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150 SACKS Rio Coffee, 30 Sacks Java Coffee, 50 Sacks Molasses, etc.

250 SACKS Rio Coffee, 30 Sacks Java Coffee, 50 Sacks Molasses, etc.

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Mary Moore. All my life long I had known Mary Moore. My father and mother were her father and mother.

There were four other inmates of the room who had arisen on my entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand.

"Welcome home, my boy," he said with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I should never have known you, but no matter that—that your hair is in the right place, I know."

"Oh yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered, with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

"I have never seen my little girl!" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. I tell you, Harry, there is not such another in the world.

"I packed up many a token from that land of romance and gold, for the first time I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and her engraved in relief."

"I hesitated for a moment, before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent, a strange apparition crept up before me. From behind the servant peeped out a small golden head—a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes, was lifted up to mine—so like to those of one who had brightened by her beauty that I started, back with a sudden feeling of pain."

"What is your name my little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door. She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time), and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice—"Mary Moore."

"Mary Moore," I asked quickly. "Mary Moore Chester," I whispered the child. My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my rival, who had often tried, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was his child and Mary's!

"I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out, to see who it was that conducted herself so strangely. I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying: "Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood my father, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then, sipping the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms, and said—"Jizzie, do you know me?"

My father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. "Oh! strange and passing sweet, is such a greeting to the way-worn wanderer! And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home."

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. "Welcome home, my boy," he said with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well.

"You have changed so that I should never have known you, but no matter that—that your hair is in the right place, I know."

"Oh yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered, with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

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RIVAL TO THE MAMMOTTE CAVE.—We have been furnished the following description of a large cave in Maries county, by M. M. Friede, of St. Louis, who explored it. The cave is known by the name of the Big Saltpetre cave.

The cave is in Maries county, a mile and three quarters from the Gasconade river, on a creek called Cave Spring creek, in township 38, section 21, range 9, west. He went to the cave guided by Mr. R. H. Prewitt, a young man about 25 years old, who was born and raised about a quarter of a mile from the place.

In front of the entrance was a small stone house, which the old settlers thought was built by the Indians, but is now in ruins.

The entrance goes straight in the rock on a level with the surrounding surface-rock, is about one hundred feet wide, and in the centre about twenty-five feet high, arched. Messrs. Friede and Prewett entered the cave for four hundred feet, where it narrows to about twenty-five feet wide by fifteen feet high, and presents the appearance of an ante-chamber; from there they passed into a large chamber, about one hundred feet in height, where three galleries branch off; they then passed into the left gallery, which ascends near twenty feet on a bed of saltpetre. This gallery is called the Dry Gallery, and is about five hundred feet in length; the height varies from one hundred to about thirty feet. The ceiling and sides are composed of solid rock. Near the end is a large round chamber, which Mr. Prewett calls the ball-room, and that gentleman states that his father had been in the chamber frequently in the last winter of 1855, and which there was about eighteen or twenty persons present. They arrived at home in the evening, cooking and drying their meals in their subterranean saloon, and had a merry time of it.

After exploring this chamber, they retraced their steps, and passed into the right branch (or fork) of the cave, when they ascended a rise of about twenty feet, and entered another gallery, the end of which is not known; they, however, explored it about three-fourths of a mile.

Prewett states that he has been in this gallery over two miles, and did not get to the end. In this gallery the dropping of water of water has formed stalactites of the most beautiful conceptions—statues of men and animals and large columns, supporting the roof, which are several hundred feet high, which forms several chambers of various sizes. The ceiling is decorated with different groups of spar, forming a variety of figures which represent the inside of a cathedral. The size of some of these chambers is about forty feet wide by over one hundred feet high, and look like rooms, in some old feudal castle.

They were afraid their light would give out, and, therefore, retraced their steps to the main chamber, from which they ascended the middle gallery, where a large stream of clear water falls from the interior of the cave, and has a fall of about six feet, falling in several round marble basins. The water has a pleasant taste. The water flows all the year round, without variation, in a sufficient volume. To drive a mill. They ascended the galleries, and found themselves in several beautiful chambers, leading from one to the other, in which, however, they did not penetrate to more than six hundred feet. There is a strong draft of air setting in from the entrance. Inside of the cave the atmosphere was mild.

