

THE COMMERCIAL
Published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at \$3.00 per annum, payable in all cases in advance by

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
BENJAMIN F. HOWZE,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
Corner of Front and Market Streets,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
1 agr. 1 insertion, \$0.50 1 agr. 2 months, \$1.00
1 agr. 3 " 75 1 " 3 " 1.00
1 " 4 " 1.00 1 " 4 " 1.50
1 " 1 month, 25 1 " 1 year, 1.00
Twelve lines or less makes a square. If an advertisement exceeds twelve lines, the price will be in proportion.
All advertisements are payable at the time of their insertion.
Contracts with yearly advertisers, will be made on the most liberal terms.
All advertisements inserted in the tri-weekly Commercial are entitled to one insertion in the Weekly Free of charge.
JOB, CARD AND FANCY PRINTING executed in superior style.

The privilege of Annual Advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as all advertisements not immediately connected with their own business, and all excess of advertisements, in length or otherwise, beyond the limits engaged, will be charged at the usual rates.

AGENTS FOR THE COMMERCIAL
NEW YORK: Messrs. Brown & DeRosier.
BOSTON: Frederick Kidder, Esq.
B. I. HOWZE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of Wayne, Duplin and New Hanover Counties.
WILLIAM J. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Sept. 12th, 1848. 76-w. tri. c.
CARROLL & FENNEL,
Grocers & Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF FAMILY GROCERIES, LIQUORS, WINES, &c. AND WILL PAY PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO THE SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE
S. J. CARROLL, C. N. FENNEL,
July 13, 1848.
FREDERICK CLARK,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF CABINET FURNITURE CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WRITING DESKS, MATTRASSES, PALLIERS, &c. FRONT STREET, NEAR MARKET, WILMINGTON, N. C. April 14th, 1848. 11-1 y.
DEROSSET & BROWN,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
BROWN & DEROSSET,
NEW YORK,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
March 17, 1848. 1-1 y.
J. & W. L. McARY,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1-1 y.
GEORGE S. GILLESPIE,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c. Will accept orders for all kinds of produce, and will pay particular attention to the supply of all kinds of produce
March 17, 1848. 1-1 y.
GEORGE W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1-1 y.
J. C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 10, 1848. 57
CASSIDY, SCHRADER & CO.,
ENGINEERS AND MECHANISTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THE ABOVE FIRM HAVE RECENTLY AN EXTENSIVE IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRY,
Machine and Blacksmith Shops,
Where articles for every description of work in their line of business, will be expeditiously and factually executed.
July 25, 1848. 55-16
LIFE INSURANCE
IN THE NATIONAL LOAN FUND SOCIETY OF LONDON,
AND
FIRE INSURANCE
IN THE ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
OR IN THE HOWARD INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,
May be effected by application to
DEROSSET & BROWN,
Nov. 25, 1847. 108
ELLIS & MITCHELL'S
GRAIN STORE, Murphy's Building, near Wess's dock.
SEED Wheat, and Rye; North Carolina Corn; Cow Peas; Fresh Ground Meal and Hominy; White Hothous Beans; New Corn Meal and Buckwheat and Rye Meal; Blackeye Peas; Oats; Fayetteville and Canal Flour, barrels and half barrels; Hay; Cow and Horse feed constantly on hand and for sale.
Nov. 2. 93-11

THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 8—NO. 132. WILMINGTON, TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1849. Whole No. 744.

JOHN HART,
SHIP AGENT
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 59 GRAVIER STREET,
New Orleans, La.
April 19, 1848. 110-1y.

