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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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THE LUNATIC GIRL.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

'Twas on a moon-light night like this,
We took our last farewell;
And as he gave his parting kiss,
I felt my bosom swell;
He said, "Adieu my Caroline,"
But I said not a word;
Yet never heart was found like mine—
How wild that dark bush stirr'd!

The moon was round, the moon was bright,
The moon was riding high;
It was just such a pleasant night,
As he was standing by.
The sweet bird sung his roundelay,
He mocked me all night long;
'Tis winter, and he's flown away,
Or I should hear his song.

The moon looks down upon the spring—
She cannot melt it, though;
The pretty bird has spread his wing—
He does not love the snow.
The wind blows hard—they say at sea
Such winds will raise a storm;
I wish my love was here by me—
My heart should keep him warm.

I have a hat of straw for thee—
I wove it, and I wept
To think thou wert so far at sea,
And I the toy have kept;
I made a basket, which I filled
With lilies to the brim,
But plucking them their beauty killed,
And so I thought of him.

They say the moon loves such as I—
Her love is very cold,
She floats so softly through the sky,
I'd take her down and fold
My cloak around her snowy face,
And warm her on my heart—
Oh! no—she needs a warmer place—
How could we ever part?

What can my heart have done to make
Me love so much the moon?—
My fingers are so cold they ache—
I shall be frozen soon;
I would not love my lover so—
My tears are never dry;
I hear him call, and I must go—
And so, sweet moon, good bye.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

FANNY CLAYTON'S VALENTINE'S.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

THE youth of Fanny Clayton was marked by no particular gift, except what has been aptly termed "a faal facility at rhyming," a quality which she chiefly cultivated for purposes of amusement. Not to be despised is the ability to amuse innocently a leisure hour, provided the diversion is of a nature that leaves the mind refreshed and invigorated for serious duties. But Fanny Clayton had no such commendable object in view; her only definite aim being *fun*, by which she understood entertainment to herself and a slight degree of mystification and annoyance to her friends. It was so delightful to do a little harm!—Being an orphan, she was dependent upon the kindness of two unmarried relatives, an uncle and aunt, who were, we regret to say, sometimes the victims to her love of mirth and mischief.

When Fanny was fourteen, the rage for valentines (it is a migratory epidemic,) invaded the village where she resided, and her scribbling faculties were largely employed by her associates to give piquancy to their mysterious missives. After laboring so much for the public good, in a private way, Fanny thought she was justly entitled to do something for herself. She had a favorite in the village, one Charles Thompson, a youth some years older than herself, and it was to his address that, with some surprise at her own audacity, she penned the following valentine:

I know a little maiden and she has a little tongue,
And it is very active too, for anything so young,
And says a thousand foolish things as e'er was said or sung.
This maiden now is seated at her desk to write a line,
And she means to send the missive as a playful valentine;
(I hope you do not think the note is anything like mine.)
She hopes an answering token will seek her rustic hall,
When the crescent moon is shining, so very young and small;
But yet she will not break her heart if she gets none at all.

As the day was rainy, she reluctantly consigned this precious epistle to the letter-bag, which Peter, the black boy, carried daily to the post office, and awaited, with what patience she might, the expected response. To her deep mortification, the notes received that day were all manifestly the efforts of girlish roguery; not one of them bore the slightest resemblance in penmanship to the bold though unformed hand of the incipient collegian.

"He is no longer a boy," thought Fanny, regretfully. "His Greek and Latin have driven all nonsense from his head, and he despises my childish trifling."

A flood of tears, half-penitence, half-petulance, showed how keen was her sense of his neglect. It was not many days, however, before she discovered, by a little feminine free-masonry, that Charles Thompson had received no valentine whatever, and of course was entirely ignorant of her own. Relieved at last by the harmless, though abortive termination of a frolic that seemed likely to prove more serious than she anticipated, she was for a season rebuked into something like discretion.

The return of the valentine season, however, brought with it a desire for revenge upon the supposed agent of her disappointment. She imputed to her uncle the suppression of her note, and resolved to play upon a partiality of his for the widowed mother of her favorite, (now a freshman of Harvard.) In the privacy of her room, she had just finished the embroidery of a very pretty pair of slippers, and to this praiseworthy effort she appended one more questionable, being a card inscribed, in a hand carefully disguised, with the following lines:

Sole-less shoes, from a heartless dame;
Bootless the effort to learn her name:
Wear them ever when you are the same.

