The Fayetteville News.

VOL 2.] FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1867. [NO.--82.

THE NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

H. L. & J. H. MYROYER,
Editors and Proprietors,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

TERMS:

Weekly,	One year,	$3 00
Do.	Six months,	2 00

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A FRENCH ROMANCE.

About a month ago, a young man salesman in one of the leading houses in Paris, saw a young lady enter, to whom, during the past eight or ten days, he had sold a number of dresses, shawls, gloves, &c. By her account he surmised that she must be a New York lady. The stranger was very pretty, and, naturally, the young man made himself agreeable and attentive. Whenever she visited the store she addressed herself to him, and, while examining the articles he placed before her, talked much. On the day of which we speak she was less communicative than usual, and after making a somewhat hurried selection, she said to the clerk:

"I shall be at the hotel in one hour; here is my address. Be so kind as to accompany the porter when he brings the articles."

With these words she bowed reservedly, and hastily left the store.

The young man was at a loss what to think. However, an hour later he entered the apartment of the American lady, who invited him, *sans facon*, like an acquaintance of long standing, to lunch with her. Although thinking his customer's manners somewhat strange, the clerk accepted. As they were partaking of tea and cakes, the young lady somewhat abruptly addressed her guest, saying:

"Sir, are you brave enough to protect a woman against any insult to which she might be subjected? Answer me with candor and truth."

"Without conceit, I say yes," answered the young man.

"Very well. You work in order to make money. Is it not so?"

"Certainly."

"This is what I wish to propose. I am alone, or almost alone, in the world; my fortune or my actions concern no one but myself; I wish to see the exhibition and know Paris. But I perceive that there is nothing more difficult than for a woman to be in your country without a protector You please me, and, if you do not object, you shall be my champion. I will repay you for your lost time."

The young man tried to speak, but she immediately resumed:

"I insist on remunerating you; this is strictly a matter of business: I regard it in that light. Accept or decline. Which shall it be?"

"I accept," answered the clerk, after a moment's hesitation.

"I am satisfied," continued the stranger, "that you are a gentleman, and will not make yourself ridiculous by making love or flattering me, for I warn you that the very first compliment you pay me ends our contract. Is it agreed?"

"Madame, I am at your service."

"From to-morrow?"

"From this very moment; I require only time to write to my employers."

And the terms of this extraordinary compact were entered into by the latter.

The clerk was charming; he proved himself intelligent, attractive, delicate, without all that small talk which men generally like to inflict upon women. In fact, the American lady was truly delighted with the choice she had made. Two weeks ago she handed the amiable clerk a heavy roll of bills, and they separated, mutually pleased with each other.

But it happened that the lady was about to embark for England, thence to embark for America, when a commissioner hastened towards her and inquired if she was Miss X. Upon her answering in the affirmative, he placed a small box and a letter in her hand. The box contained a diamond set, the letter a few words only, but so well chosen to express true affection that the lady started, not for London, but back for Paris. It is needless to say that the letter was from the young clerk, who had taken this method of returning the money forced upon him by the young lady for services rendered. (He had not given her his address, thinking the matter ended.) He was not likely to have returned to his former employers. Ultimately she learned that he had taken in another house a situation far inferior to the one he had formerly occupied. Probably, until then she was undecided as to her course, but when she heard this her mind was made up. She wrote; he came at once.

They will be married soon.

A SERIOUS RIVAL OF BASE BALL.—MUMBLE PEG.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Anticipating the time when base ball, that is having such a run just now all over the country, will decline in popular favor and finally run out, and knowing that some other national game must supersede it, we have been casting about for the right thing. We think we have hit it at length.

Mumble Peg!

There are numerous reasons why mumble peg should be made to succeed base ball as our national game, for, be it known to all foreign nations, we will have a national game; but, as Richard III remarked with regard to "having" Queen Anne, "we'll not keep her long"—we like change. Mumble peg is played with a jack-knife. The jack-knife is a national emblem with us—for is not our Brother Jonathan invariably represented holding that useful pocket utensil in his right hand? Then the game of mumble peg originated with American school boys, as will be seen by reference to "Stanbery on Mumble Peg," page 172, and if any body knows anything about *mumbling* things, Attorney General Stanbery does. the pegs used in the game should always be made of our American pine.

