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CHARLES PROSCH,
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The Portrait.

In a lumbering attic room,
Where, for want of light and air,
Years had died within the gloom,
Leaving dead dust everywhere,
Everywhere,
Hung the portrait of a lady,
With a face so fair!

Time had long since dulled the paint,
Time, which all our arts disguise,
And the features now were faint,
All except the wondrous eyes,
Wondrous eyes,
Ever looking, looking, looking,
With such sad surprise!

As man loveth, man had loved
Her whose features faded there;
As man mourneth, man had mourned,
Weeping, in his dark despair.
Bitter tears,
When she left him broken-hearted
To his death of years.

Then for months the picture bent
All its eyes upon his face,
Following his where'er they went—
Till another filled the place
In its stead—
Till the features of the living
Old outside the dead.

Then for years it hung above
In that attic dim and gloom,
Fading with the fading love,
Sad reminder of the past—
Save the eyes,
Ever looking, ever looking,
With such sad surprise!

Oh! the distant laughter's sound
Entered through the cobwebbed door,
And the cry of children found
Dusty echoes from the floor
To those eyes,
Ever looking, ever looking,
With their sad surprise.

Once there moved upon the stair
Odden love-steps mounting slow,
But the face that met him there
Drove him to the depths below;
For those eyes,
Through his eyes seemed looking, looking,
All their sad surprise.

From that day the door was nailed
Of that memory-haunted room,
And the portrait hung and paled
In the dead dust and the gloom—
Save the eyes,
Ever looking, ever looking,
With such sad surprise!

A World of Love at Home.

The earth has treasures fair and bright,
Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean depths below a gem
With his blue curling waves;
Yet not with her loveliest,
To my eyes, is the smiling face,
Lives there a treasure equalling
A world of love at home!

True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold and silver,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A merry bride,
I wish care and trouble may be mine,
I stately hall or throne,
If, 'mid his splendor, he hath not
A world of love at home!

The friends whom thou hast proved sincere,
If they alone can bring
A sure relief to hearts that drop
In sorrow's gloomy wing,
To my eyes, and true love may be mine,
As dawn's first path I roam,
I'll heed them not while still I have
A world of love at home!

The Little Rogue.

I was sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still, sweetly and true,
"I love thee," said I,
And I'd kiss the bright tresses away!"

Fair Cecilia blushed,
Her voice grew hushed—
I thought she would cry, to be sure;
But she lifted me,
Pointing prettily,
"Prevention is better than cure!"

In the action of Callao, Lord Dundonald tells us in his narrative, "my little boy had a narrow escape. When the firing commenced, I had placed my boy in my after-cabin, locking the door upon him; but not liking the restriction, he contrived to get through the quarter-gallery window, and joined me on deck, refusing to go down again. As I could not attend to him, he was permitted to remain, and, in a miniature midshipman's uniform, which the captain had made for him, was busying himself with carrying powder to the gunners. While thus employed, a round shot took off the head of a marine close to him, scattering the unlucky man's brains in his face. Instantly recovering his self-possession, to my great relief, he ran up to me, exclaiming: "I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me; I saw the ball; it is not made that can kill man's boy." I ordered him to be carried below; but resisting with all his might, he was permitted to remain on deck during the action."

Mr. Joe Whitehill, of Columbus, formerly Treasurer of the State, was a rough joker, even in his office.
Some twenty years ago, a verdant member of the General Assembly called at the State Treasury, and said he wanted "some money."
"How much do you want?" said Whitehill.
"Well, I don't know," said the member.
"How do you suppose I can pay you money, then, if you don't know?"
"Well, then, pay me about what I have earned."

"Earned?" said Whitehill, "earned! You are a member of the Legislature, ain't you? and if that's all you want, I can pay off 'what you've earned,' very easy. Bob! give this member that ten dollar counterfeit bill we've had so long."—Summit (Ohio) Beacon.

Did you know that there are cannibals here? Did you never eat brown bread with a "little Indian in it?"
Written on a looking glass,
I change, and so do women, too;
But I reflect—that women never do.

Answered by a lady,
If women reflected, O scribbler declare,
What man's faithless man—would be blessed by the fair?

A gentleman, having a large six-shooter in his hand, was asked, "Is that a horse pistol?" "No," he replied, "it is only a colt's."