The chambers are of unusual height and extent. They went in at 1 o'clock, and emerged from the cave at 3 1/2.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.—A letter in the Boston Chronicle contains the following compliment to the fair daughters of the sunny south. We seldom see the truth so promptly expressed relative to anything appertaining to the south by persons in that quarter, hence we copy it in compliment to all concerned: "The first thing that struck me in regard to the women of the south was their beauty of form—their symmetry and harmonious figures. In this and in the ease and grace of their motions they excel the northern women. They are not self-conscious, and they are very richly, but seldom with exquisite taste, often with a display of tinsel—the proverbial self-reliance and urbanity of the south, in character finds the fullest development in the women. The southern lady is naturally and necessarily easy, unembarrassed and polite. You may go into the country where you please; you may go as far as you please from town, villages and post office; you may call at the poorest house you can find, and whether you accost maid or matron, you will be answered with the same politeness, and treated with the same spontaneous courtesy."

A CHALLENGE.—A Mr. Roth having intimated to doctor H. Cox, of Cincinnati, that he was not competent to pronounce upon the qualities of liquors, which he has recently done to the effect that they very generally contain most pernicious poisonous substances, come back to Mr. R. in the following emphatic manner: "If he will permit a person whom I shall send to select a sample of each of his liquors, and send the same to my office, I will immediately proceed to inspect the same in the presence of any or all of the professors of any or all the medical colleges of this city who may choose to attend, or of any chemists whom Mr. Roth may see proper to bring there, and if I do not demonstrate, according to the strictest principles of toxicological chemistry, that his liquors are adulterated with most pernicious and poisonous substances, and are not mere vile imitations of good liquors, I will give my Mr. Roth for every drop of the liquor I use in the experiment, proof that he will destroy the liquors that may be decided by a majority of the chemists to be adulterated."

ROBBERY OF A JEWELRY STORE BY ITS PROPRIETORS.—The jewelry store of Belmont & Co., Boston, was robbed Friday night of goods to the value, as it is represented, of nearly \$9000. At an early hour Saturday morning the fact of the robbery was communicated to the police by the leading member of the firm. Such was the store related, and suspicion was at once excited that the parties themselves were known to the robbery, and at a later hour Belmont was arrested. Among other representations, was one that they, the partners found the door of the store open Saturday morning, whereas at 4 o'clock, the police found it well locked.

PETTY.—From the impressions which we early received and have always entertained, through years now not a few, of the president's personal character and disposition, together with the liberalising influence of his long experience in the civil service of the government, we had hoped, and even ventured to express the hope, that in the accession of kind-hearted Mr. Buchanan to the presidency, the country was to witness, if not an entire return of that "era of good feeling" which, forty years ago, marked the advent of the last of the stock of revolutionary presidents, at least it was to witness no recurrence of that petty proscription of humble clerks and servants in the government bureaus which marked the "reign of terror."

We learn, however, with sincere regret, that this small game has been started anew, though not, we are confident, with the president's privity or sanction. A case came to our knowledge yesterday of the summary dismissal of a gentleman who, though only a clerk, could challenge a comparison in all that ennobles a man with any member of the government, and whose only fault, if that may be called one, consists in being a decided whig. We have no sympathy for the officers dismissed for cause; it is the duty of those entrusted with the superintendence of the public service to displace unworthy servants; but here is the case of a man not only whose life, private and official, is irreproachable, but who was a sworn defender of his country, more than two years ago. Such a case we cannot suppose to be a solitary one.