E. J. LORD & CO.
Rice Factors & Commission Agents,
Nov. 28, 1847. 103-1y-1p.

M'KELLER & M'RAE,
LUMBER AND TIMBER AGENTS, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND GROCERS,
Store formerly occupied by HALL & ARMSTRONG,
NORTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
RECTOR M'KELLER, ALEX. M'RAE,
Nov. 14, 1848. 102

L. MALLET,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
Timber, Lumber, Naval Stores, &c.,
North's Building, North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Nov. 9, 1848. 101

BARRY, BRYANT & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 111

WILLIAM NEFF,
(Late of the firm of NEFF & WARNER.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
SHIP CHANDLERY, SHIP STORES
AND GROCERIES,
CORNER OF DOPK & WATER STREETS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Dec. 7th, 1848. 113-11.

W. BRAYSON,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
North's Building, North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Sept. 23, 1848. 83-c.

N. B. HUGHES,
AUCTIONEER
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT
RALEIGH, N. C.
Solicits consignments and will attend to all business entrusted to him, and pledges himself that all consignments and business shall be strictly done in conformity to the wishes of his employers.
REFERENCE:
T. L. GIBSON, Esq., Wilmington.
E. W. WICKSON, Esq., Fayetteville.
Nov. 25, 1848. 63-1y.

JOHN D. LOVE,
DEALER IN
CABINET FURNITURE,
BEDSTEADS, CHAIRS, MATTRASSES, &c.,
ROCK SPRING,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1-1 y.

SCOTT, KEEN & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
AND DEALERS IN
SUPERIOR
Ready Made Clothing.
DEAR MESSRS.,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 21, 1848. 92-y.

CORNELIUS BARNER,
MANUFACTURER,
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS AND
WALKING CANES, &c.
WILMINGTON, N. C. Market-st.
Oct. 17, 1848. 11-11.

W. L. SMITH,
(LATE OF THE FIRM OF SANDFORD & SMITH.)
AUCTIONEER AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Store on North Water Street, Paraly's block,
Oct. 14, 1848. 90-y.

J. S. WILLIAMS,
Fancy & Staple Dry Goods Store
ONE DOOR WEST OF WM. SHAW'S DRUG STORE
MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 11, 1848. 90.

JAS. T. MORRIS,
Lumber and Timber Inspector,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 12, 1848. 89-6m

JAS. T. MORRIS,
Agent for the Sale or Purchase of NEGROES,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 12, 1848. 89-6m

\$25 REWARD.
RAN AWAY from the Estate of Wm. B. Meares, in June last, a negro fellow called HENRY or HENRY HILL. He is about 5 1/2 to 6 foot 6 inches high, well made and likely; he is quick spoken and smart. He is probably lurking about Wilmington, where he has a good many relations. I will give a reward of \$25 for his apprehension and delivery to me in Wilmington, or to Wm. T. Bray at Meares's block.
T. D. MEARES,
Nov. 9. 91-1f.

HENRY P. RUSSELL,
AGENT FOR THE CAPE FEAR
STEAM SAW MILL,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Strict attention given to the faithful execution of all orders for Lumber.
Jan. 1, 1849. 121-1y.

J. R. BLOSSOM,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Liberal Cash Advances on consignments to Mr. Benjamin Blossom, New York.
Nov. 19, 1848. 116

**LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS TO MR. BENJAMIN BLOSSOM, NEW YORK.
MONEY FOR THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital liable for Losses, about \$700,000.
Dec. 19, 1848. 119-6m-c.**

BENJAMIN BLOSSOM,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NEW YORK.
Liberal advances made upon Consignments of all kinds of produce.
Reference:
Messrs. J. & D. McRAE, } Wilmington.
G. W. DAVIS, Esq. }
J. R. BLOSSOM, Esq. }
Dec. 19, 1848. 116

F. J. LORD & CO.,
Agents for the
NAVILLE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Accumulated Capital, \$130,000.
ALSO FOR THE
EAGLE LIFE & HEALTH INSURANCE CO.
Capital, \$100,000.
Will take risks on life of Slaves.
Office 23 North Water Street,
Oct. 21, 1848. 115

