The American Volunteer.

JOHN B. BRATTON. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1873. VOL. 60—NO. 1.

witness to that struggling destitu-
e much more pitiable than thrift-
squalid poverty.

der the lamp on a table lay several
of fine needlework, in a confusion
howed how recently the labor upon
had been interrupted. Ostensibly
ing for something in his letter case,
ent over the delicate embroideries
a wondering pity for the patient
by which they were produced. He
en among poor people before, but
when his sympathy was so deeply
d as in this instance. Both moth-
daughter seemed so wholly unfit-
this hard life—so helpless and for-
!

girl came toward him trying to
s her gratitude.

ve you no relatives or friends?' he
her.

shook her head sadly.

r father?'

died two years ago, just after we
here to live. We have no money
w,' she continued, misunderstand-
e motives of his questions, 'but I
get some as soon as this work is
ed, and if you will give me your
s, I will—'

not mean that,' he interrupted,
; but he did not add that he was
thinking how soon she might be
in the world, for her mother was
tly a victim to a quick consump-
'I am going to Europe to-morrow,'
nt on, 'so I shall not be able to call
but I will leave a prescription for
nother, which I trust will do some

wrote a few lines on a scrap of pa-
hen, availing himself of a moment
he was unobserved, he slipped the
he had recently won into an en-
and left it on the table. Fortu-
, it was a considerable amount, al-
h he regretted that it was not in
wer to give something beside mon-
d left, thoughtful at the contrast
n prodigal, careless pleasures, and
s want which the last few hours
rced upon him.

d the distraction of foreign travel,
er, the incident was soon forgot-
ut before a year had passed he was
ded of it by receiving a note dated
a western city, and enclosing a
or the amount he had given away.
ight.

style of this missive was curt and
es like:

R SIR:—Though personally un-
n to you, I am under great oblige-
or your kindness to my sister and
at a time when they were in much
Without wearying you with my
al affairs, I will merely explain
he lady whom you attended for
rrhage one night last spring was
ister. She married, against my
e, a man who gradually squandered
tle fortune she possessed. All in-
rse between us had ceased, and I
neither of her husband's death,
e destitution which followed, until
ead of leaving her daughter with-
ny protector overcame her pride
sentment, and she wrote to me. I
d her only a few hours before her
and it is only within a week that
learned through my niece that it
your charity she was indebted for
t earthly comforts. A card which
und upon the floor after you left,
bes us with your address, and I
to recall to you the amount of the
ery indebtedness, as well as to ex-
my gratitude for the service you
ed to members of my family.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN J. RHODES.

her a romantic ending to that lit-
isode,' mused Hal. 'Well, I am
hat lovely girl found a home, and
one to care for her after her mother
I wonder if I shall ever see her

The uncle is evidently well off,
he discharged his 'pecuniary in-
ness,' as he calls it, so promptly,
g from the note it wounded his
and I wish I had not been so
as to drop that card. What the
am Ito do with the money?'

would got have asked that question
ars later, when the news of a great
his native city came across the ca-
d he learned that the riches he
njoyed so thoughtlessly had van-
on swift winds of flame.

returned at once, self-reliant and
l—the change in his circumstances
ping all the latent energy of his
ter. The necessity of gaining a
ood from the profession which he
rmerly looked upon as the outlet of
ain philanthropic ambition, was
e stimulus he needed, though even
prosperity he had never been an
r with no earnest purpose or en-
. But, beaming as he did from

distraught. She had no dance left to give him, but they chatted on a few moments on ordinary topics, and a chance allusion elicited from her the question:

'Is it long since you returned from Europe?'

'Only about six months. I should have remained a year longer, but all my worldly goods being converted into dust and ashes one night, it behooved me to exchange the life of a vagabond for the practice of my profession, which I began here in preference to my native city.'

The lightly-spoken words seemed to astonish her.

'What a misfortune!' she exclaimed.

'I trust it will not prove so in the end,' he answered, thoughtfully; but the next dance had already begun, and the tete-a-tete was interrupted.

Later in the evening his hostess said to him playfully: 'You should be much flattered; Miss Gresham has been asking all about you, and it is not often that she condescends to take so much trouble. Of course you have fallen in love at first sight.'

'Perhaps I should if I had not long since outgrown such a possibility,' Hal answered, carelessly.

Nevertheless, as he sat next morning in his modest little office, Laura's beautiful face came between his eyes and the dry reports of the medical work he was reading with such foolish persistency, that it was a relief when the bell rang and he was interrupted by a message desiring his attendance upon Mr. Rhodes as soon as possible.

'Rhodes!' thought Hal, as he prepared to obey the summons, surely I have heard that name. Why! it is the same as that of my crusty old correspondent, and this is the city he lived in. Strange, I never thought of it before! I should like to see his little niece again.'

But when he reached the handsome house to which he had been directed, he found only an irascible, dyspetic old gentleman, who made no allusion to any previous intercourse, and proved a most exacting and exasperating patient. It was not until a third visit that he found a young lady in the room, who was introduced as 'My niece, Miss Gresham.'

So this was the poor, needy girl he had succored—this courted belle and heiress. Truly, circumstances had strongly changed with both of them since their first meeting.

'I have had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Burgess before, she said, with a slight hesitation; but beyond the significance that might be attached to those few words no reference was made to any previous incident in their acquaintance. Apparently, she desired it should be ignored, and Hal had far too much tact and breeding to betray by word or look his own remembrance of it. Yet he often wondered at this silence as in the course of several months' professional attendance he became better acquainted with herself and her uncle. The latter was a confirmed invalid, to whom his niece was exceedingly devoted, and she found an efficient aid in the young doctor, who, although his practice was rapidly enlarging, somehow always managed to have considerable time to devote to this special case. Seeing Laura thus frequently and intimately, Hal became more and more interested in her, and consequently this persistent reserve, which apparently arose from false shame of the past or shallow pride in the present, vexed and puzzled him. It was the one blemish he found in her character, and he could not understand nor excuse it.

It kept him, if not from falling in love, at least from ever avowing his affection; one who attached such undue importance to wealth and position would hardly tolerate the addresses of a poor physician, he reasoned, although Laura's manner certainly gave him cause to entertain a contrary opinion.

One morning he met her in the hall.

'Can I speak with you a moment before you go to my uncle?' she asked.

'Certainly,' he replied, following her into the reception room. Closing its door she came toward him, saying with a smile: 'Have you quite forgotten me?'

'Surely, Miss Gresham need never ask such a question,' he said, gallantly. 'Besides I may see yesterday.'

playfully, yet with genuine humility, 'I assure you, Miss Laura, there is no such debt of gratitude between us as you assume; any benefit I was to you at the time has already been more than repaid by the patronage which has been secured for me through your uncle's influence since I came to your city, a poor unknown physician.'

She shook her head incredulously.

'That is nothing. Your own talent would have secured it all without any aid from us. I do much wish there were any way in which I could repay you.'

'There is one,' he said, yielding to a sudden impulse as he looked down into her eager eyes, 'but no—it would suppose the original debt increased by such enormous usury, that I do not dare to propose it.'

'Our estimates might be different,' she murmured, the long lashes dropping shyly, and the tell tale color flushing her cheeks.

'All debts are more than canceled by the gift of love,' was the reply.

A few mornings later, Laura leaned over the back of her uncle's chair, and said coaxingly:

'Dr. Burgess has done you a great deal of good, uncle; I should think you would like to make him a present.'

'So I would, Laura, so I would.—What shall it be? You may select it.'

'Well, uncle, it is a strange fancy, but he thinks he would like me.'

'You!' cried Mr. Rhodes, in utter astonishment. 'You! Even as much as I like the fellow, that is a little too much.'

'Oh! don't say that, uncle,' answered Laura, blushing. 'Think of all his services and kind attentions to you, and I am sure I owe him everything—for he proves to be the very Dr. Burgess who befriended me when I was in such sore trouble.'

The old gentleman sat speechless for some moments, engrossed in conflicting emotions.

'You said I might choose the present for him,' urged Laura timidly, 'and it will not really be giving me away, for we shall both belong to you.'

Her uncle kissed her fondly, and Hal appearing at that instant in the doorway, he called to him: 'This little woman has pleaded your cause so well, that all that is left for me to say is as they do on the stage and in the story books. Take her and be happy.'

AN OLD-STYLED TALE.

The old ayuncular element of romance and play, so facile for pleasant climax and virtue's poetic compensation of the fictions and melodramas of earlier days, has its last modern illustration of fact in a little Virginian story. At Petersburg, in the yellow fever year, say two decades ago, when the terrible disease was brought thither from Norfolk by a panic-stricken fugitive from the latter city, a certain family had but two survivors from the pest, a [illegible] girl and an uncle of her's who had dwelt in the household as nurse. The uncle had bravely remained at his post while his brother and sister-in-law were dying; but upon finding himself left in the stricken home at last, with only his little niece to keep him company, and that while the fatal fever yet ravaged all around, he suddenly suffered a reaction of cowardice, and after placing the orphan in care of a neighbor for a day, fled hurriedly from the town, no one knew whither. Like many other fugitives at that time, he might have remained with safety, for the disease abated rapidly thenceforth. Gone he had, however, and when it was apparent that he would not return—perhaps had sunk and died of the contagion elsewhere—the deserted child's lonely and helpless situation excited much public sympathy, resulting at last in her acquisition of an unexpected benefactor. Amongst the bereaved of the city was a wealthy lady whom sorrow had made a mother for the motherless, and she, in her sanctified womanliness, adopted the poor orphan, without reservation, as her own. Thus the little heroine entered upon a life in which all things seem to have been so sufficient for her every need that, but for the one ungracious memory of her childish trials, there

THE MURDER MANIA.

SHOCKING PARRICIDE IN NEW YORK.

THE KILLING OF MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH.

ANOTHER BINGHAMPTON HORROR.

A MURDER AT WILLIAMSPORT.

Mansfield Tracy Walworth Killed by his Son.

NEW YORK, June 3.—At 6:45 this morning, Frank H. Walworth, aged nineteen years, shot and killed his father, Mansfield T. Walworth, in the Sturtevant house. The deceased was an author and boarded at the Sturtevant house. He did not live with his family, and domestic trouble was the cause of the tragedy. Young Walworth, who lives at Saratoga, directly after the shooting went to the police station and surrendered himself.

Mansfield Tracy Walworth, killed by his son this morning, was the son of Chancellor Walworth, the well known author. He separated from his wife three years ago, since which time he has been residing in this city, the remainder of the family living at Saratoga. His son Frank came on from Saratoga yesterday to shoot him. He called at his father's boarding house last night in Fourth avenue, and not finding him he left a note asking him to call at the Sturtevant house this morning and see him. The father called at the hotel, where the son was stopping, and went up stairs. In about fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards several shots were heard coming from the room by one of the chambermaids, who ran down stairs and informed a clerk, who immediately set out for an officer, but before he arrived Frank Walworth walked down stairs with his coat on his arm and stated to the clerk, that he had shot his father, and asked where the nearest police station was.

After receiving the desired information he went to a telegraph office and sent off a dispatch to his uncle in Saratoga, telling him what he had done and asking him to break the news as gently as possible to his mother before she should hear of it in any other way.

He then proceeded to the Thirteenth street police station, and walking up to the desk stated to the sergeant in charge that he had shot his father, who was then lying dead in the Sturtevant house, at the same time handing over his revolver, which proved to be one of Colt's five barrelled.

Dr. Marsh made an examination of the body and found that there were four bullet wounds, one in each breast, one on the right side of the face, the ball lodging in the brain, and the fourth in the right arm, breaking it.

The following is the prisoner's story as told to the coroner in answer to questions put by that gentleman.

I reside with my mother in Saratoga, my father having parted from her some years ago. My father is an author, and I have been studying law. I think my father was about 41 years old, but do not know where he was born. My father has not lived with my mother since we left three years ago, but he has repeatedly sent us threatening and insulting letters. Only a short time since he threatened to shoot my mother and myself. I shot him because of this.

Not long ago I met him in the street in Saratoga, and then told him that if he did not keep away from us, or insulted my mother any more I would shoot him. I told him there were bounds which I would not allow any man to go beyond with impunity, especially when my mother was being insulted.