We hear that mumble peg clubs have already been formed in various parts of the country; in fact, we have just received an invitation to be present at a match game of mumble peg, between the "Jack Knife Handle Mumble Peg Club" of Goshen, and the "Bow Legged Mumble Peg Club" of Mud Lake, for the champion jack-knife of Ohio. It will be played at Goshen on or about the coming autumn. Some of the most expert mumble peggists in the State are expected to be present. We shall furnish a full report of the game.

A National Mumble Peg Convention should be held at Washington, as soon as sufficient number of clubs are organized, in order to establish standard rules and regulations for conducting the game.

Among the numerous advantages that may be claimed for Mumble Peg as a popular game, we cite the following:

Any number of persons can play it.

There is no running in the game, as in base ball, unless some outsider runs off with the jack knife, and the club has to run after him to recover it.

It affords exercise to the knee-joints, as the player has to kneel in playing, the knees being padded for that purpose.

There is no batting, with the exception of the cotton batting used in padding the knees.

It is exceedingly strengthening to the muscles of the arms, through the exercise required in flipping the jack-knife.

The muscles of the teeth are also strengthened, by pulling the pegs out of the ground with them. We know of one player who got so strong in his teeth, through raising the pegs, that he could lift a *steak* with them. He assured us that it was something that was *done very rare*.

It promotes perseverance and industry, as it encourages you to keep *pegging away*.

Serious difficulties often arise from the reckless use of knives. Mumble peg teaches you to use your knife with a great deal of care, if you want to make it count.

One great objection to the game of base ball is the liability of being injured or disabled. This cannot be urged against mumble peg. Only two instances are recorded where accidents have occurred in the game. One man had to carry his eye in a sling for a week or two, on account of trying to draw a peg with that member, instead of with his teeth, as the rules of the game provide. The other injured his knee-pan by neglecting his padding. He has sent his pans to the tinsmith and had them soldered over again, and they are now as good as new.

We trust that we have shown sufficient inducement for establishing Mumble Peg as our national game, and calmly await the result.

ARTEMUS WARD'S EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the London Punch:

Sir—It hav bin suposed, from redin ov mi letters to the public printz, that I hav enjoyed educational advantages ov a hi grade. It will no dout create a supprise amung mi frens to lern that I am mostly of a self made character.

Mi family is justly prowd ov sain that sutch wuz mi forrardness in erly yooth that at the tendar age of 5 munths I et every da out ov a tin plait with the alphybet stamped aroun the edge of it. But I make no mention of this succumstance, and parse on.

I would have made a polished, klassical scholar but for a trifling accident that occurd the first da ov mi carear at skool. Mr. Pollud, who tort the skool, wuz a man ov red hair and a cruel an overbaring mind. Durin the suspense ov skool duties, about noon, I becum home-sic, and in a playful sperit filled the dror of Mr. Pollud's table with san, which I hed gethered out in the rode. I hed skeercely tuk my seet, when Mr. Pollud came in and resoomed his klass, which wuz reedin the plais ov Horriss translated in latin. Unfortunitly, there wuz in the bottom ov that dror a crack, an to mi disma the san begun to leek out. Mr. Pollud notist nuthin for a while, but suddenly turnin his glance under the table, he discovered more than a peck ov san on to the flore, and more still running out of the dror where he keeps his things. It wuz the work ov a moment for Mr. Pollud to serze a yung man ov the klass who enjoied a bad reputashun in the skool by the kollar and shake him vociferiously. But the low-minded yooth, ded to every grate an noble sentiment, sed, in a loud vois, Artemus Ward, that new scholar, dun it. Mr. Pollud then advanced to mi seet, and struk me brutally on the head with his copy ov Horrisses plais until the book wuz mostly wore out. I gave him a pitiful look an walked skornfully home. That same hour I turned mi bac forever on the Klassics.