Wm. M. HARRIS,
EGEGUE E. DRAKE,
HARRIS & DRAKE,
General Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
REFERENCE:
O. G. PARLEY, Esq., } Wilmington, N. C.
Col. John McRae, }
Messrs. Ballard & Huntington, }
Will Peck, Esq., Raleigh, N. C. }
Messrs. Hall, Sackett & Co., } Fayetteville, N. C.
Joseph Udey, Esq., }
Messrs. James Corner & Sons, Baltimore, }
E. A. Souder & Co., Philadelphia, }
Messrs. Thomson & Hunter, New York, }
Messrs. Pillsbury & Sanford, }
Hunting & Torts, Boston, }
J. & G. P. Tibbitts, Kennebec, Me. }
September 14th, 1848. 77-11.

10 Bales, B. C. Yarns assorted numbers, for sale by J. G. LATTA, 21-11.

A Fine Set of Teeth for 25 Cents.
White Teeth, Front Teeth, the phytolite, Yellow and slightly tooth, after being done in two or three days.
JONES' SMILER TOOTH PASTE,
has the appearance of the most beautiful Ivory, and as the same time it is very light and pleasant to use. It is very fine, it is constantly daily, and it is highly valuable, even to those who do not have any decay, giving them a beautiful polish, and preventing a premature decay. Those already decayed, it prevents from becoming worse. It also keeps the teeth in good condition, and by its use the teeth will be kept white and sparkling, and the breath deliciously sweet.
PRICED FOR 37 CENTS A BOX.
Sold in Wilmington, by Liplett & Willings.

50 BBL'S. Mallets, fresh packed, and for sale low at HOWARD & PEDERSEN'S. 103-11.

20 BBL'S. Extra Quality Flour, 50 bushels extra Co. and Flour; 25 bags Buckwheat; 35 bags do. 35, 1/2 bushels do. 25, barrels do.; 5 half bushels do. For sale by HOWARD & PEDERSEN'S. 106-11.

50 DOZEN best Brown Stout Porter, in quarts and pint bottles, for sale at HOWARD & PEDERSEN'S. 103-11.

5 TONS HOOPIRON:
20 bbls. Super Family Flour; 40 bags and Mountain Flour; 40 barrels do. Sold by WILLIAM G. JEFFREYS, Nov. 23. 107-411

LADIES MERINO, and Silk Vests for sale by WILLIAM G. JEFFREYS, 103-11

250 DKRY. Blue, large size and in prime or dry. For sale by BARRY, BRYANT & CO. 86-11.

A FRESH supply of very handsome Bills of Exchange, for sale at the Commercial Office.

FOR SALE.
A PIANO FORTE, a fine instrument, will be sold low. Apply to J. G. BIRK 123-38.
Jan. 2, 1849.

NOTICE
THE undersigned having withdrawn from the late firm of Harris & Russell, would inform the public that he has taken the Agency of the CAPE FEAR STEAM SAW MILL, and promises strict attention to the faithful execution of all orders for Lumber entrusted to his care.
HENRY P. RUSSELL,
Jan. 2, 1849. 123-11.

SEGRS!! SEGRS!! SEGRS!!
8000 JUSTO Sanz and Principe; 6000 Baraca Havana, prime article. For sale by J. WILKINSON & CO. 115

THE STOLEN KISS.

BY E. O. EMBURY.

