

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1862.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 10

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THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY ROSS & ROSSER, Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - - AUGUST, 21

From The Crisis.

THE LAST GIFT.

"The picture of our Willie,
Just as the last day he lay;
Eyes intently fixed upon me,
But our tears they cannot see;
Cheeks aglow with youthful vigor,
Lips, the almost—speak—and smile,
But—our shrouds were fast-drawn,
As we gaze, and weep the while.

No farewell to us, was granted—
But his picture came in lieu,
And a letter, and Heaven's word,
But which—his last and true.
Telling us his health was failing,
That he long'd to see his friends—
That his comrades were fast-dying,
Thus, the mournful message ends.

Then, a season of expectation,
Sadly waiting day by day;
For a letter from our Willie,
Dear—sick Willie—far away;
Till from out the Union dead-house,
Came this message on the train,
"William Kieckhafer, died, June seventh—
Died, of fever on the brain."

Hundreds there are dying, daily—
Hundreds, thousands, have been slain,
And infinite wisdom only
Can compute the weight of pain
That has fallen on our nation,
Happy once, and Heaven's word—
But, the reason of the people,
Has been strangely overthrown.

We are dying—as a nation;
God of nations, hear our cry!
Let the crash, and din of battle,
Let the cry from our high,
Let thy hand of intercession,
Give us security and cheer,
Let the foundering ship, called Union,
Prove to be a hopeless wreck.

REACTION AMONG THE GERMANS.

The New York Sun says: "A tremendous reaction among the Republican party, as lately constituted, seems to be in progress throughout the entire German population of the Northwest. In Iowa the Democrats are looking for thousands of German voters where they never had them before, and in Minnesota, Missouri, Michigan and even Ohio, the change of sentiment is astonishing."

And why not? Have not the pledges of the Republican party been broken in every respect? Has not the party of leading members of it, brought negroes from the south to take the places of German laborers? Have not members of that party declared that negroes are more entitled to vote in these states than white foreign-born citizens? All these things are now known to the Germans of the above states and Illinois, and they see the folly of a sectional organization in this country. It not only injures the black man—but makes a slave of the white laborer. The loudest mouthed Republicans are now working negroes in Illinois just as southern master works them. Germans can see these things as well as anybody, and are becoming disgusted with the hypocrisy of the Republican party, and, of course, will vote with the Democracy, who have always sustained their rights under all circumstances. If it were not for the Democratic party the proscription of Republican Massachusetts would be enacted against all foreigners in every state in the United States. Why should not the Germans and Irish vote with the Democracy, who have always vindicated their cause and sustained their rights?—Freepress (Ill.) Bulletin.

REMARKABLE PETRIFICATION.

The Panama Bulletin tells this curious story:
It will be recalled that about four years ago, Mrs. Kearney, wife of the late Mr. J. S. Kearney, died in his city. Her husband, at that time, being a merchant in Apswell, had a zinc coffin made, in which she was placed, and also a quantity of alcohol, the whole then imbedded in charcoal in a still larger coffin, for the purpose of preserving her, as it was her husband's intention of having her remains sent to England; but, shortly afterward he took sick himself and died, as also his child. The body then remained in the cemetery undisturbed, until, a short time ago, instructions were received from her relations in England to have the body exhumed and interred in the cathedral. On opening the coffin it was found to be petrified and perfectly marble-like, but strange to say, as quick as the air got to the body it changed to a light copper color.

Abolition devotion to negro exaltation

was illustrated at a Fourth of July celebration in Denmark, Iowa. A reverend gentleman introduced a negro upon the stand as a gentleman from Virginia, the cotemporary of Washington. Report says that several white females kissed the negro, to the delight of Abolitionism, no doubt. The Israelites once chose a golden calf to worship; Abolitionism seeks a greasy negro. The Israelites received punishment for their sins, and if this country shall be punished for the depravity of Abolitionism, our misfortunes have but just commenced.