Mi farther nex sent me to skool to a Mr. Joans, a man of frenly hart and bi attanements. At Mr. Joans skool I mastered a highly polished and cultivated nollidge of belletta. The way I cum to make a speciality on this toppic is werthy of notis. I wuz in a spellin klass one da when Mr. Joans giv out the word kaups to spel. A chiled of nature at the hed ov the klass speld it corps. Another speld it corpz, and a borned fool speld it chaups. I wuz the only boy that speld it kaups, and I went up to the hed of the klass. It is said that the feerce monstars ov the forest, when wunce they have tasted human blud, ar thursty for it all the balance ov their lives. I wuz affected the same way by mi first succes as a spellist. Arfter this I devoated all mi tiem to belletta.

My kollidge coarse wuz probably as remarkable as any other part uv my carear. Arfter leeving Mr. Joans I determined to go to Yail Collidge and compleet mi trainin. I arrived there one faul, with mi cloathes bag on mi bac, cuvered with swet, and very tierd. Fearin that I mite parse for a boi from the rooral distric, I throo a good deal of confidents onto mi gate and countenents, and walked in at the front do ov the first bildin I cum to sumwhat rapidly. Meetin a well dressed yung gentlemun at the do, I sed to him in a quick vois: "Is Mr. Yail in, sir?"

"Yes, sir," he sed politely, "walk this way if you pleeze."

He then leeded me up seven flights of steps, and going down to the end of a long passidge, he nocked violently at a door, when a persun within said, in a loud tone: "Cum in here," and he went in.

"Mr. Yail," he says, "here is a yung man wants to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Tomsun," sais Yail, shaking him by the han good yumeredly, and begged us be seeted. Then turnin to me he sed, "Do you propose to enter collidge?" says he.

"Yes, sur," I replied, "that is my desire."

"Well, sir, yes. I am glad to see you. Perhaps you wood like to have a rume and wash yo hands befo you eat dinner, and arrange you klasses."

I told him I wood.

"Tomsun," he sais to the gentleman that brot me up, "be kine enuff to assine this yung man to a rume." And then turnin to me he says, "Mr. ——, what is your naim, sur?"

"Ward," I replied; "Artemus Ward."

"Yes. Well, Mr. Ward, make yoself cumfutable in yo rume, pleeze, until about fo o'clock this arternoon. Then yoo will be kauled to dinna, arter which I will assine yoo yo klasses, an yoo can go to work at wunce."

I thanked him, and then Mr. Tomsun, exchaingin a pleasant smile with Mr. Yail, led me off to a rume in a distant portion uv the bildin. Opinin the do and leedin me in, he sais: "Here, I trust, you will fine everything convenient to make yoo comfutable. Here is a sofa, warter, and towels. Here is a razer and strop. And hear, I believe, is sum wine and siggars." He then bowed very lo and withdroo.

Being very tired after a long journey, I wuz glad enuff to reach this quiet and cumfurtable retreet. So, pullin off my boots and sox, and kote and vess, and lain them aroun on different cheers, I took a shaiv and then a good wash. I then drunk sum wine and lit a sigar, and, stretchin out onto mi bed, I begun to reflec on the value of lernin an the goodness of Mr. Yail. Findin the wine pretty good, I put several bottles of it on a cheer near the bed, so I could get it easy, and then I drunk and smoaked at mi lezure. Finally I feil to sleep, and arter a protracted knap I rose, feelin sum unsertainty of mind. If I recollec arite, I was puttin on a clean shurt, which, the rume being dark, I had put on upside down, and got my arms in and buttuned the riss bans without discoverin mi errer, until I notist the profushun of shurt coller there was to that shurt, when sum low purson rushed into mi rume and begun to sware fiercely.

"Sir," said I, lookin at him fiercely also, "what means the intrusion. In my Stait a gentleman nox at a do befo he busts it open. Aghast! thou lo intruder. By all the gods, to wunst, hie thee to thi den. Lives there a man, with sole so ded ——"

But takin me roodly by the throte, he chocked my utterance, and in a few moments I was hurried into the street. Sein a policeman, I appealed to him for redress. "Yes," he said, "you need redressing. Cum down to the stashun-house and we will redress you. You need redressin evidently." My hart sickened; my brane was dizzy with anger; this roothless villyun dragged me orf to the prisson without letting me ejust mi shurt where I passed the nite.