One fine spring morning a young sprig of destiny was lounging down Broadway in all the glory of sportsy kids, lustre boots, shapely coat, and exquisite feather—the envy of all the retail clerks, and the admiration of all the fishes. Rich, elegant, and fashionable, Saville Grey was the petted child of fortune. Everything in life had gone right for him—his footsteps had been sure; the atmosphere that surrounded him was that of the rose, and like Sir Charles Solley, having been sent into the world to do nothing, he certainly fulfilled his destiny. But Saville Grey was suffering from a plethora of good luck. He had no excitement, like the baronet in the play, he was "used up," and would have given half his fortune for a new sensation. He was sunning himself leisurely along, touching his hat every five minutes to some dashing belle, yet keeping himself aloof from all, notwithstanding the enticing smiles that beamed upon him, and wishing he knew what to do with himself, when he was startled from his indifference by a most disagreeable accident. An immense St. Bernard dog, seized with a sudden fit of velocity, set off at full speed along the crowded thoroughfare, and after upsetting sundry apple-stalls, destroying the equilibrium of several elderly ladies, and making a very stout gentleman perform an astonishing somerset, he tumbled his franks by flinging a young lady directly into Saville Grey's arms. It was a most awkward circumstance, and for the life of him Saville Grey could not tell by what galvanic power he had found himself compelled to open his arms, at the precise moment, to receive the unexpected burden.—The whole affair was over in a moment, but he had time to see a pair of magnificent eyes, and the freshest and most of months in the most dangerous propensity to his glossy whiskers. How it happened he never exactly knew, but certain it is, that as he raised the lady to her feet, his face was brought to still closer proximity to hers. It is useless to veil the enormity under fine words: Saville Grey was guilty of an unparagonable act of insolence.—He kissed those fresh lips, and the poor girl, crimsoning with offended modesty, suddenly burst into a flood of tears.

A crowd began to gather, and though Saville was satisfied that no one saw the unwarrantable liberty he had taken, he felt the awkwardness of his position. He stopped to pick up the books she had dropped, and then bent the short-dressed and naïve paragonette of the dunesel, he had so unceremoniously selected. A sudden sense of the ridiculous seized him, and he cut with a tall school-girl's ring in his arms, came to our dear friend like a quail. So as the dog dashed down a by-street, and the lady hurried down another, Saville Grey darted into a hack to conceal his confusion and repair his damages.

When he found himself in his room, and began to reflect upon the affair, he seriously considered whether he was most provoked or pleased. He fancied he must have looked and acted like a fool—this was no pleasant idea; but then that idea had certainly given him a new sensation, and been like a gentle ripple on the dull stream of daily life. Not that kisses were so rare, for Saville Grey was not the kind of man who would prize them; but he was a lover, and this was the first of those unparagonable incidents which men are apt to remember and dream about. Those large sparkling eyes and rosy lips were pressed before his imagination, and the emotion which had crimsoned the girl's sweet face, and deluged it with tears, awoke a lively interest in the belle man's affection.

Be where you will say, is all the romance of this? Simply in the fact that it was the big game of a seven years' love chase, as romantic in its character and consequences as ever befell a night of old.

Saville Grey had been too long a drawing-room pet to have much faith left in woman. The passionateness and tenderness, unalloyed by nature in woman's heart—the hypocrisy which education engraves upon her—her strength of will, and her foolishness to do, from where she learns the craft which belongs to all the weaker creatures—make up so incongruous a character, that men are little likely to comprehend it. The lines which divide the fair from the false in woman, are so hidden by worldly devices, that they cannot always distinguish the fictitious from the real in their own souls; and it is no wonder therefore that men should learn to distrust them as utterly false, when they are only inwardly impulsive and outwardly fickle.—Saville Grey looked upon all women as agreeable actresses, possessing different degrees of skill, but all equally bent upon playing a part in society. He had had a dozen love affairs, which had ended in breaking hearts for an eternity of six weeks, and he had witnessed so many transfers of precious affection, that he looked upon all such commodities now as rather unprofitable speculations.

The fact was, that Saville Grey had four elements of his character that had not been developed. Born to wealth, he had never had so pronounced a childhood that his noble faculties had been as it were dragged to light. He had a true appreciation of the noblest feelings of humanity, but he had never been a devoted adherent to any cause, and his generous impulses, which seemed to glow in his heart, were only a kind of latent tenderness, which only served to give him the fascinating manner essential to a male coquette. He was a noble painter, a true musician, an excellent scholar, and a well educated physician; but he was too rich to practice his profession, too indolent to seek fame as a student, too indifferent to endow the noblest of men, and too worldly to take any share in the struggles of the world, it yet suited his indolent temper to fall into its routine of ease and luxury.

