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C. & C. ZARLEY
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY. JOLIET, ILLINOIS, APRIL 28, 1863. VOL. 20 NO. 46.

BUSINESS CARDS.

AUCTIONEER.

R. H. MAPPS, announces to the public that he has taken out license, and offers his services as auctioneer, and will attend sales for that purpose in this city and County, if required. Charges moderate. Orders promptly attended to. Postoffice address, Joliet. 35-1y

DR. HENRY FOLKE, having permanently located in Joliet, for the purpose of practicing Medicine, would respectfully tender his professional services to the public. Office in Hawley's Block, and residence on Joliet st., a few doors north of the Joliet Bank. Jan. 13, 1863. tf

D. H. PINNEY, Attorney at Law. Office in Bush's Block opposite National Hotel, Joliet, Illinois Particular attention given to the procuring of Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty Money and all war claims.

DR. E. HARWOOD, will hereafter give his undivided attention to the practice of his profession. Office on Jefferson st., over Cagwin's Crockery store. Residence opposite the Baptist Church.

J. H. SEDGWICK, Attorney and Counselor at Law Office with Randall & Fuller, over Stone's Store, Jefferson St., Joliet, Illinois.

HENRY LOGAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR at Law and Notary Public. Office over Fox's Book Store, Jefferson Street, Joliet, Ill.

ABBA N. WATEMAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR at LAW, Joliet, Illinois. Particular attention given to the procuring of Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty Money and all War Claims. Office in Elwood's New Building.

J. H. QUINN, Attorney at Law. Office over Fox' Store, Jefferson St., Joliet, Ill.

WM. C. GOODHUE, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on Jefferson St., (over Mrs. Kavanagh's Millinery Store,) Joliet, Illinois. n9tf

G. S. THOMAS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon offers his professional services to the citizens of Joliet and vicinity. Office No. 77 Jefferson st., over B. Blackman's Drug Store, opposite the Court House, Residence on Eastern Avenue, in J. F. Grosh's House. 1tf) Joliet, Illinois.

W. W. STEVENS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and General Land and Collecting agent. Collections promptly remitted. Office in Hawley's new Block, Joliet, Ill.

RANDALL & FULLER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Joliet, Illinois. n17t

MCROBERTS & GOODSPEED, Attorney and Counsellors at Law, Joliet, Illinois. Office in Stone's Block.
J. MCROBERTS F. GOODSPEED.

BOWEN & GROVER, Attorneys & Counselors at Law Joliet, Illinois. Office opposite Court House, Jefferson street.
S. W. BOWEN, D. G. GROVER.

PARKS & ELWOOD, Attorneys, Counselors, Joliet, Will County, Illinois. Office, North side of the public square, Jefferson St.
G. D. S. PARKS. N. D. ELWOOD.

ELISHA C. FELLOWS, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor and Counselor in Chancery, will regularly attend the Courts in the counties of Will, Du Page, Kendall, McHenry, Grundy and Iroquois. Office near E. M. Bray's Drugg Store, Jefferson st., Joliet, Ill.

JAMES FLETCHER, Attorney at Law. Middleport Iroquois county, Illinois.

S. A. WASHINGTON, Attorney and Counselor at law will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care, in this and the neighboring counties. Middleport, Iroquois county, Illinois.

H. SNAPP, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Joliet, Will County, Illinois.

JACOB A. WHITEMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery Middleport, Iroquois county, Illinois.

J. H. REECE, German Eclectic Doctor and Oculist Office on Bluff st., West side, where he may be found at all times ready and willing to wait upon the sick and afflicted. He would just say to those that are afflicted with Diseases of the Eye, that he devotes the remainder of each day to that branch of his profession.

DR. A. B. MEAD, has removed his Office over E. M. Bray's Drugg Store, on Jefferson st., where persons disposed to employ him can always find him when not professionally absent.

DR. A. L. MCARTHER, Physician and Surgeon offers his professional services to the citizens of Joliet and vicinity. Office in the Omnibus Block, directly over Mr. Woodruff's Drug store. Residence Ottawa st.

W. J. HEATH, Police Magistrate, and Justice of the Peace, Office on corner of Jefferson & Chicago Streets, Joliet, Ill.
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care. Collecting, paying taxes, conveyancing, and all other business pertaining to his office.