The next day I was taken to a big bildin where I saw sum marble statues and sum paintins. It immeditly occurd to me that I wuz to make my fortune as a exhibiter uv wax figgers and startling curiosities, which changed my plans according.

Yours truly, ARTEMUS WARD.

From the St. Louis Republican.

A ROMANCE OF THE LINDELL FIRE.

The element of romance permeates every incident and event in life. Even amid scenes of wild excitement and deadly danger this curious sentiment is present, gilding the darkness with a fringe of golden light, and sowing amid the turmoil the seeds which bloom in beautiful blossoms in the future. Who would have thought, when the great Lindell sunk in a storm of fire, and the roar of the conflagration was heard like the sound of a rushing sea; when the swaying thousands that jammed the streets shouted in wild confusion, and the stream of the engines tore the midnight air, that even there amid the wild din this gentle spirit of romance was at work, weaving out of the incidents of the great fire, a silver cord to bind two hearts in one. So it was, however, and thusly: In the general excitement caused by the fire many were drawn from distant streets to witness it. Fair and aristocratic maidens, accompanied by their fathers and brothers, were tempted from home to approach the vicinity and gain a near view of the awful catastrophe in progress.

About ten o'clock, two exceedingly pretty girls accompanied by their father, approached the corner of Washington avenue and Seventh street. By some means they got further involved in the crowd than they had intended, and, in the ebbings and flowings of the multitude, one young girl, a fair maid of some nineteen, got separated from her sister and father. It all occurred in a moment, and she found herself surrounded by rude men, many of them half wild with excitement and drink. She called for her father, but her voice was lost amid the compound of noises which filled the air. A party of roughs observed her, and one of them approached with words of insult on his tongue, and even attempted to put his arm round her waist. At that moment a gallant young gentleman, residing in this city, who, however, occupies the obscure position of a clerk, sprang forward, and, with a well-directed blow, stretched the ruffian on the ground. He then quickly caught the young lady by the hand, and, plunging into the crowd, succeeded in bringing her in safety to the clear street beyond. He then accompanied her home, where, after a little time, her father returned, almost distracted, for the purpose of leaving his other daughter, preparatory to renewing his search.

The thanks and smiles which were bestowed upon our young hero can be imagined, and when he went to sleep that night, a pair of blues eyes beaming gratitude shone like stars through his slumbers.

The sequel of this little incident is highly romantic. The young couple thus accidentally thrown together on the night of the fire never forgot the meeting. The young man in due time called at the house. He was to repeat his visit, and the upshot of the matter was he soon became intimate. Friendship is akin to love, and so it proved. The young man and the maiden he rescued became lovers, and ere the snows of Christmas fall will be man and wife, and it is probable they will never forget "the night of the burning of the Lindell," or hear the sound of the fire-bells without emotion.

OPERA GLASS ANNOYANCES.—Opera glasses are as much misplaced in the hands of impudent people as are fire-arms in the hands of fools. And yet it would almost seem that no one possesses an opera glass who is not impudent. It is bad enough to be stared at with the naked eye, but when one brazenly brings to bear on you an opera glass, it is unendurable. No well bred person does it, however and that is some consolation. It is only done by those overstocked with impudence. A friend of mine, a few evenings since, at one of our places of amusement, adopted an expedient to protect his wife, sitting at his side, from one of these impudent bores, which proved effectual. On the other side of the house sat an effeminate looking young man, more gaudily than tastefully dressed, with an opera glass, which, after surveying the audience, and selecting some lady, he would clap to his eyes and stare at her for minutes. He finally brought his glass to bear on my friend's wife, who, noticing his action, became quite uneasy and nervous. Finally, my friend took the card with the word "taken" on it, which he found on his seat, and held it up directly in front of his wife. The bore looked a moment longer, and but for a moment, and then he turned his gaze elsewhere. Those in the immediate vicinity saw the action and enjoyed it greatly. Bore, however, finding that the lady was "taken," sought others, and labored assiduously with his glass all the evening, giving no attention whatever to the performance.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

CAN'T SUPPORT A WIFE.—A young man gives his experience thus: "My income is $20 a week. My average expenses are for board and room $7.60; clothing $6; billiards, $2.50; (I play a poor game;) drinks, $1.50; horse hire, $5; literary, True Flag and Police Gazette, 10 cents; washing, 25 cents; church contributions, 5 cents; total $23. For the balance I draw on the old man. My washing bill last year was $18, but, as my necessary expenses were so high, I was able to pay only $13 of it. I would like to marry, but don't see how I can. The ladies are so extravagant and have so many expensive habits, that I can't support a wife.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

Fourteen years ago, a young Irishman who had left Ireland to battle with the world and fortune, arrived in San Francisco. He proceeded to the mines, and on Scott's river he found a claim which paid handsomely. He worked hard, and was sober and accommodating, and no one on the river was better liked. At the end of four years he had accumulated quite a handsome sum, and he came to San Francisco and engaged in business. He wrote home to the girl he left behind him, and sent her money to come to him. She remembered the lover of her youth, and hastened to meet him on the shores of the Golden Pacific. Immediately after her arrival they were married, and one child was soon born to them. The domestic circle was complete; it had its idol, and happiness appeared to have a home in the family; but there came a cloud, a skeleton walked out of the closet and frightened away peace and happiness, and brought with it despair. The husband discovered that the woman had become a victim to the bottle, and was frequently under the influence of liquor. He remonstrated with her, and she laughed him to scorn. The domestic broils became so frequent that he found it impossible to live in the same house with her, and he separated from her, taking the child and placing it under the care of the Sisters of Mercy at the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum. There it remained for three or four years, and then sickened and died. The husband having nothing to bind him to San Francisco, proceeded to Nevada, where he has been for nearly four years. Only a few days ago he came to San Francisco on business. He got into a quarrel with some person and was arrested and conveyed to the calaboose. While in the prison waiting for a friend to come and bail him out, a woman, with an infant only two months old, was brought in for being drunk in the street. The husband and wife met there in the prison for the first time in years. The heart of the husband was wrung to despair at seeing the wreck whisky had made of the girl he once loved so wildly. The City Prison is not a place where a great deal of sympathy is extorted from prison-keepers, who are constantly beholding scenes of misery, but the turnkey could not force back the tears which nature called up from the depth of his heart, as the husband approached the fallen woman and asked her if the child she bore in her arms was her own.

PRACTICAL JOKING IN HIGH LIFE.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe writes:

"Practical joking, I had thought, died out long ago in all decent society; but, if newspapers are to be believed—a thing of which I am not at all certain—(I speak, of course, only of those of France and the rest of the continent)—it still flourishes in the highest society of this country. Here, for example, greatly condensed, is a story I find in one of the journals of Paris: A distinguished party were a fortnight ago the guests of the Marquis de Ga—, in the chateau of—, in the neighborhood of Trouville. The ladies of the party being bored, resolved, somewhat ungratefully, in order to amuse themselves, to play off a joke on their host. So one night they placed a quantity of flour between the sheets of his bed. At his customary hour the marquis retired to rest, but the strange substance astonished him, and he jumped up. He found himself as white as a miller from head to foot. A few moments' reflection convinced him that he was the victim of a trick. He coolly rang for his valet, made the man scrape him and wash him and change the sheets. He then returned to bed.

"The next morning he said not a word of what had happened. Three evenings after he proposed a drive to a small shooting lodge in the neighborhood, where there was a splendid view and when he got there he offered the ladies tea. The cake served with the liquid was extraordinarily good, and the fair dames did ample justice to it. They declared that they had never seen anything like it in Paris. 'Yet nothing would be more simple than to make such cakes,' said the Marquis. 'First take your flour,' continued he, with all the solemnity of a cookery book, 'and then roll a man in it.' The ladies looked aghast. 'Yes, mesdames, the cake is made of the flour in which it was your pleasure I should be whitened the other night!' *Horreur! Quelle horreur!* screamed they.

The arawanda is a Brazilian bird, whose tone in the depth of the forest sounds like a tolling bell. It is impossible to conceive anything of more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air, and seeming to follow you wherever you go. The arawanda is somewhat smaller than the ordinary pigeon, and has white plumage.

