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## MARY O'CONNOR.

BY MARY A. DENNION.

An' shure I was tould to come here to your To see if you'd write a few words to me Pat.

He's gone for a sojer is Misther O'Conner, Wid a stripe on his arm and a band on his hat An' what you'll tell him? It ought to be aisy For such as your honor to spake wid the pen.

An' say I'm all right, and that mauvoureen (The baby, your lonor) is bether agen.

For whin he went off, it's so sick was the chil She niver held up her blue eves to his face.

And whin I'd be crying', he'd look but the wil

So he left in danger, and me sorely greeting, And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy. Oh! It's often I drame of the great drums a

And a bullet gone straight to the heart of my

And say, will be send me a bit of his money, For the rint, and the doctor's bill, due in a

Well, surely, there's tears on your evelashes, Ah! faith I've no right wid such freedom to

You're overmuch triffing-I'll not give you trou

I'll find some one willin' :--oh! what can it

What's that in the newspaper folded up double Yer honor-don't hide it-but read it to me. What ? Patrick O'Conner ?-no, not him, 'tis a

week scarce gone by; lead! dead! why, the kiss on the check of his

It hasn't had time yet, your honor, to dry.

buit tell me-it's not him-O God! am I

An' what'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy! The room is so dark-I'm not seein', your hen-

1-think-I'll go home. And a sob quick Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Connor, But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

## BEECHNUT FARM;

THE DEEP DARK SHADOW BY EMMA EGGLESON.

CHAPTER IV -CONTINUED. "Do you dare to call me a villain ?" he asked,

" I have nothing to say to you now, Mr. Willaid," replied Dr. Lawson, calinly taking a pinch of snuff from his capacious tobacco box and applying it leisurely to his nasal organ. "Your blood is in too warm a state for conversation at present; and I prefer to wait 'till you are cool-

A muttered oath was the the only reply the angry man gave as he turned again to Frederic

" Now, young man, let me tell you that you are in my power," said he savagety, " and no vain show of spirit will frighten me. I hate you even as I hated your father before you; and I will concentrate life, energy, wealth and everything into one vast effort to trample you and yours beneath my feet."

"Coward!" sneered Frederic, comtemptuously, " I have nothing to fear from the man who would assail the character of a woman, whose unprotected situation and irreproachable conduct should command respect instead of treacherous slander. 1-do not cower before the penurious scoundrel who breaks up the happiness of a fireside and robs its inmates alike of beace and fortune, by tricky gambling. He who involved Herbert Chapelle in debt and dishonor. by a series of well concentrated plans, and who worthy husband, is an object of no fear to me. lnfamous craven-I defy you!"

" And you shall know what it is to have your defiance met with such deadly hate as mine!-Boy! I will stain your name with crime! I will dolize. I will darken her life with the knowl- full moon. There seemed to be an unusual stir trial was to take place on the following day, at

edge that I possess of her most cherished secret; | in the old mansion, and when Frederic reached | the shire town of their county, which was about | I will separate her from her home and most cherable existence in poverty and shame-and she

worships. You scoff at my pover-you do not know its full extent. Go home and ask your period than six months, and no subscriber will be parents why their little Carrie is weak, sickly imbecile; ask them why she shudders and strives to escape from the deep shadow that wraps her mind in its folds; why she falls into convulsions at the sound of my voice. I am the deep shadow say you now ?"

> "This, and only this," replied Fredric, drawing off his glove and spitting upon it and hurling it in his enemy's face.

Smarting with rage and pain, Mr. Willard seized the falling glove and involuntarily placed his hand on the breast of his coat, as if in search of a weapon, when a soft hand touched his arm and a voice spoke his name. He turned and beheld Hattie Grey, his orphan ward, standing by his side, with her lips apart and her large eyes painfully dilated with astonishment. There was a momentary pause of embarrassment on both sides, and Frederic, not caring to exchange further words with his deadly foe, walked slowly away towards Mrs. Chapelle's residence. Choking back his anger with great difficulty,

Mr. Willard spoke in a low tone. "You here, Hattie? What does this mean?"

The girl withdrew her eyes from the retreating figure of Frederic Southwick, and said, without looking up at her guardian's face.