D. E. FENTON BURSON, Minooka, Grundy Co Illinois. (june 26

O. J. CORBIN, M. D., Plainfield, Will County Illinois.

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Forwading & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, ILL.
LIBERAL advance made to Farmers, who prefer to ship their grain to their friends in Chicago, or St. Louis. n22-1y

A. COMSTOCK,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND DEPUTY COUNTY SURVEYOR. Maps and Plats drawn to order. Office in the Court House. dec16-n27

MRS. HARRIET RIDLEY, Female Physician, offers her professional services to her own sex, in Obstetrics, and the diseases incident to women and children. She will also attend professional calls generally. Residence in East Joliet.

DENTISTRY.
Drs. ALLEN & SALTER, permanently located in Joliet, is prepared to perform all operations in the profession, in the latest and most approved style. Artificial Jobs from a single Tooth to a full sett, inserted on the Atmospheric principle.
Teeth Extracted without pain.
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L. A. FULLER,
AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES AND AMERICAN Express Companies, will forward Freight and Valuables to all points of the country. Notes, Drafts and Bills collected, and proceeds returned promptly. Joliet, July 13, 1858 n4-tf

Barton Smith, Police Magistrate and Justice of the Peace, office on Bluff Street, in Merchants Row. He will take pleasure in waiting on all who may entrust him with their Business of any kind in his line. N. B. On the west side of the River, Joliet.

Sight Exchange Sold at the lowest CURRENT RATES AT
MERCHANTS AND DROVERS BANK
Mattesons Building,
Banking Hours, 9 to 12, and 1 to 4.

W. G. THOMPSON,
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WILL furnish Plans and Specifications, and take contracts for, or superintend the erection of Churches, School Houses, Public Buildings and Dwellings.
Shop and Office on Chicago Street, near C. A. & St. L. R. R. Depot. n33-tf

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ARCHITECT & BUILDER.
SHOP—Bluff St., below Middle Bridge.
Buildings designed and contracted for. All material found.
n1-tf) J. A. WILLIAMS, Foreman.

Joliet Marble Works,
CHARLES E. MUNGER, Manufacturer and dealer in every variety of
MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, FURNITURE, &C., &C.
Near the Rock Island Depot, Joliet, Illinois. Orders from abroad respectfully solicited

JACOB GEIGER.
BOOK--BINDER AND STATIONER.
No. 168 South Clark Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Cheap Toys, Stationery, Pictures and Frames. All Work warranted.
Mr. Wheeler employed on the Rock Island accommodation Train, will receive and return any Jobs from Joliet and vicinity for me.

SHOW RESPECT TO THE DEAD.
CITY MARBLE FACTORY.
LENNON & REES, Manufacturers in every variety of
Marble Monuments, Head Stones, &c.
Jefferson Street, north of County Jail,
JOLIET, : ILLINOIS.
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction, and prices to suit the times. Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention. (n2-1y)

PAINTING AND PAPERING.
THE citizens of Joliet and vicinity are respectively informed, that we the subscribers continue the Painting business in all its branches.
SHOP ON JOLIET ST. (opposite the Joliet House.)
DORR & SCHOTT.
Joliet, Sept. 20, 1859 n14tf

you want a nice fitting Coat, go to WILLIAMS'.

Joliet Signal Rates of Advertising

One Square, (10 lines or less) one insertion	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion	50
One column, twelve month	75 00
One " six "	50 00
Half " twelve "	30 00
" " six "	20 00
One Square, one year,	22 00
A card of 16 lines or less, one year,	10 00

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Job Printing of every description will be neatly expeditiously executed to order on liberal terms.
An assortment of blanks kept constantly on hand.
All orders for Advertising or Job Work must be accompanied by cash, unless some person known to us becomes responsible for the same.

From the Journal of Commerce.

I'M NOT AN ABOLITIONIST.

[Inscribed to the author of the lines "I am an abolitionist, &c.

I'm not an abolitionist!
I glory in the thought,
Write not my name with theirs who have
My country's ruin wrought.
My country, home light and power,
The watchword of the free,
My dear, dear land, in every part
Is ever dear to me.

I'm not an abolitionist!
I am content to be
Just what the ancient patriarchs were,
And saints of high degree.
To follow where our father's led,
To kneel where they have knelt,
And ask that over all our land
God's blessing may be felt.

I'm not an abolitionist!
Oh no—I only claim
With christians, men of every creed,
To write my humble name
With theirs, who, by the golden rule,
All men their brethern call,
Nor judge, nor taunt, nor sneer, nor hate,
For evils greater or small.