I went to his house yesterday and left a note for him to call on me, which he did this morning. When he came in the room I drew out a revolver and told him to promise me that he would not threaten or insult us any more, which he promised. Shortly afterwards we began speaking on family matters, and he used some very insulting language, and put his hand in his pocket, as though to draw a pistol when I shot him. He then came towards me, and I fired three other shots at him. When I fired the last shot he had me by the collar. I only regret

MURDER BY A BOY IN WILLIAMSPORT.

WILLIAMSPORT, June 3.—At half past six o'clock last evening a man named Isaac B. Reigle was hit on the head with a club by a boy named Henry T. Moor and died from the effects of the blow three hours later. Both parties were employed in the Beaver lumber mills, in this city. An altercation had taken place between them some time before the striking. Moor has not yet been captured.

MURDERED HIS EMPLOYER.

NEW YORK, June 3.—An unknown laboring man threw his employer, Frederick Kast, into a pile of stones and also struck him with a shovel blade, inflicting fatal injuries, to day at Brooklyn. Kast's skull is broken. The murderer fled. He demanded pay, having been absent at pay day, when Kast told him that he would have to wait till the next pay day, whereupon the laborer assaulted him with the above result.

SHOT AND KILLED.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 3.—Two men named Fleming had a difficulty with two policemen on the street last night. The Flemings used pistols and clubs. The policemen shot the eldest through the heart. The other escaped.

A SAD STORY.

DISEASE AND DEATH AMONG THE GERMAN COLONISTS AT LEBANON, DEL.—HORRORS OF A TRIP ACROSS THE OCEAN WITH ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED ON BOARD—SMALL-POX AND SCARLET FEVER.

Fifty-eight German colonists, including men, women and children, recently arrived at Lebanon, Kent county, Delaware, to which place they were brought by John S. Collins, an extensive fruit-grower and canner, to be employed in the cannery of Collins & Co. The Dover *Delawarean* says: Owing to the hardships they experienced in crossing the ocean, a great deal of sickness has prevailed among them, forty-five of the fifty-eight having been very sick since their arrival in this country. At first the children were taken with scarlet fever, and ten of the eighteen afflicted with this disease have died. The measles also spread among them, and at the last small-pox broke out, and up to this writing there have been seventeen cases of the disease. They crossed the ocean in the steamer Egypt of the National line, running from Liverpool to New York, and from their account, the officers of the ship must surely be devils in human shape. There were nineteen hundred passengers on board. From the first they were put on short allowance of water. The meat they were compelled to eat, they say, was rotten, and the potatoes were all diseased. Their soup was made from the water used to boil the potatoes. The bread was hard ship-biscuits, and as they were not allowed fresh water with which to soak them, the little children could not eat them, and suffered from food. They were kept beneath decks, and those who were well were compelled to be confined with the sick. The officers of the ship treated them more like beasts than human beings. A Mrs. Zell was taken with small-pox while on board, and the disease was at its height when the ship passed quarantine at New York. On arriving at Lebanon, Collins & Co. gave the immigrants possession of a large house, and did everything in their power for their comfort, and until sickness and death came upon them, they seemed pleased with the prospect before them. Now the women moan and cry continually over their sufferings. Nearly all have lost a child or some dear friend. On account of the small-pox they have been moved into shanties built at Mifflin's woods, about a mile and a half from any house. Collins & Co. are doing all they can to relieve their sufferings, but more help is badly needed.

[From the Panama Herald, April 20.]

A Tight-Rope Tragedy.

HANGING TO THE MUSIC OF A BANJO.

Two negro acrobats from Jamaica went over the other day to Port Limon, in Costa Rica, to give some of their exhibitions for the amusement of the residents there. Of the said African acrobats, one

[Correspondence of the Volunteer.]

NO. 2.

LETTER FROM NEAR GORDONSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

GORDONSVILLE, May 31.

J. B. BRATTON, ESQ.

My Dear Sir—I left Staunton of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, Thursday, the 29th inst., and arrived at this point, fifty-seven miles by Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. The Blue Ridge mountains are crossed in part by extensive tunnelling—a work both stupendous and expensive. On arriving at the Summit the scene is indeed grand—the open country extending for many miles far below the base of the mountain presents a beautiful panorama of summer scenery. Now Charlottsville is reached, a town of considerable importance and size, and the lands adjacent very fertile, valuable and productive. Near this place and south of the railroad is Monticello, situated on an eminence of great heigth, where repose the remains of Thomas Jefferson. The dwelling in which he lived and died, is plainly visible, and the shady surroundings give it an attractive appearance. Eight miles from here, at Montpilier, repose all that was mortal of President Madison. Both burial places, of so much interest, I would have visited, but had not time. Now

GORDONSVILLE,

Orange county, is reached, a village very small, and located in the far-famed Piedmont Section, lying between the Blue Ridge and the tide-water line. This section of the "Old Dominion" is unsurpassed in beauty, fertility of soil, healthful climate, abundance of good pure water, and valuable timber, with extensive mineral resources, and from its elevated position above tide-water is free from malarious diseases. The soil in parts is red loam, which, on being turned with the plow, crumbles on exposure to the air; in other parts is of a gray mixture with red. From a paper before me I glean—the timber being abundant, as I have observed—consists of walnut, locust, (never have I seen such an abundance of it,) black, white and Spanish oaks, hickory, chestnut, pine, poplar, maple and ash. The climate now is warm; 'tis well it is so, owing to the late Spring to cause vegetation to grow rapidly, and, it is said, so mild that farmers can often plow in the winter months, and stock requires but little sheltering.

FRUIT CULTURE,

Especially of the grape, for which, it is asserted, this section has the best soil and climate, and for size and quality of apples is unsurpassed. Grapes are extensively cultivated near Charlottsville, 18 miles distant, and the experience of a gentleman late of New York (Mr. J. W. Porter,) which I read this morning in a paper, I will briefly give. He says in one year he realized over five hundred dollars from one acre, and more from one acre planted with pippin apple trees, and in five years no failure in the crops of either.

VIRGINIA HOSPITALITY.

Never have I been so kindly treated and heartily welcomed. In Stannton I made many acquaintances, not with "persons of the baser sort," for they are found everywhere, but *gentlemen* in every sense of the word. They cordially invite immigration, farmers and business men. Their large plantations before the war were worked with slave labor, and in very many cases unprofitably—for they had too much land. Now such labor must be dispensed with, and these plantations made small and each improved, as in Cumberland county, will be more profitable. Independently of this personal consideration of interest, in inviting Northern people to migrate to this highly-favored locality, their very nature as good, sensible, intelligent men, prompt them to sociability and corresponding hospitality.

An example will suffice. Having written an article for publication in the Richmond *Inquirer*, in March last, recapitulating the names and residences of many of my acquaintances who had gone to Virginia, a copy of the paper was read by Mr. J. Barbour Newman, residing some six miles from this town. In sending to visit Virginia, as referred to in the paper, he, by letter, extended an invitation to me, at Williamsport, to visit him. On my arrival, his son, a merchant, kindly gave me his horse to ride out, and his house to pencil this letter. Mr. Newman is, truly, a type of the old Virginia stock, and although he is impaired in

American Volunteer.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
JOHN B. BRATTON
[illegible]

American Volunteer.

JOHN B. BRATTON, } EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1876. VOL 62—NO. 35

POETICAL.

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONEY—IN TWO BAGS.

DAY FIRST.

[illegible]

Then, if such a dingy old scarecrow could be said to do so, he brightened up, and croaked:

"Oh, she earns her own living, does she, and more! Not that I would expect her to do that after we was married. Oh, no! And more! See here, Mr. Flint, I'll take her, if she's willin'."

Mr. Flint's face expressed considerable satisfaction as he answered:

"She will be willing. She will do whatever I think is best for her. Jacob, go call Jessie."

The clerk, who had been rattling the papers on his desk in a strange, nervous way, got hastily off his stool and left the room.

Presently he returned with a pretty, mild-eyed young girl, who came and seated herself silently at her father's side.

If ever features of stone made a miserable attempt to look kind, Roger Flint's did then. And when he spoke there was something very much like tenderness in his grating voice, absolutely.

"Jessie," he said, "have you ever thought of marrying?"

"If I have, father," she answered, with a slight blush, "the thought has been so speedily banished by a determination never to leave you, that it could hardly be called a thought at all."

"A girl's whim, and of no weight in the plans I have formed for your benefit. All your life I have kept before your eyes the value of money, and the utter worthlessness of everything else without it. Therefore, in chosing a husband for you I have cast aside all romantic and unpracticable considerations, and secured for you—money."

The girl's face had grown white as death, and she sat staring at him with wide open, frightened eyes.

"Simon Beggs," continued her father, his voice growing dryer and harsher as he continued, "is no very handsome object to look at, I admit; but he is rich, and a driveling old dotard, and the woman who marries him can easily control both him and his money, if she will."

Beggs grinned and chuckled as if he had listened to the most glowing panegyric possible.

The girl made no reply. Once while he spoke she turned her eyes toward the clerk at his desk, and then was motionless.

"Come," said Flint, with a grim attempt at jocularity, "he has but a half-dozen years in him at best, and then a rich young widow, eh, Jessie."

"I would rather die, as my mother did—a thousand, thousand times rather!" said Jessie, in a low-choked voice, putting both trembling hands upon his arm.

"Nonsense!" retorted her father harshly, shaking her off. "Once married, you will laugh at this folly, and thank me for disregarding it. Now go up stairs and dry your eyes, for the matter is settled, I tell you."

She arose and looked fixedly at him for a moment.

Then, seeing the iron determination in his face, she turned, and, with a low sob, left the room.

When she was gone the clerk, who had been standing near his desk with clenched hands and flushed countenance, hastily resumed his stool, and worked away harder than ever.

"Don't seem 'tickelarly 'tached to me, do she?" groaned Beggs.

The impatient reply upon Flint's lips was interrupted by the opening of the office door and the entrance of a young lady, muffled and furred against the weather. What a bright little creature she was! What eyes—now sharp and sly as a bird's—now soft and gentle as it is possible for a woman's eyes to be!

What a firm little figure, carried with an air of dignity that meant just nothing at all! What curls! What lips! Gracious!

"How do you do, Mr. Jacob?" she said, addressing the clerk first of all, and then bowing to Mr. Flint. "And this is your friend?" she continued, looking straight at Mr. Beggs, as he wriggled his feet to be introduced. "I can't say that I am happy to know him. Any relation to the crow family? No, indeed! A very strong resemblance, then. Is Jessie up stairs, Mr. Flint? I will go and see her, if you please."

And with a laugh and a shake of her dark curls she was out of the room, leaving Mr. Beggs breathless and crest-fallen.

"I don't like Mrs. Heyward, if that's her name," he mumbled, trying to recover his composure.

But she had so startled him that presently he shambled off home.

When the door rattled behind him, the clerk got down from his stool, and approached his master with a bit of paper in his hand.

"Will you write down the value of a soul?" he said, without raising his eyes.

"The value of a soul? How should I know the value of a soul?"

"Oh, you don't?" retorted the clerk, still with his eyes doggedly cast down. "I thought you must, because you sold one just now—your daughter's."

Flint started forward as if he would have struck him, but he restrained himself and cried in a threatening voice:

"Jacob Stirling, if you are a fool don't make it so plain, or you will get into trouble. Now go to bed, you beggar! Be off, do you hear?"

Jacob made no reply, but went slowly away, looking more care-worn and depressed than ever.

And Mr. Flint, standing before the fire, with an expression of doubt and satisfaction strangely mixed upon his features, fell into a profound reverie.

DAY SECOND.

A terrible storm was raging outside. Frigid blasts, bearing clouds of snow upon their wings, howled in the chimneys, and hammered at the window panes, startling Jacob Stirling, as he sat at his work.

Poor Jacob! He had grown thinner, paler and shabbier than ever, and there was a nervous agitated air upon him that had not been there before.

The hour was late, and the sounds of life about the house had died away, yet ever as he turned a page or dipped his pen into the ink, he cast his eyes toward the door with the shadow of a fearful expectation in them. Presently it opened, and Jessie Flint, muffled and closely veiled, entered.

She hesitated as if she would have spoken; but he remained bent over his desk, seemingly unconscious of her presence, she passed swiftly on, and went out into the driving night.

