

bitterly for you, even though it be' in vain? The great echo of the cry rings

"I knowed as you would meet him, Miss," said the rough sailor behind Clara's cart, solemnly; "I seen it in your face, blue."

Thames ; it sped on swiftly out into the great cliannel, and bore away toward the French coast. To the music of the rush-French coast. To the music of the rush-ing of the summer waves, amid a harmony that seconed to pervade every atom of the universe, the half-woman passed the night of her betrothal, leaning on the breast of her strong lover. They sat togother until the stars paled, and sun-rise was hinted; other groups had sat around them all night; and yet mone save the two knew of the culmination of the great drams which had been so atir-ring, so alternately bitter and sweet, and ring, so alternately bitter and sweet, and at last so sublime, to two souls.

George is still painting in East Lon-don, and Papa Zadwinski sometimes draws a sprightly baby up and down the Crescent in a wora, peculiar-looking cart, Clara bas a new carriage, with springs, Clara bas a new carriage with springs. much more graceful than was the nuch more gracerin than was the little cart. George paints passably well; and it is an affectation, this living in the Crescent, for he gains a good income by his brush. Bu: finds his subjects there, he says; and Clars loves the black old Creterion and that the black old Cretcent so much that she sometimes fears she shall be sad in Italy, whither they are going when the baby is a little older. George's father sometimes speaks of "his undutiful son, who married a

Rev. Mr. Pinckney, of Slawson bought a game rooster from a Danbury deater Saturday. Mr. Pinckney informs us that . he was not aware the towi was of the game species; he bought it because of its shapely appearance. We believe this statement, and are confident that the good people of Slawson will acquit him of all blame in the unfortunate affair of last Sunday morning, the particulars of which are as follows: At the time the trouble commenced Mr. Pinckney was engaged in arranging his neck-tie preparatory to putting on his vest and coat, Happening to look out of the window he saw his new rooster and a rooster belonging to the widow Rathburn squaring off in the street for a fight. Surprised and pained by this display, he immediately started out to queli the disturbance, but was too late. When he got there half a dozen young ruffians with cigars in their mouths and evil in their eyes, had surrounded the birds which were already in the affray. each other and ruffle their necks and then dance around and strike out with their spurs and jamp back and trust their spurs and jump back and trust out their heads again. When the boys saw him they should out, "Hurry up, bald! (Mr. Pinckney is a little bald) or you'il miss the fun." Mr. Pinckney with inexpressibly shocked. It was Sunday morning; the homes of two of his deargon and the little bald. his deacons and several of his most prominent members were in sight, and there were those roosters carrying on like mail and a parcel of wicked and profane boys standing around abouting their approval and noisily betting on the result. Le made an effort to secure the fowl, but it ended him. The perspiration streamed down his face, which burned² like fire, his knees trembled, and he felt as he saw the neighbors gathering, that if the earth would open and swallow him he could never be sufficiently gratelui. Just as he attempted to catch his rooster a rough looking individual, with his pants in his boots, and a cap with a drawn-down fore piece, came, and taking in the scene at a plane, "Fair play" with the other rooster. "Fair play" ing in the scene at a glance, sided in shouted the new somer for the be of the crowd, and "Don't step on the birds, old codger," for the purticular benefit of Mr. Pinckney, who, crazed beyond reason was jumping about swinging his arms, mattering incoherent things, to the great danger or stepping ou the combatants. "Good for old Pinckney's rooster," screamed the boys in delight, as that low! knocked a handfut of feathers from his opponent's neek. "The parson knows how to do it," a one eyed man, gratefully. Mr. Pincz-ney could have swooded. "I'll go you five dollars on the Widdler," said rough man, carnestly winking at the clergy-"Take him Pinckney; take him "Take him Pinckrey; take him Pinckney," chorased the crowd of raga-muffins "My friends." protested the anfortunate minister in a voice of ago-ny, "I cannot, I cannot....," "I'll back you, sir," said an enthusiastic man with a fish pole; "I'll put it up for you, ard you can let me have it from your donation." The clergyman groaned [CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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when she supposed me eager to stand before the altar. I will go over to Paris before the nutr. I she doesn't please me anew-then, Goorge Waldron will still be aneartist, bogger, and -"