And well I know the poor black man,
Is loved far more by me,
Than by these men of evil name,
And boasted sanctity.
They loved through hate—I love through love,
And history will show,
That they have brought him only pain,
A heritage of wo.

I'm not an abolitionist!
North, South, and East, and West.
Each have their rights, and why should I,
Claiming that I know best,
Decide for them? and fiercely swear
That each shall choose my path,
Or be forever victims of
My hatred and my wrath!

I'm not an Abolitionist!
Even Moses could not steal
The men of Israel from the king
To whom they owed their leal.
Day after day, by God's command
With miracles of woe,
He waited for their owner's voice,
"Let my people go."

When that voice comes out they must go
To find their "promised land."
Out from their homes of bondage,
Out, by their God's command,
Longing for leeks and onions lost,
Dying upon the way;
But in the end, dark Africa,
Making a land of day.

A STRANGE STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In a flourishing little town in Corsica, there lived a respectable merchant, named Cadmir Borosse. He married a young and handsome lady of some fortune, and in the course of time became the father of two promising children, a daughter and son. On the tenth anniversary of his daughter's birth, he gave a splendid entertainment at his mansion, to which were invited many of the leading families of the place. Everything went off with satisfaction to the guests, and those who drank success to the supposed happy merchant little dreamed that he was on the verge of ruin. But such was the case. Some speculations which he had entered into had taken an unfortunate turn, and he himself was aware that the secret could not long be concealed, and that poverty would soon be the doom of himself and family; and, though he seemed on that night to be the gayest of the gay, yet a weight of sorrow was upon his heart.

After the guests had departed, instead of retiring to bed, he told his wife he had some business letters to write, and went to a little room, denominated a library, and locked himself in. Here he debated with himself whether he should boldly await the fearful consequence of exposure, ruin, and disgrace, or take his own life, or flee from the country. After a severe mental struggle, he decided upon the last.

"If I remain here, a living man," he argued, "I shall be crushed and despised, and never, perhaps, have an opportunity to rise again; if I take my life, I shall send my soul in the presence of my Maker, with at least a self-murderer's sin upon it; but if I escape to a foreign country, who knows but that, with the little means I shall carry with me, I may in time be able to carve out a new fortune, and return in triumph cancel every outstanding obligation?"

Having thus decided upon his course, he at once proceeded with the painful task of acquainting his wife, by letter, of what had occurred, his new resolution, and bidding her a sad farewell.

"I have not the moral courage to meet and tell you of my misfortune," he went on to say, "nor the moral courage to remain and face my ruin. I must depart to some unknown region, either in this world or from it, and as my death can benefit no one, I do not feel called upon to add a suicide's sin to my soul. As all of our property will soon be seized and sold, which, without other provisions, would leave you and our dear children beggars, I have resolved to retain all the money I now have in my possession, collect all I possibly can in the brief space of to morrow, place one-half at your disposal, and, with the other moiety, set off and attempt to retrieve my fortune in a distant land. If I succeed in my design, I will return and pay all my debts like an honest man; if I fail, my creditors must lose. Let this letter be destroyed as soon as read, and my project be a profound secret in your breast alone.—If questioned, know nothing of me or my designs, and be sure you let no one suspect I left you money. If you remain in Corsica, live as you would live if I had left you nothing, and your own consciousness of secret means will give you mental strength."

These were the principal points of the letter, which concluded with protestations of eternal love and fidelity.

Having thus fully settled upon this course, the merchant went to bed, fell asleep, and slept as soundly as if nothing had ever occurred to trouble him—by all of which, it will be perceived, he was a rather extraordinary man. The next day he was at his counting-room, calm and cool, and transacted his business in his usual manner. No one suspected him, for no one knew his secret, which would not have public exposure for at least four-and-twenty hours. He directed that certain bills should be paid, and others be collected, and he borrowed, for the shortest time, a considerable sum of a wealthy banker. At dusk he disappeared, and not until a late hour did his wife become uneasy concerning his absence. Going into his library, near midnight, she found the letter address to her, of which we have already given a description. The shock was so terrible that she fainted while reading.—On coming to her senses, she finished the epistle, and then, according to its instructions, committed it to the flames. The money left her she also secreted, resolving to act in every way as advised by her husband. It was a long, painful night to her and morning found her weighed down with grief too great for words. Still she bore up with wonderful fortitude, and those who learned of her husband's absence attributed her excitement and trouble to her alarm on his account. Of course she knew not whither he had gone, for this letter did not state; and so, when questioned on the subject, she could speak the truth without embarrassment.