" Mrs. Willard sent me to tell , ou that a gentleman wishes to see you." "Ah, what is his name?" inquired the man

"I don't know," answered Hattie, in a con-

strained tone. "He is a lawyer, I believe," she added, as they turned from the office door Not another word was spoken by the two un-

til they reached the door. The young girl had listened to the threatening language her guardian had addressed to Frederic Southwick, and it had given her penetrating mind full power to fathom his character. And this was the man whom she had believed was honorable

Hattie Grey shivered with the vague idea that some future evil as she gazed upon her companion's moody brow and thought that the law gave him the right to control her and the fortune of her father had bequeathed to her until she should be of age; but the next moment she smiled at her thoughts, reasoning, in her innocence. that Noves Willard would have go motive in wronging her, the daughter of his friend and cousin. And thus she dismissed the fearful pre-

When Frederic Southwick arrived at his boarding house, he found a stanger sitting in the pleasant little front room. He was a short, heavy built man of thirty, with coal black hair and Shot dead !-- oh ! for love of sweet heaven say beard, and eyes of a greyish cast. Putting aside the paper that he was perusing, he introduced O! how will I live, and O! where will I go? himself to Frederic as an agent for a new and elegant medical work; and producing a speci men copy, he explained its merits and expatiated upon its passages in glowing terms, with a familiarity that seemed almost intrusive to the young man, who listened with polite attention until Mrs. Chapelle came in and summoned them to tea. Then when they were assembled around the table, Mr. Homles, as he had styled himself. commenced inquiries concerning the town.

"I see the tavern is unoccupied," he remarked care'essly, as he sipped his tea." Who is the owner."

" Mr. Noyes Willard," said Mrs. Chapelle.

"But his name is not on the sign," said the stranger, fixing his eyes on Frederic's face. H. J. Chapelle's is the name is it not?" Mrs. Chapelle bowed.

"My husband rented the hotel some time ago," she said quietly, "and when he ordered the sign his own name was painted on, instead of its own-

"I suppose then," said Frederic laughingly. " that the sign belongs to you, Mrs. Capelle, as it bears your husband's name. I wonder that you did not remove it with the rest of your fur-

"I could not reach it very conveniently," replied Mrs. Chapelle, in the same bantereng tone. " and so I left it for you to get."

"If I must climb the post to get it, I would prefer to do so under the cover of darkness, for no one could ridicule me then, if I should fall,"

The agent listened in silence to this playful conversation and shortly afterwards introduced a more serious subject. Immediately after tea-he took his leave; and, donning his overcoat and cap, Frederic started for Beechnut Farm, without telling Mrs. Chapelle the circumstances of his quarrel with Mr. Willard, thinking that it would cause her needless alarm to find that the reckless man was throwing out insinuations against her now seeks to enstrange that erring man from the name and character. As he passed by the dwelhalf closed shutters, and he wondered why he have nearly killed her with your harshness .-The face of Noyes Willard grew black with should be there; but his mind was so absorbed Have you no compassion than this?" he deman-

to think of it. The night was cold, and when Frederic arrived within view of Beechnut Farm the house presented a cheerful and inviting appearance. The strip your father of his old homestead and cause long stone dwelling was brilliantly illuminated. him to go from the smiling acres of Beechnut Lights blazed from many of the windows and a Farm a penniless beggar! I will find a home volume of smoke issued from the tall chimneys, for your eldest brother in a dark prison! And curling up into the frosty air in graceful little

returned, bringing with him the son of an old | Southwick repaired with the accused, to secure friend, to spend a few weeks at the Farm. The shall doubt the very existence of the God she now joyous meeting between the young man and his of the one employed by the plaintiff. parents was soon over, and then Frederic turned to greet their guest who was already conversing by the side of her suffering sister, alone, for she familiarly with William. Ralph Graham was had insisted on her mother obtaining some reelegent in person and manners, and had received with an aching heart. He had shared her vigils a thorough collegiate education. Possessing a and I will haunt you all to your grave. What handsome fortune and a generous disposition, the warm hearted Southerner was a general favorite among his acquaintances and was well calculated to inspire confidence in all who knew him .heart a willing captive in the first evening of

