pan down that some day.' And taking his furs, he flesh is heir to, a lady asked of a friend who held her apron up to catch the stems of the he staggered against his bed, crying, 'Take don't know-de shop keeper wasn't dare." fondly cherished the delasion. "If galvanie at his residence in Georgetown Mr. departed, less ill humored than could have A young miss having accepted the "What has caused them?" said the latter? bb was a long time United States Senator been expected under the circumstances. berries, and walked deliberately to the dooor her away ; I can't stand the sight of anything from the State of Kentucky, and chief Jus-"Don't get above your business," as - Why, she sat here sometime after supper. like that. s, and afterwards Chancellor of that State, d subsequently filled the office of Secretary the Treasury, in the administration of me see—there ain't any silver around—I kept on to the third cell. Katy had hidden her face a second time, offer of a youth to gallant her home, after- "The loss of a husband," mourufully replied the lady said to the shoemaker who was measas she feebly cried, 'it isn't him;' so they uring her ancle in order to ascertain the size wards fearing that jokes might be cracked at the lady. 'For that,' said he holding forth her expense, if the fact should become public his little finger upon which was a wedding of her foot. sident Tyler, He died of pneumonia.- should be afeard she'd took something, they Jim, here's a little girl, little Katy, your 13 Why is fish-peddling, morally consid- dismissed him when about half way, enjoying ring of his deceased wife, 'gold is b tter. He was over eighty years of age. He was torn in Virginia, and graduated in Princeton in 1792. He has been practising law at Washington since Mr. Tyler's Presidency. He was over eighty years of age. He was are mighty artful.' 'Why, did'nt you tell her she might stay all night?' Nell Maywood was peeping here and there to spy her if possible. 'Your little daughter ?' ered, an objectionable business? Because a his secrecy. "Don't be alraid," said he, 'of Let me place this upon the third finger of man has to sell much that he knows has been my saying anything about it. for I feel as your left hand, and I can warrant a perfect hooked! Horrible. A stupid 'what ?' came from the bed ; the

caks threw their branches on each side; here | father.' and there a flower bunch might be seen; vines grew around the noble pillars, twisting up to the glittering windows

'Susan gives this poor child a good supper she is hungry and tired too I imagine. After that, I will see what can be done for her.' Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleas antly down at the poor tired little one, and taking her hand which trembled now, led her tive mind like hers. How the heavy tread to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, her story, or that brief part of it which we know, was being told in the draw ing room. The sylph-like figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delecate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

'I should like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for? We must get her something | held in stern control ; everything. from the to wear; a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and then may be, we can manage to have her carried some way, if her mission is of any importance. Oh! such an old-looking little thing.' "Who is that, my daughter?"

'Oh, Papa you have come home; why, I was talking about the mite of a child, she cannot be more than ten, if that. I saw her with a harsh, hair covered face appeared. out here sitting on a moss-rock, the most forlorn object. She says she is going to Sing

Sing? 'I met her on my way,' said the pleasant faced old man; 'she asked me about it, and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on

manner, which had in it something of severity. 'W bat have you come for ?'

'To see my father,' the child bust forth with one great sob, and for a moment her frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling. 'And who is your father ?' asked the warden kindly.

'He is Mr. Lloyd,' said the child, as soon as she could speak for her rushing sobs. The warden looked at the jailor. 'Loyd ; there are three Loyds here. Jim.

Bondy and Dick.' 'They may not be their proper names,' responded the warden. 'That's so,' said the jailor, 'but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name

The child nodded her head, or they tho't tion brought on by the termination of her journey. 'If it's Jim, he's a bad one,' said the jailor

for attempting to break jail. He don't deserve a little girl as looks like that one, the They walked up a wide avanue. Elms and villain. Come, child, I'll go and find your