"Mrs. Grimes, lend me your tub."
"Can't do it—all the hoops are off—it's full of sud; besides, I never had one—I washes in a barrel."
"Do try to talk a little common sense," said a young lady to her visitor.
"Oh! but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

A person bored by a squinting man, who persisted in asking questions about his broken leg, replied emphatically, "It's quite crooked—your eye."

FRIDOLIN,*

A Story of Ancient Germany.

In the feudal days of Europe, and when Germany, in common with other nations which might be embraced in the description, was divided and subdivided into a hundred petty dukedoms and baronies, none of its rulers wielded a more absolute power, or over a larger territory, than Robert Marburg, duke of one of the southern districts. And this power, for the most part, the duke exercised in a just and impartial manner; the best evidence of which fact was, that he was beloved and honored by his people in every section of his territory. But the Duke Robert was by no means an inflexible ruler, or a perfect man; he had faults, and serious ones, arising chiefly from his quick passions and the unyielding severity of his resentment.

There were many who had suffered under the acts of the duke, committed in his moments of anger, who made no secret of their belief that their misfortunes were wholly due to the animosity and influence of Conrad, the duke's equerry. He was, in fact, a sinister, evil-disposed man, who had in some unaccountable manner obtained a mighty influence over the master, which he did not fail to use for his own benefit. With a rude and uncouth exterior, a face upon every lineament of which the word villain seemed to be written, and a heart hateful with all the wickedness which a base, groveling mind can conceive, he had nevertheless crept into the favor and esteem of the duke in an unaccountable manner. The latter never treated him as an equal, being doubtless conscious of his mental inferiority and unworthiness; but he still retained him in the position which he had elevated him, and unconsciously gave much weight to his opinions and advice—advice, it may be mentioned, the awful equerry was never backward to advance.

Several years prior to the date of our story, Robert Marburg had espoused the daughter of a neighboring baron; and her, as well as the child, the infant daughter whose birth had blessed their union, the duke loved with all the power of his great heart. His bride, the Lady Elmira, was young and surpassingly beautiful; compared with her staid husband, she seemed a mere child, as in years she might be considered as his own. She was the first of his subjects in loyalty; and Robert might well have esteemed himself a happy man in reigning undisputed lord over a heart so true, than in ruling over the whole of his dukedom.

From the first hour of her entrance into the ancestral halls of the Marburgs, the Lady Elmira had looked with suspicion and distrust upon Conrad, the equerry. In truth, this was a natural consequence; for to one so good and pure as she, it was no strange thing that the real character of the equerry should quickly reveal itself, or that she should regard him with aversion. Nor was Conrad ignorant of this; he saw it, and feared lest this feeling might in time communicate itself to his master. The result of this fear was a bitterness and hatred towards the Lady of Marburg, which afterwards, as we shall see, worked out a most singular event. But of this anon.

There was still another at the Castle of Marburg, and one towards whom the hatred of the Duke Robert was also directed. This was the youthful Fridolin, the page of Lady Elmira, a boy of fifteen. He was the grandson of old Margaret, who had been the nurse of the duke; and when the old woman lay upon her death-bed, Robert adopted the boy, with the promise always to provide for him and promote his welfare. Sad, lonely and dispirited, the little stranger was introduced into the castle, and he soon found a friend and martial bearing of the duke repelled the ardent, sensitive spirit of the boy, but the maternal kindness of Elmira quickly drew him to her, and attached him to her service. From this time, Fridolin became a most devoted and faithful servant. To him his beautiful and kind-hearted mistress was something more than a human; and he seemed never so happy as when engaged in her service.

These facts did not escape the keen eye of the malicious and watchful Conrad. Not a word, not a look or act of either lady or page was lost, and, conjecturing rightly to what pitch of exasperation the duke might be wrought, by efforts which he above all others well knew how to make, and the probable consequences to those upon whom his rage might chance to fall—revolving these matters in his mind, the black-hearted equerry soon conceived a plan, the ruin of one or both of those who had aroused his enmity. To the accomplishment of his base design he bent all the energies of his crafty, cunning mind. His first efforts were hints, vague and uncertain, to the duke; he directed the attention of the latter to the great interest which his lady seemed to manifest and exhibit in Fridolin, her page.