With an expression of absolute misery in his face, Jacob sprang from his seat, and putting on his shabby hat, hastened after her.

Staggering through drifts that lay knee deep upon the sidewalk, he kept the flitting figure in view until it stopped in the glare of a gas lamp. Then he stopped, too, and watched it with straining eyes.

A shadow, huge and black—to Jacob the shadow of something yet more black and monstrous to fall upon her life hereafter—rested upon her, and a man stood beside her.

For a moment they conversed together in low tones, earnestly, and then they separated, the stranger going back into the darkness from whence he had come, and the girl retracing her steps homeward.

The shadow! Oh, the shadow!

As Jacob came out of his hiding place, and looked down at the little footprints she had left behind her in the snow, he saw it there, bodily, filling them up again, as if it would have blotted even those cold traces off from his sight.

He looked up at the sky, filled with falling flakes, and there it hung, sickening his heart, and chilling his blood within him. Then he clasped his hands across his face to shut it out, and crept slowly and shiveringly away.

A week rolled on, and one morning Roger Flint entered his office and in tones which he vainly endeavored to render as harsh and stern as usual, he said,

"Jacob, have you seen Jessie this morning?"

Jacob changed color as he answered—"No!"

"Then," exclaimed Flint, suddenly breaking down, "she has left us—for what, Jacob? See here is a note she left upon my table! Read it!"

With a shaking hand Jacob took it from him, and read:

"MY DEAR FATHER—Doubly dear to me that I have left you—try, oh, try to believe that I am not so sinful as I seem. Try to think that I strove hard—indeed I did—to obey your wishes, but I had not strength to do it. Oh, my dearest! now that by my own weakness and wickedness I have set a gulf between us, perhaps never to be crossed, I beg and pray you to shake off that fearful love of gain which has made us all so wretched, and be your own good gentle self again. Be kinder to Jacob—poor Jacob—for I loved him, father; and forgive your child."

The shadow! Oh, the shadow! It had descended at last.

The two men stood staring at each other with a fearful thought burning in their eyes for a long, breathless moment. Then, as if he had dashed it aside with his clenched hand, the depressed shrinking air was gone from Jacob; all that was manly and noble in him came uppermost in his strong sorrow, and he whose patient drudge he had always been, cowered before his dilating eyes.

"Wretch," he shouted, "see what your accursed money has done for you. You would have made your daughter's life a hell for it. You would have given her, body and soul, to a thing a thousand times more degraded than a beast, for it! You have held it up to her daily as an idol to be worshipped before heaven! Are you now satisfied with your teachings?"

"I meant it for her good—indeed I did," groaned Flint.

"Oh, man, man, what are you now? Old, alone in the world, standing in your grave, hated and despised by all of your kind! Now go to your money and seek consolation in it, if you can. Prostrate yourself before it; will it bring her back to you, or to me, who loved her footprints on that floor more than you loved her soul? Pray to it, weep to it; will it make her what she was? Oh, poor, misled, illused girl!"

So crying out as if his heart was broken, he sank into a chair, and burst into tears.

For a long while the old man stood silent, with a bewildered look in his face, then he started toward the door, bareheaded as he was.

"Where are you going?" said Jacob, detaining him.

"I am going to find my child," he said, brokenly. "I am going to bring her back, and try, through all the years of my worthless life, to atone for the wrong I have done her. Jacob, will you go with me?"

For many days after this people wondered at two strange figures whom they encountered in the streets—a haggard, white-haired old man, supported by a younger one, who wandered hither and thither, on broad thoroughfare and in narrow by-ways, peering with eager eyes into the faces of all they met. But no trace of her they sought so anxiously was found.

Night after night they placed a light in the office window, vaguely hoping that she might see its glimmer, and, feeling the longing it expressed, return to them. But she never came.

Avarice, in Roger Flint, had so sapped and minded his nobler feelings that when it was torn out of him at one fierce clutch it left him weaker than a child to bear his trouble.

Worn with fatigue, heart-sick with fruitless expectation, he broke down completely and took his bed with no wish to rise again. And Jacob Stirling, more manly in his patient sorrow than he had ever been before, sat by and tended him.

"Jacob," he said, one afternoon, a few weeks after his daughter's disappearance, "I dreamt last night that our poor girl had come back to us, and I was weeping bitterly to think of all the wrong and sorrow I had brought upon her young life. And I thought that she put her arm about my neck, and whispered:

"All a dream, dear father; be comforted, for it was all a dream."

"Jacob," he said, suddenly interrupting himself, I wish I could see her before I die."

Jacob made no answer.

"If she ever returns to you when I am gone," he continued, with a sigh, "take her in, shelter her tenderly from the world, keep her from her own thoughts, and be a brother to her. Tell her that he never blamed her, but himself, and that his only wish was that he might see her, to ask her pardon before he died. Will you, Jacob?"

"I will," answered Jacob, in a low voice.

Then arising and going into the office he sat himself down at his old desk, and rested his head on his arms, in gloomy thoughts. He had been so but a moment, when the door opened and Mrs. Heyward entered, and though the day was dark, a sunbeam seemed to have entered, too.

The smile left her lips as she saw the haggard face he turned toward her.

"What is it, Mr. Jacob? Are you not well?"

"And Jessie?" she inquired with a singular look.

"She has left us," he cried, brokenly. "Don't ask me more."

There were tears in the little woman's eyes, and yet she was laughing.

"That wretched old father of hers—"

"A changed man," he interrupted; "kinder and better in every way, but falling rapidly under the shock."

"Falling?" echoed the lady, turning very pale and trembling very much. Then, without another word, she turned and ran out of the room.

Night had again fallen, and the old man was lying on his sofa in the little back room, with Jacob sitting silently near him, when the door opened, and three persons came in. They were Mrs. Heyward, a tall young man, and a female figure, closely veiled.

"Mr. Flint," began the lady, sharply, "you are not the mean, covetous, hard old man you were, are you?"

"Yes. But God forgive me, it is too late to talk of that!"

"Then, there!" she cried, choking and gasping in her emotion, "take her."

And, with a loud cry, the veiled figure fell at the old man's side, and took his head to her breast.

"My child," he cried, weeping bitterly, "my little child!"

"A dream, dear father," sobbed the girl; "all a terrible dream. Forgive me for leaving you."

"Tell him," said the tall young man, laconically.

"Listen, you bad old creature," said Mrs. Heyward, twisting her dear little face into all sorts of shapes to keep from crying, too; "one night I came here and found your daughter nearly distracted because you were bent on marrying her to that hideous old crow friend of yours. When I knew that it was for his money, I was sure you would never soften to any entreaty she could make. I was mad—I raved and stormed awful, and then went home and told my old boy all about it."

Her old boy, otherwise the tall young man, nodded admiringly.

"I asked him if nothing could be done to save her from the misery to which you were driving her."

"Let her elope," said he, in his dear, stupid way; "let her leave the old rascal, and if he loves his child, as most men, however hardened, do, he will relent."

And so we planned between us how it should be done.

I persuaded her to meet him, unknown to you, and at last she consented.

"My husband," laying her hand proudly on his arm, "whom you have never seen, was the man she ran away with, and our home was her asylum. She pined for the father who was not deserving of her love—she pined for the home that had never been a happy one, and—and"—here the little creature laughed and sobbed together—"we have brought her back to you, and never, never wrong her so again."

Bless her little heart; it would have warmed colder souls than yours or mine to see how she beamed and sparkled through her tears.

How she stood on tip-toe to kiss her tall husband—very glad to be kissed—the dearest little woman altogether that ever was.

When she had finished Roger Flint deliberately turned about, pummeled his pillows until he was out of breath.

"There," he said, beaming all over, "lies old Roger Flint, that scheming old miser, dead as a door nail. And here," tapping himself, "is the new Roger Flint, who, with God's help, will be a kinder and a better man."

Then how he laughed! Such laughs as hadn't come out of that dry throat for years. How he hugged them all, aye, even the tall young man himself! How he made a perfect, jolly old dervish of himself about the room!

"Jacob," he said, stopping suddenly, "I owe you a debt, accumulated in long years of harshness and cruelty. I'm going to pay that debt, Jacob, every penny of it. And here," leading forward his blushing daughter—"is the first installment."

Then turning to the others, he continued: "I have worn spectacles, made of the lowest passions of my heart all my life. They have blinded me to all the good and gentle things of which this world is full. They have led me to playing at leapfrog with the devil by hiding his horns; but they are gone, cast aside, forever; and O! friends, I am a happy old man!"

So had sorrow the power to resurrect those nobler things, buried under many misspent years, and make them alike again. So had sorrow the power to lay the broad stones of a clear wide road to Heaven.

JUMPING AT THE FIRST CHANCE.

A maiden once said, "I'll not mate with a man who has not fortune great." So she pouted and waited, and scorned to be mated. She's a maiden yet—age 49.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A maiden once thought, "I cannot be bought—I'll marry a man who is poor," but the man he drank beer, died driving a "keer," and twelve orphans went out from her door. 'Tis better to wait and be age 49 than to marry the average man; for there's trouble ahead for the maiden who'll wed the first person she can.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A maiden once cried, "Now whatever betide, I'll marry a man who is wise," but, his wise views asserted, she pouted and flirted; each sickened full soon of the prize. Soon may was the case; 'twas an "awful disgrace," said the judge, in decreeing divorce; "and the woman's a fool who a general rule will adopt in deciding her course." —*St. Louis Republican.*

But most of the girls (darn their frizzes and curls!) make their minds up quite early in life to take any one who'll let himself be "done," the point is, to be some one's wife. And tho' poor silly chaps who are caught in their traps will find out, when it is too late, that a girl who was charming can be an alarmingly terrible, ill-tempered mate. Only this much is certain, once back of the curtain, the young man who marries will find that the fellow who weds will deserve all he gets—and get all he deserves, of its kind.—*Inter-Ocean.*

A romantic young maiden, with bright fancies laden, once said, "For love I will marry." So she wedded a man as good as a clam, who treated her like the old Harry. Then one day she got mad, and she said that "by dad, you may live without me if you can," and she packed up her box, pull-backs and striped socks, and ran off with a much richer man.

A YOUNG gentleman neatly got out of a fine scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two young ladies at some party at which she was not present.—He owned up to it, but said that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, so laughed off her pout. He did not explain to her that the one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it awful?

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears! I know not what they mean,
Tears, from the depths of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world;
That sinks with all we love below the verge,
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Oh, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns,
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
Oh, death in life! the days that are no more.

—*Tennyson.*

A SHERIFF WHO WAS SOLD.

A well-trained hotel clerk, who knows his duty rightly, considers that the accepted guest in the hotel is as much in his own castle as in his own house, and will not permit him to be knowingly disturbed by unpleasant or unauthorized intruders. This, sometimes, is of service, and prevents disagreeable consequences, as will be seen in the history here about to be given, the scene of which was in the Tremont House, in Boston, several years ago, and one of the actors therein, a well-known merchant of Boston, who, over the nom de plume of "Acorn," used to furnish some of the liveliest sketches of humor, and sharpest of dramatic criticisms to the old New York *Spirit of the Times*, whom we shall designate as Jim Pines; the other, a well-known business man of our sister city of Portland, whom, for convenience sake, we shall call Short, inasmuch as he was short when one of the actors in the scene we are about to recount.

It chanced one fine evening that a stranger entered the Tremont and addressing himself to the "gentlemanly clerk," inquired if Mr. Short of Portland was stopping at the house.

"He is," said the clerk referring to the register.

"Well, I want to see him; show me up to his room, please?"

"If you will send your card I will see if he is at home."

The visitor produced a card, which was handed to the bell-boy, whom he was about to follow up stairs, but was restrained by the clerk.

"Be kind enough to wait till we see if Mr. Short is in and will see you.

The bell-boy returned with word that Mr. Short "would see the gentleman to-morrow morning."

"Where's the room?" said the visitor, "I'll go right up myself."

"Excuse me, sir. Mr. Short has already sent word he does not wish to see you till to-morrow, and I cannot permit him to be disturbed."

"Well, sir, I think I shall go up if you will give me the number of the room, for I'm the Sheriff, and I intend to arrest him."