From the time of his rencontre with the poor school-girl, however, Saville began to walk Broadway with a definite object. He passed under every close cottage banner, but his eyes were not greeted with the sight of those delicate features. Perhaps he had not met her every day, he would have seen her in an instant, but now his imagination began to exercise itself, and the notion dawned upon him which belongs to the "what-if-it" invested the girl with wonderful attractions. Once she looked out upon him from the window of a carriage, but he caught only a momentary glance. A few weeks afterwards she was coming out of a fancy bazaar, just as he was scoring some feat in a duel. At another time he caught a distant view of her in a gallery of pictures, but he could not disengage himself from his party, she was gone. In this manner for more than a year, he obtained tantalizing glimpses of her from time to time, but always under circumstances that prevented him from seeing her when she was. He saw that she was very young, not more than fifteen probably, with a profusion of glossy curls, but this only excited his interest still more to learn something of her history. She seemed to appear to notice him, and probably had been too much alarmed at the moment of their first meeting to be able to recognize him afterwards. So she went away in happy unconsciousness of her involuntary influence on the favorite of fortune, little dreaming that she had been an active god, and to a gentleman who wanted something to worship.

One morning Saville Grey accompanied some friends on a visit of inspection to a new pocket-ship in which they intended to embark for France. As his party entered the cabin, they were obliged to make way for another party who were just leaving it, and among the latter was the young school-girl. But the company passed on, and she disappeared, leaving Saville again balked by the spell which seemed to make her all ways invisible at his approach. This time, however, he met with more than usual success. He learned her name, and something of her future movements, for he saw Mr. M. and Miss Glenwood's names on the list of passengers. It so happened that he could be more delighted than a trip to Europe in such pleasant company, and when his friends engaged it, he had no objection to the voyage, he had added his name to the rest. He was a high-spirited man with a certain knowledge of the wide awake, and of enjoyment to which he had long been a stranger.

Perhaps, possibly, one of the secrets of his being so much interested in the young school-girl, was to be found in the unaccountable sincerity and genuineness of her affection. It was impossible to doubt that look and those tears, and a sort of vague dream, in which he figured a bright girl's face, and a fresh young heart, began from that day to haunt him.

Most men have an ideal—an image of rare and unattainable excellence and beauty—enshrined in their inmost hearts, which serves as a test and a standard for all external loveliness. But Saville Grey had no such secret idol. Men who have gone through the ordeal of being handsome at boys, rarely have, for they are pelted by the beauties, courted as sweethearts by the little girls, kissed by their grown-up cousins, and in fact so fondled by all their terrestrial "surroundings," that the feelings which would shape out an ideal in the souls of sensitive, neglected boys, are all put into daily requisition to respond to the spontaneous homage which is bestowed upon their bright eyes and curling locks. Our hero had never found time to discover his need of that spirit-worship, which makes the beautiful dream of youth. Everything had been real for him; his fancies had always grown out of facts, and therefore his heart was like an unfinished temple—the portion was crowded with images, but the shrines were yet unbuild and the idol yet wanting.

His preparations were soon made, and on the day appointed, Saville Grey found himself standing on the deck of the noble ship, looking forward to the shores of his native land. He had already spent two years in Europe, and therefore had no curiosity to gratify, but anticipated the pleasure of becoming closely acquainted with Miss Glenwood, during the voyage, and a vague idea of accompanying her on her travels, to watch the effect of the old world on her young heart, crossed his imagination more than once. An attack of seasickness soon put an end to his fancies for the present, and upon his recovery, he watched, day after day, as the passengers, one by one, made their appearance; for the lady of his dreams, as she did not appear, and upon inquiry, he learned that the sudden illness of Mr. Glenwood had compelled them to defer their voyage. He had the satisfaction therefore of believing that the next pocket would probably bear Miss Glenwood to the shores of Europe. Disappointed, probably at his own folly, and heartily out of humor with himself and everybody else, Saville Grey had never appeared so little as during this voyage, and during this weary voyage. But by the time they reached Havre he was determined of his disagreeableness, and as some amends for it, he accepted the invitation of his New York friends to join the next traveling party, in the hopes of forgetting his misadventure.