> Mr. Graham, he arose and followed her into an-"Something is the matter, Camerone," said he, as he threw his arm across her shoulder and drewher face towards his: "do not strive to conceal it from me- Is not my heart all yours? and have I ever held back one sorrow or trial

their intercourse. But, all at once, in the midst

of a most interesting adventure that Ralph Gra

ham was relating. Camerone glided into the room,

and as Frederic glanced at her face he saw that

it was very pale, with traces of tear lingering on

her cheeks, Excusing himself to William and

from your knowledge?" "Frederic, oh, Fred!" the young girl exclaimed, with a burst of tears, as she leaned her face against his shoulder, ' it is nothing only I am foolishly nervous to-night," she said, after a moment, in which she partially gained self posses-

"My dove flew away last night or disappeared in some way, and half an hour ago it return-

ed, bringing this paper." She unfolded it and took a lamp from the wall where it hung, so that she might read it. huge, slimy serpent was partially uncoiled, with projected head and forked tongue. His glittering eyes were fixed upon a little bird, and the poor nestling was fluttering down at his feet, with a look of helpless agony in its eye. This picture was portrayed with graphic skill, on paper and beneath it was pencilled in a bold, dashing

"The serpent is ready to strike! James Southwick, look well to your fireside, for it will oon be desolate!

That was all-there was nothing more, and yet the blave hearted Camerone trembled from head to foot as she gazed at it; and Frederic's memory was carried back to the words Noves Willard had uttered concerning her, as "he saw her agritation. For the first time in his life he resolved to keep his altercations and sorrows from her, hoping that it would spare her pain; and soothing her as well as he could with assurances of safety, he bade her good night; and as William and Mr. Graham had already retired h followed their example.

The following morning proved a stormy one but it passed off pleasantly at Beechnut Farm .-Frederic signified I is intention of remaining at home, and in the pleasant dining room devoted himself to a game of chess with Mr. Graham, while William was in close conference with Cam erone. What passed in that interview was not known to any but those two; and when it was through, William came from his sister's room with a shade of anxiety on his brow, while her face retained the same thoughtful expression that of late had often lingered there.

The afternoon had passed away and the dusky shades of evening were setlling down over the house when there came a rap on the front door, that startled every inmate. Camerone answered it and was confronted by the stern faces of the sheriff and constable upon the threshold. They were ushered into the dining room, where the family were assembled, and without delay proceeded to perform their errand, which was to arrest Frederic Southwick for stealing the tavern sign belonging to Noves Willard. Poor little Carrie, who was lying on the sofa, supported by pillows and shawls, not understanding the scene but apprehending some impending danger, sprang up with almost a superhuman effort, and tottering towards Frederic, threw both arms around his neck, and sank upon his breast.

"They shall never take you Fred," she whis pered, as she nestled closer to him and shuddered convulsively. "We will stay together, and they c annot harm us."

" Remove that girl young man," said the sher iff, addressing William Southwick, "Never, never," cried Carrie.

The man laid his rough hand upon her shoul-

" Come, come, child, this is enough of fooling ; get up and leave your brother, or we shall use force and make you do so."

A wild shrick echoed through the house, followed by another, and another, and with the cry of " the shadow, the shadow!" the girl fell back upon her brother's arm, insensible and white as and a delicate female figure glided forward to the

" Heartless wretch!" ejaculated Frederic, in a tage, as he hissed from between his clenched with the previous events of the day he soon forgot ded, as William took his sister from his arms and carried her from the room, followed by Mrs. presiding Judge. Southwick and Camerone.

"You will please be quiet while I read you this warrant, said the sheriff touching the paper that he held in his fore finger.

"Certainly," said Frederic, as he unfolded the

document, sten-you have a fair young sister, whom you clouds, and plainly visible in the radiance of the that preceded the departure of the officers. The tion with it.

the door it was all explained. His father had six miles distant from Holly; and there William the services of a lawyer who could haffle the skill

It was a lonely night to Camerone, as she sat step rapid and careless, when just as he had forapparently twenty five years of age, and was pose; and, as she listened to the wailing of the ardly yellow dog came sweeping along, followed got the knot into a very bad fix. The pretty the son of a wealthy planter in Georgia. He was | wind in the beach trees, she thought of Frederic, | by a black one of the same species. The speci- fingers of the blue hat were called into requiby the couch of Carrie, and now, though his suit, as every dog should be on such an occatreable was not of an overwhelming nature, it sion, and possibly under the control of his own seemed to be but the beginning of evil. The fire waned lowly in the grate; the blaze of the while the other was walking, and knocked it out cardle flared luridly up against the darkness that from under him. My friend went down instan-It was no wonder, then, that he took Frederic's that filled the room, and the sick child meaned ter. His glossy beaver bounced upon the paveheavily as she turned her head upon the pillow, stooping down, Camerone picked up a crumpled struck against a shopman's window like a pellet paper that lay at her feet, slowly turning it towards the light. She started. It was the pictured serpent, and beneath it one part of the sentence was torn off. All that remained were the words "Look well to your fire side," Covering her face with her hands, Camerone Southwick sighed, and as the fire grew fainter and the candle wavered more unsteadily, she sank into a reverie of sadness that was only interrupted by the calls not tripped over the best fellow in town. for attention from Carrie, which now and then

> CHAPTER V. THE trial or examination of Frederic Southwick had begun. The room was filled and much interest was manifested in the case by every one, while the prosecutor evinced a kind of grim satisfaction in his glances toward the accused, and called to the stand. It was Gerald Homles, the book agent, and he testified that he heard the young man declare his intention of taking the be done; furthermore, there was a lady in the case. Here the lawver for the defence checked him by inquiring if the young man expressed feelings of malignity towards the owner of the sign. The agent answered in the affirmative, and after a few cross questions took his seat.

The next witness was a man in the employ of Mr. Willard. He stated that, as he was passing the hotel at miduicht, he met Frederic Southwick wrapped in a long cloak and with something con cealed beneath it, which in shape much resem-Med a square board. He spoke to the young man, and asked him where he was going, but received an evasive answer. As he drew near to the hotel he noticed a ladder standing at the foot of the sign post, but did not think to look for the sign. All this was distinctly seen by the light of the moon.

The next morning, as he passed the tavern on his way to the blacksmith's shop, leading one of Mr. Willard's horses, he saw the sign was gone hours of seven and eight. The witness here paus counsel; but receiving none regained his seat.

Several other persons were called and each gave testimony that corroborated this. It seemed strange to the keen mind of William Southwick that Baily, the lawyer employed by the de- laugh-it laughed itself. Indeed to escape anfendent, entered into the case with so little energy. He seemed to be careless concerning the evidence given in by the witnesses on the prosecuting side, and in several instances, when a little cross examining would apparently overthrow the whole statement of one witness, he to be; and the family is large-all are girls too, took no notice of it. Whatever might be his just a bill of expense, you know; and I don't he had one, and determined to ascertain it by longer, for I know he can't afford it. But I the closest scrutiny.

The persons who gave in testimony for the defendant were few, Ralph Graham, William Southwick, and his father constituted the whole, and all that they could state was that on the evening in question Frederic Southwick was at home which was a mile from the hotel at Holly. At half past ten he had passed his brother's room on his way to his bed room, and looked in to bid him good night. The house was all locked by Mr. Southwick before he retired.

In the morning Frederic built the fire in the dining room and kitchen before breakfast, as was his custom when at home.

Mr. Willard's counsel was severely sarcastic in his cross examinations, especially when Mr. Southwick occupied the stand, and his insolent remarks made Frederic's hot blood mount to his forehead, while William's lips were tightly compressed and his eyes fixed on Baily, the passive lawyer, who sat calmly by and listened without a retort.

The summing up came, and in the closing speeches it was plainly evident that Frederic would be found guilty and held over to court .-The last words were spoken, and every eye was fixed upon the Judge, to note his decision, a slight rustle in the seats awarded to spectators, fell painfully on the ear of Frederic Southwick.

She paused, flung back her veil of gossamer being who would lay down her life for her un- ling of Noyes Willard he saw the face of Mr. Hom- tone of bitter indignation, as he darted a look of lace, and to the astonishment of all who knew beart. her from speaking, but turning her calm eves towards the face of William Southwick, she spoke ia a calm, clear voice, as she bowed to the

"Your Honor will doubtless wonder that I am here : but I should like to have the usual oath administered to me, and my testimony shall explain all.

A stillness profound and eager prevaded the whole house as she took the oath, and then she proceeded to state her evidence with a clearness It is useless to dwell upon the preliminaries of tone and prompt sincerity that carried convic-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miss Mary's Jaunty Blue Hat, and continued the questioner, looking for once into What it Accomplished.

My friend Kelly was walking down the street barrassed features. last Autumn, in a brown study on some obtruse subject, his vision horizontal and vacant, his ded one of the cross streets, and lifted one foot to place it upon the curbstone, a big but cowmen oblivious of all things but the object of purmomentum, struck Kelly's perpendicular leg ment and continued its journey, while his shawl on the wall.

Kelly gathered himself together, picking himself up, expecting to find him 'hove to' in canine dismay at the accident he had caused, but to his utter astonishment the animal seemed as regardless of his equilibrium as of any other trivial matter, and was making after the aforesaid yellow dog with as great a speed as though he had

While my friend was down, a clear, musical, girlish laugh had rung upon the open air. It was evidently spontaneous, so charmingly musical, was so suddenly checked, and was withal so good a cause that Kelly could hardly be angry or disconcerted.

When the gentleman had recovered from the heedlessness of the quadruped, he bethought smiled triumphantly when the first witness was himself of the music. There were half a dozen ladies in view; but by a trigonometrical calculation, he reached the conclusion that the laugh must have come from either a dainty little blue tavern sign on the day previous, and that he had hat, with delicate trimmings, or a decided sober planned the precise manner in which it was to and ancient brown one—the two being in coninnetion. Of course he fastened upon the blue hat, for never since the flood, did a grave unfashionable bonnet give out such gushing music

Kelly was not a city gentleman-not he. He vas squire in a rural town-a leader of town

A man of rank, to whom the village politicians ooked for the shrewdest counsels: on whom abused people cailed for advice and redress; into whose hands friendless widows put the manage ment of their scanty estates, sure that all would be done for them and their little ones that tact, fidelity and a warm heart could accomplish. The blue hat was a city hat, and the brown

hair it covered, together with the hazel eyes that sparkled in front of it, were of city growth. But the sober brown bonnet was on a rural aunt of good dimensions, both in person and in heart. Before the catastrophe which brought out the aughter, the aunt was listening very attentively and the ladder was nowhere to be seen. If his to the lady's eager request that she should try memory served him right, this was between the and procure her a school near her country home. After the accident, the brown bonnet gave a very ed, as if expecting cross questions from Frederic's appropriate and impressive lecture on the impropricty of laughing out in that way, when the street was full of folks.

'Why, who could help it, Aunty? Did you ever see anything so fanny ?-Laugh. I didn't other lecture, she had to cover her lips, nose and eves almost, in scented linen cambric.'

'Why you see, Aunty,' said the blue hat, recurring to the former topic, 'father isn't richindeed. I don't think he is as well off as he seems motive in thus doing, William was certain that like to have father furnish me music lessons any wouldn't give up my music lessons for the world, only I want to pay part of the expense myself Father isn't able-he looks more and more careworn every day. I am really afraid,' and the voice fell and became very serious. 'I'm really afraid things are going wrong with him. Besides I want to be doing something. I'm a better girl when I feel that I'm not a drone and dependant. Yes aunty, I must and will have a school-there! Will you help me?

The brown bonnet caught the girl's enthusiasm and she promised.

You must have known, reader, from the description of my friend Kelly, that he was town superintendent. Who else was so qualified to ook after the interest of the public school? One norning at six o'clock-my friend rises at five and has a good fire in his office and an appetite door. Kelly rose and opened it-

'Good morning, ladies, walk in.'

timidly, and both passed in.

the school in our district.'

aunt-beg pardon-your niece shall be examined, madam. Warm morning ma'am,' wiping writing paper.

les, the book agent, peering out from behind the fiery determination towards the sheriff, "you her, revealed the features of Hattie Grey. Noyes this fall, said the astonished aunt. Why Mary's face has been like a posey, all the way ridin' the wind. Just look at it,'

There was no need, for my friend had seen something more than the blue hat, some minutes before. 'Certainly, madam, certainly-very red-1 mean very cold, indeed, ma'am, very.'

The town superintendant was not long, howand at length the examination commenced. 'Your residence, if you please,' said Kelly,

' Mllwaukie.'

'May I ask you where you were educated? remain united." He is opposed to coercion.

the eves which were sparkling despite the em-

"In the public schools, sir."

' Did you graduate ?'

'Yes, sir.' The lady handed him a roll tied with a blue ribbon. Kelly tried hard to until it, but soon sition, and the knot was conqured close before him, under his eyes. Opening the roll he read:-

' Mary Denver. Is that your name?'

'Yes, sir.' . Your father's name?

· Charles.'

' Merchant ?'

' Yes, sir.' 'Why, I was clerk in his store when you were a child. He was the noblest emploper I ever had. He made me all I am. I mean he made me upright-for that is all I am any way." Kelly promised a certificate-and he would

bring it over the next day, which he did. During the whole term he was very faithful n official visits to the schools; and just before the close of the session my friend said :

'Mary I wouldn't teach any more.' 'Oh, I must. I like it, and besides, I havn't

accomplished half I want yet.' . What do you want to accomplish?

'I want to continue my music.'

· What else ?' " I want to clothe Minnie."

What else? 'I want to feel that I am useful, that I am

loing something." . I want to hire you Mary, and I will pay you wages that will enable you to do all this.' 'You want to hire me! What can I do for

'Keep my house, and be my wife, Mary.' around Mary's waist, and held her tight, though she struggled a little at first.

· Let me go, and I will tell you.' He released the little figuer, and Mary stood before him, trembling, blushing, twinging the strings of the blue hat around her fingers, lookng down upon the floor, glancing once into his earnest eyes, her breast rising and falling till the

cameo swayed like the ship on the billows. ' Do you love me?

' With all my soul.'

· Did you ever love anybody else?

· Never in all my life. 'Can a little girl like me,' she said, looking earnestly in his face ; 'can a little girl like me, devoted, loving you almost to reverence, make

you happy always?

' No one in the world but you.' The little maiden stepped close to his side, and hid herself under his arm.

That jaunty blue hat is in a favorite closet of my friend's new house, in a glass case, on the

Anecdote of Washington. During the American revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a log of timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some millitary works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little man was often heard. n regular vociferations:

"Heave away! there she goes! beave bo!" An officer, not in millitary costume was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an Emperor, said: "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer, "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said : " Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help

you a second time," "The Corporal was thunderstruck! It was

General Washington who thus addressed him! A Good Simile.-Hon. Joseph Holt, in his late speech at Boston, said: "The dismemberment of the Union, involves the abasement of for breakfast at six-a rap fell upon the outer all that of which as Americans we feel prond. which we have received as an inheritance from our fathers, and which we are bound to transmit The brown bonnet said 'Good morning,' with to our posterity. When the wise man of old, with dignity, the blue hat pronounced the same sitting upon the rival claim of two mothers to a child, decreed that the child should be cut in · My niece would like to be examined, to take twain, and one portion given to each, it was the false mother who exulted at the judgment, whi'e 'Certainly,' said the town superintendent, the true mother turned away horror-struck, prelaying the poker on the table. 'Certainly, your ferring to leave her offspring in the hands of an enemy rather than have it destroyed. The man who is willing that his country should be divided the perspiration from his face with a sheet o by the sword of treason, may have been born in America, but he cannot have an American

Two Young Ladies Drowned .- A melancholy accident occurred in Bradford county, recently. Two daughters of Mr. A. L. Wilson, respectively age 111 and 13 years, proceeded to bathe in Grande river, while their mother was visiting. One of them succeeded in crossing the river, and called upon her sister to follow In doing so the latter fell down, and the sister ever, in getting better possession of his faculties, coming to her rescue, both were carried away by the current and drowned.

-Muggins says-" It,s no use in marrying now, as there is no knowing how leng you may