But great as was her present sorrow, it was destined to be still greater within a few hours. Before night the place was thrown into a state of great excitement by the startling news that Cadmir Borosse had been found murdered, about ten miles from town, on the road to the nearest seaport. He appeared to have been shot first, and then his face beat to a jelly by a club. A single letter found on his body gave a clue to his identity and place of residence; and, when the corpse was carried into town, all his friends, and especially his wife, recognized it by the dress worn when last seen alive. He had also been robbed of everything but the single letter found in one of his pockets, which the murderer had neglected to destroy or take away, probably considering it of no value.

This naturally made a great stir throughout that section; and when, soon after, it was discovered the deceased was insolvent, the excitement in moneyed circles became intense. The widow received much sympathy from her immediate friends; but the creditors pressed their claims, and everything that could be, legally, was seized and sold, and only for the money she managed to conceal, the afflicted lady would have been reduced to absolute poverty.

The authorities took the affair of the murder in hand, and offered a large reward for the detection and conviction of the murderer. Several arrests were made, and at last the villen was caught. He declared his innocence till the collected evidence became too strong for him, and then he confessed to the murder, but denied the robbery. He stated that he had shot the deceased for the purpose of robbing him; but that, before having time to effect the latter design, another man had come running towards him, and he had at once made good his escape. Whether this story was true in whole, or only in part, mattered little. He had confessed to the killing, and that was enough; and for this, in due process of law, he was executed.

Time passed on, the excitement gradually died away, and the grief of the afflicted gradually became assuaged. Eight years from the death of her husband, it was rumored that Madame Borosse was about, for the second time, to enter the nuptial state, her suitor being a gentleman of wealth and a descendant of a noble French family. Rumor in this case had truth for foundation; and, not long after, invitations were sent to the leading families of the town to attend the wedding, as it was expected to prove a very brilliant affair. The appointed day came the guests assembled, and the ceremony was about to begin, when a stranger, pale and breathless, came rushing into the presence of the company, and exclaimed—

"Am I too late? is Madam Borosse the wife of another?"

The company was electrified, and each felt the presaging thrill of a strange development. The bride turned and fixed her eyes upon the excited questioner, and then stood like a statute, speechless and breathless with amazement and terror.

"Who are you, Sir? and why such a question at such a time?" demanded the priest, stepping forward and confronting the intruder.

"*I am he, good father, who has a prior claim—I am Cadmir Borosse!*"

A wild shriek rung out with most startling effect, and the pale bride, no longer conscious, lay perfectly helpless in the arms of her attendants. The almost distracted husband sprang forward, exclaiming—

"Heaven's mercy! I fear I have killed her!"

But she had only swooned from excess of emotion, and in a short time revived.

"Was it a strange, delusive dream?" were her first murmured words; "or did I see the dead alive, and hear the voice of my beloved long-mourned husband?"

Happily, it was no delusion. Cadmir Borosse was there, a living man, and in due time proceeded to clear up the wonderful mystery concerning himself.

On the night that he left his home for a long separation from his family, he first repaired to his counting-house, and remained there till a late hour, and then stole out of town, taking the road to Ajaccio. By daylight the next morning he was some ten miles on his journey; and, from fear of being followed, he resolved to turn off into a dark gloomy road and to conceal himself till another night. He had just reached a place suitable for his purpose when he heard voices approaching, and immediately secreted himself in a thicket to avoid being seen. Two persons, apparently travelers, soon after went by, but did not go out of sight before he was startled by the report of a pistol, and saw that one of them had shot the other. Impulsively he sprung forward to secure the murderer, who, hearing his steps, at once bounded off into the woods and escaped. On reaching the prostrate man, he found him just breathing his last; and then, like lightning, the idea flashed upon him of changing clothes with the dead man, mutilating the features beyond recognition, leaving one of his own letters on the body and thus compelling his family and friends to believe it was himself, intending, as soon as he could do so with safety, to acquaint his wife with the real facts.

This purpose, it is already known, he succeeded in carrying out; and finding a passport on the deceased, that in its description of himself, he decided to make use of it and assume his name. There was also a large amount of money and valuable jewels on the murdered man, which, thinking it wrong to use and wrong to leave he took away and buried, intending, if he could ever discover the friends of the deceased, to restore all to them, but otherwise to see all disposed of in charity.

