emotions, and then repeated the question.

'I—never—sent any,' she gasped.

'You did!' I thundered, for I was excited now.

'I—I didn't,' she finally muttered, grasping the railing by her side for support.

'May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury,' I said, as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, 'I came here to defend a man who was arrested for robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examination I had access to the letters which had been torn open and robbed of money. When I entered upon this case, and heard the name of the witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered having seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail bag; and contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the post-mark you will observe that it was mailed the day after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you if you please.'

The court nodded assent, and I read the following letter, which was without date, save the date made by the post-mark upon the outside. I gave it verbatim:

'SISTER DORCUS, i send yu hear seventy five dollars which i want yu to cepe for me till i cum hum I cant cepe it cos ime afeerd it will git stole dont speek wun ward to a livin sole about this mony you wont now will yu. I am fust rate here unles that gude fur nothin snipe uv liz madworth is here yet—but i hop to git over now—you no i rote yu bout her. giv mi Luv tu aul inquirin frens this is phrom yur Sister unto Deth NANCY LUTHER.'

'Now, your honor,' I said, as I gave him the letters, and also the receipts, 'you will see this letter is directed to Dorcus Luther, Summers, Montgomery county. And you will observe that but one hand wrote the letter and signed the receipts, and the jury will also observe. And now I will only add, it is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars were sent off for safe-keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were put in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal.—Of the tone of parts of this letter you must judge. I now leave my client's case in your hands.'

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They heard from the witness' own mouth that she had no money of her own; without leaving their seats they returned the verdict of 'not guilty.'

I will not describe the scene that followed, but if Nancy Luther had not been arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek protection from the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her at least, if they had not done more. The next morning I received a note, handsomely written, in which I was told that the within was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for the effort in behalf of the poor defenseless girl. It was signed by 'Several Citizens,' and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterward the youth who first begged me to take up the case called upon me with all the money he could raise, but I showed him that I had been already paid, and refused to take his hard earnings. Before I left town I was a guest at his wedding—my fair client the happy bride.

An Unpleasant Situation.

I'm certain that I wished somebody would spank the young rascal. We talked of hills, mountains, vales, cataracts—I believe I said waterfalls, when the boy spoke up and said:

'Why sister's got a trunk full, of 'em up stairs; pap says they're made out of hoss hair.'

This revelation struck terror into the cheek of my fair companion.

It began to be very apparent to me that I must be very guarded in what I said, lest said boy might slip in his remarks at uncalled for places—in fact I turned my conversation to him. I told him he ought to go home with me and see what nice chickens we had in the country. Unluckly I mentioned a yoke of calves my brother owned.—The word calves ruined all. The little fellow looked up and said:

'Sister's got a dozen of them, but she don't wear 'em only when she goes up in town of windy days.'

'Leave the room, you unmannerly little wretch!' exclaimed Emily, 'leave immediately!'

'I know what you want me to leave the room for,' replied he, 'you can't fool me; you want to set in that man's lap and kiss him, like you did Bill Simmons the other day—you can't fool me, I jes tell you. Gimme candy like he did, and I'll go. You think because you've got the Grecian bend that you're smart. Guess I know a thing or two. I'm mad at you, anyhow, 'cause pap would have bought me a top yesterday, if it haden't a been for you getting them curls, dog gone yer! You needn't turn so red in the face, 'cause I can't see the paint. There ain't no use in winking with that glass eye of yourn, 'cause I ain't going out'r here. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old, you ain't no boss o' mine.'

That is all of the story that John related. He says he don't know how he got out of the scrape.

The Progress of Opinion.

A Nantucket sea captain tells the following anecdote about a shipmate who accompained him on one of his early whaling voyages:

Stiles was a simple-hearted transparent young fellow; and when he sailed, had been paying attentions for some time to a young lady, who, he had reason to think, did not fully reciprocate his ardent feelings. At all events, the parting, on her side, was not so affectionate as he could wish, and he was impressed with the belief that she only kept him as a stand-by, in a default of a better offer. 'I don't believe,' Stiles would say, with a despondent shake of his head, 'I don't believe Ann Jones 'll have me anyhow.' When we had been out a few months, and had met with fair success, Stile's tone was modified. The burden of his monologue changed to, 'well, I dun'no but what Ann Jones 'll have me after all.' When a thousand barrels of oil were under hatches, he became more hopeful. 'Chance is pretty good for Ann Jones,' he would say, Pretty good now. At fifteen hundred he assumed a self-satisfied manner, and soliloquized—I guess there's no danger but what Ann Jones 'll have me now. At two thousand barrels—Ann Jones 'll be glad enough to get me now; I know. When we cut the last whale to fill the vessel's hold and squarred away for home, Stiles threw his hat in the air with a wild Indian yell of triumph—I'll be darned if I'll have Ann Jones anyhow.

A romantic young lady fell, the other day, into the river, and was nearly drowned, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she must marry him who had saved her life.

'Impossible,' said her papa.

'What, is he already married?'

'No.'

'Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?'

'Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog.'

A good joke is told at the expese of a suburban school teacher who kept after school a youngster who had manifested a great aversion to acquiring addtional learning, and in the course of the reprimand the teacher said:

'Now, James, can you tell me one single thing you have learned since the quarter commenced?'

'Yes, I have learned one thing."

'What is it?'

'Well, I learned where there is a bully chestnut tree that none of the boys knows about, and I was going there for nuts if you hadn't kept me after school.'

A little boy was washed and dressed one morning, and sent to Sabbath school, being warned not to pass the small-pox hospital. During the exercises the teacher asked Geo. if he had ever been baptized. Small-pox and vaccination happening to be uppermost in Georgie's mind, and being rather too young to know the difference between baptized and vaccinated, and being ashamed to be thought ignorant, he promptly and somewhat pompously answered:

'Yes, sir; I have been baptized five or six times, but it never took.'

WAS NOT AFRAID.—A well known young lady of Northampton, Mass., caused some excitement at that place, by appearing on Main street, in her usual elegant attire, leading a cow.—It seems that her grandfather jokingly promised her the best cow if she would lead it from his house to that of her father, about half a mile distant, and her father promised to 'throw in' a fine gold watch. The feat was promptly performed, and the young lady rejoices in the possession of an elegant gold watch and a good cow.

A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at night, or rather early next morning, and said:

'Why, when I was of your age my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark.'

'Then you had a duce of a father, you had,' sneered the young profligate.

Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated—

'I had a confounded sight better one than you, you young rascal.

Prentice called George Francis Train 'a cipher hunting a figure to pass for something.'

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