The whole was carefully enveloped and consigned, with many injunctions of secrecy, to the errand-boy of the village. In a very short time, she was called by her uncle to admire his beautiful present, and to aid him to decipher the inscription.

"Who in the world could be the writer?" Fanny at length suggested. "I think she *may* be Mrs. Thompson."

"Decidedly; I think so too," chimed in aunt Dorothy, thus unexpectedly bringing her matronly gravity to aid the roguery of her niece. And even uncle Joshua (the ungrateful!) readily joined in the general voice, that the forward lady might be Mrs. Thompson.

Before the evening, the slippers, by the aid of the ready son of Crispan, were fitted to adorn his feet.

"And now for the answer," said the good man. "I would like to have you look at it, Fanny. And first let me tell you that it is not the fashion for ladies to be very free in their advances to single gentlemen." He looked earnestly at Fanny, who colored deeply. "The writer of this," he continued, laying his hand on the card of the morning, "deserves some slight reproof for her temerity. Don't you think so?"—(Another keen glance.)

Fanny answered meekly, "Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, what do you think of this?

"I have *soled* the shoes, but I think the dame
Must have lost her heart ere she changed her name,
And will choose, of course, to retain the same."

"The same?" repeated Fanny. "Pray which do you mean the name or the shoes?"

"Both," replied her uncle; "I shall send them back to her."

And notwithstanding her faltering objections, the slippers were never again seen upon her uncle's feet, and she felt little doubt that he had sent them back, as he termed it, to the dignified Mrs. Thompson, who must be mortally offended.

Very soon afterwards the lady removed to Cambridge to be near her son, and formed an acquaintance there which resulted in a second marriage. Fanny wondered whether the severe attack of rheumatism from which her uncle suffered about the same time, could have had a sentimental cause. The physician said it was connected with an affection of the heart

There was not, however, a total cessation of intercourse between the families, as will fully appear from the fact, that in a few years after the impudent writer of the anonymous valentines did actually become Mrs. Charles Thompson; bestowing her virgin hand as a New Year's gift. The 14th of February brought to the blushing bride two communications, one a letter of the ordinary size, and the other a package somewhat larger.

"Only look, husband," she exclaimed in surprise, "a valentine from aunt Dorothy! Who would have thought it?"

And removing the envelope of the note, she saw revealed to her wondering gaze, her own first valentine, with the original seal unbroken.

"This is for you, Charles," she said, laughing, and then opening the bulkier package, she discovered, as she had begun to suspect, the slippers wrought so beautifully by her own fingers in earlier days, and this brief inscription from her uncle:

"DEAR FANNY—These slippers will fit your husband to a charm. I would have liked to wear them for your sake, but you had cut the cloth too narrow, and old feet crave an abundance of room. I enclose my lines in answer to your valentine. They are my first efforts at poetry, and I assure you they cost me a great deal of trouble. You see we were all right in thinking that my mysterious correspondent *might be* Mrs Thompson. "Ever yours,

JOSHUA CLAYTON."

Tears followed the laughter with which Fanny at first received these singular love-tokens; tears of thoughtful gratitude for the watchful care that had guarded her early years, and on many graver occasions than those herein described, had checked the excesses of an impulsive temperament. She had long since learned, by happy experience, how much better it is to do a little good, than a little harm.

SCHOOLMASTER BEATEN BY HIS SCHOLARS.—Dr. Archibald Fullerton, teacher at Prince school-house, in the eighth district of Baltimore county, was badly beaten by one of his scholars, named Andrew Ensor, last Thursday week:

Ensor took his slate to the teacher, to show his calculations in arithmetic, which the teacher told him were not correct. At this the scholar immediately struck him over the head with the slate with great violence, inflicting a very severe wound, and prostrating him to the floor, after which he beat him in an unmerciful manner, and none of the scholars attempted to rescue him until he was powerless, weltering in his blood! Dr. Fullerton is probably sixty years of age.

A little girl being sent to the store to purchase some dye stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Die with? Why, cholera sometimes," replid John. "Well, I believe that's the name. I want to get three cents worth."

THE FRENCH EMPRESS.

The New York Tribune publishes the following history of the New Empress, which it says it has received "from a foreign gentleman who is perfectly acquainted with the facts and persons in question; and they may be relied on as authentic:"

Senorita Eugenia de Teba, or as she is more usually known, M'lle. de Montijo, is the daughter of a nobleman who belonged to one of the most eminent families of the Spanish aristocracy, that of Palatox, and who distinguished himself in the civil war of 1823, under the title of the Count de Teba. At that time he became acquainted with Miss Maria Kirkpatrick, the dashing and handsome daughter of a Scotch gentleman who held the post of Consul of the United States at Malaga. A love-affair and a romantic marriage was the consequence.—The new-made Empress is the daughter of the Spanish grandee and Maria Kirkpatrick, who is still living, a widow, and who accompanies her daughter on her present visit to Paris, where she has appeared under the title of Countess de Teba. After the marriage, in 1823, the death of an elder brother conferred upon the Count, along with a score of other titles, that of Montijo, by which name, since her first appearance in fashionable life, the daughter has been generally distinguished. She also inherits a handsome fortune, her independent income being something like $30,000 a year. The father died some years since, leaving two daughters; the elder now wears, by marriage, the title of Duchess of Alva and Berwick, than which the Spanish nobility can boast nothing more elevated.

For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about twenty-five, has enjoyed at Madrid the reputation of an exceedingly *fast* woman. Tall, graceful, of statuesque symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn or rather red hair, a pale complexion, which has latterly stood in need of a little rouge, great electrical eyes of a brown so deep and radiant as to pass for black, rather long and aristocratic features, a large but exquisitely sculptured nose, a lovely mouth, and teeth of dazzling whiteness, she is a type of admirable beauty, which a languid and *blase* air hardly diminishes. Endowed with uncommon wit and spirit, she speaks French, English, Italian and German with as much fluency as Spanish. A proficient in exercises of strength and address, she rides with the boldest, and drives four-in-hand with the most skilful.

At Madrid it was the habit of our heroine to bid defiance to public opinion as the whim might seize her. She used to appear alone in public, driving her own carriage. She had a separate establishment in her mother's palace, inviting and receiving company without consulting her mother, and often refusing access even to her relatives. Once her mother forced her door, despite the remonstrances of her servant, who protested that the Countess wanted to be alone. To her great amazement, she found that her daughter was missing. For twenty-four hours the young lady did not appear, and when she returned coolly informed her afflicted parent, who had loudly expressed her fears that there had been an elopement, that she had been away on an errand!

On another occasion, the whim takes her to pay a special compliment to literature, and her carriage stops at the door of Senora Escosura, one of the most prominent of living Spanish authors, who was some years since a minister to the Crown.—"Good morning, my dear sir," was her salutation to the astonished *literateur;* "I have come to breakfast with you in order to have a talk on literature and poetry." A few weeks later, Escosura gave a dinner to a number of literary men, artists and actors, at which the Countess was present, without her mother or any other lady as *chaperone.* She was the life of the party, making speeches and giving toasts with the loudest. Among the guests was a third rate French actor, named Laferriere, who had had great success in Madrid. He was from the Theatre Historique in Paris.—She took a fancy to him, and had a long conversation with him. When the time for leaving came, "Well," said the Countess, "my carriage is here, I will take M. Laferriere to his hotel." The young man was a little abashed at such courtesy from such a lady; but she insisted, and they departed together.

Mlle. de Montijo was also a great sportswoman, and very popular, of course, among the torreadors, or bullfighters. She was present at all the bull-fights in Madrid, where she used to wear the most magnificent costume of a Maja de Sevilla, something like that of Mlle. Soto in the ballet of the same name at Niblo's, but much more characteristic. A very large and high comb at the top of her head, with wreaths of roses falling each side, mixed with the hair; a profusion of diamonds, necklaces, bracelets and rings; a very showy and tight waist, cut low in the neck, and with bare arms; a very short skirt, open-worked stockings with colored embroidery, and very small embroidered slippers. When she appeared in the circus, she was saluted by all the torreadors, and exchanged with them the most cordial greetings. "To thee, Countess de Teba, I dedicate my love and my prowess!" they would exclaim, wafting kisses toward the young lady. "Bravo, Antonio! Bravo, Jose! Well fought, my boys," and other words of the most liberal approbation, were the answer. In all such scenes there was a considerable display of Spanish frankness, which would have been very shocking to the sense of propriety of American ladies.

Like all fast women, our Countees found a matrimonial establishment difficult to obtain. Once she courted the Duke of Ossuna, the richest grandee of Spain, but he declined the honor. Disappointed in this scheme, she received the addresses of a young noble of Castile, and was nearly engaged to marry him. But she could not help flirting at the same time; and once, when this young man was in her drawing-room, she went so far in her coquetry with another that the former aspirant for her hand seized a chair and threw it at her head, saying, with the most opprobrious epithets, that he would not marry her for the world. The insult was resented by the last object of her intentions, and two or three duels were the consequence. The result of all these acts of dashing eccentricity, and of all these scandals, and others quite as notorious, was, that it would have been little less than impossible for M'lle. de Montijo to marry a gentleman of her own rank in Spain.

For three or four years past, M'lle Montijo has been wont to spend the winter in Paris, where her conduct has been much more circumspect than at Madrid. Still, she has never gained an entry into the aristocratic circles of the Faubourg St. Germain But she was compensated for this exclusion by the cordiality with which she was received at the Elysee, and by the profound impression she made upon its master. From the first she inspired Louis Napoleon with an ardent passion, which justified her resolution to become his wife and share the glories that destiny had in reserve for him. In accordance with this determination, she steadily rejected other proposals without regard to their magnificence. It was currently reported at Paris a few months ago, that her reply to his protestations of love had been: "Prince, I am of too good a family to be your mistress,"—and, if the saying be not exactly true in fact, there is no doubt that it is so in spirit.

Latterly the attentions of the lover have increased in zeal, and the position of the lady in his Court has been more marked than ever. She was the heroine of every festival: during the recent excursion of the Court to Compiegne, she stood at its head as the bright, particular star of the imperial admiration, and there were not wanting those who predicted her marriage with Napoleon. Still the lover hesitated. He adored, he worshiped, yet he did'nt come up to the mark But the Countess was not discouraged. She is too skilful an artist to be at fault in such an emergency.—She announced the approaching departure of herself and her mother for Madrid—The result was the proposal of marriage, the appointment of the day, the annunciation to the Ministers and the world that the Countess was to be his wife, and no doubt ere this the *lionne* of Madrid and the grand daughter of the former U S Consul at Malaga has become Eugenia, Empress of the French. It is said that a gipsy once predicted that she would be elevated to a throne, after the fashion of the famous prediction of the negress to Josephine. It remains to be seen how far the future will complete the parallel between the wives of the two Napoleons.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH EMPRESS.—*The Brilliant Marriage Arrangements.*—The London correspondent of the Boston Post, who has seen Mademoiselle Montijo, gives what that paper says is a true description of her personal appearance, as follows, in which he certainly represents her in a much more favorable light than some other accounts have done:

To those who remember the duchess of Teba as she appeared during her visits to the great exhibition of 1851, it would not be incomprehensible how the Emperor of France has consented that she should share his throne. She is certainly one of the most beautiful women of her time. Below the medium height of ladies in the United States, she possesses, nevertheless, that perfect symmetry of person which makes her appear taller than she really is. Her feet and ankles are of perfect mould; her carriage is graceful; her head finely set upon her shoulders, and her face intellectual and eminently beautiful. She has the black hair, pencelled brows, and lustrous dark eye of the Spanish women, with the clear, brilliant complexion of a more northern latitude; and her neck and breast would furnish a model for the sculptor. Her mind is said to be finely cultivated, and her powers of conversation fitted to second her personal attractions. That she has great self-respect is evidenced by her whole course since the inclinations of Louis Napoleon were first apparent to her. She has never been seen in public in his company; has apparently, discouraged his attentions; was not at the ball at the Tuileries on Saturday night, which was supposed to be given in her honor, and declines now appearing in society until after the solemnization of the marriage. The civil part of the ceremony will take place on Saturday of this week at the Tuileries, and the religious ceremonies on the next day at Notre Dame. The preparations for the latter are to be magnificent. The high altar is to be brought forward; the portion of the church round it to be brilliantly ornamented and lighted; a supurb canopy to be suspended over it; the galleries to be hung with crimson velvet, and seats for public functionaries, in form of an amphitheatre, to be erected all over the vast nave of the cathedral.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AN UNION OF FRAGMENTS.