At these words Jim Pines, who was sitting in a little room behind the key-board, where he had heard all the conversation, and who is always ready to aid a man in difficulties—Jim knowing this to be a case of late-at-night arrest to force claim—rose and remarked that "he was going to see if supper was ready," and slipping through the dining hall, up to his room, he took from thence an old pair of boots, and went to Short's room, where he was at once admitted.

"Take your valise and duds, old boy, and come along with me."

"What's up?"

"Not much, but the Sheriff will soon be; so come along."

The pair left the room, locked it behind them, and Pines dropped the old pair of boots outside the door, after which they passed over to another wing of the house, to Pines' room, where Short was left; and the former descended, where he found the hotel clerk still engaged in conversation with the sheriff.

"I've seen about my supper, and it's all right," said he, as he passed the clerk with a wink.

"I see this room against Mr. Short's name on the register is 26; is that where you put him?" asked the Sheriff of the clerk.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I demand to be shown to that room immediately."

"All right, Mr. Sheriff. Boy, show the gentleman No. 26."

The unwelcome visitor was conducted up stairs to the desired room. There it was, sure enough, number on the door, pair of boots sitting outside. The Sheriff looked at his watch. Half past nine. "Humph!—goes to bed early." He knocked; no response. Knocked a little louder; still no reply.

"Boy," said he to the bell-boy, who still stood near him, "is there any door opening out of this room to the chambers on either side?"

"No, sir, you can see for yourself, there's nobody in this one."

The Sheriff looked into the unoccupied rooms on each side, and satisfied himself that there was no communication, and then with a grim smile, took a chair from one of them, and sat down beside the door of No. 26.

"Boy," said the officer of the law, "do you want to earn a dollar?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, as his eyes sparkled.

"Well, take this note for me," said the officer, as he hastily scribbled on the back of an old letter, "and bring me an answer, and you shall have it."

The waiter was off like a shot, and returned with an answer, to whom the other, in a whisper, explained the situation.

"He's in here, and no way of getting out. We can't break in the door; you must watch here until morning, and when he comes out to breakfast arrest him. Boy here's your dollar."

Thus left, the deputy settled himself comfortably down in his chair, and the Sheriff walked off, satisfied that he had trapped his bird.

Next morning about eight o'clock he reappeared. There sat the watchman, looking a little red about the eye-lids, and there stood the boots, as when he left the night before.

"Any movement, Linx?"

"Not a bit, as yet; quiet as a church yard."

"Ah, ah! Thinks to tire us out. Go down and get some breakfast, Lynx, and I'll mount guard while you're absent."

The deputy went away, and in half an hour returned, invigorated and refreshed, and resumed his post, which he faithfully held till noon, when his principle again made his appearance.

"What! not up yet?"

"Not a motion."

The two men looked at each other doubtingly. At that moment one of the chambermaids came along, with broom and a bunch of keys in her hand.

"Got a key that'll open this room?" said the Sheriff.

"Yes, sir."

Applying it, the door flew open, and the two officers rushed in.

It was empty.

The bed was undressed; a half smoked cigar, and a newspaper of the day before, lay upon the table, which were all the traces of its having been occupied.

From force of habit, the deputy guarded the door, while his principal looked into the shallow closet, under the bed, out of the window (it was forty feet to the pavement), and had even taken off the blower at the little fire-place, with the vague idea that the man sought might have vanished, in some mysterious manner, up the chimney, when his eyes caught sight of the bell-boy standing outside of the door.

"Boy, do you know where Mr. Short is, who occupied this room?"

"Sure, sir, he must be in Portland," said the boy, with a grin, "he left in the seven o'clock train, and it's twelve now."

The Sheriff glanced at his watch.

"Yes, but whose boots are they at the door?"

"These," said the boy taking them up; "these be Mr. James Pines' boots, here's his name on the lining."

And so it was, and the officers had never thought to look in them.

"Are you afraid anyone would stale 'em, that ye sit by 'em so?" asked the waiter, maliciously.

The Sheriff made no answer, but strode out of the room, sending the boots aside with a vigorous kick, as he passed towards the staircase. When he was half-way down, he was stopped by the voice of the bell-boy who, leaning over the balustrade, calling out:

"Sir, jist a moment, plaze?"

"Well, what is it?" replied the officer looking back.

"Would you tell me, plaze, how much it is Mr. Pines pays an hour for the watchin' av his boots?"

The Sheriff vouchsafed only an indignant "humph," and passed on. He and his deputy had passed out upon the front steps of the house, when another servant running after him, tapped him on the back with the message that the hotel clerk wished to speak with him. Hastening back with the thought that he was to hear something respecting his lost game, he was met with a bland smile by the clerk.

"I believe you forgot this little bill," he remarked.

"Little bill? What little bill?"

The clerk presented a paper bearing the pictorial representation of the Tremont, and beneath which was the charge:

STEPHEN GRAHAM, ESQ.:
To proprietors Tremont House, Dr.
Lodging $1.00

"Do you mean to say that you intend charging me a dollar for my man's sitting up in a chair all night?" said the officer, red and irritated.

"Can't tell how he passed the night; all I know is that we gave him lodging, and one dollar's our price," replied the clerk, icily.

"Say, Charley, have you seen my old boots?" asked a gentleman at this juncture, who appeared to be accidentally standing near. "I've missed 'em from my room.—I hope some one has kept an eye on 'em, for I would rather give a dollar than lose 'em."

"All right, the boots is safe; sure and didn't the gentleman sit by 'em all night," answered the grinning waiter, as the Sheriff turned around.

"Ah! Graham, good morning — much obliged to you—here, let me pay this bill, for I prize those boots," said Jim Pines, as he took the slip of paper from the Sheriff's hands, who stood staring at him.

"Mr. Pines, I give it up. I'm euchred," said the officer; "and that's the first pair of boots I ever knew that helped a man to run away without his being in 'em."

"Ah," said Jim, "there's nothing like leather when there's business afoot."

"SARAH."

Outside papers must quit publishing fictitious items about Detroit, says the *Free Press*, or some one will get hurt. One afternoon a woman with a black belt and a pair of spectacles on, entered the editorial rooms of this paper, holding a Chicago daily in her hand, and she walked up to a stoop-shouldered, consumptive teller, who had dropped in to see a New York exchange, and grimly asked:

"Who's Sarah?"

He replied that he had never heard of her, when she unfolded the paper and pointed to the following:

"There is an old woman in Detroit named Sarah, who has worn one pair of stockings right along for sixteen weeks."

"It's a lie!" said the old lady, "and you've got to take it back or—or—I'll——"

She finished by sliding her hand along his shoulder until her fingers got hold of his necktie.

"I haven't nothing to do with that," he gurgled, as he tried to pull away, "that's a Chicago paper."

"I know it is, but it's a lie, and I can prove it."

"I know you can, madam, if it was [illegible] for you! I don't believe you'd go eight weeks without changing stockings."

"No, not even six," she exclaimed pressing against his "Adam's apple" with her thumb. "I can prove that I change as often as any one else."

"I don't think it means you," he said, getting his left eye on the item.

"Yes it does," she foamed. "Ain't my name Sarah, and ain't I oldish, and ain't I a woman. Oh! such lies make my blood bile!"

"Well, you want to go for some one in Chicago. It has nothing to do with this paper."

"Hain't, eh? I know better! You are all linked in together, and I presume you read that and lafed and lafed and lafed, and thought Sarah was an old fool!"

"I never saw it before."

"But Sarah is no fool!" she resumed, towering above him. "You just mark this, you long-geared gravestone you! If that's another item in the papers about Sarah you'll never know what broke your neck!"

And she laid her fist on the table, flourished it under his nose and went out saying:

"Sixteen weeks! Think of the baseness of it!"

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

The stranger in Japan, making hasty observations, in the course of his travels, upon the novel and surprising customs of a most peculiar people, might easily infer that a low condition of morality existed among them. The working classes, when busy at their labors, dispense with all superfluous apparel, and in a half-nude state, are seen in the fields, thoroughfares, and public places, without reproof or remark. In summer the mats and screens that intercept the air are put aside in the houses, and the interior is freely open to the view of the outside world. The passers-by may inspect without reserve the movements of family life there frankly exposed. With entire indifference to the curious eye that may regard them, the women go through the round of their various domestic duties in full sight of the public, and uncovered to the waist. They do not even hesitate to perform their ablutions and the operations of the toilet in the presence, as it were, of the outer world. The men of the household who are resting from their toil, within doors as we should say, may also be seen reclining at their ease in the same condition of undress.

Yet this habit of careless nudity and of unconscious publicity does not proceed from a lax of morality. The human figure stripped of clothing suggests to the Japanese no more idea of immodesty than does the unclothed animal. Mr. Mitford relates, in his "Tales of Old Japan," that, when informed that Europeans considered it indecent for men and women to wash together, a Japanese gentleman observed, in reply, "But these Western have such prurient minds." "He might have added also," remarks Mr. Jarves, in repeating the anecdote, "that, when they were masked, men and women were allowed in our balls to mingle freely together, scarcely more clad as regards the latter sex than when at their toilets, and certainly with greater libidinous provocation. It is said that when Japan was first opened to European intercourse, the beautiful wife of a foreign official being present at some festival, a Japanese gentleman of high rank approached her, and, in a spirit of pure admiration, remarked, "How handsome you are! I should like to see you naked!" But the startling words were addressed to the lady as they would have been spoken of a marble statue.

The costume of Japanese women of wealth and rank is more chaste than that of their more civilized sisters.

It reveals nothing of the form, but, being narrow, and of heavy material, falls, with no clinging or swaying folds, straight from the shoulders.

When in full dress the ladies are wrapped in thick envelopes of stiff, rich stuffs, that muffle the whole figure, and effectually conceal its contours.

This cumbrous and fettering costume constrains the movements, and renders the gait awkward, obliterating the charm that comes from a free and graceful play of the limbs.

By those who have had a familiar acquaintance with the Japanese, it is declared that their women are eminently chaste and decorous, notwithstanding the strangeness of some of their notions of propriety. But more convincing than assertion regarding this matter are the official statistics which give in exact figures the relation which women holds to crime in Japan. The authorized report of 1872 states that, at that date, 6,564 persons were confined in prison. This is an average of only one in 5,500 of the entire population. Furthermore, of this number only 565 were women. "This paucity of criminals in their sex," says Mr. Jarves, "cannot be owing to social restrictions which shield them from the usual temptations of men; for they not only figure numerously in the ranks of the Buddhist and Shinto sects in various sacred offices, there being nearly 300,000 of them thus employed, but, out of the millions engaged in farming, almost one-half are women, and in trade, 489,409 are enrolled, as against 819,782 men; all of which shows that women can compete with men in various avocations.

Evidently Japan has advanced habits, if without abstract theories of women's rights, whilst managing to live with fewer male criminals than we do, and almost no female convicts.

WOES OF A HUSBAND.

John Henry had been off on a business trip and got home at three in the morning He found the doors all locked, and tried to get in the back window, in the course of which proceeding a policeman nabbed him for a burglar.

"Why, you big, idiot, I live here," said the injured man.

"No you don't, cully; that dog won't jump. I've had the nippers on you afore. You're a cunnin' cove, you are."

"But I tell you, you blasted fool, that my name's Henry, and I live here. Just ring the bell and ask my wife."

So the guardian of the law rang the bell, purely as a matter of form, for he knew his man. Mrs. Henry stuck her head out of the window, and asked:

"Is that you, Charlie?"

"Who in the blue blazes is 'Charlie'?" thought John Henry, and while his heart was boiling over with jealousy, the policeman asked:

"Is your husband at home, ma'am?"

"No, he's out of town, and won't be home for several days," and then slammed the sash down in a hurry.

So the bewildered John went off to the station house, and found out next morning that "Charlie" was a brother from the country, who had come to make a few days' visit.

AMERICANS boil tea, but the Chinese, to preserve the flavor, make it by infusion, that is, they place a small quantity of tea leaves in a bowl, pouring boiling water on them, and then covering the bowl. The strength of the tea depends on the time the tea is allowed to draw. When making an infusion, do not boil the water hastily at first; it should begin to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then, somewhat like fishes' eyes, and lastly like pearls innumerable springing and moving about. The Chinese declare that tea without sugar or milk tends to clear away all impurities from the body, drives off drowsiness, and removes or prevents headache.