An Irishman, in Manchester, N. H.

recently put four thousand dollars in gold down in the ground in his cellar, but when he went to dig it up it was gone. It is supposed to have come up in the last heavy rise of gold

OUR LIDA; Or, the Mock Marriage.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Gilbert was standing that night in the little parlor of his bride's dwelling. It was a lovely evening—every thing was deluged with a flood of pearly moonlight, and a dew lay like rain drops among the crimson flowers, which shed a rich fragrance from the honey suckle vine. She was by his side, his arm had been round her waist, and but a few moments before his eyes had been bent with tender and affectionate earnestness on her face; but now his arms were folded, and he looked almost sternly upon her.

"Do you really desire it, Louis? he said, in a deep constrained voice; would you ever respect me again, if I could do so unmanly, so cruel an act?"

"I will never love you again, if you do not," was the prompt reply.

An expression almost of dignified sweep over the young man's face, and his lips trembled as he spoke. "Tell me, have you been to Miss Smith's room, to-day?" he inquired.

"Yes—I was just there at sunset. But why do you ask?"

"No matter! Have you thought this all over? Are you resolute to deceive this poor girl?"

"Resolute!"

"And are you willing that I devote myself to win her affections?"

"They are already given without the trouble of asking."

Gilbert's brow contracted in the moonlight, and the words "unwomanly" was smothered between his compressed lips.

"And you will assist me—will tell her that you resign all claims or my hand—in the homestead and property?" he added, with a slight and bitter emphasis on the last words.

She did not remark it, but answered eagerly: "Yes—yes, I will do my part to perfection. How mortifying the truth will be, when she thinks herself Mrs. Gilbert, and finds that it is all a joke!"

"But think of the shock it will give her pride and delicacy!"

"Add refinement—prayer, add refinement!" said the young girl, scornfully, "pride, delicacy and refinement, are such common attributes to the daughters of washerwomen."

"You are only doing this to annoy me," said the young man; "so good night; you will throw off the cruel wish before morning."

"Shall I?" replied the girl, with a low bend of the head.

Gilbert turned away, and taking up his hat, was about to leave the house, but she laid her hand upon his arm, and looked smilingly in his face.

"They tell me the house is finished—will you take me to look at it in the morning?"

"If you desire it," was the cold and abstracted reply.

"Well, I shall be ready at ten; good night!" and gaily kissing her hand, the young creature glided into the house.

"It was her voice, then, and she was planning this design with that infamous milliner. Would not believe my own senses, till she confirmed them. But she will not persist in anything so cruel—it is absurd to suppose so. If she does—if she does—I will obey her." As he uttered these words, the young man walked slowly from the house.

How melancholy poor Lida had been all the previous day—how many strange conjectures had passed through her brain regarding the remarkable absence of Mr. Gilbert. They haunted her all night, and in the morning, when she came along the foot path through the fields, tears stood in her eyes more than half the way. She had cast many a sad, earnest gaze through the shop window, before she saw Gilbert and Miss Warner coming through the opposite portico. This sight made the heart struggle with a throbbing pain in Lida's bosom, and a mist came over eyes, till they could scarcely discern the needle with which they seemed occupied. They were coming toward the shop, and the sound of their footsteps in the entry, made the young girl tremble in her seat.

"Come," said Miss Warner, addressing the milliner, "put on your bonnet. We are going up to see the house, and wait your opinion."

Miss Smith ran for her bonnet, and, for the first time in her life, the young lady addressed the apprentice:

"Get your sun-bonnet," said she, "you can go with us!"

The blood had rushed over Lida's face, and she refused; but Miss Warner whispered a word to her lover, and he pressed Lida with such a respectful earnestness, that she rose, and also a quantity of alcohol, the whole then imbedded in charcoal in a still larger coffin, for the purpose of preserving her, as it was her husband's intention of having her remains sent to England; but, shortly afterward he took sick himself and died, as also his child. The body then remained in the cemetery undisturbed, until, a short time ago, instructions were received from her relations in England to have the body exhumed and interred in the cathedral. On opening the coffin it was found to be petrified and perfectly marble-like, but strange to say, as quick as the air got to the body it changed to a light copper color.

The homestead was a large and superior old mansion for a country village. Its material was heavy, and touched with the brown tinge of age, the trees around it were majestic, and its furniture was of another country, old fashioned, and massive, but Gilbert had interspersed it with chairs and tables of lighter and more recent make; and the gloom which low ceilings give to an apartment, was relieved by the tall mirrors and the opening of the windows, which were cut from the ceiling to the floor. Altogether, it was the dwelling which a domestic and studious person would have preferred above all others.

Lida had never seen any thing so splendid before, but there was a heavy feeling at her heart, which mere novelty could not dissipate. She followed her conductors up the broad stairs, heard them admire the balusters of dark mahogany, and walked through the chambers like one in a dream. She was pale, bewildered, and sick at heart, almost for the first time in her life.

There was one room on the first floor, which Gilbert had fitted up exclusively for his bride. It had but one bay window, which opened upon the most verdant nook of the old fashioned garden; and this window required no drapery, for an immense white rose tree was trained along the casement, till a profusion of thick green leaves and snowy blossoms drooped like a curtain over the upper part, and when the sash was open,

a storm of fragrant leaves fell like snow flakes all over the rich old easy chairs and moss like carpet which decorated the room. On a curious little table, with legs twisted and carved like a knot of serpents, lay a guitar, with an azure ribbon just attached, crowded with neatly bound volumes, stood opposite the bay window, and a little French work-table, perfectly new, occupied a corner close by.

Miss Warner flung herself on a seat, and taking up the guitar, began to trifle with the strings, as she turned with an unpleasant smile towards Lida.

"How would you like such a room as this for your own?" she said.

"Me?" said Lida, faintly; "I never dreamt of living in such a place as this."

"But you can live here if you like," replied the milliner.

"My mother was well off once, and she would not let me live out, for any thing," said the apprentice, for she could only think that Miss Warner wished to engage her for 'help,' when she would take possession of the homestead; besides, I am not strong enough for very hard work."

"Oh, we did not mean that," replied the milliner; "Mr. Gilbert wants a wife, and as this lady here has taken a fancy that she likes you rather better than he does her, she is willing that he makes you mistress of this homestead instead of herself."

"Don't say so—it is cruel to joke in this manner!" said the bewildered girl, turning very pale. "I am sure that Mr. Gilbert never thought of me!" Lida spoke hastily, but in a faint voice, and she had a look of troubled doubt in her eyes, as she almost hoped they would contradict her.

But he does think of you—he told me so last night!" said Miss Warner, "and if I am willing to give him up what harm can come of it?"

"And could you give him up?" said Lida, clasping her small hands, with an energy which bespoke her astonishment that one could resign, of her free will, a being so perfect."

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert is not the only agreeable man on earth," replied the young lady, removing the azure ribbon from her neck, and laying down the guitar. "I am perfectly willing to resign him any moment—so prepare for the wedding, to-morrow, if you like."

As she spoke, Miss Warner and her companion glided from the room. Lida had no power to follow; she was confused and strengthless, a mist came over her sight, and sinking to a seat, she covered her face with both hands, and remained in a state of mental bewilderment, almost unconscious of the solitude which surrounded her.

Miss Warner and the milliner met Gilbert in the hall, and both were laughing as they moved towards him.

"We have broke the ice for you," said Miss Warner; "she is in the little room yonder, fully prepared for proposal."

"And you are really determined to carry this hoax to an end?" inquired the lawyer, gravely.

"Oh, by all means," was the reply—"it really was ridiculous—the idea of her believing us. I wish you could have seen her crest-fallen branches, where the red berries hung thick and bright as coral drops, along the delicate green spray—the scant window curtains of coarse but snow white muslin, were festooned with wild blossoms and ground pine, woven together—while that in the spare bed-room was looped up by a single wreath of wild roses and sweet briar, which filled the windows with a delicious fragrance. On the little table, in this apartment, stood a japan waiter, with a decanter of wine in the middle, surrounded by slender wine glasses; and a fine napkin was spread over a loaf of cake close by. A dress of the palest muslin lay upon a counterpane of old fashioned dimity, that covered the bed like a sheet of snow."

She stood by while the old woman arrayed her child for the bridal, and wondered why her hands trembled so, and why tears should fill our Lida's eyes so constantly, when she observed her mother's agitation.

It was scarcely dark when we saw a party of two ladies, and as many gentlemen, coming along the foot-path toward the house.—The washerwoman closed the bed-room door, and went out to receive her guests, leaving us with the bride. How beautiful and pure she looked in the simple dress, that had exhausted all the money which her mother had hoarded for winter, in the purchase. The black hair, which she usually wore twisted in one heavy woe over her head, was now divided into three thick braids, and knotted together on one side, just back of the ear, by a single white rose. Another braid, with the black leaves just bursting asunder, lay within the folds of sheer muslin that covered her bosom. When she placed it there, Lida's cheek grew pale, and her hands began to tremble, for that moment she heard Gilbert's step in the next room.

It was instantly drowned by the voice of Miss Warner and the milliner, both in high and cheerful conversation. That sound only caused our friend to tremble the more. But when her mother came into the room, folded her in a kind embrace, and led her toward the young man, who came forward to receive her, a soft blush broke over her cheek, and her fingers wove themselves in his, confidingly, as if she had nothing to fear then, yet could not help trembling all the time.

"Be kind to my child," said the washerwoman gently; when I was married to her father, he was prosperous, happy, and proud as you are. He died and left us in poverty. His child has never heard a harsh word beneath this humble roof—be gentle to her, as I have been."

The old woman sat down, and bending her head, began to smooth the folds of her faded silk dress, and thus tried to conceal the tears that her own words had unlocked.

Gilbert did not answer, but his eyes turned to the two females who had urged him into his present embarrassing position.

The student arose. He had been wisely chosen by the plotters, for never was clerical dignity more thoroughly put on. He looked serious and earnest, enough to have deceived more suspicious persons than Lida and her honest mother. He pronounced the

ceremony with impressive solemnity—so impressive that Miss Warner and her companion could hardly suppress their laughter at his successful acting.

The young couple sat down. Lida, pale, confused and trembling—but Gilbert sat motionless, and his eyes bent steadfastly on the two females who stood near the door. They were whispering together. Miss Warner seemed striving to suppress her inclination to mirth till the proper time, and a slight giggle now and then broke from the milliner at the exquisite success of their joke.

The washerwoman arose and brought forth the tray of cake and wine. Lida could not taste a drop, but she touched her lips to the glass, while Gilbert drained his to the bottom. The milliner was compelled to set her wine on the table, to conceal the laughter that shook her hand—while Miss Warner gracefully drank to the bride.

"And now," said the young lady, setting down her glass, and dusting the crumbs of cake from her white gloves, "as our amusement is over for the evening, we will return home, if you are ready, Mr. Gilbert."

Lida lifted her eyes almost in terror to the man whom she believed to be her husband, while the washerwoman arose from her seat and looked Miss Warner keenly in her face.

"You need not look at me so voraciously, good woman," said the unfeeling girl—"if I have lent Mr. Gilbert to Miss Lida here, it was for our mutual amusement—but play cannot last forever, and as it is getting dark we must go home."

"Very much delighted with our little party," chimed in Miss Smith—"if you ever get up a wedding in earnest, this would be a delicate pattern. I trust the bride will not feel so exalted that she cannot come to her work in the morning."

The washerwoman was deadly pale—she lifted her hand as if to enforce silence on the flippant mockery with which she was insulted, and stepping a pace forward, was about to address the man who had violated the peace of her home—but Lida had risen to her feet, and in trying to reach her mother, staggered, and would have fallen, but Gilbert reached forth his arm, and drawing her to his bosom, kissed her forehead and her pale lips, while he trembled from head to foot.

"What means this?" exclaimed Miss Warner, grasping his arm in passionate amazement—"what means this, sir, in my presence?"

"It means," said Gilbert, who lifted his head, and looked firmly round, "it means that she is my wife, my own beloved and wedded wife, before God and in the sight of man! Weak, wicketly girl—did you believe me so base—so utterly devoid of all manhood, that I could lend myself to a plot so atrocious? I loved you, Louisa—at least I thought so—and when I was flung into the dangerous society of a creature so good and lovely as this young girl, who is my wife, I felt that your tears were well founded, that my allegiance to yourself was in danger. I consented, as an honorable man should to see her no more. You were not satisfied with this submission to a just demand—but would have made me a villain—and after that would have married the dastard for the sake of his property and the homestead!"

Before the last words were fairly uttered, Miss Warner had fallen to the floor in violent hysterics, and some two hours after she undertook rather an unpleasant walk home through the damp grass, between the crest-fallen milliner and the young clergyman.

The next day she had the satisfaction of seeing Gilbert drive towards the homestead in a barouche which had been purchased for another occasion, and in the back seat was the washerwoman, in a new straw bonnet, and that identical red cloak—by her side sat our Lida, looking as pretty as snow-drop, a sight of which made the village aristocrat rather out of countenance of the 'mock marriage,' but we were perfectly satisfied—true we were obliged to look out for new help—but the homestead gained a capital house-keeper in the washerwoman, and the most lovely, joyous, and warm hearted little mistress you ever saw, when it received 'OUR LIDA.'

A PROMISE FULFILLED.—On the 23d day of February 1861, the New York Tribune published the following editorially:

"Whenever it shall be clear that the great body of the Southern people have become conclusively alienated from the Union, and anxious to escape from it, we shall do our best to forward their views."

For months past the Tribune has been doing its "best to forward the views" of the rebels. The rebels have no brigade in their service so valuable to them as the New York Tribune and its Abolition echoes.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

That is true. The Tribune has done more damage to the cause of the restoration of the Union than any brigade in all Secessia; and others of its stripe have done damage in proportion to their influence. And these disunion organs claim to be the only truly Union advocates in the land—to belong to the only Union party in the country. How the world is given to lying!—Clermont (O.) Sun.

NEW ENGLAND'S QUOTA.—It is going to be about as we have anticipated with New England generally and Massachusetts particularly. She generally, and Massachusetts particularly, had a very long finger in the troubles which produced the war. Her voice generally, and that of Massachusetts particularly, was loudly for war before the war commenced. In those quarters there was a hearty response to the declaration of a brutal Western Senator that "the Union would not be worth a rush without a little blood-letting." But New England generally, and Massachusetts particularly, have not let much blood.

They have at no time had their quota of troops in the war, and now listen to what we hear. Says the Boston Courier: "In our judgement, there is no reason whatever to think that a third part of the quota of Massachusetts, or of any part of New England, can be obtained without a draft." This is with respect to the last call of the President for troops. It will afford us the highest gratification to see the draft go into operation in New England, and particularly in Massachusetts.—Chicago Times.

"Mal Mal Cousin John, he's in the parlor with sister Cal, and he keeps a bit of her." "Cousin John biting my Cal?" "Yes'm; I seed him do it ever so many times, bite her right on the mouth, and the tamar gal didn't holler a bit neither." "Oh!—ah! never mind, Ned, I guess he didn't hurt her much?" "Hurt her? by gosh she loves it, she does; one she kept a lettin' him, and didn't say nothin', but just smacked her lips as though 'twas good, she did. I seed it all through the key-hole. I'll fire taters at him, by gosh!"

Green Corn in Winter.—Those who are fond of green corn during the winter do not all know that it may be preserved by packing it tightly in casks or barrels, and covering it with brine strong enough to keep cucumbers. The corn should be taken with the husk on. Corn thus prepared, if kept covered with brine, will keep in good order for a year or more, and will be sufficiently fresh for the table when boiled.—Pittsburg Post.

A Western girl, after giving her lover a hearty smack, exclaimed, "Dog my oats if you hain't taken a little rye, old hoss."

Mrs. Partridge says "it is a triumphant and confederate shams for the Cabinet people at Washington to permit our man of war on the Pertumic to hug that Mary Land Shore so much."

ON WOMAN.
Nature impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In J side, then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

The following epitaph, found on a tombstone in Oxford, New Hampshire, may not be superlatively ludicrous, but it certainly is "some."

"To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew,
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink."

When Dr. H— and Lawyer A— were walking arm in arm, a wag observed to a friend:

"Those two are just equal to one high-woman!"

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because," replied the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

A lady was requested by a bachelor who was somewhat advanced in years to take a seat on his lap while in a crowded sleigh.

"No, I thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

A 'windy orator, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a drink of water.

"I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order." "Everybody stare, in wonder 'what the point of order was."

"What is it?" said the speaker.

"I think, sir," said Bloss, "it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

Children are inquisitive bodies—for instance: "What does *deux* mean, father?" "It means to unite together." "Does John unite wool when he cleaves it?" "Tom, well, it means to separate." "Well, father, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child!"

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy-looking lad, walking into hardware store, the other day.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor.

"We keep all kinds of nails; what kind will you have, Sir, and how many?"

"Well," said the boy, sliding toward the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and about a pound and half of toe nails."

The following reply to that everlasting inquiry—"How do you do?" was made by an original, the other day:—"Rather slim, thank'ee; I've got the rheumatism in one leg, and a white swellin' on 't'other knee, besides having a leetle touch of the dysentery, and I ain't very well myself neither."

A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his the most ancient. "Mine," said the disciple of Esculap, "commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in law." "True," rejoined Esculap, "but my profession is coeval with the creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a surgical operation."—The lawyer dropped his green bag.

Said old Mrs. Philanthropy, the other day, accosting a precocious urchin in the street with a warlike remembrance for its ventilating advantages, "Babby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that awful hole in your trousers?" "Oh, you git cent, old woman," was the respectful reply, "our folks is economizing, and a hole will last longer than a patch any day." The old lady's honest sympathy was wasted, while the youngster beat a retreat round the corner.

An Irishman used to come home often drunk, and once when he was watering his horse, his wife said to him, "Now, Paddy, isn't that waste an example to ye? Don't you see he laves off when he has had enough, the creature! He's the most sensible baste of the two." "Oh, it's very well to discourse like that, Biddy," cried Paddy, "but if there was another horse at the other side of the trough to sav, 'Here's your health, me old boy,' would he stop till he drank the whole trough, think ye?"

We have heard of a good many enthusiastic 'lovers in our time, but we think that Mr. Toews takes 'em all down. 'If I could be dyed black,' he said, to Captain Cuttle, 'and meet Miss Dumbey's slave, I should consider it a compliment; or, if at the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmigrated into her dog, I should be so perfectly happy, I never would stop wagging my tail.' There's devotion as is devotion! What's taking arsenic to a man with such feelings?"

"Mal Mal Cousin John, he's in the parlor with sister Cal, and he keeps a bit of her." "Cousin John biting my Cal?" "Yes'm; I seed him do it ever so many times, bite her right on the mouth, and the tamar gal didn't holler a bit neither." "Oh!—ah! never mind, Ned, I guess he didn't hurt her much?" "Hurt her? by gosh she loves it, she does; one she kept a lettin' him, and didn't say nothin', but just smacked her lips as though 'twas good, she did. I seed it all through the key-hole. I'll fire taters at him, by gosh!"

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