We reproduce in our impression of this week two articles that will be read with very great interest, as developing some of those seeds of distress in the Democratic party which have been sown in the Senate by General Cass and Mr. Soule, who are represented in the Press by the Washington Union and the Democratic Review. The latter journal goes to the death for Cuba and Soule. The Union, however, raises the flag of Cuba and Cass, and denounces "buccaneers," "pirates," "plunderers," "marauders," and "*fillibusters*," in a manner that must be not a little edifying to its old readers.

Our contemporary of the Union expresses a desire to see "*every fragment* of the Democratic party united." That union was effected after a fashion at Baltimore. All the "fragments" pretended to come together on the "platform." Did not Venable and Preston King shed tears together on that occasion, figuratively or otherwise, in view of the happy and harmonious reunion of the Democracy? Did not Young America and Old Fogyism embrace, and swear an "undying friendship?" Did not the Fire-eaters and the Barnburners—one and all—protest that bygones should be bygones, and that they would forget and forgive every thing that had taken place at Buffalo and at Nashville? And what do we see now? Abolitionists and Resistancemen may get along very well together, but Young America is running wild about the curiosity-shop of Old Fogyism, and makes a sad smashing among the crockery. The Union may well weep over the "fragments"

That General Cass and the Union should sympathize is natural enough, but what ominous conjunction of "fragments" brought together George Sanders and Pierre Soule? The Union says that Sanders is no better than a pirate, filibuster, marauder, plunderer, and buccaneer. Soule defends buccaneering in the Senate. But there is all the difference in the world in their way of doing things. Sanders contemplates Cuba as a butcher eyes a sheep. He is truculent and savage, runs his shirt sleeve up to his shoulder as he grasps the bloody knife, and cries "Havoc" aloud in the streets. He has no disguises. He wants Cuba forthwith. He thinks the poor devils there ought to be put into the immediate possession of all the blessings of *filibuster* administration by force; and that he and Law should be placed in funds out of Mr. Marshall's $10,000,000 appropriation, to arm and equip the Havana and Chagres mail steamers for this laudable enterprise. We can see him now on the quarter deck of one of those fine steamers, in a blue jacket and duck pants, with a tarpaulin and possible pig-tail, brandishing his cutlass and looking for all the world like the veritable "pirate of the gulf"—an embodiment of his own idea of Young America. This is Sanders. Not such is Soule. "The shepherd and the butcher," says Sidney, "may both look upon the same sheep with pleasing conceits." As Mr. Sanders is the butcher and thinks only of putting the knife to the throat of the victim, Mr. Soule pretends to regard the poor animal in an Arcadian aspect, and the most he dreams of is merely sheering the fleece. He is casting sheep's eyes at the wool, and at nothing else. Disavowing any other design, he will prescribe a buccaneering pill so well sugared and gilded, that his patients will swallow it with absolute pleasure. He will wrap you up "piracy" and "plunder" and "marauding" in such dainty phrases, and set them off with such "pleasing conceits" that the ladies in the gallery think he means glory and grand sentiments, and embarrass him with boquets in token of their admiration. The next time he addresses the Senate in the costume of a parlor-man *factus ad unguem*, we must have Sanders in full piratical rig alongside, so that the ladies may understand the character of the artists who are to execute Mr. Soule's Arcadian designs. If they are sincere in their admiration of Mr. Soule's sentiments, they will not be content to send flowers to Admiral Sanders—they will smother him with more affectionate demonstrations.

The articles which we quote in another column demonstrate the existence of a breach in the Democratic party which will find no Curtian spirit to close it.—Neither General Cass nor Mr. Soule is prepared, we apprehend, to leap into the chasm. Neither the Democratic Review nor the Washington Union will propitiate peace by self-sacrifice. What then is to happen? We deem these journals of no great importance in themselves; but as the exponents of ideas entertained by large classes of the Democratic party, they furnish us with significant hints and suggestions as to its condition. This party is well described by its Washington organ as an "union of fragments"—of fragments that have no element of mutual attraction and cohesion but the common desire of official spoils. The spoils once distributed, and this fragmentary structure crumbles. "The cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution." The masses, in the pursuit of their ordinary avocations, will watch the new administration with their accustomed vigilance. If they find that Young America is the marauding and piratical set which the Union describes, and that Old Fogyism is the imbecile, decrepid, and corrupt combination painted by the Democratic Review, the certainty is that by the old process of rogues falling out honest men will come by their rights.—Nashville and Buffalo will be overthrown, and an administration will be formed of national men who have never figured in the ranks of Abolitionists or Fire-eaters.—*Washington Republic.*

