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GRANT'S, CHEAP FOR CASH Groceries of Every Kind, Sugar, Tea, Allspice, Candles, Matches, Soda, Coffee, Pepper, Tobacco, Starch, &c., &c., &c.

Poetry. WOMAN'S TRIALS. I. Pots, kettles and pans, Keadles and spoons, I am sick of their sight, and would give them all For a bunch of 'forget-me-nots'...

II. Tabasco and red, My arms are red, and my fingers spread, With their long and tapered sub, You may talk of straggling locks, You may rave of braided hair, It would take the waters of both I wren, To make these clothes look clear.

III. Wood, chips and coal, Coal, chips and wood; I've arranged them all as well as I can, But my fire will not burn good, You may sing of the sturdy oak, You may praise the lofty pine, I would rather have some splinters now To kindle this fire of mine.

IV. It is hard indeed to reign In kitchen and parlor too, And to meet your friends with a cordial smile, When you smell that burning stew. To fold your hands and be calm, And insist on a longer stay, When you know your bread is being asorched, And the soup all boiling away.

SELECT STORY. THE SHERIFF'S STORY. In the autumn of '42, on my way home from the West, I found myself obliged to put up for the night at the inn of a small settlement on the Wabash...

At this point the idea which had before been dimly floating in my mind as to possibility, became very near a reality. These prints were at some little distance from the sunken bridge, and the man who had made them had crossed a point of turf in reaching the road.

After dinner Stoker asked how long I intended to stop with him. I had intended to stop over night, and meet Watson in the morning; but my plan was changed. The wretch showed me more plainly than before that he mistrusted me, and I feared that something might turn up to injure my cause if I delayed too long.

near this spot, I was told, that most of the murders had taken place. On the following morning word was brought that another man had been found dead and robbed in the swamp. Watson and I posted off with many others, and found it to be as had been related. The dead man lay upon the road side, about two rods from the bridge, with his skull broken and his pockets empty.

After this I mingled with the people of Jackson, and gathered what information I could, and at length the following facts appeared: The murdered man was not known in section. He had arrived at Jackson on the evening before, on horseback, and put up at that place. He had started on his way very early in the morning, and was next day found dead by a boy who had come down to the creek to look to some traps which he had set the previous day.

The man who had kept the inn at Jackson was present and had been helping to identify the dead body. His name was Laman Stoker, and the moment I rested my eyes upon him, I disliked him. He was a short, square built man, with tremendous breadth of shoulders, a small bullet-shaped head, with prominent cheek bones, and small, thin ears, buttoned back flat upon his skull.

"I told him he had better wait for company, but he was in a hurry." "I wonder if he had much money about him?" "At this query, Stoker betrayed me a suspicious sign, for I was watching him very closely. He tried to look surprised that such a question should be put to him."

Perhaps you can imagine that I was beginning to be excited in my search. The heat had been washed down and obliterated. The water that gathered in the bottom, standing in little pools, had a crimson tinge, and there were one or two dark spots which had not been washed off. So far as my own mind was concerned, I had no doubt. Since I first entertained an opinion of the criminality of Stoker, every thing had turned out just as I had looked for it; and when I had left the boat, had come to the conclusion to make my next movement in my official capacity. When I had reached the inn, Stoker had returned, and dinner was almost ready.

long. So I told him I was not going to stop at all—I had a long road to travel, and I was in a hurry. Whether he was pleased with this or not, I could not determine. I paid for dinner for myself and horse, and got away as quickly as possible, and rode post haste to Huntsville.

Then we commenced to search the house. We hunted high and low, and we had plenty of interested people to help us. Partition walls were torn down, and floors ripped up. We found the property of the murdered man in a secret locker; and in a tank of water, away in one corner of the cellar, we found a lot of bloody bedclothes. We had evidence enough; and the prisoners were carried to the county jail that very night.

After I had seen my horse taken care of, I walked out behind the inn, upon the brow of a point of table land, and a short distance toward I saw the bend of the creek. Toward the creek, I made my way and when within a few rods of the water, I stopped. I saw something on the grass—a dark, red clot, hanging upon a stout blade, and bending it down.—I stooped, took it in my fingers, and found it to be blood!

I pushed on to the shore of the stream but there were no fresh foot-prints there. I went back a little way, and found that the trail turned to the left, and led to a point of the swamp which made up behind the bluff upon which the village stood. I made my way into the thicket of vines and cottonwood, and presently I found a boat drawn up upon the shore of the creek. It was of a kind called a "dog-out," and was wet outside and in, as though it had been lately washed down.

After dinner Stoker asked how long I intended to stop with him. I had intended to stop over night, and meet Watson in the morning; but my plan was changed. The wretch showed me more plainly than before that he mistrusted me, and I feared that something might turn up to injure my cause if I delayed too long.

her features. What a change! That smile it was not of pleasure, but was sinister. It was unprecipitated by the Lieutenant. She made him a reply which rejoiced him apparently very much. For the understanding property of this narrative, this "o'er true tale," we must tell the reader what we whispered and what replied. Whispered the Lieutenant: "I mean to kiss you when we get into the tunnel."

Into the earth's bowels—into the tunnel—ran the cars. Lady and colored nurse quickly changed seats. Gay Lieutenant threw his arms around the lady's waist, raised her from her seat, and fast and furiously imprinted kisses on her lips. In a few moments the train neared the end of the tunnel and glided out into broad daylight. White looked amazed: colored lady bashful, blushing; gay lieutenant befogged.

"Jane," said the white lady, "what have you been doing?" "Nothing," responded the colored lady. "Yes, you have!" said the white lady, not in an under-tone, but in a voice that attracted the attention of all in the car. "See how your collar is rumpled, and your bonnet smashed!"

Jane, poor colored beauty, hung her head a moment, the "observed of all observers," and then turning around to the Lieutenant, replied: "This man begged and kissed me in the tunnel!" Loud and long was the laugh that followed among the passengers. The white lady enjoyed the joke amazingly. Lieutenant looked like a sheep stealing dog—left the car and was seen no more during the trip.

The Justus vs Pease was a Whig! and after a hurried eggmination, he sentenced us! one of his own blood! of his own people! imprisonment for twenty days! on bread and water, and the nigger to only ten, on the ground that I was the chief offender! My mother begged and prayed, with tears a stream down her venerable cheeks faster than she could wipe 'em up with her gingham apron, that the arrangement might be reversed—the nigger the 30' and I the 10'; but no! Cold as a snail, inflexible as iron, bludie ez a turrap, I wuz inkarserated and stayed my time. Suddenly I emerged from them walls, on the evening of the 30th day, a changed individual: Liften my hands 2 seven, I vowed 3 vows, to wit: 1. That I wud devote my life to the work uv redooins 'th African to his nomaal speer. 2. That I wud adopt a perferan in 2 which I could steel without bein' hauled up fer it. 3. That the water I hed consumed while in doornance vile, wuz the last that wud ever find its way, undiluted, into my stomach. Hentz, I jined the Dimocrist, and whoever eggmines my record, will find that I nev' nev' my ovarts! PETROBUS V. PASTER, Lait Paster of the Church of the New Dispensashun.

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