IT was Ben. Franklin who introduced broom corn culture into this country. But thousands of suffering husbands would prefer to see the man who introduced broom handles.

HOW FRANKLIN SECURED A SEAT.

Dr. Franklin owed much of his extraordinary success to his keen insight into human nature, and a sagacity that quickly perceived the best and readiest method of obtaining a desired end. To be sure, many of his strategic movements were not always commendable, but they were more humorous than injurious, of which the following is a characteristic specimen:

In the year 1772 Franklin visited Boston, and on his return to Philadelphia, at every stopping place he was beset with officious inquiries for his name, business, etc., on which he determined to be beforehand with such interrogators in future. At the next tavern he registered himself as "Benjamin Franklin, from Boston to Philadelphia, a printer, not worth a dollar, eighteen years of age, a single man who is seeking his fortune, etc., and his singular introduction checked all further inquiries and effectually repulsed the daring propensities of Yankee inquisitiveness. At one of the public houses the fireplace was surrounded by men so closely packed that our traveler could not approach near enough to feel any of its agreeable warmth, and being cold and chilled he called out:

"Hostler, have you any oysters?"

"Yes sir," said the man.

"Well, then, give my horse a peck."

"What, give your horse oysters?"

"Yes," retorted Franklin, "give him a peck of oysters."

The hostler carried out the oysters and many of the occupants of the fireplace went with him to witness the great curiosity of a horse eating oysters. Franklin seated himself comfortably before the fire and derived much satisfaction and enjoyment from the funny experiment. Soon the man came in and the company with rueful faces expressing most decided dissatisfaction at their disappointment.

"The horse would not eat the oysters, sir," and they had lost their cosy, comfortable, warm seats.

"Well, if the horse won't eat them, I'll eat them myself, and you may try him with a peck of oats."

THE NAME OF GOD.

The following list, comprising the name of God in forty-eight languages, was compiled by the well-known French philologist, Louis Burger, in the following manner:

One day, as he was walking along the streets of Paris, he heard a voice beseeching him to buy some nuts. Upon looking back he discovered that it was the voice of his old barber, who was gaining a scanty living by selling nuts on the street. To aid him, he hastily made out and gave to the barber the following list:

Hebrew, Elohuim, Eloah.	Irish, Dia.
Chaldaic, Eilah.	Olalu tongue, Deu.
Assyrian, Eleah.	German and Swiss, Gott.
Syrian and Turkish, Alah.	Flemish, Goal.
Malay, Alla.	Dutch, Godt.
Arabic, Allah.	English and Old Saxon, God.
Language of the Magi, Orsi.	Teutonic, Goth.
Old Egyptian, Teut.	Danish and Swedish, Gut.
Armorian, Teutl.	Norwegian, God.
Modern Egyptian, Teun.	Slave, Buch.
Greek, Theos.	Polish, Bog.
Cretan, Thios.	Pollacca, Bung.
Æolian and Doric, Ilos.	Lapp, Jubinal.
Latin, Deus.	Finnish, Jumala.
Low Latin, Diex.	Runic, As.
Celtic and Gallic, Diu.	Zemblain, Fetiza.
French, Dieu.	Pannonian, Isto.
Spanish, Dios.	Hindostanee, Rain.
Portuguese, Deos.	Coromandel, Brama.
Old German, Diet.	Tartar, Magatal.
Provencal, Diou.	Persian, Sire.
Low Breton, Doue.	Chinese, Prussa.
Italian, Dio.	Japanese, Goezur.
	Madagascar, Zannar.
	Peruvian, Puchecammac.

By the sale of these lists the barber was enabled to make as good a living, if not better, than M. Burger himself.—*New York Tablet.*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'EM.—There is a vast difference, says the Danbury *News*, in the conduct of a man and woman in new clothes. When a woman gets a new suit she immediately prances down town, and for hours will walk contentedly along a crowded thoroughfare, receiving fresh impulses of joy every time another woman scans her wardrobe. But a man is so different. He won't put on his clothes for the first time till it is dark. Then he goes down town so cautiously as to almost create the impression that he is sneaking along. If he sees a crowd on a corner he will slip across the way to avoid them, and when he goes into his grocery he tries to get behind as many barrels and boxes as he can. All the time he is trying his level best to appear as if the suit was six months old, and all the while realizes that he is making an infernal failure of it. We hope the time will come when new pants will be so folded that they won't show a ridge along the front of each leg when the wearer dons them.

"THE post-office in our village," writes a Vermont lady, "was kept in the bar-room of the tavern—a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and infidelity than his good manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of boon companions, when the Methodist preacher, a new-comer, entered and asked for his letters. Ned Swipes asked, bluntly, 'Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?' 'I am,' pleasantly replied the minister. 'Well,' said Swipes, 'will you tell me how old the devil is?' 'Keep your own family record,' replied the preacher, and left the room amidst the roars of the company."

A YOUNG man and a female once upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had traveled that day. "Traveled!" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly; "we didn't travel—we rid!"

THE Women Suffragists of New Haven are discussing the question: "Are the women of the country more responsible than the men for the extravagance of the times?" But, to a thoughtful mind it would seem that, as long as men don't wear eighteen yards of cloth in their pantaloons, there's not much need of considering the matter seriously.

WE should every night call ourselves to account: What infirmity have I mastered to-day? What passion opposed? What temptation resisted? What virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves, if they be brought every day to the shrift.

Rates of Advertising.

Transient advertisements [illegible] per inch, first insertion—[illegible] cents each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements from 1 to 12 weeks, reduction of 20 per cent.

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	¼ c.	½ c.	1 c.
3 mos.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 year.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

For Executors' and Administrators' Notices, [illegible]
For Auditors' Notices, [illegible]
For Assignees' and similar Notices, [illegible]
For yearly Cards, not exceeding six lines, [illegible]
Announcements and Special Notices, [illegible] cts. per line
Notices of Marriages and Deaths published free.
Obituary Notices, 10 cts. per line.

A BIBULOUS COURT.

During a recent trial in the Elko County Court, our friend Bishoff, of the Humboldt Brewery, was called as a witness. Mr. Bishoff is one of the "solid men" of Elko, where he has been in business since the town was started in the winter of 1868. Upon being sworn, Counsellor Bond, one of the attorneys in the case, who, by the way, is a resident of Elko, said:

"Mr. Bishoff, where do you reside?"

"Where do I reside? What for you ask me such foolish things? You drink at my place more as a hundred times."

"That has nothing to do with the case on trial, Mr. Bishoff; state to the jury where you reside."

"De shurry! Oh, py jiminy! efery gentleman on dis shurry has a string of marks on my cellar door just like a rail fence."

His Honor here interceded in behalf of the counsellor, and requested the witness to state where he resided.

"Oh, excuse me, Shudge; you drinks at my place so many time, and pays me nothing, I dinks you know old Bishoff, vat keeps de brewery."

GOING TO MAKE TEN THOUSAND

He got home about a quarter to three, A. M., tried to open the door knob with the butt-end of a cigar, fell up stairs in a complicated manner, jammed his hat against the bed room door, and sitting down helplessly on the floor, said in a voice, husky with emotion:

"Whash mar'r?"

"O, Eber, said his wife, solemnly, "you have been there ag'in. Where have you been?"

"Been er Soody and Mankey, revivalsh. Big time. Played er principal McCosh billiard!—Old Hundred er no count, and won all er collection money. Church bust.—King turned nine times running. Seance er refreshing."

"Ah, Eber," replied his patient wife.—"you cannot deceive me. The Evangelists whom you mention are now wrestling in Philadelphia."

"Thash ah; Thash so," said the husband. "I will not deshaive you, my dear. Been providin' for you and er children.—Going to make ten thousand dollars. Been looking for Bosh Tweed." Then he fell into a deep sleep.

WHAT SHE FELT LIKE.

"I feel to-night," said a Carrollton lady who was always at a loss for a word, at a musical party the other evening. "I feel to-night like a——like——like a——. Dear me, how stupid I am, like a ——".

"A morning star," suggested the husband.

"No, dear, like a——. What are those birds that sing after dark?"

"Mosquitos?"

"What nonsense you do talk. Of course not. Like a——. Well, now, how annoying."

"Batsy-bug."

"Rubbish. Dear me, it's extremely annoying."

"What is it I feel like? I know what it is just as well as anything. Those birds that never sing except at night time."

"Bull-toads?"

The suggestion of her husband was rejected with scorn, and she remarked it was of no consequence, she probably would think of it by and by. About two o'clock, A. M. the following morning, Fred was dreaming that, while on the top of the bank of California when it exploded, he was blown clear into the midst of a Sandwich Island barbecue. Just as the odor of roasted missionary greeted his nostrils, he was awakened by his wife.

"Fred, Fred!"

"What's the matter now?"

"I've got it."

"What, the colic?"

"No, pet, it's the nightingales."

"Where do you feel them, pet?"

"Oh! you stupid, I've got the word I couldn't think of to-night. I fell like the nightingale."

"I'm darned if I do," and he turned over and went to sleep.

A NICE LITTLE HOME AMUSEMENT.

Many very pretty little chemical experiments may be made by the young people, which will amuse and astonish those around them. As for instance, with so simple an article as red cabbage, a very beautiful effect can be rendered in the following manner: Cut three leaves of cabbage into small pieces, and after placing them in a basin, pour a pint of boiling water over them, letting them stand an hour; then pour off the liquid into a decanter. Then take four wine glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another, six drops of solution of soda; into the third, the same quantity of a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth glass remain empty.

Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly become a beautiful red; that in the glass containing the soda will be a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged.

By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to red; and on adding a little of solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.

SCENE at a Brooklyn wedding breakfast. Company all seated about the table. A pause in the general conversation. Happy husband to his wife's seven-year-old sister at the other end of the room: "Well, Julia, you have a new brother now." "Yes, but mother said to papa the other day, that she was afraid you would never amount to much, but it seemed to be Sarah's last chance." Intense silence for a moment, followed by a rapid play of knives and forks.

MR. LINCOLN used to tell, in his inimitable way, a story of a Winchester converted Confederate, who was so [illegible] at receiving his pardon, that he exclaimed:—"Thank you, Mr. President, thank you!—Now I'm pardoned, I s'pose I'm as good a Union man as any of you—emphatically one of you again. But didn't Stonewall Jackson give you the devil in the valley?"

A Chinaman on his way to the gallows, recently remarked that "If I had received one-half of the kindness earlier in life which I have received here, I would not have been here."

If you see a man with a big diamond on his shirt-front, [illegible]. He may not be Tweed, but it will serve him right, anyway.

American Volunteer.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
JOHN B. BRATTON
Office—South Market Square, Carlisle, Pa.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid in advance.
No subscriptions discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the period subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.
ADVERTISEMENTS—One square, one insertion, one dollar, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A reasonable reduction made on large advertisements.

American Volunteer.

JOHN B. BRATTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. | CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1876. | VOL 62–NO. 37

ADVERTISING RATES
[illegible]

POETICAL.

THE OLD MIRROR.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITEMAN.

Oh I see at twilight,
In the hollow gloom
Of the dim old mirror,
Phantasmal faces loom:

Noble antique faces,
Sad as with the weight
Of some ancient sorrow,
Some ancestral fate;

Little rose-lipped faces,
Locks of golden shine,
Laughing eyes of childhood,
Looking into mine;

Sweet auroral faces,
Like the morning's bloom;
Ah, how long and long ago,
Shrouded for the tomb!

In a bridal chamber,
Once the mirror hung,
Draperies of Indian looms,
Over it were flung.

From its gilded sconces,
Fretted now with mold,
Waxen tapers glimmered
On carcanets of gold.

Perfumes of the summer night
Were through the lattice blown,
Scents of brier-roses
And meadows newly mown.

The mirror, then, looked eastward
And caught the morning's bloom,
And flooded with its rosy gold,
The dream light of the room.

To-night 'tis looking westward
Toward the sunset wall;
The wintry day is waning,
The dead leaves drift and fall.

All about the hearth-stone
The whitening ashes blow,
The wind is wailing an old song
Heard long and long ago.

Like the dead leaves drifting
Through the wintry air,
Like white ashes sifting
O'er the hearth-stone bare.

Sad, ancestral faces,
Wan as moon-lit snow,
Haunt the dim old mirror,
That knew them long ago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WHALEMAN'S DEVICE.

We entered the Arctic Ocean in 18—. ...r ship was the whaler *St. Michael*—an ...d tub of a vessel, whose timbers had been ...shed by the sea water for thirty years.

As we now glided easily along, under ...ose topsails, with the water rippling ...out our bows, we leaned over the rail ...atching the stupendous masses of ice ...hich loomed up on all sides, flashing ...ightly in the beams of the afternoon sun.

Suddenly the man at the mainmast head, ...old boat-steerer named Tom Tirekins, ...aced forward from the cross-trees, giving ...the welcome cry of "There she blows?" ...a moment all hands were called, and ...n we were pulling for a school of bow-...ads, which had come up far ahead.

"Give it to him!" roared the first mate, ...r. Thomas, when we were within six fa-...oms of a monster with a great hump on ...s back.

The boat-steerer at once obeyed, driving ...th irons into the whale.

The monster made a backward rush, a ...cond after up went his flukes, and down ...ey came within an inch of the boat-steer-...r's temple.

The whale then went down, and away ...w the boat, dragged with terrible velo-...y.

Through the ice we were drawn, the ...at scraping and grinding against the ...aller fragments, and the line humming ...d thumping as it ran smoking around ...e logger-head.

The ice through which our boat was now ...ing dragged merely consisted of detached ...agments, so that there was at present no ...nger of our being stoven.

Far ahead, however, were larger masses, ...ne of them in fact looming up as high as ...hip's main yard, which must crush our ...at like an egg shell should we come into ...ntact with them.

We hoped that the whale would come up ...e we reached that locality, and gave our ...st mate—one of the most skillful lancers ...the service—a chance to kill it.

Oh—still on sped the boat, and we found ...rselves drawing alarmingly near the ...owning ramparts of ice.

We were within about fifty fathoms of ...em, and the mate had picked up the boat ...tchet, with the intention of severing the ...ne in case of our getting much nearer, ...hen up came the whale, booming out of ...e sea, scarcely three ship's lengths ahead.

"Haul line!" shouted the first officer.

We obeying, and the boat was drawn ra-...dly toward the whale.

When near enough the mate sent his ...nce whistling through the air, and struck ...e whale in the region of the hump. The ...oment he felt the point of the lance the ...nster made the water fly all around him, ...at the sea with his flukes, and rolling his ...d from side to side.

Suddenly, when the movement was least ...pected, he made a dash for the boat, and ...t grazed the bow with his flukes, knock-...ff off a portion, to which was attached the ...at hatchet.

Then down he went again into the cold ...ambers of his ocean home.

The boat was, in a minute, again drawn ...ward those huge icebergs ahead.

The mate having, as shown, lost the boat ...tchet, now called for a knife.

One of the men reached over to hand ...m one, when the coil of the line caught ...m around the shoulders, and in endeavor-...g to regain his balance and escape the coil ...e lost his footing, falling headlong against ...s shipmates.

Here was a delay which was attended ...ith peculiar results.

The boat dragged on, seemed about to be ...shed to pieces against the bergs, when the ...hale sulling (turning) under water, it was ...awn into a large ravine between two ...asses of ice.

This ravine seemed very long. We were ...awn farther and farther into it ere the ...ate could succeed in obtaining a knife.

At last, having procured one, he was ...out cutting the line, when the passage ...rough which we were drawn, having be-...me much narrower as we proceeded, ...mmed us in, crushing the boat at once.

Two of my unfortunate shipmates, caught ...a bight of the flying whale line, were ...awn out of my sight in a moment, disap-...earing, with one simultaneous shriek, into ...e deep waters.

Never shall I forget the look of their wild, horror-stricken faces, which, for an instant, were revealed to me ere the sea closed over them forever.

The rest of us were, meanwhile, struggling in the cold waters—two of the men holding on to oars, and the mate and I clinging to a spur of ice projecting out from the side of one of the bergs.

To add to the peril of our situation, a thick mist had gathered, hiding the other boats from our view.

We shouted with all our might; but we had little hopes of making ourselves heard.

Now and then, as we still clung to our hold, we could distinguish far up in the mist, through the opening in the ice ravine, the form of some Arctic bird wheeling past with rushing winds, while around us fell the eternal roar of the icebergs, as they were washed by the everlasting tides.

Finally the mate pointed out to me an opening in the side of the berg just above our heads, leading probably to some cavern in the bosom of the iceberg.

How to reach it, however, we could not determine, until at length, unbuckling the long strap around his waist, the mate formed a sort of hitch at the end and threw it over a spur of ice projecting just above the hollow. By this, with our half-benumbed hands, we four men contrived to draw ourselves up to the cave.

We entered it to find it comparatively warm; and by exercising, which we now had plenty of room to do, we tried to infuse some degree of warmth into our chilled frames.

Then we commenced to explore the cave. It was more than four feet deep, and had a sloping roof, from which, like "crystal chandeliers," depended large fragments of ice of almost every shape and hue. They were green, gold, blue and purple, all hanging downward, while at the sides the cave seemed studded with precious stones, gleaming with a beautiful lustre almost dazzling to the eye.

"I think we are safe enough now," said the mate. "The boats will, doubtless, be here soon, as they were pulling after us when we got fast."

"Aye, sir," answered the boat-steerer; "but let us shout so as to make sure."

We adopted this suggestion, but it seemed to us as if our voices did not penetrate beyond the ice gorge.

Meanwhile we waited vainly for the appearance of the boats.

Night came upon us—a dark, gloomy night—and still there we were in the cave. All night long we there remained without closing our eyes.

In the morning, the mist having cleared, we took a survey of our situation. It was about the same as on the previous night, still with no sign of the boats.

As on the previous night we again shouted, and thought this time we heard a response.

"Hark!" said the boat-steerer; "I think there's the sound of paddles."

We all listened to hear it quite distinctly.

"Dip! dip! dip!"

Eagerly we gazed round the edge of the cave opening, expecting every moment to behold one of our boats coming to the rescue.

Suddenly we saw the edge of a boat come round the corner of the ice gorge.

Not ours, however, but one of a far different kind.

It was about twelve feet in length, and was made of seal skin, tightly drawn over ribs of whalebone.

It contained about half-a-dozen Esquimaux, wearing garbs of seal skin, and having great rings in their ears and nostrils.

They were a most uncouth-looking set, being short, squat, and armed with spears and lances of fishbone.

The moment they caught sight of us they stopped their boat, and stood gazing toward us with a hideous expression of countenance.

By signs we endeavored to make them understand what had happened, and that we were anxious to get back to our ship.

"Celupi—celupi!" they all screamed, by which we understood them to mean tobacco, having heard other natives of this region express themselves in a similar manner.

We shook our heads in the negative, implying that we had no tobacco, which was really the truth, as we had chewed up all in our possession during the night.

They seemed, however, to doubt us, and, withdrawing round the angle, they held what seemed to be a consultation, judging from the sound of their voices.

Finally they reappeared, and we knew it was with hostile intent.

A party of whalemen had recently committed an outrage upon their tribe, whom they had driven from their vessel, which the natives had boarded for the purpose of trafficking, and had afterward pelted them with rotten potatoes.

Paddling their seal skin boat to within a few yards of our retreat, they commenced throwing their spears at us, and pulling them back by means of long warps attached to the handles.

We easily avoided these missiles, however, by dodging back into the cave, perceiving which the natives drew their frail vessel within a few feet of us, now throwing with greater precision.

We contrived still to avoid their darts by withdrawing behind an angle of the cave, although we had several narrow escapes.

We made many attempts to seize the spears as they came into our retreat; but they were withdrawn too quick for us.

Meanwhile the sharp missiles coming, as they did, in a perfect shower, were fast knocking away the angles of ice which afforded us shelter, so that we must soon be fully exposed to the dangerous weapons.

We held a consultation, but could think of no way of defending ourselves against a dozen armed men.

"If we could only contrive to reach the summit of this berg we would be safely out of the way," said the boat-steerer.

"Aye, aye, but this is impossible," answered the mate. "There is no way we can get to the top of the berg."

The boat-steerer was a brave fellow, from New Bedford.

"The sides of the berg are rough, and in some places protrude like shelves," said he, "I will make the attempt."

"Better not," said the mate.

But the boat-steerer, who, in his younger days, had been a performer in a circus, and was, therefore, well versed in gymnastic performances, said he would try.

Arrived at the summit he might see something of the ship or a sail, which he would be enabled to signal, and thus, perhaps, bring to our assistance in time.

Without further prelude, he did actually start, and he got up beyond reach of the natives' lances ere they could get ready to hurl their weapons.

From our position, through a wide chink in the berg, we saw Tom Tirekins—such was the boat-steerer's name—finally ascend so far that he was beyond the range of our limited vision.

At the same moment whiz came another shower of lances, and the column of ice, which had been our only shelter, gave way.

Thus, in a moment, we found ourselves fully exposed to the weapons of our assailants.

There they stood—the whole party—their hideous faces convulsed with demoniacal triumph as they glared upon us.

We gave ourselves up for lost—for, at so short a distance, our enemies could not help hitting us.

Apparently fully aware of this, they set up an exultant shout, showing their teeth—which were long and hooked—as they did so.

We all stood awaiting our fate like men although, had the canoe been near enough, we might have concluded to spring into it, so as, at least, not to die without a struggle.

We saw the wretches take aim, saw them about hurling the deadly missiles, when there was a crash like thunder, and a huge mass of ice fell upon them, beneath which the boat and all vanished in a moment.

We never saw those Esquimaux or their boat again, but we now heard above us the shout of our gallant shipmate, Tom Tirekins, who explained to us that it was he who had rolled down the mass upon our assailants.

He had also seen and signalled our vessel, which soon picked us up, and to the occupants of which we related our hazardous adventure.

[From the Lewistown (Pa.) Gazette.]

OUR TEXAN VOLUNTEERS OF 1836.

WILLIAM BRATTON THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

Forty years ago the great excitement of the day was the war then waging between the settlers of Texas and Mexico, the former being then a province of the latter. The genius of our country in all such cases sides strongly with the oppressed; and this is especially the case with the younger classes, though frequently the old are by no means backward, as was instanced by Houston, Crocket and others well known in history.

Among those who entered the Texan army in 1835 were John Reynolds, son of Judge Reynolds, and David Cummins, a brother of Mrs. Hannah McKee, of Lewistown, Mrs. Patterson, of Juniata co., and of John A. Cummins, formerly of this place, now residing in McConnellstown, Fayette co. Both of these patriotic young men fell in the terrible massacre of the Alamo in April, 1836, fighting by the side of Davy Crocket. That cold-blooded act of barbarity awakened a deep sensation in the United States, and a party of young men from here determined to go to the aid of the struggling Republic, which had proclaimed its independence in that year. Of these, however, but two reached the scene of conflict—John G. McLaughlin, a native of Marietta, Lancaster county, who removed to Lewistown in 1830 and died on the 26th of February last, and William Bratton, an artistic engraver in wood, and brother of John B. Bratton, editor of the Carlisle VOLUNTEER, who is the only survivor of Texan Volunteers in this part of the State. These two left Lewistown on the 15th of May, 1836, and arrived at Louisville, Ky., on the 10th of June, where they enlisted in Col. Harrison's regiment T. V., Captain Pen Price's company. The regiment arrived at Galveston on the 7th of August following. Where the beautiful city now stands, Mr. Bratton tells us there were then but two houses on the island, one an old log, the other a frame. While there he says they amused themselves by wading in the water of the bayou, now a part of the city, and fishing up oysters with their feet, which, notwithstanding the warm weather, were good eating.

The battle of San Jacinto, which in fact ended the war, was fought on the 22d of April, 1836, resulting in the capture of the noted chief Santa Anna, Gen Cos. Almonte, and many other leaders, with a large array of rank and file. Santa Anna was under guard at Columbia, and the others named, with about 600 private prisoners, were kept on the island. Col. Harrison's regiment joined the main army on the Lavaca river and served out its term of enlistment—six months—when the soldiers were honorably discharged on the 1st of December.

