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WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 77.

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Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
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No. 321 Market Street,
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CUMMINGS & CO. ARE NOW RECEIVING
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Selected with great care, and with special reference to the SOUTHERN TRADE, to which the attention of their house has been directed since its establishment.
The most liberal terms will still be continued to their Southern customers.
The attention of buyers visiting the Northern market, is respectfully solicited to an examination of their stock.
Jan. 16, 1860—73-81

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TREATS ALL DISEASES.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL CHRONIC diseases. Coughs, Croup, Consumption, Indigestion, Asthma, Bronchitis, all diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat, and Lungs; all Skin Diseases of every description successfully treated.—Lumbago, Lumbic Abscesses, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, or Convulsions, Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Dropsy, or Dropsical Swellings, Hemorrhoids, Piles cured in a short time; also of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. There are many diseases incidental to woman and children which are treated with distinguished success. All patients will be given by Dr. Baakke can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing.
CANCERS, OLD SORES, OR ULCERS, HIL DISEASES, FISTULA OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SCALD HEAD, WENS, POLYPI OF THE NOSE, Or in any part of the body,
TUMORS, AND SWELLINGS
of every description, and without the use of the knife, or any surgical instruments. These last cannot be cured by correspondence; therefore all such patients must place themselves under the Doctor's personal supervision.
Doctor Baakke has made a new discovery of a "Pleurin," that will produce absorption of the "CATARACT," and restore permanent vision to the Eye, without resort to the knife. All diseases of the
EYES AND EARS
are successfully treated without the use of the knife or medicine. Dr. Baakke has constantly on hand at his office a very extensive assortment of beautiful
ARTIFICIAL EYES
AND
TYMPANUMS, OR EAR DRUMS,
which are suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes. EAR TRUMPETS of every description; also every variety of artificial articles known in the world—a large assortment of beautiful and durable
ARTIFICIAL HANDS,
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These articles are perfectly natural, and adapted for either sex, and can be sent by express to any part of the world. All kinds of Trusses for Hernia, or Rupture of every description, for either sex, and Trusses particularly adapted for females in a weak condition, also for those with PROLAPSE UTERI.
Doctor Baakke is one of the most celebrated and skillful physicians and surgeons now living. His fame is known personally in every principal city of the world.
All letters directed to Dr. Baakke must contain cents, to pay postage and incidental expenses. All Chronic Diseases can be treated by correspondence, except those mentioned, which will require his personal supervision.
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NEW GOODS FOR FALL AND WINTER.
J. J. COX, TAKES PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING
to his customers, friends, and the public generally, that he has received, and is now receiving, A MORE EXTENSIVE STOCK THAN USUAL OF FRESH AND FASHIONABLE GOODS—consisting, in part, of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS; READY-MADE CLOTHING; HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES; HARDWARE AND CUTLERY; BAGGING, ROPE and TWINE; GROCERIES, &c., &c.
These Goods are of the best quality, and those wishing to purchase will be consulting their interest by calling and examining for themselves. They will be sold low, on the usual time, but accounts must be settled punctually.
Lileville, N. C., Sept. 25, '59-55-ly

NEW STORE.
THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW RECEIVING IN THE Brick Store recently occupied by Daniel A. Horn, A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS, suited to the trade of this market, comprised in part of
DRY GOODS.
Prints, De Laines and Dress Goods; Bleached and Brown Goods; Hosiery; Negro Goods, Blankets, &c., &c., &c.
HATS AND CAPS.
All styles, colors and qualities.
ROOTS AND SHOES.
Calf, Kip, Wax, Seal, Goat and Kid; Black and Russet Brogans.
HARDWARE.
Pocket and Table Cutlery; Pins; Tacks; Locks; Wood Screws; Stoves; Coffee Mills; Hoes; Shovels; Spades, Traces, &c., &c.
HOLLOW WARE.
Pots, Ovens, Spiders, Skillets, &c., of all shapes and sizes.
IRON AND NAILS.
Broad and Narrow Bar; Hoop, Hand, Rod and Square; Nails, 4 to 40 penny.
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Sole and Upper, Kip and Calf.
BAGGING, ROPE AND TWINE.
LIME AND PLASTER PARIS.
GROCERIES.
Loaf, Crushed and Coffee Sugars; Java, Laguayra and Rio Coffee; Tea; Cheese; Mackerel; Bacon; Lord, Salt, Soda, Potash, Molasses, Rice,
and every other article called for in this market; all of which will be sold on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in this market, for cash, or on short time to those who will pay when they promise.
All orders strictly attended to.
J. M. THREADGILL,
Cheraw, Sept. 20, 1859-55-ly

EMPLOYMENT.
\$50 A MONTH AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.—An agent is wanted in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For further particulars, address Dr. J. HENRY WARNER, corner 12th street and Broadway, New York city, enclosing one postage stamp. 68-75
"HARD TIMES NO MORE."
ANY LADY OR GENTLEMAN IN THE UNITED STATES possessing from \$5 to \$7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from \$5 to \$10 per day can be realized. For particulars address (with stamp) W. E. ACTON & CO., 41 North Street, Philadelphia. November 21, 1859-49-2m

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.
[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]
A SERENADE.
O Genevieve, my love, arise,
The midnight hour has tolled,
The stars are out to deck the skies
With a myriad flakes of gold.
Come to the window, lift thy face,
And let the night receive,
Though beautiful, another grace
From thee, my Genevieve.
Let music wake thee gently, sweet,
And for an hour beguile
To grant the minstrel at thy feet
The enchantment of thy smile.
But if thou may'st not wake, then dream;
And may this melody
So charm thine ear thy thought may seem
A dream of heaven to be.

DEBBY WILDER;
OR, THE HUNDRED DOLLAR NOTE.
BY SENA SMITH.
There lived, a few years ago, in the interior of one of the Middle States, a sturdy farmer, well-to-do in the world, by the name of William Wilder. He had wandered away from Yankee land in his younger days to seek his fortune; and having been employed by a respectable Quaker to work on his farm, he had contrived by true Yankee adroitness to win the affections of the old man's daughter, and had married her. His wife, having espoused one of the world's people, contrary to the rules of her order, was, of course, "read out of the society;" but Wilder loved her none the less for that; if anything, he felt a little rejoiced at it, for he thought it seemed to bring her a little nearer to him.
Mrs. Wilder, however, never overcame the habits which had grown up with her childhood and youth; she always called her husband William, and continued through life to speak the Quaker dialect. But this from her lips was never ungrateful or unwelcome to William's ears; for one of the sweetest sounds that ever drifted in his memory, was when he asked her a certain question and her reply was: "William, thee has my heart already, and my hand shall be thine whenever thee may be pleased to take it."
William Wilder was a thrifty and stirring man; and in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and was going ahead in the world as fast as the best of his neighbors. Nor has the whole sum of his fortune yet been stated. He was blessed with a daughter; a bright, joyous, healthy, roving girl, full of life and spirits, and in his eyes exceedingly beautiful. The daughter, at the period which is now more particularly described, had reached the age of eighteen years, and was an object of engrossing love to her parents, and of general attention to the neighborhood.

"There's that Joe Nelson alongside of Debby, agin'," said Mr. Wilder to his wife, rather pettishly, as they came out of church one warm summer afternoon, and commenced their walk homeward. "I wish he wouldn't make himself quite so thick."
"Well, now, my dear, I think thee has a little too much feeling about it," returned Mrs. Wilder. "Young folks like to be together, and Joseph is a clever and respectable young man; nobody ever says a word against him."
"Yes, he's too clever by far to be worth anything," said Wilder; "and by and by he'll take it into his head, if he hasn't already, to coax Debby to marry him. I've no idea of her marrying a pauper; I've worked too hard for what little property I've got to be willing to see it go to feed a vagabond, who never earned anything, and never will. I don't believe Joe will ever be worth a hundred dollars as long as he lives."
"My dear, I think thee is a little too hard upon Joseph; thee should remember that he is but just out of his time. His father has been sick several years, and Joseph has almost entirely supported the whole family."
"Oh, I don't deny that he's clever enough," said Mr. Wilder; "all I don't like to see him quite so thick along with Debby. How should you feel to see him married to Debby, and not worth a decent suit of clothes?"
"I should feel," said Mrs. Wilder, "as though they were starting in life as we did when we first married. We had decent clothes, and each of us a good pair of hands, and that was all we had to start with. I don't think we should have got along any better, or been any happier, if thee had been worth a hundred thousand dollars when we were married."
This argument came with such force to Wilder's own bosom that he made no attempt to answer it, but walked on in silence till they reached their dwelling. Debby and Joseph had arrived there before them, and were already seated in the parlor. Seeing Joseph as they passed the window, Mr. Wilder chose not to go in, but continued his walk up the road to the high ground that overlooked some of his fields, where he stood ruminating for half an hour on the prospect of his crops, and more particularly upon the unpleasant subject of Debby and Joe Nelson. The young man became so familiar and so much at home at his house, that he could hardly doubt there was strong attachment growing up between him and Debby, and he began to feel very uneasy about it. He had always been fond of Debby, and her presence was so necessary to his happiness that the idea of her marrying all was a sad thought to him; but if she must marry, he was determined it should be, if possible, to a person of some property, who would at once place her in a comfortable situation in life, and relieve him from the foolish anxiety, so common in the world, lest his own estate should be dishonored by family connections not equal to it. While he remained there in his musing mood, he recognized Henry Miller coming down the road, and he resolved at once to take him to supper. Miller was a striking business young fellow, who kept a store about a mile and a half from Wilder's, and was reported to be worth five or six thousand dollars. He had heretofore been a frequent visitor at Mr. Wilder's house, and there was a time his attention to Debby was such as to cause him to expect that the thrifty young trader would become his son-in-law. Debby, however, was not sufficiently pleased with him to encourage his attentions, and for some time past his visits had been discontinued.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Miller," said Mr. Wilder, presenting his hand, "glad to see you, how do you do?—fine day this?"
"Yes, fine day," said Miller, "excellent weather for crops; how do you all do at home?"
"Quite well, I thank you," said Wilder. "Come, go down to the house with me and take supper," said he.
Miller colored, and said he did not think he could stop. Mr. Wilder, however, would not take no for an answer, and, after considerable opportunity, he prevailed upon him to accept his invitation, and they descended the hill together, and went into the house.
"Debby, here's Miller," said Wilder as they entered the parlor.
Debby rose, handed a chair, and said "good evening;" but her face was covered with blushes, and she returned to her seat. As Miller seated himself in the chair he glanced across the room and recognized Nelson. The two young men nodded to each other, and both seemed somewhat embarrassed.
At this moment Mrs. Wilder entered the room.
"How does thee do, Henry," said she presenting her hand. "I'm glad to see thee; I hope thy mother is well?"
"Very well, indeed," said Miller; and after a few more remarks she retired to superintend the preparation for supper.
"Excuse me, Mr. Miller, a little while," said Wilder; "I want to go and show Joseph that field of corn of mine we were looking at back of the hill. According to my notion, it is the stoutest piece in the town.—Come, Joseph, go up and look at it."
"I think it is the stoutest piece I've seen this year," said Joseph; "I saw it about a week ago."
"Oh, it has gained amazingly within a week," said Mr. Wilder; "come, go up and take a look at it."
Joseph was altogether unaccustomed to such attentions from Mr. Wilder, and he looked not a little confused as he took his hat and followed him to the door.
They went up the road, and Mr. Wilder took him all around the field of corn, and examined hill after hill, and looked into the other fields, and talked a hundred things to stop and look at, and talked more to Joseph than he had before for six months. Joseph suspected that his walk was undertaken by Mr. Wilder for the purpose of saving Miller and Debby in the room together, but he bore it all patiently, and answered all Mr. Wilder's remarks about the weather, his crops, and his fields, with apparent interest, for he knew the state of Debby's feelings, both towards himself and towards Miller, to feel any uneasiness. At length Mr. Wilder concluded supper must be nearly ready, and they returned to the house. On entering the parlor they found Miller alone, reading a newspaper.
Mr. Wilder looked vexed.
"What's all gone, Mr. Miller?" said Wilder; "I shouldn't have staid so long, but I thought Debby would amuse you until we got back."
"Miss Debby had some engagement that required her attention," said Miller, "and asked to be excused; but I have found myself quite interested in the newspaper."
Wilder went out and met his wife in the hall, and asked her how long it had been since Debby left Mr. Miller alone in the parlor.
"She left in three minutes after you went out," said Mrs. Wilder, "and I couldn't persuade her to go back again. She said she knew you went out on purpose to leave her and Henry alone together, and she would not stay. It's no use, William; these things always have their own way, and it's no use trying to prevent it."
The supper passed off rather silently and rather awkwardly. Mr. Wilder endeavored to be sociable and polite to Miller, and Mrs. Wilder, as usual, was mild and complacent to all. But an air of embarrassment pervaded the whole company, and when they rose from the table Henry Miller asked to be excused, and said it was time for him to return homeward. Mr. Wilder endeavored to persuade him to stop and spend the evening, but Henry was decided and said he must go. After he had gone, Debby and Joseph returned to the parlor, where they were joined a part of the evening by Mrs. Wilder; but Wilder, after walking up and down the dining-room for an hour or two, retired to bed, not, however, to sleep. His mind was too much engrossed with the destiny of Debby to allow repose. He counted the hours as they were told by the clock till it had struck twelve. Mrs. W. had been two hours asleep, still he had not heard Joseph go out. After awhile the clock struck one, and in a few minutes after that he heard the outer door rather softly open and closed; and then heard Debby tripping lightly to her chamber.

"Ah," thought Wilder to himself "it is as my wife says, these things will have their own way. This staying till one o'clock looks like rather serious business."
The next day Debby had a long private interview with her mother, and after dinner Mrs. Wilder wished to have some conversation with her husband in the parlor.
"Well, my dear," said she, "Debby and Joseph are bent upon being married. It seems that they made up their minds to it some months ago, and now they have fixed upon the time. They say they must be married week after next. Now I think we had better fill in with it with as good feelings as we can, and make the best of it. These well known I have always said these things will have their own way, and when young folks get their minds made up, I don't think it is a good plan to interfere with them. As long as Joseph is respectable, and good to work, I think he ought to feel contented about it, although he is poor. It seems to me that there are as many folks that marry poor that make out as well in the world as there are that marry rich."
After a little reflection upon the matter, Wilder came to the conclusion that his wife had nearly the right of it, and told her he would make no further opposition to the match; they might get married as soon as they chose.
"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Wilder, "Debby needs a little change to get some things with this week, in order to get married."
"How much will she want this week?" said Mr. Wilder.
"If thee can let her have fifteen or twenty dollars," said Mrs. Wilder, "I think it would do for the present."
"Well now, I've no money by me," said Mr. Wilder, "except a hundred dollar bill, and it's impossible to get that changed except by sending to the bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but couldn't succeed. I shall be too busy to go myself to-morrow, but if Debby has a mind to go on the old horse, in the morning and take the bill to the bank and get it changed, she may have some of the money."
This proposition was soon reported to Debby, who said "she had just as leave take the ride as not." The matter being thus amicably arranged with Mr. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with comfort and dispatch in making preparations for the wedding. Debby was, in excellent spirits, and Mr. Wilder was in unusual good humor towards Debby. Having brought his mind to assent to the arrangement

which he had so strongly opposed, his feelings were in a state of reaction, which caused him to regard Debby with uncommon tenderness.
The next morning the old gray horse was standing at the door eating provender, full two hours before Debby was ready to start; and Mr. Wilder had been out half a dozen times to examine the saddle and bridle, to see that everything was right, and had lifted up his horse's feet one after another, all around, to see if any of the shoes were loose. And when at last Debby was ready, he led old gray to the horse block, and held him until she was seated in the saddle, and then he handed her the bridle, and shortened the stirrup leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter to present the saddle's turning, and when he had seen that all was right, he stepped into the house and brought out a small riding whip and placed it in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself, and be careful she did not get a fall, he stepped up on the horse block, and stood and watched her as she turned into the road and ascended the hill till she was out of sight.
Debby trotted along leisurely over the long road she had to travel, but she was too full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations to feel weary at the distance or lonely at the solitude. The road was but little traveled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance; one as she was ascending a hill about a mile from home, and the other a long valley of dark woods, about midway on her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition, she would have felt a good deal of uneasiness when she saw this last person approaching her. His appearance was dark and rufous, and they were two miles from any house, in the midst of a deep and silent wilderness. But Debby's nerves were unimpaired; she returned his bow in passing, and kept on her way in perfect composure.

She reached the end of her journey in due time, hitched her horse in the shed at the village hotel, and inquired of the waiter at the door the way to the bank. As he was pointing out to her the location, she observed a tall, dark looking man, with dark whiskers and heavy eyebrows, looking steadily at her. She, however, turned away without noticing him any farther, and went directly to the bank. When she reached the door she found it closed, and learned from the bystanders that the bank, from some reason or other, was closed that day. In her exceeding disappointment, she stood silent for some time, uncertain what she should do.
"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss?" said a gentleman at the adjoining shop door.
Debby replied that she wanted to change a bill at the bank.
"Oh, I'll change it for you," said the gentleman, "if it isn't too large—come step in here."

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.
"Oh, a hundred dollars?" said he. "I cannot do it; I haven't half that amount in the store. But if you go across there to the apothecary's I think it likely enough he may do it."
Debby thanked him again, and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. As she turned to go out, she encountered a man behind her, who seemed to have been looking over her shoulder.
She looked up at him and recognized the tall man with black whiskers, whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the drugist's, she observed a large dry goods store, and thought she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful.
As she was leaving the store, she met the tall man with black whiskers again. He looked smilingly upon her, and asked her to let him see the bill; for he thought he could change it. After looking at it, he returned it to her again, observing, "if it had been a city bill, he would have changed it, but he did not like to change a country bill."
Having tried at two or three different places without affecting her object, Debby found she must give it up, for she was now told it probably would not be possible for her to get it changed till the bank should be opened the next day. Consequently, she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she observed the tall man with black whiskers standing at the corner of the house, apparently watching her movements. But she rode on, and was no sooner out of sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed all her thoughts. She passed over the first two miles of her homeward journey almost unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various expedients to remedy the failure of her present undertaking. She thought of several of her neighbors of whom it might not be impossible to borrow a few dollars for a short time. But then she knew her father was so strenuously opposed to borrowing, he would not allow it to be done; and would never forgive her should he find that she had done it without his knowledge or consent. She might get trusted for most of the articles she wanted; but some of them of the most important were at Henry Miller's store, and she would not ask to be trusted there, if she never obtained the articles.

Her reveries were at length broken off by the sound of a horse coming at rather a quick trot behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and there was the tall man with black whiskers, mounted on a large and beautiful black horse, within a few rods of her; she shuddered a little, at first, at the idea of having his company through the woods, but as he came up and accosted her with such easy and gentle manners, she soon recovered from her trepidation, and rode on with her wonted composure.
"Rather a lonely road here, Miss," said the stranger, looking in the dark woods that lay in the valley before them. "How far do you go, Miss?"
"Seven or eight miles," said Debby, hesitating a little.
"I am happy to have company on the road," said the stranger, "for it is rather lonesome riding alone. I trust you will allow me to be your protector?"
Debby thanked him, but said she was never lonesome and never afraid; still, in a lonely place, it was always agreeable to have company.
"Did you make out to get your bill changed?" asked the stranger.
"No," said Debby, "I tried till I was tired, but could find no one to change it."
The stranger made himself very agreeable, and Debby began to think that her feelings at first had done him injustice, and she tried what she could to make him amends, by being social in her turn. They had now reached the deepest, darkest part of the valley through which the road lay. The heavy woods were about the

and not a sound was to be heard except the murmuring of a little brook over which they had just passed. The stranger suddenly rode to her side, and seizing the rein of her bridle, told her at once she must give him the hundred dollar note.
"Now, this is carrying the joke too far," said Debby, trying to laugh.
"It is no joke at all," said the stranger, "we will go no farther till you give me the hundred dollar bill."
Debby trembled and turned pale, for she thought she saw something in the stranger's eye that looked as though he was in earnest.
"But surely you don't mean any such thing?" said Debby, trying to pull the rein from his hand. "It's too bad to frighten me so here."
"We mustn't dilly dally about it," said the stranger, "holding the reins still tighter; you see I am in earnest by this," drawing a pistol from his pocket, and pointing it towards her.
"Oh! mercy," said Debby, "you may have the money, if you will let me go."
"The money is all I want," said the stranger, "but there must be no more dillying; the sooner you hand it over the better."
Debby at once drew the bill and started to hand it to the stranger, but her hand trembled so that it dropped from her fingers just before it reached him, and at that moment a gust of wind wafted it gently toward the brook. The stranger leaped from his horse and ran back two or three rods to recover it. Debby was not so far gone in her fright but that she had her thoughts about her; and aizing the rein of the stranger's horse, she applied the whip to both horses at once, and was off in a moment. The man called in a loud, threatening tone, and at once fired his pistol upon her; but as she did not feel the cold lead, she did not stop or turn even to give him a farwell look. The remainder of the journey was soon passed over, and as she came out in the settlement and passed the dwellings of her neighbors, many were the heads that looked from windows and doors, and great was the wonderment at seeing Debby ride home so fast, and leaving such a fine strange horse. Her father, who had seen her come over the hill, met her some rods from the house, exclaiming, with astonishment:
"What have you done, Debby? Whose horse is that?"
"Debby, what has been doing?" said Mrs. Wilder, who was but a few steps behind her husband, "thou doesn't look well, what is the matter?"
As soon as they were seated in the house, Debby told them the whole story. Mr. Wilder felt so rejoiced at his daughter's escape, that he began to be in excellent spirits; and led the strange horse to the door, and began to examine him.

"Well, Debby," said he, "since you've got home safe at last, we may as well begin to talk about business. The hundred dollar bill is gone, but I'm thinking, after all, you haven't made a very bad bargain. That's the likeliest horse I've seen this many a day. I don't think it would be a difficult matter to sell him, for two hundred dollars. At my rate, I'll take the horse for the hundred dollars, and you may have the saddle for the twenty dollars you were to have of it."
"And the saddle bags, too, I suppose," said Debby, feeling disposed to join in the joke.
"Yes, and the saddle bags," said Mr. Wilder; "no, stop, we'll see what's in them first," he continued, untying them from the saddle. "Oh, there's lots of shirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, and capital ones, too. Yes, Debby, the saddle bags are yours; those things come in very good time for Joseph, you know."
Debby colored, but said nothing.
"Now, William," said Mrs. Wilder, "thou is full of thy fun."
"No fun about it," said William, replacing the articles in the leather bag. "Here, Debby, take 'em and take care of 'em."
Debby took the saddle bags to her chamber, not a little gratified at the valuable articles of clothing they contained. She emptied the contents upon the bed, and on examining to see if everything was out, she discovered an inside pocket in one of the bags. She opened it and drew therefrom an elegant pocket book, and found it contained a quantity of bills. She counted them, and her heart beat quicker and quicker, for before she got through she had \$1,500 in good bank money.

Debby kept her own counsel. In a few days it was rumored that Joseph Nelson had purchased an excellent farm in the neighborhood that had just been offered some months since at \$1,000, and was considered a great bargain.
"Joseph," said Mr. Wilder, the next time they met, "an astonished that you have been running into debt for a farm, in such times as these. I think you ought to have worked two or three years and got something beforehand, before running into debt so much."
"But I haven't been running into debt," said Joseph.
"Haven't you bought Sanderson's farm?" said Wilder.
"Yes I have," said Joseph.
"At \$1,000?"
"Yes," said Joseph, "but I've paid for it. I don't run into debt for anything."
Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to ask farther questions.
Joseph Nelson made an excellent farmer and a respectable man; he was industrious and got rapidly beforehand, and Mr. Wilder was always proud of his son-in-law. It was some ten years after this, when Mr. Wilder was sitting one day and noting his third grandson by his knee, that he said:
"Debby, I should like to know how Joseph contrived to purchase his farm at the time you were married?"
Debby stepped to the closet, brought out the old saddle bags, and opening them, pointed to the inside pocket, saying, "the money came from there, sir."
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