"And what of that, Master Conrad?" the duke replied. "Of a certainty, she seems to like the boy, and as she serves her well, and is a quick-witted lad, I see no reason for my interference in the matter."
"True, my lord duke," the equerry returned. "The boy is handsome, as you know; and observe how daintily he assists my lady to her saddle!"

This conversation was taking place at one extremity of the court, and at that instant Elmira appeared at the opposite side, attired in her riding habit, and followed by Fridolin leading her palfrey. The latter, with the grace and gallantry of a true cavalier, had placed his mistress upon her horse while Conrad was speaking; and while the latter and the duke continued to watch them, she laughed merrily at some conceit which the page had just uttered, and patted his brown locks with her gloved hand.

"And of a truth," the artful equerry continued, "my lord cannot blame his fair lady for liking the boy, although he seems rather more of a man. He's a handsome youth; none, I warrant you, knows that better than my lady; and if—"
The words were uttered by Robert; and, with an angry gesture, he motioned the equerry to leave him. The latter obeyed, with a flush of triumph in his eyes, and the duke, with a dark frown upon his brow, strode from the court-yard.

This first attempt of Conrad was followed by others; and their success was soon apparent in the altered demeanor of the duke. He grew cold, watchful and reserved, shunning the society of his wife, and striving, with all the eagerness of an unhappy jealousy, to discover in her conduct what might tend to substantiate his suspicion. It was strange, indeed, that the love and harmony of this household could be so easily interrupted; but so powerful was the influence which the base servitor had gained over his master, that the latter, unhappily, never suspected his honesty of purpose or perfect good faith.

It was not in the nature of one so revengeful as the equerry to delay, when the game lay so perfectly in his hands—the duke now being well worked upon by his constant insinuations, and his intended victims wholly unaware of the dangers with which he was surrounding them. One day, not long after the incident described above, as Robert was riding in the forest, he saw Conrad hastening towards him on foot, bearing a scrap of vellum in his hand. This he presented to the duke, and folding his arms, awaited the result.

"As the eye of Robert ran hastily over the lines written upon the vellum, his face grew pale and bloodless. The paper was addressed to the Lady Elmira, and signed by Fridolin; the contents of it were such as to draw a cry from the lips of the deceived and unhappy duke.

"Where," he fiercely demanded, "did you obtain this accursed billet?"
"My lady dropped it, unthinkingly, as she was walking upon the balcony, and I found it there, unknown to her," was the unhesitating response.

With a painful groan Robert bowed himself in the saddle, concealing his quivering face from the inquisitive eyes of his servant. This realization of his worst fears, expected though it was, at first completely unmanned him; for the first time in twenty years, great tears of agony rolled down his bearded cheeks. But these signs of emotion were soon banished, strengthening himself in the saddle, he tore the tell-tale paper to atoms and scattered them on the ground, and then, in a voice of terrible sternness, he addressed the equerry:

"Go—return to the castle," he said, "and upon peril of your life, breathe not a word of this to mortal ears! For myself, I go to prepare for this boy, this viper, a punishment whose terrors shall fully equal the blackness of his crime!"

With these remarks, the almost maddened duke spurred his horse into a swift gallop, and hastened from the spot. His course lay towards one of the darkest and least frequented quarters of the forest, and, tormented by the desperate resolve to which his revengeful soul had impelled him, he continued to apply both whip and spur, until the place of his destination was reached. This was the forge, or smithy, where the armor of himself and vassals was wrought and repaired—and here, at all hours of the day could be heard the deafening clang of hammer upon anvil. In the middle of it was a huge circular chimney, with large square apertures, and through these could be seen the gleam of the huge fires which burned incessantly, day and night. One could hardly stand and gaze upon this scene without a shudder; the red forks of flame seemed like living monsters as they writhed and twisted in a fiery mass, devouring the supplies of fuel which were at short intervals thrown in.

Before this terrible furnace moved to and fro the presiding genius of the place, two stalwart, gigantic men, whose appearance was in perfect keeping with the scene. They were partially clothed with the half-dressed skins of the animals which frequented the forest, their matted hair descended almost to waist-length, resembling, in fact, the mane of a wild beast; these appearances, and above these, the ferocity always expressed in their faces, caused them to seem more like demons, when the clang had ceased, than the men of the forest.

They were, in fact, of a race of barbarians inhabiting at this time the shores of the Baltic, whom Robert had captured in battle and compelled to serve him in this manner.

As the sound of the horse's hoofs came nearer, the two Cyclops suspended their labor, and sullenly awaited the commands of their master. The duke drew rein before one of the mouths of the furnace, and commanding the attention of the armorer by a movement of his hand, he said:

"Listen, Balto—and you, Wyzzel—listen, both of you. Heat that furnace, at once, and heat it as it was never heated before! Do you comprehend me?"

With a laugh such as a demon might send forth, one of the savages held up a long bar of iron, the end of which was glowing with a brilliant white heat. It had just been withdrawn from the fire.

"Master, the furnace can be no hotter," he replied, "since daylight we have not ceased to stir and renew it; you can hear how the fires roar and hiss!"

"It is well," Robert rejoined. "Now hear me carefully, and beware that you fail not to do as I shall bid you. Whoever shall come to you to-day with these words, 'Hark you, performed the bidding of the duke?' the speaker paused, as if hardly willing to finish his command, but instantly added: 'Whoever shall speak these words to-day, seize him and cast him headlong into the furnace!'"

The brazen armorer heard, and chuckling with hoarse laughter, they turned away and renewed their labors around the furnace. Assured that his dreadful commands would be obeyed to the letter, the duke again gave rein to his horse, and spurred directly back to the castle.

During his absence, Fridolin had been, as usual, attending upon his mistress. And just as Robert thrust into the court, Elmira, observing him, said:

"There is the duke, Fridolin, and this is the hour of mass at the chapel. Go, my good lad, and pray for the peace and welfare of my dear husband; something vexes him grievously of late—I know not what. Go, my good Fridolin, and return as speedily as you can."

Stopping an instant to kiss the hand which the lady extended to him, the page left the apartment. As he was hastening down the stairway, he heard the voice of the duke calling to him, and he immediately retraced his steps to where the latter stood.

"Say a moment, boy, I have an errand for thee," he said. "Do you know where the forge stands, in the woods?"

"Well, indeed, my lord; I have often been there."
"Well, you are to go again, and upon a mission of great import. Say to the forgers, 'My master's bidding—is it done?' And observe their answer!"

With a bow of assent the unsuspecting Fridolin left the castle. But no sooner was he without the yard, than he remembered the mis-

sion with which his mistress had entrusted him; and this, after a moment's reflection, he determined to perform first. The chapel and the forge lay in opposite directions from the castle; and towards the former Fridolin now bent his steps. Upon his arrival there, he found both priest and worshippers waiting for the sacrament, and after some further time spent thus, the page offered to perform his duties, and the service proceeded; so that more than an hour elapsed after his departure from the castle, before he finally left the chapel on his way to the forge.

For the first half hour after delivering the fatal command to the page, the duke walked, in a feverish mood, through the halls and corridors of the castle. He could hardly analyze his feelings; there was no swerving from the fearful deed which might even now be perfected; but, on the other hand, there was little satisfaction to be gained from the thought of the fate of the page. He reflected that he might have acted lastly; that it would have been far more manly and generous to have confronted his wife with the charges which had impelled him to the fearful deed which he had this day committed. For the first time, too, the thought that Conrad might possibly have deceived him flashed upon his mind, and instantly his thought was busy with an hundred circumstances which served to corroborate this startling thought.

"But it is too late now; he had guilty or innocent, his doom is last!"

The words escaped his lips, as his eyes rested upon a dial in the embrasure near by. An hour had almost elapsed since the departure of Fridolin.

"Yet I will be sure; there may be a chance for the poor boy even yet; 'twould be a hard thing were he to suffer thus unjustly. And leaning from the window, he called aloud for one of his attendants. The call was answered by Conrad.

"Go with all speed," Robert exclaimed, "to the forge in the wood, and ask the armorer if they have performed my bidding. This first; and if they say nay, command them not to do it—certainly, until further orders. Begone, Conrad; use all haste!"

Obtaining a horse from the stables, the equerry lost no time in taking the road to the forge. Robert saw him disappear in the wood, and in still more anxious frame of mind, continued his nervous and hasty walk. The moments passed, until another hour had almost elapsed, but still he received no intelligence from the forge. At length, as he gazed for the hundredth time from the window, his eye was caught by a figure which had just emerged from the forest, and not only caught, but riveted with a stare of painful surprise—for in this person he recognized none other than the page!

Yes, it was certainly Fridolin; although by what miracle he had been preserved from the hands of the armorer, Robert could not conjecture. But certainly, as he beckoned him where he stood, there was a feeling of wondrous relief at the heart of the duke. He narrowly watched the face of the page, as he came forward and stood before him; and to himself he confessed that there was no sign or appearance of guilt upon it. It was the happy, guileless countenance of an innocent boy, and irresistibly the stern heart of Robert warmed towards him.

"Where hast thou been, Fridolin?" he asked. "To the forge, my lord, as you bade me," was the ready reply.

"To the forge?" the wonder-stricken duke ejaculated. "What miracle is this! Tell me—what message did you bear to the forge?"

"That which you gave me. I asked the armorer if they had performed my master's commands."

"Yes, under upon wonders! You delivered that message, and yet you live to tell it! And what said the forgers?"

"They nodded and pointed to the furnace, as if they would say yes; and they laughed, too, so hideously as to terrify me."

Robert turned thoughtfully away, and for a moment his head rested upon his breast, in deep thought, and then bringing his hand to his forehead, with a startling expression of wonder he said:

"But did you not go elsewhere, before visiting the forge?"

"Ah, pardon me, my lord, I did. My Lady Elmira bade me go to the chapel, to pray for your peace and happiness, and thither I went first."

"And saw you Conrad, the equerry, on your way?"

"Nay, my good lord, not once."
With renewed expressions of wonder, the duke took the not less wondering page by the hand, and led him into the presence of his wife.

"Behold," Robert said, laying his hand fondly upon the head of Fridolin, "one who within this hour has been held back from death by the most righteous judgment of Heaven, and who has at the same time visited his wicked and villainous enemy with a most just retribution!"

Without pausing, the duke continued, rehearsing to his astonished wife the tale of Conrad's duplicity, and his own blind credulity. As he spoke, he conjectured, it needed but a little protestation on the part of the lady to assure her husband of the utter falsity of all of Conrad's representations; and that the letter, which had led to the strange events of the day, was a base and total forgery.

"Nay—I believe it all. I have been strangely duped and deceived," the duke exclaimed. "And terribly, fearfully indeed has the villainous Conrad suffered for his knavery! He bore upon the utter falsity of the flames he devoured his miserable body!"

"Such indeed was the fact. Arriving first at the forge, Conrad had fallen into the trap prepared for the page. The utterance of the fatal words had been the signal for his destruction; seized in the powerful arms of the forgers, he had been mercilessly hurried to his merited doom!"

But, nevertheless, as the legend goes on to state, Fridolin bore a happy existence. From that day he was considered by the duke and lady of Marburg as their own child, and thus he grew up to manhood. The duke rejoiced to keep him near his person, and in after years was proud to give him his daughter in marriage; thus proving, for the benefit of all future ages, how signally the virtuous are sometimes rewarded, and the wicked punished.

The girls, somebody says, think of Hymen, and can't help sighing. They sit at the window, and can't help sighing. They screw up their eyes, bring on consumption, and can't help dying—but that's staid, partly.

"This is a very staid, party, wife."
"O, not very, my dear; you have said but little."

A Funny High Sheriff.

Once upon a time, or to be a little more particular, nearly half a century ago, there dwelt in the town of —, in Old England, a remarkable oddity, in the person of an attorney at law, who, although not fair to look upon, (for he was, in truth, one of the homeliest specimens of humanity ever beheld by mortal man,) was withal a person of sound judgment, great benevolence, varied learning, a poet, a painter, and a wit of no mean order. It so happened that the aforesaid gentleman, G—, Esq., was appointed high sheriff of the town of —. He was a man of fortune, and had a kind heart, as many a poor prisoner could testify who partook of the good cheer with which the prisoners were liberally supplied at Christmas and other well known festivals, from the private purse of the high sheriff.

It was, of course, the duty of the high sheriff to summon a grand and petit jury, to attend at the quarter sessions, at which the recorder, mayor and aldermen of the borough composed the court. In the performance of his official duty in summoning the petit jury, our high sheriff indulged in some of the strangest and grossest freaks that have probably ever been heard of in any other town or country. In the first place, he summoned for the October court a jury consisting of twelve of the fattest men he could find in the borough, and when they came to the book, to be sworn, it appears that only nine jurors could sit comfortably in the box! After a good deal of sweating, squeezing and scolding, the panel was literally jammed into the box, and, when seated, they presented to the eye of the court the 'toughest fit' of a jury ever seen in a court room. Literally, they became, much to the amusement of the court, and its robed advocates, 'a packed jury,' and no mistake.

For the January term, our facetious high sheriff, in consequence, it is said, of some hint from the recorder that there should be no more fat panels summoned to his court, went to the opposite extreme. He summoned twelve of the leanest and tallest men he could find in the borough; and when they took their seats in the box, it appeared comparatively empty—there was indeed room enough for twelve more of the same sort and dimensions.

For the April term of the court, our humorous functionary summoned a jury consisting of twelve barbers! Now it happened that among the latter were the very perquisites who dressed the recorder's and chief barristers' wigs, and, some of the latter, arriving late at the bar, had to appear that morning in court with their wigs undressed, so as to cut a very ridiculous figure amid the smiles and half-suppressed laughter of the bystanders. The high sheriff enjoyed the fun amazingly, but looked 'grave as a judge,' while he tried to keep silence in the court room.

But the evening joke of the waggish functionary occurred at the summoning of his fourth and last jury at the summer session in July. For that term of the court, the high sheriff, out of the fear of the recorder, the mayor and the aldermen before his eyes, actually summoned a quitting jury, twelve as queer looking bipeds as ever took their seats in a jury box—a jury that was probably more looked at and laughed at than any of the appointed twelve that ever was sworn to 'well and truly try, and true deliverance make' between their sovereign King and the prisoner at the bar.

But the scene was so irresistibly droll that the learned recorder could not maintain his gravity. The mayor and aldermen followed suit. The barristers laughed, while their wigs became bald, powderless; nay, even the poor prisoners in the dock, who were to be put upon their trial, and some of them to undergo transportation, could not refrain from joining in the general merriment. And when the recorder commanded the high sheriff to bring the court room to order, and intimated, with a half-suppressed laugh, that the latter ought to be ashamed of himself for summoning such a jury, the drollery of the scene was considerably heightened by the quick, ready and astute response of the high sheriff, who, looking at the same time at the squinting jury, exclaimed—"All good and lawful men, your honor."

But the humorous functionary has long since "shuffled off this mortal coil."

A good story never loses its merit by a slight variation in its telling, as we find in the following new edition, revised and improved, of the story of an inquisitive Yankee:

A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him, a lean, shriveled Yankee, the feature of whose face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance proved that he possessed a most "inquiring mind."

Before him, occupying the whole seat, sat a lady, dressed in deep black; and after shifting his position several times, and maneuvering to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye.

"In affliction," responded the lady.
"Parent?—father or mother?"
"No, sir."
"Child, perhaps?—a boy or girl?"
"No, sir, not a child; I have no children."
"Husband?"
"Yes, was the curt answer.
"Hum—cholera?—a trading man, may he be?"
"My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera, his was drowned."

"Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for an instant. "Save his child?"
"Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.
"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up.
"Pious man?"
"He was a member of the Methodist Church," but came.

"Don't you think you've got a great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his child?"
"I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the window, the indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the window by the glittering eye once more, and pronounced one more query, in a lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat: "Was you calculating to get married?"

"Sir," said the widow indignantly, "you are impudent!" and she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.
"Pears to be a little busy," said the inquisitive bore, turning to our narrator behind him; "oh, needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelings. What did they make you say for that, unless you've got in your hand? It's a real good one!"

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

Published every FRIDAY MORNING, at \$4 per annum, in advance...

The Herald can be found in San Francisco at the office of J. W. Sullivan...

We shall be pleased to furnish masters of vessels and others, annual boards...

L. P. FISHER, 171 1/2 Washington st., San Francisco.

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEELACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1860.

EXPECTED.—The next Pony Express at San Francisco will bring the proceedings of the Charleston National Convention...

PERSONAL.—Among the passengers by the last steamer for San Francisco was Lieut. E. J. Harvie...

FOR THE SIMILKAMEN.—Parties were in Victoria on Saturday, says the Colonist of the 8th inst...

A PATRIOTIC AND ELOQUENT LETTER.—We invite attention to the excellent letter, on the third page of this issue...

STEAMER PANAMA AGRIBOND.—The P. M. steamer Panama, on Wednesday evening last, while coming up the Sound...

NEWSPAPER FAVORS.—Puffery Lowell, of the Elias Anderson, Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Messenger on the Panama...

SCHOONER "H. C. PAGE" WRECKED.—On Friday morning last, on her way from Port Ludlow to Victoria, the schooner H. C. Page encountered the heavy southwest gale...

It is stated in a Washington dispatch that the managers of the principal telegraph lines...

The King of Sweden is on the sick list. He fell recently from his horse, and further injured himself by springing over a wall in Christiana...

The celebrated divorce case, in which Miss Eliza Carstang sues Mr. Shaw, a rich old bachelor—said to be worth two millions—for the moderate sum of \$100,000...

FROM THE SIMILKAMEN.

We have had the pleasure of an interview with a Mr. Ensign, says the Mountaineer, just returned from the Similkamen mines...

IMPROVEMENTS.—It is encouraging to witness the large number of buildings in course of erection in various parts of the town...

ISLAND BUTTER AND EGGS.—Fresh Vancouver Island butter is offering by retail, at 37 1/2 cents per lb...

The Forrest divorce case has been settled again. In New York, on the 14th, Judge Moncrief delivered a decision in the Forrest divorce case...

A general convention of shoe leather dealers of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, assembled at the Astor House, New York...

A street encounter occurred on 17th at Jefferson City, Mo., between James Hughes, Deputy Warden of the Penitentiary, and Mr. Dozier...

FOR COUNTY AGENT.—Black Republicans, White Republicans, Know-Nothing, Know-Nothing, Know-Nothing...

PLEASE ANNOUNCE through the columns of your paper the name of H. W. WOOD as a candidate for the office of County Auditor at the ensuing election...

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VICTORIA ITEMS.

Below we copy a number of items of interest from the British Colonist of the 5th and 8th instants.

THE RAFFER GLIMMER.—Success has at last crowned the efforts of Messrs. Reynolds and Rhoads, and the Glimmer once more floats. She floated off on Saturday night, and the Wilson T. Boat, on Sunday morning, towed her over to Port Ludlow for repairs.

A FEVER RIVER FEVER IN CHINA.—We learn from the various Chinese firms in this city, that a perfect fever exists in China in regard to the River, and that an immigration of from 2,000 to 10,000 coolies may be expected between now and the 1st of August.

IMPROVEMENTS.—It is encouraging to witness the large number of buildings in course of erection in various parts of the town. On Sunday we counted twenty-three frames underway. Two buildings have been erected across the ravine since the Fort Rupert Indians were compelled to evacuate the northern section of the city.

STUPID DEATH.—A middle-aged man named Clarke, who has been traveling about the Sound for some time past, engaged in taking daguerotypes, dropped down dead, on Friday last, at Fort Madison, W. T., whither he had gone on business connected with his profession.

ISLAND BUTTER AND EGGS.—Fresh Vancouver Island butter is offering by retail, at 37 1/2 cents per lb, fresh eggs at 30 cents per dozen.

The Forrest divorce case has been settled again. In New York, on the 14th, Judge Moncrief delivered a decision in the Forrest divorce case, confirming the report of the referee granting \$4,000 alimony per annum to Mrs. Forrest, from the date of the trial, and also granted the motion for a final judgment.

A general convention of shoe leather dealers of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, assembled at the Astor House, New York, on the evening of the 14th, for the purpose of forming an association for the protection of their interests.

A street encounter occurred on 17th at Jefferson City, Mo., between James Hughes, Deputy Warden of the Penitentiary, and Mr. Dozier, formerly a guard in the prison, resulting in the almost immediate death of both.

FOR COUNTY AGENT.—Black Republicans, White Republicans, Know-Nothing, Know-Nothing, Know-Nothing...

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Private Medical and Surgical Institute, Sacramento street, below Montgomery, opposite Pacific Hotel, Steplight, San Francisco, California.

Established in 1854. For the permanent cure of all Chronic and Private Diseases, such as Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, etc.

TO THE AFFLICTED. Dr. L. J. CZAPKAY, of the Hungarian Army, and honorary member of the Philadelphia College of Medicine...

Offer for Sale, at Wholesale and Retail, A GREAT VARIETY OF DENIMABLE GOODS AT GREAT RATES, such as Flour, Sugar, etc.

H. G. WILLIAMSON, LATE H. G. WILLIAMSON & CO., KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, AT THE OLD STAND OF H. G. WILLIAMSON & CO., ALL THE FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND SYRUPS...

LIVERY STABLE. THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING TAKEN THE STABLES heretofore kept by J. A. Westrick, in Olympia and Stellacoom, will always keep Saddle Horses, Buggies, Teams, &c., to accommodate the public.

STEELACOOM BAKERY. CHAS. REISENBREIT & CO., HAVING ESTABLISHED A Bakery in Stellacoom, for the manufacture of First Bread, Biscuits, Cakes, etc.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID STEAMER BELLA ANDERSON, WITH HERBERT LEAVE OLYMPIA every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, for SEATTLE, PORT GAMBLE, PORT MADISON, PORT TOWNSEND, PORT LUDLOW, NEW BLENHEIM, BELLINGHAM BAY, SAN JUAN ISLAND, AND VICTORIA, V. I.

ARMY NOTICE. SEALED PROPOSALS FOR FURNISHING THE U. S. Troops at Fort Stellacoom, W. T., with FRESH BEEF for the year commencing July 1st, 1860...

DR. L. J. CZAPKAY'S Private Medical and Surgical Institute, Sacramento street, below Montgomery, opposite Pacific Hotel, Steplight, San Francisco, California.

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Miscellaneous.

BOOK, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER AND Seed Store.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY GIVE notice that they will keep constantly hand a good assortment of POETICAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND SCHOOL BOOKS; Also BLANK BOOKS and BLANK FORMS of all descriptions.

Bank Exchange. IF YOU WANT TO PLAY BILLIARDS ON a good table, go to the Bank Exchange. If you want to get a good Cigar, go to the Bank Exchange.

S. McCAW & CO. Offer for Sale, at Wholesale and Retail, A GREAT VARIETY OF DENIMABLE GOODS AT GREAT RATES, such as Flour, Sugar, etc.

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Special Notices.

Hall's Sarsaparilla Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potash. Prepared from the finest red Jamaica Sarsaparilla and English Iodide of Potash...

SPECIAL NOTICE. The following letter, which emphatically speaks for itself, was written by the Dean of the Faculty of the Philadelphia College of Medicine to the editor of the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal...

CERTIFICATE. I, the undersigned, Governor of Hungary, do testify hereby, that Dr. L. J. Czapkay has served, during the contest for Hungarian Liberty, as Chief Surgeon in the Hungarian army, with faithful perseverance...

B. F. DENNISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. PROCTOR IN ADMIRALTY. Port Townsend, Washington Territory. Commissioner of Deeds for the State of Oregon and California.

TIME! TIME! A WATCHMAKER IN STELLACOOM! JAMES E. D. JESTER, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER. HAS LOCATED IN STELLACOOM, where he hopes, by strict attention to business and superior work, to merit the confidence and patronage of the citizens of Pierce County and vicinity.

General Notice. THE UNDERSIGNED KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND a general variety of BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, GROCERIES, WOODENWARE, CROCKERYWARE, HARDWARE, GLASSWARE, FURNITURE, FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY, DRY GOODS, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., &c., &c.

U. S. MAIL AND Express Line. BETWEEN OLYMPIA AND STELLACOOM. THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RUN A LINE of stages between the above places, carrying the U. S. Mail, Express packages, and Passengers.

DELIN & SHOREY, MANUFACTURERS OF FURNITURE. WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO MANUFACTURE TO ORDER Beds, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Tables, Lounges, Writing Desks, Book Cases, and everything in the CABINET-MAKING line.

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