Texas was admitted into the American Union in 1845, and has had many struggles while ascending the ladder from poverty to affluence, the latter of which she is in a fair way of acquiring as lawlessness, Indian and Mexican depredations are brought under control. In 1874 the Legislature passed a tardy act of justice in recognizing the old veterans who had stood by her in the struggle for freedom, by giving every soldier who served in the army of 1836, as well as those who served in the Mier expedition or in Deaf Smith's Spy Company, a ten per cent. bond, equal to $970 in greenbacks. It also gives to all veterans who have no income, a pension of $150 during life, under which Mr Bratton will receive that sum annually. The bounty has been paid to Mr. Bratton, and also to the heirs of John G. McLaughlin.

Well done for the Lone Star of Texas!

THE WINTER OF 1830-31.

The Pontiac *Gazette* says: In looking over the Oakland *Chronicle* of 1830 we find the following record: "Nov. 26—the weather continues moderate; no snow; no cold rains. Pumpkin vines in blossom and young pumpkins, six inches in diameter, grow, and salad, cabbage, raddishes and beats half grown, second crop; strawberries ripe and green." And again: "The weather continues moderate. We have had considerable rain. Wednesday, Dec. 1st—Thunder and rain. Thursday, Dec. 2d—Still moderate and clear." And, on Dec. 18th, the same author says: "Winter has commenced very moderately. On Monday morning we had a light snow. Tuesday night there was a white frost. The weather is still pleasant. We have no high winds of consequence." The winter of 1830 and 1831 can be considered nearly a counterpart of 1875 and 1876, and we have seen no record of another such winter since 1830.

A CERTAIN person, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics the other day. The first took it, looked at it awhile, and said: "I pass." Second boy took it and said: "I turn it down." The third boy stared at it awhile and drawled out: "I can't make it." "Very good boys," said the parson; "We will proceed to cut for a new deal." And the switch danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.

THE TWO SNORERS.

The Virginia *Enterprise*, says after the fire old man Bullard found lodgings on South C street. He is a hugh, fat, good-natured, and very enterprising man. The proprietor of the lodging house was much pleased with Bullard, and laughed at his jokes the first evening of his arrival at his place till tears ran down his cheeks. The men who were Bullard's roommates also thought well of him—that evening. The next morning, however, they went to the landlord and told him that he must find some other place for Mr. Bullard, as he was such a terrific snorer they couldn't stand him.

The landlord's rooms were all occupied, and he had no place for Bullard but just where he was. The complaining lodgers left, and in two or three days two other men were put into the vacant bed. Bullard made short work of them; one night let them out. The landlord sought an interview with Bullard, and remonstrated. Bullard stoutly asserted that he did not snore—had never been known to snore. The landlord found men to take the beds, but again Bullard cleaned them out in a single night.

Growing desperate, the landlord again went to Bullard. He told him he must either leave the house or pay rent for all the beds in the room—$45 per month. Bullard said a bargain was a bargain; he had paid $15 for his bed, and he intended keeping it till his month was up, and he didn't propose to pay for beds he had no use for; he didn't snore, and the man who asserted to the contrary was a liar and a horse thief. The landlord felt very much depressed after this last interview with Bullard, as he saw he was determined not to be removed from his quarters. A morning or two after as Bullard's landlord was going down town he was standing in the door of a brother lodging house man.

"Thank heaven, he's gone!" said the man as Bullard's landlord came up.

"Thank heaven, I'm rid of him at last!"

"Rid of whom?"

"Why, of the big fat man you see yonder waddling down the street."

"What of him?"

"Enough of him! He drove nearly every man out of my house before he left. They wouldn't stop in the same block with that snorting Falstaffin porpoise, sir."

"He's a good one, is?"

"A good one! He's a perfect terror! He's more different kinds of a snorer than any man I ever heard, and every time he changes his key it is for the worse. While I had him here crowds were gathering in in front of the house nightly, wondering what was the matter within, and the police came in one night, thinking some one was being murdered. My dog ran away and all the cats left the house, sir!"

"And the man you pointed out to me is this snorer?"

"Yes, sir, he is."

"Good day, sir!" and Bullard's landlord hastened down the street.

The next morning, with the first peep of day, Bullard rushed into the presence of his landlord.

"What are you trying to play on me?" cried he; "I never slept a wink all night. Of all the infernal noises I ever heard, that man in my room got off the worst. Is he going to stay there?"

"Stay? of course he is. Hain't he got the bed for a month?"

"Then I leave!" and Bullard was as good as his word.

An hour afterward, the man who had ousted Bullard arose and waddled serenely into the presence of the landlord.

"You've cleaned him out," said the landlord.

"You raised him; he's gone for good!" and the landlord gleefully rubbed his hands. "Now," continued the landlord, "I'll give you a good square breakfast, and then you can go."

"Go," said the fat man; not much I don't. Didn't you say last evening, in the presence of Bullard and a half a dozen others, that I was to stay here a month?"

"But that, you know, was only to——"

"I know nothing of the kind, and I shall stay here! I am human; I must have some place in which to repose."

The landlord is now trying to get some man to set up some kind of a machine in his house that will oust this snorer, who now has the whole place to himself, except a small room in the corner of the third story, where he and his wife spend their nights in a miserable way.

A CHURCH INCIDENT.

In a rural Presbyterian congregation in a western section of Canada, the people, for various reasons, were desirous of a change in the pastorate. A meeting was called to consider how the desired change could be effected. All were agreed that though the pastor was a learned, laborious, amiable, and excellent man, he was exceedingly prosy and uninteresting as a preacher. It was resolved, therefore, that a deputation should be sent respectfully to ask him to remit his charge. No one was willing to undertake the difficult and delicate task. At last two elders were induced to go and talk with the minister about the matter. They went on their mission with no little trepidation, but were greatly relieved by the cordial manner in which the good minister received them. He listened to their hesitatingly told story, and at once acquiesced in their desire that he would resign. Elated with their success, they hastened to report the results to the people. All were greatly gratified at the prospect of so amicable arrangements; and feeling some sense of gratitude to the minister for his many years of service, and especially for his ready compliance with their wishes, they determined to present him with an address and a purse. A public meeting of the congregation was held, at which the pastor was invited to be present. An address was read to him containing strong expressions of appreciation and gratitude for his manifold labors, and of strong personal affection for himself, and the purse was handed to him as a token of their continued esteem. On rising to reply, the pastor was deeply moved, and spoke with a faltering voice. He stated that, influenced by the statements of the elders who had called on him, he had resolved, at much expense of feeling to himself, to resign his charge. Pausing for a minute, as if overcome with emotion—not a few of the tender-hearted betraying their sympathy with him—he went on to say that in view of the affectionate and touching address he had just received, so very numerously signed, and accompanied by so generous a gift, he felt constrained to abandon his purpose, and would, therefore, remain with them, and devote his future life to the best interests of a people who were so warmly attached to him, and who so highly valued his humble services. The reply was so obviously dictated by genuine simplicity, that no one at the time had the courage to rise and explain. That minister is still pastor of the same parish. The incident transpired some ten or twelve years ago, and contains a good moral.

JOSEPH AND MRS. POTIPHAR.

This famous legend is still found among the Egyptians of to-day, but in a somewhat different form than that of the Biblical narrative. M. De Lesseps, the distinguished engineer and savant, who has resided much in the East, gives this as the Egyptian tradition: Potiphar was not a tender hearted man. He imprisoned his wife as also Joseph, although the lady and Joseph asserted their innocence. The judge ordered an inquiry, and the wife of Potiphar, in her defense, urged that her passion for Joseph had been awakened by his personal beauty, which she declared no woman could possibly resist. Others, she said, would have done just as she had done, an assertion she was invited to prove. On being set at liberty she invited a number of her female friends to meet her at her house, without informing them of the purpose for which they had been assembled. To each guest an orange and a golden knife were given, and they were requested not to cut the oranges until the lady of the house had given them the signal so to do, by pronouncing the word "now." The ladies, with their orange in one hand and the knife in the other, were gazing with surprise at their hostess, when suddenly the door opened and Joseph made his appearance, standing on the threshold. "Now," cried the wife of Potiphar, but her guests, captivated by the beauty of the Hebrew, paid no attention to what they were doing, and, consequently cut their fingers. The party was called before the Judge on the following morning, every one of the ladies, save one, hid their wounded hand in the folds of her garment, while the one whose hand was unhurt declared that she had escaped the common fate by throwing her knife away the moment she saw Joseph; and on being further questioned, declared that had she not thrown her knife away, she should have stabbed herself to the heart, because she could not bear to look upon the Hebrew and know that she could never possess him as a husband.

TEMPERANCE AND APPLES.

The "temperance men" of Maine having failed to enforce the most stringent prohibitory law ever enacted, are before the Legislature for more law. The bill they ask for prohibits the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, under a penalty of $500 fine, or six months hard labor, and for the second violation, both the fine and imprisonment, or a year of hard labor. The exception is not currant wine, nor elderberry wine, nor Poland spring water, but anybody may manufacture cider from apples grown in the State, and sell it in quantities of a gallon and upward. Cider from Maine apples, it is supposed, is less intoxicating than cider made from other States, and hence this discrimination. The bill is rough on people who have liquor for any purpose. It may be seized at any time, in any place, and destroyed at once. The burden of proof that the article is not intended for sale rests with the owners or claimants. No matter how the case is decided, no action will be permitted to recover liquors siezed and destroyed. City Marshals may enter all dwellings, and, if he finds liquor, may then and there pour it into the gutter. An officious Marshal can awaken passengers in a sleeping car to search their carpet-bags and flasks. The penalty for selling is not less than the penalty for making. A second conviction carries imprisonment with it, and clerks and assistants of persons who sell liquor are to be treated as principals.

A BEAR STORY FROM FLORIDA.

The Tallahassee *Notice* gives this story of a citizen of that place, who had been in Wakulla county, Florida, on a hunting expedition for a few weeks. Early in the morning this gentleman started out from camp to procure water from one of the many springs in that section, and, after proceeding a short distance, came to one located in a secluded spot and surrounded by dense foliage. Pushing his way through the undergrowth he reached the spring, and feeling thirsty, threw himself upon the ground and commenced drinking. Suddenly he was startled by a rustling of the leaves and the snapping of twigs near by, and presently a huge bear made his appearance. Quietly raising his head, our friend, not daring to move, and not being armed, kept his position and waited to see what turn affairs would take. His bearship slowly approached the water within three feet of our friend, and after eyeing him a few moments, proceeded to drink. Our friend began to feel more easy on noticing the bear so good natured, and, wishing to become better acquainted, reached out his hand, and gently tapped him on his nose. The bear not seeming to be in a quarrelsome mood, snuffed his hand, looked at him a moment, and then, wagging his stumpy tail, walked off.

A GLIMPSE OF GEN. WASHINGTON.—One notable scene may properly be added to the brief record of the struggles and triumphs of old New York. There came a sunshiny day in April, 1789, when George Washington, President elect of the United States by the unanimous voice of the people, stood on a balcony in front of the Senate Chamber in the old Federal Hall on Wall street, to take the oath of office. An immense multitude filled the streets, and the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses. Clad in a suit of dark brown cloth of American manufacture, with hair powdered, and with white silk stockings; silver shoe-buckles and steel-hilted dress sword. The hero who had led the Colonies in their Independence came modestly forward to take the burdens that peace had brought. Profound silence had fall upon the multitude as Washington responded solemnly to the reading of the oath of office, "I swear—so help me god." Then amid cheers, the display of flags, and the ringing of all the bells in the city, our first President turned to face the duties his countrymen had imposed upon him. In sight of those who would have made an idol of him, Washington's first act was to seek the aid of other strength than his own. In the calm sunshine of that April afternoon, fragrant with the presence of seed-time and the promise of harvest, we leave him on his knees in old St. Paul's, bowed with the simplicity of a child at the feet of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.—*Scribner.*

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray!"
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor—
The Vine was heard to say;
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine;

"Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine."
The Elm was moved to pity;
Then spoke the generous tree:
"My hapless friend come hither,
And find support in me."

The kindly Elm, receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace;
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of the shepherds,
And the glory of the spring.

O beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed;
The good we do to others,
Shall never miss its meed;
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in,
That love shall scatter flowers.

THE DEACON'S WITCHED CLOCK.

About half-past eleven o'clock one Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Ceplias Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed by the entire person of a Yankee attired in his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by ordering me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man.—"Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trowsers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes my Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes.

But then the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up at midnight for?"

"Tell him that it's morning, whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib."

"I'll make it a truth then," said Joe, and running to the huge, old-fashioned clock in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman, upstairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the stairs began to creak.

"Good gracious! It's father," exclaimed Sally.

"The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe.—"Hide me, Sal."

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking it very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterwards?" suggested Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the old man, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-r—whiz-z-z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally.

Whiz! ding! ding! went the old clock, furiously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon.—"Striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry," cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robbed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz—bang—bang! went the clock.

"It'll burst itself," cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "I'll see what's got in it."

"Oh, don't," cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't do it," chorused both women together.

"Let go of my raiment!" shouted the deacon. "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go, so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from a sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death grasp.—The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of some fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched head foremost on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the lamp—the deacon, the old lady, and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, effected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed in only a distempered imagination.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

The ancient practice of marriage by capture, which has left some traces even in their customs and sports—notably in that popular game of kiss-in-the-ring, a mimic representation of the great game of marriage—finds many illustrations in Mongol life. Rubruquis, who visited the hordes of Tartary, and was entertained in the tent of the immediate successors of Yenguis Khan, describes a Mongol marriage thus:

Therefore, when any man hath bargained with another for a maid, the father of the damsel makes him a feast; in the meantime she flies away to some of her kinsfolk to hide herself. Then the father says to the bridegroom, "My daughter is yours; take her wheresoever you can find her." Then he and his friends seek her till they find her, and having found her, he takes her by force and carries her to his own house.

This simple form of marriage contract is still preserved among the Koraks and Tchuetchus, tribes of north-eastern Siberia. There the damsel is pursued by her admirer, and hides herself among the palgos, or cabins made of skins, which form the internal compartments of their dwellings. The womankind assist her in her pretended evasion, and not till the bridegroom has caught his bride, and left the impression of his fingernail upon her tender skin is the betrothal completed.

The analogous customs in ancient Roman marriages here strike one with the myth of the rape of the Sabines; but we need not go so far away. The customs of a Welsh wedding, up to a very recent date, included a mimic pursuit of the bride by the bridegroom, both on horseback; and even in our English manner, when the bridegroom invariably goes to seek his bride on the wedding morn. But the value of womankind in a pastoral life, where there is so much for her to do in the way of milking, cheese, and butter making, and so on, brings a further element into the relationship. A price must be paid for the future companion, and the wedding portion enters largely into the question.

A more modern Mongol wedding is described by Huc, that most amusing of Jesuit fathers. The religious ceremonies are those of Buddhism. The marriage is arranged by the parents, who settle the dower that is to be paid to the father of the bride by means of mediators. When the contract has been concluded, the father of the bridegroom, accompanied by his nearest relatives carries the news to the family of the bride. They prostrate themselves before the domestic altar, and offer up a boiled sheep's head, milk, and a sash of white silk. During the repast, all the relatives of the bride receive a piece of money, which they deposit in a vase filled with wine, made of milk, (we have or had a similar custom of hiding a ring, or money, in the wedding cake) the father of the bride drinks the wine and keeps the money, the lamas, or priests, fix an suspicious day, when the bridegroom sends a deputation to escort the bride. There is a feigned opposition to the departure of the bride, who is placed on a horse, and led three times (note the three mystic circles) around the paternal house, and then taken at full gallop to the tent prepared for the purpose, near the dwelling of her father-in-law. All the Tartars of the neighborhood repair to the wedding feast and offer their presents, which consist of beasts and eatables. These go to the father of the bridegroom, and often recoup him the sum he has paid for the son's bride. Rather a shame, one would think, of that selfish papa, did we not reflect that he will have to support his son and daughter, or, at all events, set them up with cattle and sheep from his flocks and herds.

A CLEVER RUSE.

A Paris paper says: A gentleman was seated before the Cafe Riche, when a young artist passed with a companion.

"I'll bet you," said the artist to his friend, "I will drink that gentleman's coffee and he will thank me for doing it."

"You are crazy."

"You will see."

"You know him then."

"Come and see the proceeding for yourself."

Very solemnly they approached the gentleman.

"Sir," said the artist, "I am an inspector of the Board of Health. If I ask for coffee they will give me without a doubt a very good cup, for they know me. You, sir, whom they do not know, are served like the rest of the world. Will you permit me to taste your coffee?"

"Certainly," said the gentleman. "This is really good; the government has great care over the people. The police cannot be too watchful over the public health."

The artist drank the coffee, and having finished it, said politely: "They do things properly at this cafe, and this is excellent coffee."

He bowed, and left the gentleman to pay for the coffee he had not had, but profoundly grateful for the care of the government.

THE DUTCHMAN'S SUSPICIONS.

An old Dutch farmer had a handsome daughter named Minnie, who recently joined a church, against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced.

The young minister under whose instrumentality Miss Minnie was converted, visiting her frequently, excited his suspicion that all was not right.

Accordingly he visited the church one Sunday night, and seated himself, unobserved, among the congregation.

Soon after taking his seat the minister, who was preaching from Daniel, 5th chapter, 25th verse, repeated in a loud voice the words of the text, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," upon which the old farmer sprang to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the meeting-house. Having reached the church-yard he gave vent to his feelings in words.

"I knows der was someding wrong, and now I schwares to 'em."

"Why, father, what do you mean?" replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

"Didn't I!" shouted the old man, striking his fists together and stamping with his foot, "Didn't I hear der parson call out to you, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle der parson!'"

THE Pennsylvania Democratic delegation in Congress are named as solid for the repeal of the Specie Resumption act.

DAVIS VS. BLAINE.

BITTER REPLY TO A BITTER SPEECH—A CHARACTERISTIC REVIEW OF THE ANDERSONVILLE CHARGES—A FINE BATCH OF GRIST FOR THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN MILL.

WASHINGTON, February 6.—Jefferson Davis has written the following letter to Judge Lyons, of Richmond, Va.:

NEW ORLEANS, January 27, 1876.—*Hon. James Lyons*—MY DEAR FRIEND: Your very kind letter of the 14th instant was forwarded from Memphis, and has been received at this place. I have been so long the object of malignant slander and the subject of unscrupulous falsehood by partisans of the class of Mr. Blaine that, though I cannot say it has become to me a matter of indifference, it has ceased to excite my surprise, even in this instance, when it reaches the extremity of accusing me of cruelty to prisoners. What matters it to one whose object is personal and party advantage that the records, both Federal and Confederate, disprove the charge; that the country is full of witnesses who bear oral testimony against it, and that the effort to revive the bitter animosities of the war obstructs the progress toward the reconciliation of the sections? It is enough for him if his self-seeking purpose be promoted. It would, however, seem probable that such expectations must be disappointed, for only those who are willfully blind can fail to see in the circumstances of the case the fallacy of Mr. Blaine's statements. The published fact of an attempt to suborn Wirz, when under sentence of death, by promising him a pardon if he would criminate me in regard to the Andersonville prisoners, is conclusive as to the wish of the government to make such charge against me, and the failure to do so shows that nothing could be found to sustain it. May we not say the evidence of my innocence was such that Holt and Conover, with their trained band of suborned witnesses, dare not make against me this charge, which Wirz for his life would not make, but which Blaine for the Presidential nomination has made? Now let us review the leading facts of this case. The report of the Confederate commissioner for the exchange of prisoners shows how persistent and liberal were our efforts to secure the relief of captives. Failing in those attempts, I instructed General R. E. Lee to go under flag of truce and seek an interview with General Grant, to represent to him the suffering and death of Federal prisoners held by us, to explain the causes which were beyond our control, and to urge, in the name of humanity, the observance of the cartal for the exchange of prisoners. To this, as to all previous appeals, a deaf ear was turned. I will not attempt from memory to write the report made to me of the incidents of this mission. Lee no longer lives to defend the cause and country he loved so well and served so efficiently, but General Grant cannot fail to remember so extraordinary a visit, and his objections to executing the cartel are well known to the public. But whoever else may choose to forget my efforts in this regard, the prisoners at Andersonville and the delegates I permitted them to send to President Lincoln to plead for the resumption of the exchange of prisoners cannot fail to remember how willing I was to restore them to their homes, and to the comforts of which they were in need, provided that the imprisoned soldiers of the Confederacy should be in like manner released and returned to us. This foul accusation, though directed specially against me, was no doubt intended and naturally must be the arraignment of the South, by whose authority and in whose behalf my deeds were done. It may be presumed that the feeling and the habits of the Southern soldiers were understood by me, and in that connection any fair mind would perceive in my congratulatory orders to the army, after a victory, in which the troops were most commended for their tenderness and generosity to the wounded and other captives, as well the instincts of the person who issued the order as the knightly temper of the soldiers to whom it was addressed. It is admitted that the prisoners in our hands were not as well provided for as we would, but it is claimed that we did as well for them as we could. Can the other side say as much? To the bold allegations of ill-treatment of prisoners by our side, and humane treatment and adequate supplies by our opponents, it is only necessary to offer two facts: First, it appears from the reports of the United States War Department that, though we had 60,000 more Federal prisoners than they had of Confederates, 6,000 more of Confederates died in Northern prisons; second, the want and suffering of men in Northern prisons caused me to ask for permission to send out cotton and buy supplies for them. The request was granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York, and that the supplies be bought there. Gen. Beale, now of St. Louis, was authorized to purchase and distribute the needful supplies. Our sympathy rose with the occasion and responded to its demands, not waiting for ten years, then to vaunt itself when it could serve no good purpose to the sufferers. Under the mellowing influence of time and occasional demonstrations of [illegible] of a desire for the restoration of [illegible] and good will, the Southern people have forgotten much of the wrongs they bore. If it be less so among their invaders, it is but another example of the rule that the wrong-doer is less able to forgive than he who has suffered causeless wrong. It is not, however, generally among those who braved the hazards of battle that this unrelenting vindictiveness is to be found. The brave are generous and gentle; it is the skulkers of the fight—the Blaine—who display their flag on an untested field. They made no sacrifice to prevent the separation of the States; why should they be expected to promote the confidence and good will essential to their union? When closely confined at Fortress Monroe, I was solicited to add my name to those of many esteemed gentlemen who had signed a petition for my pardon, and to whom the reply was given that, so far as my doing so, the President would ... my liberation. Confident of the justice of my cause and of the rectitude of my own conduct, I declined to sign the petition, and preferred to stand the issue ... the invasion, the ... which Dr. Craven has but faintly described. When, after two years of close confinement, I was admitted to bail, no action on it was required. I appeared for trial under the indictment found against me, but in which Mr. Blaine's leader ... the ... which ... prevented a trial and ... at ... the ... made it ... the ... or ... the ... penalty of ... all laws inflicting the penalty of political disabilities on classes of the people that it might, as prescribed by the constitution, be left to the courts to hear and decide causes and to fix penalties according to pre-existing legislation. The discrimination made against our people is unjust and impolitic, if the fact be equality and the purpose be fraternity among the citizens of the United States. Conviction and sentence without a hearing, without jurisdiction, and fixing penalties by *ex post facto* legislation are part of the proceeding which lead to appropriate and to the assumption by Congress of the executive function of granting pardons. To remove political disabilities which there was not legal power to impose was not an act of so much grace as to form a plausible pretext for the reckless diatribe of Mr. Blaine. The papers preserved by Dr. Stevenson happily furnish full proof of the causes of disease and death at Andersonville. They are now, I believe, in Richmond, and it is to be hoped their publication will not be much longer delayed. I have no taste for recrimination, though the sad recitals made by our soldiers returned from Northern prisons can never be forgotten, and you will remember the excitement those produced, and the censorious publications which were uttered against me, because I would not visit on the helpless prisoners in our hands such barbarities as, according to reports, had been inflicted upon our men. Imprisonment is a hard lot at the best, and prisoners are prone to exaggerate their sufferings, and such was probably the case on both sides. But we did not seek by reports of committees, with photographic illustrations, to inflame the passions of our people. How was it with our enemy? