ns Friday.

At Downgiac, Cass County, Michigan.

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C. M. O'DELL, M. D. opathic Physician. Surgeon

and Obstetrician,

aving bought out Da. Bannes and taking his

Practice, feels happy to say to the citizens of
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Practice his Profession in all its branches. He
also keeps Medicines by the case or single phial
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M. PORTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

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Front Street. Residence first door below the
Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac,
Mich. ap25v4v1

GEO. W. FOSDICK, M. D. over Mr. Bates' Provision Store, eet, Dowagiac. nov22-

W. E. CLARKE, M. D. hysician & Surgeon. Office at his residence, or Division Street, directly north of the Methodis Church, Dowagiac, Mich. oct28v3y1 JUSTUS GAGE,

Notary Public and general Agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real Estate. Agent for the Manhattan and Irving Insurance Companies, of New York, Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jon 5 nov12v8y1

W. H. CAMPBELL Notary Public. Will attend to all kinds of Con-veyancing—Republican Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

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CLIFFORD SHANAHAN.

Atorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solic Chancery, Cassapolis, Cass county, Mich. MERCHANTS.

H. B. MACKIN.

ailor, Dowagiac, Mich. Shop second door east of Alward's Bookstore. Cutting and making done on short notice. All work warranted. jan25v3 TUTHILL & STURGIS,

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WM. R. STURGES.

GEORGE SMITH, Tailor. Shop one door east of Howard & Com-stock's. Cutting and Making done to order, and warranted to fit. july21v2

G. C. JONES & CO. salers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Saoes, Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiae, Mich.

D. LARZELERE & CO.,
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eneral Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Dennison Block, Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4

MISCELLANEOUS. DOWAGIAC NURSERY.

SEELEY & COLE, having established themselves in the Nursery Business in this village, will furfish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawiton Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, Evergreens, and every variety of Shrubbery.

PROBATE ORDER.

CATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—ss.
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, holden at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, on Thursday the first day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixtyone. Present—Clifford Shanahan, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of William Baonard, deceased. On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Hannah B. Bannard, praying for license to sell real estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the

praying for license to sell real estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the fourteenth day of September next, at jen o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for four successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.]

Augus 1, 1861.

PROBATE NOTICE.

PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN — County of Cass Probate Court. — Whereas application has been made to the said court by Hannah B. Bannard Administratrix of the estate of William Bannard deceased, for the final settlement of administration

Administrative of the estate of the main deceased, for the final settlement of administration accounts in said estate:

And, whereas, no commissioners have been appointed to examine and adjust the claims against said estate: Notice is therefore hereby given, that the second Saturday in September next, has been appointed by said court for examining and adjusting the claims against said estate, and for the final settlement of the same, at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, of said county, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place all persons haiving claims against said estate will present them to said court for final settlement.

And it is hereby ordered that the above notice be published in the Cass County Republican once in each week for four weeks in succession, immediately preceding said settlement.

C. SHANAHAN, Judge of Probate.

August 1, 1861.

Commissioner's Sale in Chancery.

Commissioner's Sale in Chancery.

In pursuance of a decretal order of the Circuit Court, for the County of Cass, in Chancery, cutered June 12th, A. D. 1861, at the suit of Isaac Tyler, Complainant, against William W. Ward and Ann B. Ward, Defendants, and to me directed, I shall expose for sale, at public meetion, at the outer door of the Court House, in the village of Cassapolis in said County of Cass, on the 7th day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, all, or so much of the following described parcels of land as shall be sufficient to raise the amount due to the complainant for principal, interests and costs, in this cause according to the aforesaid decree, which said lands are situate, lying and being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows, to wit: All that part of the east half of the north-east quarter of section three (3,) in township six (6,) south of range thirteen (13) west, lying east of the Mill Pond. Also, all the west part of the north-west quarter of section two (2,) same town and range, adjoining the Mill Pond, together containing ninety-seven and one half acres of land, with one half of the Saw Mill, Water Power, Flour Grounds, &c.

TERMS CASH.
CHARLES W. CLISBEE, Circuit Court Commissioner, Cass County, Michigan J. W. Flanders, Solicitor.
Dated, August 224, 1861. nug29-1986

Commissioner's Sale in Chancery. Commissioner's Sale in Chancery.

In pursuance of a decretal order of the Circuit Court, for the County of Cass, in Chancery, entered March 12th, A. D. 1861, at the suit of Norman Harvey, complainant, against Solomon Decker, defendant, and to me directed, I shall expose for sale, at public auction, at the outer door of the Court House of said County, in the village of Cassapolis in said County of Cass, on the 25d day of September next, at twelve o'clock noon of said day, all, or so much of the following described parcels of land as shall be sufficient to raise the amount due to the complainant for principal, parcets of land as snall be suntenent to raise the amount due to the complainant for principal, interest and costs, in this cause according to the aforesaid decree, which said lands are situate, lying and being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows, to wit: The east half of the south-west quarter of section fourteen, in township six south of range thirteen west.

irteen west. TERMS CASH. CHARLES W. CLISBEE, Circuit Court Commissioner, Cass County, Michigan

H. H. Ruer, Solicitor.
Dated, August 10th, 1861. aug15-17w6 SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution issued out of under the seal of the Circuit Court for

Dated, this 28d day of August, 1861. 19w2

Dated, this 23d day of August, 1861. 19w2

GUARDIAN SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of a license granted by Clifford Shanahan, Judge of the Probate Court for Cass County, Michigan, I shall offer for sale at public auction: The southeast quarter of saction sixteen, in township six south of range fifteen west, and the south-east quarter of said section sixteen, all in Cass County, Michigan, containing in all two hundred acres of land, on Saturday the fourteenth day of September next, between the hour of nine o'clock in the forenoon and the setting of the sun the same day, on the premises above described, as the property of Franklin Brady, Amanda Brady, Mariah Brady and William Brady, uninor children of William Brady, deceased, subject Amanda Brady, Marian Brady, deceased, subject to the right of dower of Sophia Miller, lately the widow of said William Brady, deceased. WILLIAM R. FLETCHER.

aug1-15w6



Little Bessie. Hug me closer, closer, mother, Put your arms around me tight, I am cold and tired, mother, And I feel so strange to nigh; Something burts me bere, dear mother Like a stone upon my breast, Oh! I wonder, wonder, mother, Why it is I cannot rest. All the day, while you were working, As I lay upon my bed, I was trying to be patient, And to think of what you said,— How the kind and blessed Jesus Loves his lambs to watch and keep, And I wished he'd come and take me

In his arms, that I might sleep. Just before the lamp was lighted Just before the children came, While the room was very quiet, All at once the window opened; In a field were lambs and sheep,-Some from out a brook were drinking, Some were lying fast asleep;

But I could not see the Savior, Though I strained my eyes to see; And I wondered if he saw me, If he'd speak to such as me. In a moment I was looking On a world so bright and fair, Which was full of little children. And they seemed so happy there!

They were singing, Oh! how sweetly; Sweeter songs I never heard; They were singing sweeter, mother, Than can sing our yellow bird; And while I my breath was holding, One, so bright, upon me smiled, And I knew it must be Jesus, When he said, "Come here my child,"

Come up here, and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see."
Then I thought of all you'd told me Of that bright and happy land; I was going when you called me, When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry You had called me; I would go-Oh! to sleep, and never suffer;-Mother don't be crying so ! Hug me closer, closer, mother, Put your arms around me tight; Oh! how much I love you mother; But I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer To her overburdened breast; On the heart so near to breaking Lay the heart so near its rest; In the solemn hour of midnight, In the darkness calm and deep, Lying on her mother's bosom,

presently I saw firelocks, cooking tins, knapsacks, and great coats on the ground, and observed that the confusion and speed of the baggage-carts became greater, and that many of them were erowded with soldiers, but it did not look as there are the companies hereid and action to a man who was a man who was an Englishman, started the cart again. I sincerely hope no bad result to himself or his charge followed my advice.

We rode into Fairfax together.

I reached Fairfax Court Hopse; the people, black and white, with anxious forces. were crowded with soldiers, but it did not look as there were many wounded. Negro servants on led horses dashed frantically past; men in uniform, whom piece at me and pulling the trigger. It frantically past; men in uniform, whom it were a disgrace to the profession of arms to call "soldiers," swarmed by on mules, chargers, and even draught horses, which had been cut out of carts or wagons, and went on with harness clinging to their heels, as frightened as their riders. Men literally screamed with rage and fright when their way was blocked up. On I rode, asking all, "What is all this about?" and now and some falling as they ran must have all, "What is all this about?" and now they fell. As I knew the road would those among whom they fell. As I knew the road would are an and pulling the trigger. It was unformed and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as the same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as the same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as the same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as the same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It was unformed as same and pulling the trigger. It is a small matter, this, but it marks the accuracy of the man. Not a question was asked of Mr. Russell nor of us; not a "figitive," we dare affirm, had passed that way; the infantry—another New Jersey Regiment, if we chaved 'en up and smashed their old when their usual evening parade, supposing, no doubt, that their companions in arms had won a great victory.

At one house I stopped to ask for water for my she continued from the accuracy of the man. Not a question was the lovely young lady's name!

It is a small matter, this, but it marks the accuracy of the man. Not a question was the lovely young in the vivered from her woon asked:

It is a small matter, this, but it marks the accuracy of the man. Not a question was asked frantically past; men in uniform, whom piece at me and pulling the trigger. It and then, but rarely, receiving the answer-"We're whipped;" or "We're repulsed." Faces black and dusty, tongues out in the heat, eyes staring on toward the front. But mounted it was a most wonderful sight. On men still rode faster, shouting out

they came like him—
"—who having once turned round goes on,
"And turns no more his head,
For he knoweth that a fearful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

But where was the fiend! I looked in vain. There was, indeed, some cannonading in front of me and in their umn of fugitives became denser.

Any way it was now well established that the retreat had really commenced of retiring beyond Centreville.

army, and the crowds of fugitives continued to steal along the road. The sun was declining and some thirty miles yet remained to be accomplished Times, the greater part of which we ere I could hope to gain the shelter of transferred to our columns, yesterday Washington. No one knew whither morning, is, in many respects, a remark of distant breakers, rose in front of us, he saw, or says he saw, of the fight and was a forward movement among the now and then over their shoulders. that portion of the narrative with large four-wheeled tilt wagons, which There was no choice for me but to rethe occurence of a few minutes after- steamer at Boston leaves at 2:30 on the materials for his letter were gathwards. I had met my friends on the Monday, and so I put my horse into a ered from some Fire Zouave or a priroad, and after a few words rode for trot, keeping in the fields alongside the vate of the Ohio second, who left, terfront of me at a small bridge across the and the pressure of the crowd, who, We left Centreville without knowing puffs, and continued his career. I ob- where we had been standing. The city. Mr. Russell saw it, or says he served that he carried no sword. The men looked well. As yet there was saw it, attended by an escort of troopteamsters of the advansing' wagons nothing to indicate more than a retreat

For The control of the House, was bet which the property of the country of Authority of Authorit

far the foot soldiers had contrived to get in advance. After sunset the moon rose, and amid other acquaintances jogged alongside an officer who was in rear, but still the firing was comparatively distant, and the runaways were mander of a brigade, I believe, who far out of range. As I advanced the was shot through the neck, and was number of carts diminished, but the inside a cart, escorted by a few troopmounted men increased, and the col- ers. This officer was, as I understood the Major or Second in command of Colonel Hunter's Regiment, vet he had considered it right to take charge of his chief, and to leave his battalion. that the retreat had really commenced, though I saw but few wounded men, and the regiments which were falling back had not suffered much loss. No one seemed to know anything for certain. Even the cavalry charge was a rumor. Several officers said they had carried guns and lines, but then they drifted into the nonsense which one reads and hears everywhere about "masked batteries." One or two talked more sensibly about the strong position is chief, and to leave his battalion. He said they had driven back the enemy with ease, but had not been supported, and blamed—as bad officers and good ones will do—the conduct of the guseral: "So mean a fight I never saw." Our friend had been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven back the enemy with ease, but had not been supported, and blamed—as bad officers and good ones will do—the conduct of the guseral: "So mean a fight I never saw." Our friend had been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without saw." Our friend had been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not, I suspect, without driven been without food, but not of the conduct of the guseral conduct of the guser more sensibly about the strong position thought of an officer-gallant he may of the enemy, the fatigue of their men, the want of a reserved, severe losses, and the bad conduct of certain regiments. Not one spoke as if he thought we've been licked into a cocked hat; knocked to -- " This was his cry The clouds of dust rising above the to teamsters, escorts, convoys, the offiwoods marked the retreat of the whole cers, and men on guard.

Mr. Russell's Letter.

Mr. Russell's letter to the London Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

Russell's Account of the Flight from
Bull's Run.

Washington. No one knew whither any corps or regiment was marching, but there were rumors of all kinds—
"The 69th are cut to pieces;" "The Fire Zouaves are destroyed," and so on. Presently a tremor ran through on. Presently a tremor ran through Mr. Russell, and when he tells what Russell's letter to the London Times, in which he describes the disastrous panic and flight of our Army that succeeded the battle of Bull's Run on the As I turned down into the narrow and the soldiers, who were, I think, the flight, before we found him; but road, or lane, already mentioned, there Germans, broke into a double, looking from the errors and misstatements in raised a good deal of dust. My attention was particularly called to this by ward at a long trot as well as I could roads, as much as I could, to avoid the past the wagons and through the dust, when suddenly there arose a tumult in when suddenly there arose a tumult in Dunder the seal of the Greuit Court for the control Court for the control of the County of Cass and State of Michigan, to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon and shall sell at public anction, at the Court House, it has been felt, or that a repulse had be "Turn back! Retreat!" shouted the men from the front, "We'er whipped, we'er whipped!" They cursed and tugged at the horses' heads, and struggled with frenzy to get past. Running by me on foot was a man with the shoulder straps of an officer. "Pray what is the matter, sir?" "It means we're pretty badly whipped, and that's a fact," he blurted out in the shoulder straps of shoulder straps of shoulder straps of an officer. "Pray what is the matter, sir?" "It means we're pretty badly whipped, and that's a fact," he blurted out in the shoulder straps of shoulder straps of shoulder straps of an officer. "Pray what is the matter, sir?" "It means we're pretty badly whipped, and that's a fact," he blurted out in the shoulder straps of shoulder straps of shoulder straps of shoulder straps of an officer. "Pray what is the matter, sir?" "It means we're pretty badly whipped, and that's a fact," he blurted out in where we had been standing. The now caught up the ery. "Turn back and som ill-behavior among the wag-turn your horses," was the shout up oners and the riffraff of different regi-"of his chief and leave his battallion." the whole line, and, backing, plunging, ments.

The whole line, and, backing, plunging, ments.

The whole line, and, backing, plunging, ments.

Centreville was not a bad position lisane N. Arnold, of the House, was had been preceeding down the road reversed front and went off towards Centerville. Those behind them went meant to renew the attack, nor any

killed and wounded those among whom they fell. As I knew the road would soon become impassable or blocked up, I put my horse to a gallop and passed on toward the front. But mounted men still rode faster, shouting out "cavalry are coming."

I was most surprising to see how It was most surprising to see how and of the best hersemen in the world in Virginia and of the best hersemen in the world in Virginia and of the best hersemen in the world in Virginia and of the best hersemen in the world in Virginia and of the best hersemen in the world in Virginia and of the best hersemen in the world in Virginia and other nite and other nite

At the little one-horse tavern in Fairfax, the horses-Mr. R.'s and our own were watered by a servant; but the reported conversation did not take place. A short distance from the inn, Mr. Russell put spurs to his animal, and, riding furiously, left us behind; he picked up ample material for misrepresentation, however, as he went. We point out the greatest falsehood, if one falsehood can be greater than another, in the columns that he has devoted to the villification of our troops:

Washington was still eighteen miles away. The road was rough and uncertain, and again my poor steed was under way; but it was no use of trying to outstrip the runaways. Once or twice I imagined I heard gums in the rear, but I could not be sure, in consequence of the roar of the flight behind me. It was most surprising to see how far the foot soldiers had contrived to go on in advance.

From the moment of meeting the first New Jersey regiment of which we have spoken, not a soldier, unless, one of a baggage or picket guard, did we see on the road—not one. The wagons going in were few and their progress was not such as to indicate that they were making a retreat. We faced train after train going out with supplies, without guard and without suspicion that to the starbed bulk the army was beaten and in flight. The defeat was not known to any on the road, not even to Mr. Russell, who informed us that our army would fall der-r-!" back and encamp for the night, only to "roar of the flight behind me" is a cut the capting's hed off. sketch of the imagination. We were behind me," and heard the guns and marked the time as 7.15; but save our the deck. He expired shortly afternot another horse on the road within "People!" sed the noble feller, "I'm our sight. A few carriages with the Juke of Moses !" wounded, a few retiring civilions-none "Old hoss, methinks thou art blowmaking baste, none suspecting the in!" sed a youth of 49 summers, and us; but not an armed man, trooper nor "Don't put any verses on my deth in footman, was anywhere near. Mr. the noospapers," screamed the unfor-Russell in another paragraph confesses tunit young man as he fell ded on the

as much:

after he got into Washington, on Mon- on a clean jump, was fast leavin the day, while the excitement was at its Pirut ship! height, he wove them into his letter as "Onet agin do I escape deth !" said facts of his own observation. The the Juke between his cluncht teeth. rout was disgraceful enough to make any man's blood cold in his veins; but it was not what Mr. Russell describes.

CHAPTER I.—My story opens in the but he finally konkered, and now he classic freestinks of Bosting. In the parlor of a aristocratic manshun on Beacon street sits a lovely young lady whose hair is covered ore with the frosts of 17 summers. She has just sot opposition firemen durin boyhood's down at the Piany & is singing the poplar peace called Smells of the Nation, in which she tells how with Pensiv Thawt she wandered by a C beet shore. The Son is settin in its horrizon, and its gorjus lite pores in a "by all both grate and small," as the golden meller fluid through the winders Poick sez. is onnecessary. She is magnificently the next President's message through

said, and pretty soon she swoonded. BIRTH.—Moses was foreman of Ingine Kumpany Number 40. The 40's had jest bin havin a pleasant fits with the 50's on the day I introduce Moses to my readers. When Elizy (for that was the lovely young lady's name) re-

she continuered, layin her hed confidin-ly again his weskit, "dost thou know I sumtimes think that thow wastest of

"No!" sez he, wildly ketching hold of himself, "you don't say so?" "Indeed do I," she sed. "Your ded grandfather's sperrit camest to me the other nite and sez he, "Moses is a dis-

guised Juke!"
"You mean Duke," said Moses. "Does not the actors call it Juke?"

she said sternly.

That settled the matter. "I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not to B —that airs the question! But no more of this now. Dry up. Oh, life—life you're too many for me!" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair stamped on the floor wildly, and was

CHAPTER III .- THE PIEUT FOILED. Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the scens narrowated in the arst chapter took place. A noble ship the Sary Jane, is sailin from France to Ameriky threw the Wabash Canawl.
A Pirut ship is in hot pursont of the
Sary Jane. The capting of the S. J.
looks fateeged & as the he had lost all of his parents. The Pirut is clost on to him & he is about given in, when a fine looking feller in russit butes and a buf-faler overcut rushes torrid and sex to

the capting, sez he, bane to A-"Old man! go down stares. Retire to the starbed bulkhed. He take "Owdashus cuss !" said the capting,

"away with thee or I shall do mur-"Scacely," says the noble feller, and

"Oh that I shood liv to becum a ded

body !" sed the capting, as he fell to

deck, "for if yer do I'll haunt yer !" as much:

"It was a strange ride, through a country now still as death, the white road shining like a river in the moonlight, the trees black as ebony in the shade; now and then a figure flitting by into the forest or across the road—frightened friend or lurking foe, who could say? Then the anxious pickets and sendries all asking, "What's the news?" and evidently prepared for any amount of loss."

deck, "for if yer do I'll haunt yer?"

"People!" continued the Juke, "I alone kin save you from yon bluddy and unprincipled piruts! What hoe there. A peck of oats!" The oats was immegitly brawt. The Juke took them and bravely mounting a jibpoop he threw them onto the towpath. In a The truth is probably this: The minit the leading hoss bitcht to the maginative correspondent left the bat- Pirot Bote cum along, stopt, and comtle-ground before any confusion occur- menced fur to devour the oats! The red, and when the retrogade movement driver swore and hollered at him terriwas ordered. Hearing the exagger-ated stories of what came to be a flight, Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses

As we have asserted, he did not see it.

—Chicago Tribune.

Moses the Sassy: Or, the Distinguished Duke.

Sassy. He had been in France about sixteen years and now he mas home agin in Bosting. He had sam trubble in getting hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienas. Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienas-