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Manburg, Mar 27

for it was filled with the produce of the dame's thriving poultry; the eggs were to be exchanged for other things; and so nicely did the old lady always lay her plans that by no means could there be one cent appropriated

boy to do these errands for you." "Hoity toity!" was the sneering reply; the young jade would refuse to earn her board, would she? Keep minding your hon-

est business, miss; a par per brat should never know anything about pride," Bernice's clear cheek flushed, and har eye darkened ominously, but she only said,-

"It is not the pride you accuse me of, ma'am; it is the laudable ambition to have " Little Jim." The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old more than one dress that will take me hence

at no distant day." Yet everything within that cot was wond'rous neat "Enough, quite enough, for a pauper jade." and clean. "Paupers are human, ma'am," was the The night was dark and stormy; the wind was howling wild : " Pack yourself off, hussy, and were it not

patient mother watched beside the death-bed of for my eggs I wouldn't care if I never saw her childyou again, you ungrateful baggage!"
"I will not trouble you with my presence long," was the answer, in a different tone A little worn-out creature-his once bright eyes from which she had ever before replied; and It was the collier's wife and child-they called

him " Little Jim." And h! to see the bripy tears fast burrying ly basket upon her arm. Ouce in Burley she made haste to dispose down her cheek,

As she offered up a prayer in thought-she was down in the store to rest ere setting out on nearly took away her breath. Lest she might waken one she loved far better her return, for, be it known, it was four good miles from Doyle Hill to Burley. As she sat | vant ?" in lazy tones. For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor quite by herseif, she watched the different people coming and going, for Mr. Dwight, in With hands uplifted, see! she kneels beside the whose store she sat, was the principle busi-

were of finest leather and bright polish; they

swallowed the trowsers to the knee, giving

the new-comer a peculiarly rakish look.
"Ho, Mr. Maicolm," said Merchant Dwight.

obsequiously, "glad to see you; glad to see you, sir. Fine rain last night. When did you come from Middleville?"

ping his boots with his short-handled horse

the unsuspecting boot toe, "I posted three miles beyond here in pursuit of one Bridget

Kathleen O'Flarrity, who was recommended

to my lady mother as a red-haired subordi

nate out of employment who would take the

office of nursery maid in place of Biddy Mac-Kinnister resigned. Splashing through the

rain yesterday, to send this daughter of Erin

up by to day's coach, I found the darlint had

just let herself for an indefinite space to

somebody else; so," and the left patent leath-

er naturally sprang aside from the crack of the whip, and the right one coming up inop-

"You?" exclaimed Mr. Malcolm, very

nearly giving the young girl a crack with his

whip, he jorked it up in such nervous haste. "You?" speculated Mr. Dwight, knowing

much of the young girl's unpleasant and des

you? Why do you leave her? How dare

you think to brave her anger ?" were the sur-

prised enquiries, for people of the lady's fault-

finding and quarrelsome nature are generally

"What will she do without me? She is

well and strong, and to hear her talk, Mr. Dwight, one would imagine that she could

keep four goodly sized errand boys cheaper

than 'she can me. Why do I leave her? Young girls generally want the second suit

o their back. I am no exception, I assure

you. How dare I think of leaving her?

That question is potent of meaning, but I can

answer it. I am sixteen years old, and have been called pauper lorg enough. My pride is up in arms. In a word, I have resolved,

"Well, and bravely answered, my girl;

was the young man's reply, looking with

smile upon the blazing grey eyes before him.

"How will you come?"

A bright red flush stole over her face, for

the world. Her brow cleared in a moment,

and thinking only of walking the whole dis-

aside, be spoke a few words to him, and went

She heard him whipping his boots along the

"A right good chance, I reckon, Bernice,

f you can get the old woman's consent.

breczy movements, "this is to pay your fare

there in the stage. You can pay him, he said, after you earn it. I wouldn't say a

world to his mother about it. No need to

tell everybody how poor you are, you know."

So Bernice, with the understanding that the money was lent her, put it in the bosom of her dress and went home with rapid steps.

That evening, after the cows were milited and

all the little jobs done, she went out among

the clover and the blossoming thorn-trees,

looking her la for a long while upen them

After all, she sorrowed to part with these fa

miliar scenes of her childhood, unpleasant

Chapter II .- A New Life.

A storm of abusive words and epithets

awaited Bernice the next morning after her

though that childhood had 1 an.

out, snapping his whip with perfect fury at

and am determined to desert."

" Will you come?"

" To-morrow, I think."

"I will.

"When?"

" This week."

pavement.

well known, sounding as they go to the toc-

and snapped his whip in its rear.

serve her.

sin of war.

potic surroundings.

"Yesterday;" answered Malcolin, whip

"Deuce take it," another crack at

ness man in the thriving village. One and another came and went. At last there ensufferer's bed. And prays that He will spare her boy, and take tered a very different personage from the previous ones; the most of them were coun- will do. try people, rough as their native hills. This

She gets her answer from the child-soft fall those words from him: Mother, the angels do so smile, and becken

afraid to speak,

than her life.

collier's wife.

'Little Jim !' I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh, I am so dry :

Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother don't ye cry." With gentle, trembling haste, she held a tea-cup

to his line : He smiled to thank her as he took three little tiny

good night to bim; And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor "Little Jim."

She saw that he was dying-that the child she

Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear. The cottage door is opened-the collier's step i heard:

The father and the mother met, but neither speak a word,-He felt that all was over-he know his child was

He took the candle in his hand and walked towards the bed.

His quivering lips give token of the grief he'd fain conceal And see! his wife has joined him-the strickened

couple kneel, With hearts bowed down with saduess, they hum biv ask of Him In Heaven once more to meet again their ow

poor "Little Jim"

BETRAYED:

BY MES. C.

A dash of summer rain against the gables a sobbing of the wind under the wide, jutting eaves; and the old farm house standing up dripping and brown in the midst of the pelt ing storm; may be you can imagine just how it looked; but you can hardly see within the walls. Crouching under the brown rafters, before the indescribably poor light of a tallow candle, with her proud head lying against her hand, as if she had dashed it heartily against the palm, was a young girl of perhaps sixteen summers. An old, well-preserved book lay reading nor studying. The clear, light-colored eyes were raised towards the untimisted root as if she listened to the rain; but if she heard it, it was because the sound reached her care

without will or wish of hers.

She was aroused at last, by the tipping over of her bit of candle, which, growing gradual ly weaker, had finally found itself unable lorger to sustain itself, and therefore, after sundry warning and panting leaps, it fell over because obliged to, and not because it had any desire to get away from the full light of

the girl's large eyes. "My light has left me," she said in sweet. soft tones; "and there is nothing left but to hie me to my bed under the brown old eaves. Well, old attic, you have held ine in your bosom longer than you ever will hold me again. This life I cannot endure. Let me that she possessed but ten cents of money in see, for six years Mrs. Midge has, had the hard, ceaseless toil of my hands, and led my feet whither she would. I have never deceived her, never failed her; then, surely, I have imply repaid her for my scanty ward-I shall bave a light heart in leaving her to try the fortunes of the world. Ah! how she will fret and annoy me when she finds that I am really going to leave; but I feel that nothing but death can change my determination. Ere two mouths are passed, Doyle Hill will miss me. Its clover will be unpressed by my feet, and its flowers un-plucked by my hand. A spirit of restless uneasiness besets me. I fret at my bondage. I must up and away. To morrow, if the rain ceases, I shall go to Burley for Dame Midge. I have, let me see, ten conts-ba! ha!-cash funds, with which to purchase a copy of the Herald' and one of the 'Press;' may be that I shall see something attractive there.

of Doyle Hill and its meagre surroundings soon.' The light grey eyes remained wide open, dilating with intense thought. The rain came with a full free dash against the attic window. The light winds whispered along the low saves, and finally their weird and lulling mu-

At any rate, I leave the barren neighborhood

sic sootbed the young girl to sleep.
"Bernice! Bernice!" called Dame Midge in a harsh, high key, "it's broad daylight and quite time the cows are milked. Come, come,

don't let me have to speak again." Bernice, roused from her deep sleep, remembered that she was to go to Burley that day if the weather was fine, and hastening down the narrow stairs she took her bonnet from the peg in the entry, and going to the partry seized the pails and went out singing.

visit to Burley, when she announced herself ready to leave Mrs. Midge's. To all of which The glorious refulgence of a symmer dawn the young girl made the one reply,"You have told me so often, ma'm, that I was illuminating a clear sky, and from the was r trouble, and burden, and expense, that shelter of the trees the birds gave forth their grand operatic trills. A smile of pure, child-I have long thought of freeing you from all like j y lit up the face of young Bernice as care of me, always thanking you for whatshe here into the house her pails of snowy, ever of good you have done for me. You certainly must rejoice at my absence, you have said so many times that you was sorry frothing milk ...

you ever took me from the alms house, and bighway with springing step, bearing upon her arm Dame Midge's market basket in which that I didn't half earn my bread." " Well, miss, dou't ever think to come back she was to bring back divers and many ne-cessary articles for housekeeping purposes. to me after you've tried to earn your bread The basket hung heavily upon her strong arm, and failed! "No," said Bernice, sadly, and with a tone of voice that would have moved a human heart, "no; I shall never come Lack, Mrs. Midge, never. You will wish me success, surely?" and she held out her hand to the by Bernice for any little gew gaw that nearly only one with whom she had intimate acquaintanceship.

But the incensed dame, with a half grunt, all young people covet. Bernice had said to

turned away, refusing to take the hand ofmination beforehand, "Aunty, ere long you will have to procure "Well, then, good bye;" said Bernice, turning away. No answer was vouchsafed, and feeling ut-

terly alone in the world the friendless girl hurried away, with no one to warn her of the temptations and wickedness of the world; no Dwight, but as her lover he refused to acmother's voice to bless her; no sister's band cept it; and young mesuspecting, without to bild here in farewell.

she took the stage for Middleville, where she arrived in the afternoon. Everything was

any rate, to keep up an incessant rattle. "The new applicant, ma'am," said Bridget, opening the door leading into Mrs. Rockford's sitting room. "The nursery maid, ma'am, exclaimed the Irish girl again, seeing that the lady did not notice the first announce-

"Oh, has she 'come?" very slowly asked she smiled bitterly as she walked along the damp road with the dame's heavy and ungain. Bernice from head to foot. "Sit down. I wish to talk with you."

The young girl obeyed with a beating eart. What if she was not wanted? The of her eggs and to replenish the basket with heart. What if she was not wanted? The the required articles. Being wears, she sat idea for the first time entering her mind "Have you had any experience as a ser-

> "No; I have no experience." "I am sorry; I don't think-"

"Well, you can stay awhile; perhaps you "Thank you," the young girl gratefully answered. in wore a jaunty cap which was set well

is, after a little time."

"You can go right to the nursery. You back from his handsome face. His trowsers, will sleep in the room adjoining the childrens', and you must be very faithful to your charge." spotted with mud from the combined causes of the previous night's rain and his fast riding. were of fine, soft cloth. A short, heavy gold "They all promise so," was the answer. chain and scals dangled carelessly from his wateh-pocket. The boots bespattered also,

Master George and Louisa were respectively four and two years of age, and the exact was a widow for the second time; Malcolm, whom we have already seen, being her son by the first marriage.
With the morrow Bernice entered upon her duties, finding in a few hours that she had ils, prayers, and tears, and the soft young

two young tiger cubs to manage. She had a cheerful smile and ready hand for them. She trotted George upon her foot, while Louisa climbed upon her chair and took down her luxuriant hair. So she got along well enough strong soul. with them, although when it came bed-time she often found herself so tired as to be unable to sleep for hours.

And, on the whole, madam was well pleased. The children never trouble her now,

and that was an immense satisfaction, for she was too indolent to breathe only as it was a mechanical movement. So matters went on for three months. Bernice carefully saved her wages, intending to put the surplus dollars away until she should

portunely, got the whole blow fairly on the nose; "so I have got to go back without the forth-coming maid, and to be posted off some her much clothing, which she was too idle to where else. What a nuisance these young make over, and too rich to miss, so the dol hopefuls are!' and the left boot, which lars went not out into finery, but were careseemed to be particularly nervous, rquealed fully stored in a little mettle-box. Bernice was developing into rich woman like a rat as the young man turned upon it bood, being nearly seventeen, with a rare set of features, not beautiful but attractive. Her Bernice came forward without realizing form was an embodiment of sprightly grace, what she was doing, and turning to the young and her manners naturally agrecable. man, said,"Tell your mother that I will come and

where he was. But she never had beard his she did not with to question them. One day in September, Madam, Bernice and the children we've driven into the suburbs to spend the day with a relative of the lady's. The estate was a fine, well kept farm; and She nodded her head.

"What would Dame Midge do without them, highly relishing the goodies which were nowhere found so rich and nice as in these

times she thought of Malcolm, and wondered

well kept farming estates. The children teased incessantly for a walk in the woods, and mamma, to be freed from their noise, sent them off with the maid, tel ling them to stay away until heartily wearied "O Berny, Berny, give me my hat; and

mine," they called, wild with delight.

The brown earth and the scent o ping woods brought the old place of Doyle Hi and the irascible Dame Midge fresh to the young girl's mind; but, content in her new situation, the maid and the children ran races and shouted with operiment. Herel ar eve sperkled, flash upon flash, like a mild dia mond shut under a soft, white lid. They madechaplets of the late flowers, and wreather all their heads with these wildwood crowns. Tired out at last they sat down, to rost ere their return. Towards the latter part of the afternoon

they were returning, when a man bounded over the stile close by them, and the children. with a cry of delighted surprise, shouted, "Alexis! Alexis!" and climbed upon him as he stooped to receive them.

Bernice recognized young Malcolm. Pres ently he arose, and, shaking himself much as the question had brought to mind the fact a mastiff might have done after such rough

caressing, he came towards her,—
"Ah, well-a-day, sound the recall for the "Ah, well-a-day, sound the recall for the little ruffians or there will not be enough left Lord a reddy fader for all cese little lambs as of me to say good evening to you;" was his tance, she answered,—
"Perhaps, on the whole, I had better not address, striking his cap on to the back of his head, leaving his splendid eyes flashing unshaded beneath his full, high forehead.

He held out his hand, but she did not look upon your honest face and my babe's and none other. I could hear it." say to-morrow; but I will come within the Malcolm caught the difficulty in a moment, but made no remark. Calling Mr. Dwight seem to notice it until he added,-

"What! in mother's employ, and not one word of greeting for her son i She remembered thento shake hands with

everything in his way. At the door he turned, nedded to Bernice, and said,— "Don't you want to know where I have been, and where I just tow came from! Run on, rabbits; we will follow." It is nothing to me where you have been

You came from the woodland adjoining. I Here," dashing a bank bill at her with his sawyou sometime beforeyou leaped the stile." He turned his face owards her, spoiling the arch of his eyebraws by the volcanic peaks which he throw ip in their centre, and continued .-

"You saw and knewme?" " Hardly. I took yot for some straggler. "Straggler! Good Lord! do I look like a straggler? Shades d Olympus, defend us I ain direct from Old Yale, and have my sheep kin here;" slapping his breast pocket and am ready to strt out in the world

Bridget, congratulate ne." No answer. " Bridget-is it Bridget ?" "Never," she leaghd; "never Bridget." "What, then ?" " Bernice, sir."

"Bernice Sir; whatan odd name." " Bernice Whately ; substitute Whately for Sir, and you will have t right." "Oh," and be broke off a twig of pine to whip the air with.

He was very nervets; any one could see

that by his manner. "Well, come mend pur pace, children. My mother would be in fis of impatience were she not too indolent fe it. She sent me out here more than an har ago, and I ran this way and that, like a litle dog after squirrels, finding you at last by imping over the fence

among you."

This day commenced an acquaintance between the young peope which it would have been well had the moher noticed and broken up. But, pleased with her son's return, and loving him with all by passive force of affection, she questione not his movements. Alas, for young Brnice! There was no

one to caution her of the danger of this wild young man's addresss. As for him, charmed by the novelty of he youth and fresh simplicity, he sought he presence continually, going into the nutery unrestrained, and maid and the childen, who shouted their welcome, while Bernce, in the full flashing of her eyes responded to his greeting. She had insi-ted upon pying back to him the money that he had given her by way of Mr. one voice to guide a caution her, she gare

A mild beyond Doyle Hill, at the post house, her young heart to him with all its trust and

Every one guesses the sequel. After five new, strange and noisy, for Middleville bossted or six months of lover-like addresses, he abaome pretensions to pavements, enough, at ruptly left for his sight-seeing; left her without one word of parting to the wronged girl, saying to her,—
"I am off to-day, Sie; good hye."

But where he was going was a mystery.
She supposed merely for a brief absence.
Weeks and months went by. Bernice's cheek began to grow thin and pale. She dared not inquire for him, for she had no thought how wholly unnoticed their intimacy bad been; but she casually overheard Mrs. Rockford telling a caller of her last letter from Alexis while in Genos. A shivering horror seized upon her. All was explained his silence and absence. He had wearied of her; and she cursed herself for not knowing before that he, a rich man's son, would

want nothing but the ruin of his mother's Oh, what a sad fate was hers! What an "If you would try me," said Bernice, in sinking tones, "I think I would suit you, that of her shame, which soon the whole world would know, while she was left a friendless and penniless girl, (save through her better and nobler plans of educating herself some time) to bear against the "get thee behind me" of the whole cruel world.

Yet she toiled on with a sublime fortitude which ought to awaken pity and admiration in every breast, never once harboring the thought of murdering her unborn child to save herself from contumely and scornful jeers. She had sinned, perhaps, but her child was innecent, and although neither north counterpart of their indolent mother, who nor south, east nor west offered friends or support, there was one other way to look in this her dreadful sorrow. God was over all and in all, and although the clear, full eyes were sunken and dim from lonely night vigchecks shrunk and faded, yet her purpose was fixed. Her child, the stamp and seal of her shame, should live for august that she would do against its life. Heaven bless her true,

> Chapter III .- Bernice's Disappearance. One morning it was ascertained in the ry-maid had mysteriously disappeared. The week before her quarter's wages had been paid her, and she had goue, no one knew whither. She had been in the family for more than a year, and was universally beloved. The children were boisterous in their

loss, and 'he'r mother was in despair. Never need them more, little dreaming what the before had she had so faithful a creature in near future held for her. Mrs. Rockford gave her household. It could not be dissatisfac tion on the part of the young girl, for only the week previous there had been talk of increasing her wages; her really kind mistress ascribing her altered looks to her too faithful discharge of her duties. But Bernice had expressed herself satisfied with ber salary. What could it mean? Black mys

tery settled over the whole affair. Meanw ile Bernice hurried away in the cars to a distant town, revolving in her mir d, her sin, her desolution and its consequences. name mentioned save by the little folks, and She had not the consoling story of a moch marriage to tell to the sympathetic. No; the naked truth stood up cold and cruel before er. Young, unsuspicious and loving, she was betrayed by false promises. The world is full of cases parallel with hers, although few like her possess moral courage to bear the weight of her shame without one thought of adding to the weight of her sin the crime of murder.

She rented a small room in the noisy, busy city of Hillsbury, and secured the services of an old colored nurse; and there one morning the friendly sun shone in upon one of the saddest evidences of man's lawlessness-the pallid, tear-stained face of an unwedded moth er, and that mother but little more than sev enteen years of age. A heart sorrowing and burdened within ber, but with unperjured soul, the poor young creature lay with her cold, rigid face turned to the wall. Others tad sinned a thousand times more

than she, but their sins had befriended them in not revealing themselves to the world; but holding an immortal soul within the little ba by form given to her keeping, she would be faithful to ber trust. This was all. "It's a mighty pert young 'un," said the old negress, when the babe was a month old

a young 'un to be proud on, Miss." Bernice groaned aloud. "Can one be proud of a child who has n father ?" asked she, despairingly, for with he straightforward honestness, she had told old Dinah her story before her babe was born. "Deed they can. 'Pers like, if 'twas misshaped, or foolish, or anything like that you' feel done ruinated 'bout it; but laws,

is left to His care." "O. Dinah, if I only had not to go into and none other, I could bear it."

Dinah tossed her head with some mali ciousness. " Jes go into the world, boney, and fight it for dis ere child's sake. You'll be harder den you was, honey; not so lovin', and trustin' may be, but ye ken battle all de better for yer bread and butter. If de world scorn ye, honey, jes pay it back. Ye've had a lesson that wont make ye feel very friendly-to'ards

people; but ye must be strong in de promises of de Lord." "But oh, think, Dinah," was the disconso late reply, "my little girl is a child of shame!"
A snort of defiance came from the old weman, who seemed an animated statue of pol-

ished abony.
"Shar I chile, dat ar' baby's no worse dan scores dat are born in de bans of wedlock.
You loved de villain, and maybe, for de time, he loved you; dat's onsartain, howebber. I hear the crack of the ringmoster's whip, but grandmother is dafe, and I'm writin a loud baint been scrubbin' nigh on to thirty years we can't see the show unless we pay for two widout havin' some sights showed me, and as for dat, getting my old black knuckles knocked agin the flints. But I allers sed. Las, Dinah, it wont last, at most, but a few back, swoops down upon you and picks a Las, Dinah, it wont last, at most, but a few back, swoops down upon you and picks a years, so jes you shet up you your growlin', and wid dis view 'fore her, Dinah shet up.

Now, Missy, dare's your trial put in your pass in, or re-fund the money and tie up the arms, and you jes keep it dare widout once thinking to put de responsibility upon de Lord, or anybody else, and by and by ye'll find it growin' less troublesome, and some time it'll get down and ran away from your

arms." You may be sure that such reasoning in its truthfulaes fell like oil upon stiff, smarting wounds. "If I had not to part with your hones

face, Dinah, I should be almost cheerful, said the young creature, looking with admi ration upon the shining face of her nurse. The old woman was repulsive enough, as far as physical features were concerned, but | Court." she had a heart, a kind, charitable heart, and Bernice loved her. There are moments in this earthly life, of ours when the faithful

kindness of a dog is appreciated. When her babe was seven weeks old Bernice had to part with the old negress, whose uppresuming faith had strengthened her own week soul. "You have done me much good Dinah you have given me much strength, and it

anywhere in the future I have a home to offer sauntering in upon the quiet walks of the vou, I shall want you to come to me. Will you come?"
"Lar! how de chile talks;" was the old woman's reply. "'Deed, honey, I'll jest your gelgotha to the summit of your perioracome if ebber ye dus send word for me." nium, and allow me to present to your ocular demonstration the scientific piece of mechan-"Can you read write or read?"
Dinah shook her head.

"How, then, can I hope to find you again?"
Dinah thought a while.

"Dare's Mr. Slow dat preaches for de colored people at Milltown; he can read and write, and if ye'd 'member his name, he'd find me any time, allers 'siderin' I'se alive." "Then, Dinah," said Bernice, shaking the bony black hand, "some time, if we both

live, I will send for you." A tear glistened in the nurse's eye as she kissed the babe and bade the lonely mother adieu. She could not retain the faithful creature longer, for her hoarded money had wasted rapidly, and there was no knowing when or where she would find a home. Some two weeks later, taking her babe in her arms, she turned her back upon the noisy city forever, only longing to get within the quiet,

peaceful influences of country life. The summer time was favorable, and for days she traveled on, getting a meal now and then at the houses by the way, paying a fair price for food and lodging, inquiring as she got into the open country of every one where she tarried for food or rest, if they knew of any one who would like to hire help. People looked at her and her young babe, and shook their wise heads. No one would wish a woman with so young a child; and, too, by the sad, pallid face of the girl mother, it was on ly too evident that something was wrong. Oh, hard of heart! Did she not carry a recommendation for herself in the true, brave way that she bore his sin and babe upon her woman's breast? But the world never sees aright; never bears aright; never feels aright.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Wild Oats. The following charming piece of word music from McMillan's Magazine, is attributed to Miss

When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green, And every goose a swan, lad, And every lass a queen, Then fly for boot and horse, lad And round the world away ; Young love must have its course, lad, And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And all the sport is stale, lad. And all the wheels run down Creep home and take your place there, The spent and maimed among-God grant you find a face there You loved when you were young.

PRIMARY RESULTS OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN Visconsin. - The Fond du Luc (Wisconsin) Press, spealing of the recent decision of the Radical Judges in that State, declaring anqualified acgro suffrage legal, gives the ful lowing as the first fruits of that action:

" But this negro suffrage bill which the Judges of the Supreme Court have forced the people of this State to swallow, bas plac d Wisconsin in the van of the New England States, and made her emphatically the Africa of the Northwest. "We now have before us the natural re-

ults of this disgraceful decision; thus i Madison we see a negro, or perhaps we abould now say a colored gentleman, named Noland, running for Mayor, and he receives three hundred and six votes. But the finest and most illustrative instance we have heard of happened in the township of Janesville, where the Radica's nominated for constable a thorough-bred white miscegenationist, named Parker. His opponent was a blooded at rican buck negro who was elected by a large majority. We understand the newly elected negro official resides on the town line, and is now making preparations to move his dwelling, so as to be able to qualify. We trust the Radicals will not object to their own pro-

gramme." SUMNER A TIME PIECE -" There must be no precipitation. Time is the pentlest, but most powerful revolutionist. Time is the surest eformer. Time is the peace-maker. Time s necess ry to growth, and it is an element of change. For thirty years or more this wickedness was maturing. Who can say that the same time will not be needed now to ma-

ture the conditions of permanent peace." Here you have an extract from a late speech f Mr. Charles Sumner. In this passage he shows himself a mere time piece. But the ty years before it begins to go, is but a slow instrument. It falls for short of the merits of an eight day brass clock of Connecticu: manufacture. Mr. Summer is rathe tardy in [his operations. It was tois same terdiness on his part that kept him from striking at the proper moment when Brooks's cudget was making its revolutions about his upper works. He did not come up to time on that occasion, nor does he show himself any bet-Andrew Johnson, who has proved himself to-be a repeater. Summer has tongue enough for a time-piece, but his wheels work too slowly for any proper revolution .- South Carolinian.

VOLUMES IN ONE PARAGRAPH.—The follow ing inimitable bit is irr/sistible in argument as it is in humor. We quote from the Charlottesville Chronicle: "It seems to us as hard to get in the Union as it is to get out. The South respectfully asks to move one way or the other. We are like the fellow who was forced to go to the show, and then not allowed to go any further than where he had paid for his ticket. We have been dragged into the doorway of the Federal tent, and

Our PRESIDENT .- The Washington corres pondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, writing on the 9th, concerning the passage of the Civil Rights Bill, says: "The President is not at all disturbed by the vote, and says that Congress has but exercised its Constitutional right in passing the bill over the veto, and he will execute the law as passed, so far as he is concerned, to the best of his understanding, until it shall be declared unconstitutional, as he believes it will be, when brought before the United States Supreme

A BRIGHT ONE.—A poor woman called at grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off, and put into her gallon jug. She then asked for another quart, to be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gation, and done with it?" said the grocer. "Och! bless your little bit of a soul," an-

swered she, "it's for two persons." A gentleman wishing to get rid of an unwelcome visitor, and not liking to tell him, "there's the door," qualified it thus, "Elevate

apariment."

VICTIMS OF A MILITARY COMMISSION .- The Alexandria Gazette thus describes the departure of the young men recently tried and convicted there by-a military commission:

A rumor that the "Christmas riot" prisoners had been rentenced and were to be sent off had been circulated through the city, and towards the hour for the five o'clock Washington train to start a large crowd, including many ladies, had collected at the upper end of Duke street, to witness their departure. We will not attempt to express the feelings excited in all the spectators of this sad ending of, at most, a Christmas frolic, but the appearance of five residents of this cityorn and raised here, and known to all our old citizens, as honest and upright young men, manacled together with iron handcuffe and carried through the street in charge of a military guard, after the issue of the Peace Proclamation, was sufficient cause of anxiety to all. The sobs and cries of some of the ladies were plainly audible, and the feelings of one were so acted upon that she fainted, and fell upon the streets.

When General Lee was in Washington, a short time ago, he set for his picture at Brady's gallery. The fact became known of course, ind ever since Mr. Brady has been overrun with orders for copies of the picture. It would seem that almost every family in Washington, and many in Baltimore, wish to have hanging in their parlors a representation of the form and features of the great Confederate chieftain, to judge from the rush there has been for copies of the portrait. The atter, of course, is all that could be desired n the way of artistic excellence. Straws how the direction of the wind, and it is very evident that if the time ever comes when the American people will be allowed to manifest the real feelings of their hearts, they will confer upon Gen. Lee such a testimonial of their affection as will put to the blush the di-gusting toadyism that is lavished upon General Grant.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON .-- Gen. Joseph E. Johuston, in consenting to become a candidate for the position of President of the Mob le and Ohio railroad, says: "The posi-tion to me would be the most agreeable one I could think of. No position would suit me better than the presidency of a respectable railroad company, and I should prefer the Mobile and Ohio railroad to any other. The majority of the troops commanded by me during the war were from the Gulf States; and my best and warmest friends reside there. I have a strong desire to pass my remaining days in the Gulf States in the midst of those who have shown themselves to be my best and most steadfast friends.

A PRETTY WOMAN is an institution of the country, an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a weet poem, written in tare curls and choice calico and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float around the ear like music, birds of paradise, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Withtions, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the best comforters and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vi-

ever you find the virtuous woman, you also find fireside bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music and light, and modern institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity and her aspirations are the breath of heaven. A MOST CONTEMPTIBLE THIEF .- An entertainment was recently given in Petersburg, Va., for the benefit of Mrs. Gen. Stonewall Jackson. The hall was crowded, and, of necessity, the receipts were large. All these the lessee of the ball, a man named S. W. Glenn. appropriated to himself and fled to parts un-

cious and strengthen the faint bearted. When-

the creature who thus " readily and cheerfully consented" to afford them the opportunity of expression, let the world know. HARDWARE.-Happening in at the hardware store of our neighbors, John and Thos. A. Bones, yesterday, we observed some hoge casks of hardware being opened, and take pleasure in calling the attention of our friends to the fact that they are prepared to supply the trade with all articles in the hardware

known. How the holiest feelings of the bu-

man heart have been taken advantage of by

tisement .- Augusta Constitutionalist. Do WE LIVE IN A FREE COUNTRY?-We ask the question, because we see it stated that Gen. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, has Gen. Grant's permission to visit any part of the United States. We may have business in Pocahontas to-morrow-certainly will, if we go to Richmond-whose permission shall we obtain to go? We should like to know-Evnebburg Express.

There are 1,051 students in the University of Michigan. It is the largest in the

country. Henry Ward Beecher compares the radicals in Congress to morkeys in a cocosnut tree, pelting the President from a sufe

distance.

minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word of God smong us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."

"Ah, me," said a plous lade, " cur

Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walkng the epitaphs, said to her: " Where are

all the naughty people buried?" An old bachelor says that the talk of women is usually about men; even their laugh is "hel he!"

"Hello, my jolly robel, how do you

feel now, since the surrender ?"

"Very much like Lazarus, Yank." " How's that?" "Like I was licked by dogs."

At a dancing match in Chicago, recently, a buxom Dutch girl danced nine hours consecutively, when her partner acknowledged himself fairly beaten and very tired. The damsel then took six glasses of lager and quietly went to breakfast. for a man to wipe on!" Landlord, with a

enty of my boarders have wiped on that towel, this morning, and you are the first one to find fault. store, Mrs. Partington?" asked a friend. "Yes," replied the old lady; "but I'm pestiferous to know which. Some tell me the

look of amazement, replied : "Sixty or ser-

wholesome trade is the best, but I believe the ringtail will be the most beneficious to him." In a country church yard this epitaph may be seen: "Here lies the body of John Robinson, and Ruth, his wife." Underneath is the motto, "Their warfare is accomplished."

The President bes expressed his disapproval of Me. Stewart's proposion for a universal ism which forms the egress portion of this amnesty on condition of the establishment o