A more select persons who composed this party, was a certain lady of fashion, who had long been desirous of securing the lion of her sex. Her opportunities now were not to be neglected, and assuming the belief that he had accompanied them for her sake, played her part so adroitly, that Saville Grey, absorbed in another idea, was entranced before he dreamed of his danger.

When a woman has a strong will and a simple conscience, she may always succeed in her designs. The party, lounged away a winter in Paris, wintered a summer along the banks of the Rhine, and when they took up their abode in Florence for the ensuing season, Saville Grey found himself, he could scarce tell how, the affianced husband of the skillful ruse. During all his journeying he had seen nothing of the Glenwoods, but on the very day after he had engaged himself to his traveling companion, he encountered Miss Glenwood. She had stopped to purchase a bouquet from a flower-girl, and as Saville afterwards learned, she was just leaving Florence, after a sojourn of several weeks. This accidental meeting stirred all the smouldering ashes of his half-extinct passion. Indeed the extraordinary manner in which this fancy had haunted him for more than two years could scarcely be explained by any reasoning or by any theory of sentiment. The more he tried to banish it, the more determinedly did it return to him, and that which under different circumstances would have been a passing whim, now became a fixed idea. But he was now betrothed to one whom the world deemed his equal in all things, and he resolutely endeavored to banish the vague dreams which were now acts of disloyalty to one whom he believed devoted to him.

Three years passed away, and then Saville Grey returned to his native land, alone in heart and hand. His engagement had been deferred, from time to time by the whim of the lady, and was finally broken off by both in the most amicable manner possible. The lady married a French baron, and Saville officiated as groomsmen on the happy occasion, presenting the bride, as a *cadeau de nocce*, with the diamonds he had designed to offer as his nuptial gift. Never had he been so heartily disgusted with the world, yet never had he felt such a joyous sense of freedom as when he landed in America alone. He determined to keep himself unshackled as long as possible, and the whim of playing horrid for a while came into his head.

From the Raleigh Register.

ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION.

The third Anniversary of Manteo Lodge, No. 8, L. O. O. F. in this City, was impromptu celebrated on Saturday evening last. The entire order, together with several visiting brethren from other Lodges in this State, dined in their magnificent Regalia, marched to the Commons Hall, where a very large concourse of Ladies and Gentlemen had assembled to hear the Address and witness the exercises upon the occasion.

The Address which was delivered by the Hon. WILLIAM H. WASHINGTON, was a beautiful production—well received by a pleased auditory. Although laboring at the time, as he had been for a day or two previous, under severe indisposition, Mr. W. performed his task in that public spirit which always characterizes the man.

After the ceremonies at the Capitol were over, the Members of the Order partook of a sumptuous supper, which had been provided at the City Hall. We learn that everything was done up in finest style, and was fully appreciated. Indeed, the man who could not enjoy himself upon such occasions, must be a much odder fellow, than any of the Manteo profess to be.

THE THIEF AND THE AUTHOR.

A thief who had succeeded in penetrating into the middle of the night into the apartment of the well known author, Balzac, was suddenly started by a loud burst of laughter, and turning round, saw by the dim light of the moon penetrating the chamber, the portly figure of the author sitting upon the bed and holding his sides. Seeing himself detected, he coolly asked Mr. Balzac for what reason he laughed so immoderately.

"Laugh," replied the latter, "at the idea that you should find yourself able to find money or valuables in the dark, and without a lamp, where I can't discover any even in broad daylight."

The fortunate winner of Cole's large picture, whose a printer at Birmingham, is of figured \$3,000 for them. He had better take it, and buy a home. Pictures deteriorate in value.