At Ajaccio he found the vessel bound for India, and forthwith took passage to try his fortune in that distant land. He had been successful beyond his most sanguine hopes, and had now returned to pay off all his obligations and restore his family to their former position in society. He had written once to his wife to say that he was alive and well, and that some day he would return and clear up the mystery—but his letter she had never received, and hence the peculiar state of affairs at the moment of his arrival.

There is an old proverb that says "All is well that ends well;" and, after great sorrow and tribulation, happiness once more reigned in the house of Cadmir Borosse.

A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.—The German Reformed Messenger has received a letter from a friend in China, in which it is stated a great discovery is reported to have been recently made by a surgeon in the English army in China, in the way of an effectual cure for small pox. The mode of treatment is as follows:

When the preceding fever is at its height and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China by general orders, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

A clergyman, on his way to church, one Sunday, was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. On arriving at the vestry, he exclaimed, rather impatiently: "I wish I was dry! "Never mind," said his colleague, "you will soon be in the pulpit, and there you will be dry enough."

THE THREE BRIDES.

A Thrilling and Painful Story.

'Do you see,' said the sexton, 'those three hillocks yonder, side by side? There sleep three brides whose history I am about to relate. Look there, sir, on yonder hill you observe a little desolate house, with a straggling fence in front, a few stunted apple trees. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance.

'If the winds were high now, you might hear crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the gray shingles off the roof.

'Many years ago, there lived in that house an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of ground that belonged to it.

'The father was a self made man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood or grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and enlightened.

'A few there were, and among others, the minister, the editor, and the physician of the place who showed willingness to afford him countenance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and moreover their pride and vanity was wounded on discovering the extent of his knowledge.

'To the minister he wood quote the fathers and the scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemic controversy. He astonished the editor with his knowledge of politics and literature. And the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge.

So all of them deserted him, and the minister from whom he differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very light of him, and by and by, lookedon the self-educated farmer with eyes of aersion.

'He instructed his son in all his lore, the languages, literature, histoy, philosophy and science were unfoldedone by one to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

'Years rolled away, and the old man died. He died when a suddenstorm convulsed the face of natnre; when the wind howled around the sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof, and though he went to heaven in faih and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil one had claimed his own lements; I cannot paint to you the grief of the son of this bereavement. He was for imment as one distracted. The minister came and muttered a few hollow phrases ithis ear, and a few neighbors, impelled by uriosity to see the interior of his dwellingcame to his funeral.

With a proud and lofty look the son stood above the dust of the dead, in the midist of the land of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart; but trenity on his brow. He thanked his frieds for their kindness, acknowledged their sympathy and then strode away from the grave, to bury his grief in the privacy of the deserted dwelling.

'He found at last the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and hpaced the ebony floor from morning till night, in all wo an desolation, vainly importing heaven for relief.

'It came to him in the guise of poetic inspiration. He wrote with wonderfulease and power. Page after page cameom his prolific pen, almost without an eirt; and there was a time when he dreed (vian fool) of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated; and inquies set on foot in the hope of discoveringhe author. He wrapped in the veil of impetrable obscurity, listed to the voice of plause, more delicious because it wasstained by stealth. From the obscurityof yonder lone mansion, astonished the wor, was indeed a triumph to the young a visionary hard.

'His thirst for fame had been gratifie and he now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share with him the laurels h had won, and to whisper consolation t him in moments of dispondency, and supply the void which the death of his father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto, 'whatever has been done may be done,' he did not dispair of success.

'In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Mary, Adelaide and Madeline were their names. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm but never can forget the beauty of the young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer haired, more laughing eamsel never danced upon the green. Adelaide was a few years older, was dark haired and pensive; but of the three, Madeline, the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father, a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the eccentric hero of our story. Still he did not encourage the affection he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When, however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from her marriage, and the recluse bore to his mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance within and without.

Roses bloomed in the garden, jesemines peeped through the lattices, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening; and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music by the choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and wife had been neglected by the neighbors, what cared they? Their enduring mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to eden. Mary suddenly fell sick, and after a few hours illness died in the orms of her husband and her sister Madaline. This was the student secoud heavy affliction.

