

"It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that any body could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not rightfully mine. I got home, and went tremblingly to bed.

"Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Every body liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and, besides making good wages for his labor, he often got presents of meal and flour from those who employed him.

"Well, at the breakfast table, after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Mr. Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the 'news.'

"I suppose you have heard about my misfortune," said Mr. Baldwin.

"Your misfortune!"

"Yes."

"Why, what has happened to you?" asked the deacon.

"I thought everybody had heard of it, replied Mr. Baldwin. 'You see, the other night, when Mr. Wooley paid me, he gave me a gold piece.'

"I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Mr. Baldwin, however, so my trouble was not observed.

"A sovereign," said Baldwin; 'the first one I ever had in my life; and it seemed to me that, if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent, or half a dollar, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and stowed it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin in taking out my handkerchief, and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up.'

"I felt sinking through the floor.

"I don't know," replied the poor man, shaking his head sadly; 'he's welcome to it whoever he is; and I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than money is worth; though, heaven knows, I want my honest earnings.'

"This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said: 'Is this yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

"My voice was so faint, that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment, and the deacon demanded when and where I had found the gold.

"I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I expected the deacon would whip me to death. But he patted my head, and said, more kindly than was his wont:

"Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, if you did come near falling into

temptation. Always be honest, my son, and, if you do not grow rich, you will be happy with a clear conscience.'

"But I cried still—for joy. I laughed too, the deacon so touched my heart. Of what a load was I relieved! I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

"As for Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff for a time; and I did. I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

"Well, I was the deacon's favorite after this. He was very kind to me and trusted me in everything. I was careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest candor and good faith, and that has made me what I am. When he died, he willed me five hundred dollars, with which I came here and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many sovereigns. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told; and all I have to add, is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's sovereign."

DEATH & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN SPIRITS, WINE AND MALT LIQUORS,

Take this opportunity of informing their friends that they continue the trade of making Drunkards, Bankrupts, Beggars and Maniacs on the most reasonable terms at the shortest notice.

The subscribers return their sincere thanks to numerous customers, and to all the tipping part of the community, for the extensive patronage they now receive; and they hope that the many proofs that are now to be found of their success in the above line of business, will secure to them the increased support of drunkards and little drop-drinkers, as well as forever silence the advocates of total abstinence societies, those bitter enemies of their long established and popular trade.

Death & Co. beg leave to assure the public that the articles in which they deal are the best and most pleasant poisons in the world: and they will warrant them certain death in every case where the individual perseveres in the use of them.

Death & Co. bring themselves under obligations to send more persons to the 'poor-house, the prison, the gallows, and the grave-yard, than any other firm; and they will also do it with the greatest possible dispatch; to accomplish these desirable ends, it is only necessary for the individual to take a glass occasionally, till he feels that quantity insufficient to gratify the craving appetite which it will soon create; and when this rum, whiskey, gin, brandy, wine, cider, ale or porter, appetite is formed, the persons are then prepared to brave temporal and eternal misery for the sake of another glass. In short, Death & Co. will spare no pains or expense to bring the wives and children of their customers to misery, temporal and eternal, and drive to delirium and death as many as the