Wonder if the whigs that supported Buchanan won't feel highly complimented with the return of gratitude and confidence from the powers that be, for their patriotic and disinterested labors? They ought to congratulate themselves upon the distinguished position they occupy in the confidence of the administration, and to felicitate themselves upon the opportunity which is presented to them of supporting a democratic administration.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The commissioner of the general land office, says the Washington Union, recently received a letter from the register of a south-western land office, asking information in relation to preemptions on lands withdrawn from market for railroad purposes, in view of the provisions of the act of June 3, 1856. In reply, the commissioner has decided as follows: That where the settlement was made with good faith before the passage of the act, and all the requirements of the act of 1841, have been met by the party claiming, he was entitled to file, subsequently to the passage of the law, his declaration statement, and prove it up, as well on the odd numbered sections as on the even.

2nd. That by the act of 3rd of March, 1855, (chapter 133) settlements with a view to preemption are authorized upon the alternate reserved sections at any time after withdrawal, and prior to the final allotment by the general land office.

CALCULATIONS BY MACHINERY.—The London Athenaeum has long notice of some specimens of tables, calculated, stereomoulded and printed by machinery, just produced in London. It says machinery will do anything which numerical or algebraical; and the highest recent developments of algebra seem to point to time when the details of mere calculation must be the work of machinery, if final results are to be actually exhibited. The article thus concludes: "Calculations by machinery, with results told by the insistent calculator itself, is now an accomplished fact. It does not excite its proper interest, because the unfinished attempt of the original inventor has been for many years before the world. But the time may come when the first actual success will be quoted as the commencement of a long and singular chain of adaptations."

FEVER POISONS.—In a work recently published by an English physician on the transmission of fevers, after referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light and cleanliness to disinfect clothes and apartments, and to dispense infectious fever poison, he says: "It is important to know and record in the sick room, if it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, drawers, &c., nesting in their innumerable pores; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to a strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, it may again become evolved, more virulently than at first, after the lapse of weeks. But it chiefly adheres to cotton or woollen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water; and in airing these materials a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away."

POST OFFICE ROBBERY.—A clerk in the post office at Portsmouth has been detected in purloining money from letters to the amount of about \$5,000. On many occasions letters containing money directed to the Portsmouth post office having failed to reach their destination, a plan was laid to detect the pilferer, who, there was every reason to conclude, was some one in that office. A letter containing a sum of money, directed to go by the southern mail, was thereupon put into the post office and the mail agent was directed to open the mail bag before it reached the next post office, and ascertain whether the letter was not there. Suspicion was at once directed to the delinquent, who confessed his guilt upon the spot. He acknowledged having spent \$1,800, and stated the balance of his embezzlements was in his trunk. He was arrested, of course, and committed to jail.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH.—Mrs. Ellen Harlan, a resident of McClellanville, Ohio, was instantly killed in that place a few days ago by lightning. She was sitting near the middle of the room, engaged in reading the bible. The electric fluid struck the roof immediately over her head, passed down through the centre of the room in the second story, and through a large chest filled with clothes, through the second floor of the building, and discharged itself through her person into the floor beneath. The shoe upon her right foot was considerably torn, and near the centre of her foot was a small round hole through the foot and the upper and sole of her shoe. Her clothes were set on fire, but she was not moved a particle from the position in which she was sitting when the storm came up.

A gold mine recently discovered on the lands of S. W. Cole, George A. Smith and others, near Danerboro', Anson Co., N. C., throws California completely in the shade. The vein, says the Salisbury Banner, about fifteen inches in thickness, and extends for a great distance. The entire surface in the vicinity of the vein is so rich that ten dollars a day are made to the hand in washing, and this without grinding any portion of ore from the vein. The vein is very rich, the gold being seen plainly all over the broken pieces of the vein. Those who desire to make a fortune in gold mining do well to visit this newly discovered mine in Anson county before going to California.

QUESTIONS FOR BUSINESS MEN.—When you "strike a balance," has a balance a right to strike you back? Should your clerk "make a sale" to a party whom you consider not responsible, would you say, "that sale (said) be blown?" "Is the 'three days grace on business paper' in any way connected with the Three Graces?" When you raise money by getting a note "shaved," do you consider yourself the raiser (razor)?