Days, months rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide he offered his widowed heart. The bridal was not one of revelry and mirth. Yet they lived happily, and the rose again blossomed in the garden.—When the rose withered and the leaf fell in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide too, sickeded and died like her sister, in the arms of her husband and Madaline.—

"Perhaps you will think it strange, man, that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. Madaline! I will remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word—she might have set upon a throne, and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn that the blood in her veins descended from a hundred kings. She loved the widowed for his power and his fame, and she wedded him.

"They were married in that church—it was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the the ceremony the blackest cloud I ever saw overspread the heavens and the moment this bride pronounced her vow a clap of thunder shook the building to its centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response, with a steady voice, and her eyes glistened with wild fire as she gazed upon her bridegroom. When she arrived at his house she sunk upon the threshold; but this was the timidity of the maiden.

"When they were alone he clasped her hand and it was cold as ice! He looked into her fade. "Maiden," said he, "what means this? your cheek is as pale as your wedding gown." She utterd a fanatic shriek. "My wedding gown!" exclaimed she, "no! no—this is my sisters shroud! The hour of confession has arrived. Yes, yes—I am a murderess! She smiled on me in the joyous affection of her young heart, but I gave her the fatal drug. Adelaide twined her white arms around my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms! I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"And then," continued he, in a hollow voice "at that moment came the thunder, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!" The countenance of the narrator expressed all he felt.

"And the bridegroom!" asked I, "the husband of the destroyer and victims, what became of him?"

"*He stands before you!*" was the thrilling answer.

Yankee Forethought.

An aquaintance of ours was up in Connecticut one day last winter, to visit a friend, who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the manufacturer's water-wheel had been broken that afternoon, under the great accumulation of ice, and he was in great trouble, for he had searched long to find a suitable stick, and he knew not where to find another. If he could find one, it would be green, and unfit for use. Very early in the morning, while the day had scarcely dawned, the manufacturer and his guest were at the mill, to see what should be done.

A farmer, who lived two or three miles off, was already looking on. As the manufacturer looked painfully at his catastrophe, the farmer said:

'Bad break, that, mister'

'Yes, very bad,' said the manufacturer.

'Can't mend that stick, can you?' said the farmer.

'No,' said the manufacturer, 'and the worst of it is, I don't know where to get another.'

'Well,' said the farmer, 'I thought that shaft would break, likely as not, some time or other, and I had a tree in my woods I thought would make a stick to suit you, and I cut it down and snaked it home, and it has been seasoning more than a year.—So when I heard your shaft was broken, I thought I'd come over and let you know.

'You're just the man I wanted to see,' said the manufacturer, 'if it was only light enough How much do you ask for the stick, if it will suit?'

'Oh! I'm sure 'twill suit you, or I shouldn't have cut it down; and about the price, I guess you and I can agree. It's a nice stick, you'll see, if you've a mind to come over.'

It was some time before the farmer would set a price, but at last he guessed that one hundred dollars would be about right.

'I'll come over and see it after break fast,' said the manufacturer. He did so, and told his visitor afterwards, that under the circumstances the stick was worth five hundred dollars to him.

A Detective's Wager.

A good story is told of a wager laid by a London detective with a country gentleman, that the latter could not proceed from Oxford circus to the bank, via Holborn, on foot, with a guinea without being robbed of it. The wager was accepted, and the country gentleman 'declared' to carry the guinea in his mouth as the safest place. All went well till the country gentleman came to Holborn bars, where a crowd was collected round a Jew peddler-boy, whose box had been upset by some boys. The crowd sympathizingly helped the lad to pick up his traps; but he would not be comforted because he had lost all his savings, consisting of a guinea. Says a boy, with a preternatural squint while pointing to the country gentleman:

'I seed that gent pick it up and put it in his mouth.'

The unhappy country gentleman was convicted on the clearest evidence; he was bonneted, had his coat split up the back, and was obliged, in addition, to pay the wager to the detective.

A Wise Provision.

Two darkies at the West went out 'possum hunting, and by accident found a large cave with quite asmall entrance.—Peeping in they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior.

'Look heah, Sam,' says one, while I go in dar and gets de young bars, you watch heah for de ole bar.'

Sam got asleep in the sun when opening his eyes, he suddenly espied the old bear scouring her way into the cave. Quick as a wink he caught her by the tail and held on like blazes.

'Hello, dar!' cried Jumbo in the cave, 'hello, dar, Sam, what dark de hole dar?'

'Lor bress you, Jumbo, save yourself, honey, for if dis tail come out, you'll find out what dark de hole!'

A CAUTIOUS YOUTH.—"Sally," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more; "Sally, afore we go into this 'ere museum, to see the boa constructor, I want to ask you something."

"Well, Ichabod, what is it?"

"Why you see this ere business is gwine to cost a quarter apiece, and I can't afford to spend so much money for nothing.—Now, if you'll have me, darn'd ef I don't pay the whole on't myself. I will postively!"

Sally made a non-commital reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself and he made up two steps at a time and paid down the "hull on't."

BUNCOMBE FENCE.—*Lawyer.* Now, MA——, was the fence alluded to a good stig fence?

Uncle Will. 'Yes, sir"

Lawyer. 'Well, what sort of a fence was it?'

Uncle Will (holding in), "It was a Buncombe fence, sir.'

Lawyer (thinking he had cornered the old nigger). 'Now, Squire, will you oblige the Court by giving your definition of a Buncombe fence?'

Uncle Will. 'A Buncombe fence, sir, is a fence that is bull strong, horse high, and pig tight.'

Uncle Will was dismissed from the stand and rested with flying colors.

"Pooh!" said a wife to her expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting words; "don't stop to talk, but go on without dying."

An iron horse on our principal railways has been adorned with the title, "I still!" a wag, noticing the inscription, remarked, "That is what the passengers shd be labelled at the end of their journey.

A dashing and fashionable widow up town says man for a husband thinks of sueing some gentleman of the world much of promise, in order that the world may know that she is in the market.

[From the Boston Courier.]

THE NEGRO TROOPS INNOCENT.

Enthusiastic Meeting of Colored Citizens.

An enthusiastic meeting of our colored citizens was held, a few evenings since, in the cellar of G. Washington Jefferson, North street. They were called together by the summons of an influential Committee, for the purpose of considering the proposition of raising a colored regiment in Massachusetts.

Cæsar Augustus Crow, Esq., was invited to the chair, and Julius Epaminondas Toney was requested to act as Secretary. Upon taking the chir, Mr. Crow opened the meeting with the following remarks:

'Fellah citizens and cullered bredren:—We is 'sembled in dese yere spacious halls on a most momenterous 'casion? 'Bellion has played hob wid dis yere country, so dat white folks is all skeered, and now day calls on us to save de nation. Brederen is we ekal to do it? (Voice, We am? and vociferous cheers.) Yes, fellah citizens, is twenty-five tousan' niggers more'n tree hund'd tousan white men? dat's de question! (Voice, Dey is! and renewed stamps on the cellar floor.) Dem bein' yer sentiments, Mr. Toney'll please read the revolutions what's drawed up.

Mr. Crow sat down upon a barrel, amidst a storm of cheers peculiarly African.

The Secretary then read the following resolutions:

1. Whereashow, lookin back trou de vista ob dis war we dont see notin encouragin, and lookin trou de retrospeck ahead things looks wuss'n ever; resolved sumthin's got to be done!

2. Resolved, white folks haint done notin.

3. Resolved, it takes cullered folks to do sumthin.

4. Resolved, how's it gwine to be done?

5. Resolved, dat's de question!

The resolutions having been read, there was a great rush for for the floor, and gentlemen treading upon the elongated heels of each other, there was no little confusion and outcry. Order being at length restored, Pompey Cole, Esq., was recognized by the——barrel.

Mr. Cole remarked. Mr. Cheerman, I dont know 'bout dis yere thing. Fus place, afore we licks de Souf I wants to know what we's got to do 'bout it? I read a story in de Courier todder day 'bout some white fellah asking a cullered gemmen if he didnt mean to list. Says de cullered gemmen, says he, 'Look you here, white man, did yah eher see two dogs a fightin ober a bone? Wall, white man 'lowed he had. Berry well, says de cullered gemman, *did de bone fight?*

Now, den, Miss'r Cheerman on de barrel yonder, dey tells us dis's a way for liberty—for to set dem niggers out Souf free.—Well, who axed 'em to do it? Nigger out Souf didut. He's better off afore dan he is now, kicken 'bout atween two armies an' a kutchin' it all 'round. Cullered gemmen here at de Norf didut ax 'em. 'Pose we wants dem dirty neggers cirklatin' 'round here a takin' business out o' our hands!—Is we gwine to shave for six cents, an' black boots for two cents, like dey can?—No, sah, no! My sentiments is, dat if white folks had waited tell cullered people and niggers had axed 'em to fight about dare wouldnt been no fightin', no way!—Guvner Andrew cant come it over dis chile. If he wants a dinner, I'le give him one, like Mr. Hayden did, 'cause I aint proud; but he aint a gwine to get my shoulder behind a musket if he kiss it all day long—No sah! an' what's more, *white sodgers dont want us any more'n we want to go!*—Dis yere country'll be safer to let the white folks to fight it out, an' let de cullered gemmen stay home an' mind dere own business!'

The speech of Mr. Cole had such a convincing effect upon the assembly, that the efforts of President Crow, who was the only darkey in the crowd who had received a five dollar bill from the Governor, were totally ineffectual from the preservation of order. The barrel upon which he had mounted was kicked from under him, but as he fortunately alighted upon his head, he sustained no personal injury, so that he was not prevented from fulfilling his engagement to take tea with his Excellency on the following evening. His report of the proceedings of the meeting will probably be published at the expense of the State, unless it may be deemed inexpedient, as not comporting with the public welfare.

Picture of the Red Sea.

Hogarth was once applied to, by a miserly old nobleman, to paint on his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became quite dissatisfied. The miser was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last Hogarth, out of all patience, agreed to his patron's terms.

Within a day or two the picture was ready. The nobleman was surprised at such expedition, and immediately called to examine it. The canvas was painted all over red.

'Zounds!' said the patron, 'what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea.'

'The Red Sea you have,' said Hogarth, still smarting to have his talents undervalued.

'But where are the Israelites?'

'They are all gone over.'

'And where are the Egyptians?'

'They are all drowned.'

'And I'll see you drowned, before I will pay for the thing,' and the nobleman walked off.

VALUE OF TIME.—Life must be pretty fast in some of our cities if we are to judge by the following item from a contemporary:

'We feel bound to deny that one of our lawyers put on his door, 'Gone to bury my wife; be back in half an hour.' But candor compels us to say that one of our lumber merchants, the last sickness of his wife occurring in the busiest season, was only able to get in in time for the second prayer at her funeral.

Two Irishmen in a recent engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one touching the piece, noticed that it was very hot.

Arragh! Mike, the cannon is getting hot; we'd better stop firin' a bit.

Dival a bit, replied Mike, jist dip the cartridges in the river afore yees load and kape it cool.

'No doubt,' said a footman to a short little gentleman who had insulted him, 'you think yourself three times as good as I am, for I am only a footman, while you are a three-foot man.'

An Indianapolis editor attending church last Sabbath for the first time in many years, stopped at the entrance, and after looking in vain for the bell-pull, deliberately knocked at the door, and politely waited until somebody opened it and let him in.

To keep eggs from spoiling, eat them while they are fresh. We have tried all kinds of methods, but we think this is the only one be safely relied on 'in any climate.'

"War's Your Hoss!"

Some years since, when the State of Missouri was considered "Far West, there lived on the bank of the river of the same name of the State, a substantial farmer who, by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerable pretty pile of castings, owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he didn't raise much taters and unyuns, but right smart of corn.

This farmer, hearing that good land was much cheaper farther south, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his eldest son with a good horse, and a sufficiency of the needful to defray his travelling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land, at the lowest possible price, and return immediately home. The next day Jeems started for Arkansas, and after an absence of some six weeks, returned home.

'Well, Jeems,' said the old man, 'how'd you find land in Arkensaw?'

'Tolerably cheap, dad.'

'You didn't buy mor'n two hundred acres, did you?'

'No, not *ocer* two hundred.'

'How much money hev you got left?'

'Nary red, dad.'

'Why, I had no Idee travellin' was so 'spensive in them parts.'

'Wal, jest you try once, and you'll find out, I reckon.'

'Wal, never mind that, and lets hear 'bout the land, an'—but war's yure hoss?'

'Why, you see, dad, as I was goin' along one day—'

'But *war's yure hoss?*'

'You hold on, dad, an I'll tell you all about it. You see, I was agoin' along one day, an bimeby I met a feller as said he's agoin' along my way tu.'

'But *war's yure hoss?*'

'Dod darn my hide, if you don't shut up, dad, I'll never get to the hoss. Wal, as we was both goin' the same way, me an this feller jined company, and 'bout noon we hitched our critters, and sot down side uv a branch, and went to eatin' a snack.—Arter we'd got thru, this feller ses to me, 'try a drap uv this red-eye?' 'Wal, I don't mind,' ses I—'

'But *war's yure hoss?*'