A Huddersfield (England) clothier had a queer idea of the workings of Providence. On the death of a royal prince everybody went into mourning, and consequently there sprung up a great demand for black cloth. "John," said the old man, with pious unction, to his son, "I have always noticed that when we get heavily into stock in black unions, Providence makes a way for us to sell out. The prince died just in the nick of time."

Discovery of the Remains of three Mastodons.

The Chicago Times gives the following account of the exhuming of the remains of three huge animals near Fort Wayne, Indiana:

"The remains were found about sixteen miles north of Fort Wayne, Indiana, by Dr. Stimpson, of the Smithsonian Institute. The Doctor assisted by other gentlemen, has been at work assiduously in prosecuting the search, and the most pleasing degree of success has rewarded their labors. The remains of three mastodons, a male, female, and calf, have been discovered in an excellent state of preservation. Dr. Stimpson was in the city only a few days ago, and furnished the following information relative to the startling discovery: An intimation was conveyed him not long ago that a farmer in Hunterdan, Indiana, had, in the cultivation of his farm, come across, at various times, large bones, evidently the remains of some huge monster. The farmer, not being a naturalist, of course took no notice of the circumstance other than to drive a stake in the spot to mark it as being low and marshy. When Dr. Stimpson heard of the discovery he proceeded to the spot and obtained the farmer's permission to dig. He then began his work of discovery. After digging some five feet in the earth he came across the huge remains imbedded in the earth. Bone after bone was taken out; the skull, four feet in length was found, and the work was carried on vigorously. The other day three team loads of the bones were taken to Fort Wayne, thence to be conveyed to Chicago. The bone at the Academy of Sciences is a thigh bone, and in size it conveys some idea of its former owner. It is about four feet in length and four inches in diameter. Dr. Stimpson estimates that the animal to which it belonged must have been at least seventeen feet in length and fifteen feet in height. The remains are supposed to be at least 3,000 years old—a supposition based by Dr. Stimpson upon the usual methods for determining the age and character of discoveries in natural science.

FEATHERING HIS NEST.—Lord Keeper Kenyon was passing sentence on a dishonest butler, who had been accused of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar. "Prisoner at the bar," the judge said, "you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexplicable atrocity—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old, you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might, without dishonesty, have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but, dead to every claim of natural affection, and blind to your real interests, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been *feathering your nest with your master's bottles.*"

FERTILITY OF EGYPT.—That vast grain-growing country, which has been celebrated from the earliest historical periods as the most productive in the staple articles of human food, the valley of the Nile, is a narrow strip of land, averaging only about ten miles in width. Between the Libyan and Arabian deserts flows the river Nilus—very similar in appearance to the Missouri. It runs rapidly, is always turbid, and rises annually so as to flood the land on each side of its meandering banks. When the high water subsides, a tenacious, muddy, black slime covers the ground. That is the fertilizing material which enriches the soil as the food of plants. Crops sown on that deposited substance are unparalleled both for quality and quantity, when assisted by irrigation. What is that slime?—what is its composition? A common theory is that it is vegetable matter held in solution, which settles on the land by its own gravity when the water, at its height, is comparatively tranquil. A celebrated German microscopic philosopher says that the true solution of the question is this, namely; the fertilizing slime is nothing more nor less than infusorial insects, too small to be recognized by an unassisted eye. It is animal matter, not unlike fish-manure, which is known to be the best fertilizer the farmer can put upon his fields. Therefore, all animal remains may be turned to profitable account by copying Nature's system of fertilization.

From a Pennsylvania Paper.

PUBLIC SAIL FOR LANT.—Containin 140 egres of lant.—tat lant lace in cumberland county in Dickinson township—tat lant lace between wites town and Tully Furnace—tat lant lace near at gataysburg Route—tat lant jines Jacob Nickwine's lant—and jines William Roga's lant—jines wood's lant—tat lant lace near at Moyers Saw Mill—goot water on tat lant, and good springs on tat lant—goot metto on tat lant—25 agres of goot metto crown on tat lant—goot sumer appals and goot winder appals on tat lant—goot beaches on tat lant—goot charas on tat lant—goot saw mill seat on tat lant. I sink tat lant will be sold in two bieces. One cuckan stove to sell mit tat lant tat must be sold.

JOHN LIMBAUGH'S Lant.