He took Katy's shaking hand. with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the great key ; and the stillness of the long stone passages, the dimness thrown over all, the constant succession of bare and bleak walls was terrible to a sensiof the jailor, and the tread of the warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and space. It was in truth a great tomb through which they moved-a tomb in which were confined living hearts, whose throb could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through this massive door now through that passage way. Everything spoke of crime, of firce passions subdued and grim face of the ferocious watch dog to the sentinels armed. Then they turned and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the warden following. Another tramp and at last they came to a stand still. The jailor rapped at a cell door Slowly a man

'Here's your little girl come to see you.' said the jailor. 'Little girl ! hem ! you're green," said the man in grum accents ; 'I've no little girl or

you wouldn't catch me here.' 'Father,' said the childish voice It soun-

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The question was fearlessly asked but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face ; her little lips were quivering.

'Katy, tell me quick !' A groan, a terrible groan followed ; the convict's head fell into the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries. The jailor and the warden said that they never saw a sight so woful, And the child tried to comfort him, till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps. 'O, Katy, when did she die ? Oh my poor present.

May! my poor girl !" 'Ever so long ago, I guess ever so many weeks,' replied the child ; 'but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you ' 'O God, this is hard; she always forgave

'She told me to pray for you, too; she told me to ask you if you would be real good after you came out, and meet her in heaven?'

'In Heaven ! in Heaven !' groaned the man giving away again to his agony. The child was angel guided Her soft touch was better for his soul's good. than stripes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love had melted down the adamant ;- had found the locked up good in his nature and she had sent her sweet smiles through the prison door Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his beautiful, quiet child. None dared disturb them. The jailor and warden walked to and fro.

"Father, when you come out I'll take care of you.'

He lifted his head; his eyes, red with weeping were fastened on her face. 'Mother said I might.'

'God's blessing on you, my angel child; you may save your miserable father. 'I will save you, father.'

The warden cleared his throat ; the jailor poke roughly to one of his prisoners ; it was o hide his emotion. 'You had better come new,' he added, going to the cell.

'Katy, you must go; will you come again, my child ?

'Can't I stay ?' 'No, dear, but you shall come and see me again.

They took her very gently from the dark cell; she sobbed very quietly. In the warden's room stood a very pleasant faced old

'I have come after that little girl,' he said. She must go home with me I'll take good care of her; I've heard her story; and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides that, I'll bring her up once a week to see him. What say you, little one, will you go

.

I don't understand you.

'Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe, said the hatter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood. 'It is, sir.'

Russia in the house.

'I believe there is,' said Mary, surprised at the familiar manner in which he spoke of skulking anonymously, would print of him? her mother and sister, both of whom were

'What is the price of old Russia per pound' asked the hatter.

'I believe that old Rushia is not for sale, replied Mary indignantly:

Well, what do you ask for young Russia? pursued the hatter.

'Sir,' said Miss Rushia, the younger springing to her feet, 'do you come here to insult defensless females ? If you do we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve '

·Ladies !' exclaimed the hatter in astonishment, 'what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here on a business matter. I want to buy some Russia. 1 was told put a widow woman "in the papers," and abyou had old and young Russia in the house. sale Now, if I can buy the young Russia, I want to do so-but if that can't be done. please say so, and I will trouble you no fur-

'Mother open the door and let this gentleman pass out, he is undoubtedly erazy,' said Mary.

'By thunder ! I believe I shall be if I remain here long,' exclaimed the hatter considcrazy if he attempts such a thing ?

Business! poor man,' said Mary, soothingly, approaching the door.

'I am not a poor man, madam,' replied the hatter. My name is Walter Diadle; I carry on hatting extensively at Danbury; 1 came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and have purchased some beaver and concy, and now it seems that I am to be called crazy' and a 'poor man' because I want to buy a little Russia' to make up an assortment.'

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Diddle was quite in enruest, and his explination threw considerable light on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked one of the sisters.

"The clerk at the store opposite,' was the reply.

'He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble,' said the old lady. 'He has

The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his rival, replied. "Wall, captain if I look worse than you do, shute. I don't want to live any longer."

AT Know Nothingism, -The editor of a Georgia paper heard the following conversa-

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