ANOTHER SINGULAR HISTORY.—A correspondent of the Savannah Republican, in noticing the romantic history of the Rev. Eleazor Williams, claiming to be a branch of the Bourbon family, and the long lost Dauphin of France, thus refers to the history of Napoleon's favorite field marshal, which is equally as full of romance as that of the reputed Bourbon:

This unexpected discovery of a "Bourbon among us," reminds me of another singular history, derived from the United States, in the revolutionary annals of France.

I believe that Marshal Ney, the favorite of Napoleon, was Michael Rudolf, who was a distinguished officer in our war of the Revoluuon. He was a captain in Lee's partisan legion, of the Southern army; and he was then, as he was in France, called the "bravest of the brave." In the French army he was called the "American tobacconist," because he carried a cargo of that article to France from this country, when he took part in the French revolution.

The incidents of Marshal Ney's life have been collected by I. K. Teffi, Esq, of Savannah. It is hoped that his narrative will soon be published to the world.

Michael Rudolf, as his name suggests, was of German parentage, and was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. At a very early age he entered the army, and achieved distinction in Lee's legion. He married in Liberty county, Georgia, but after he sailed for France, from Sunbury, he never returned to the United States.

The Historians of France report his birth place to be Sarre Louis, on the confines of the Rhine.

THE WIZARD "DONE BROWN."

As Professor Anderson was looking over the various American and European newspapers which are to be found in the publication office of the Boston Times, he saw that he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman of tall stature and rather swarthy appearance; evidently not a Bostonian. This individual after a short space had elapsed, at length mustered courage and thus addressed the "Wizard":

'I say, are you Professor Anderson, hey?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Wall, you're a tarnal smart man, I hear. You ain't got that bottle of yourn with ye, are you?'

'No, sir.'

'Wall, I'm from Down East, having been raised in Maine, and I should like to purchase a duplicate of that ere bottle, as I'm going out stumping for Pierce. I guess if I had your bottle or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp the Scottites, without talking much politics either.'

'I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it.'

'Sorry for that sir,' said the Pierce stumper; 'however,' he continued, 'I was once taught a trick when a boy, but I almost forget how the darned thing was done now. I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece.'

'Oh,' said the Professor, 'that is quite simple; a mere trick of sleight of hand.'

'Wall, I know it is not very difficult, but as I forget how, will you show me?' at the same time handing a cent to the Wizard.

'Oh yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. Hold out your hand,' said the Wizard. 'This is your cent, is it not?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Close your hand.' The Down Easter closed his hand fast. 'Are you sure you have it?' said the Wizard.

'I guess I have,' said he, 'and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten dollar gold piece.'

'Done,' said the Wizard. 'Now hold fast.'

'Yes sir-e-e, I reckon I will—but stop, down with your dollar! here is mine!' said the Yankee.

The Wizard covered his dollar. 'Now, sir, are you ready?' said the Wizard.

'I ain't nothing else!' said the Down Easter.

'Change,' said the Wizard. 'Now, sir, open your hand.' He did so, and to his utter astonishment he beheld a bona fide ten dollar gold piece! 'Well, sir,' said the Wizard, 'you see you have lost your dollar.'

'I guess I have,' said he; handing over the two dollars.

'Now,' says the Professor, 'I'll bet you another dollar I'll change the ten dollar piece into your cent again, and much quicker.'

'No you don't,' said the gent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket, and buttoning up tight, 'I'm much obliged to you, Professor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is. Good morning, old hoss!' said he, walking out of the office, and turning around as he reached the door, he placed his digitals in a peculiar position, with the thumb in close approximation with his proboscis, saying, 'I guess there ain't anything green about this child!' and left the Professor in utter amazement at his coolness.—*Boston Times.*

A little colored boy named Murray, accidentally shot and killed his sister with a gun in the Factory district, St. Mary's co., last week.

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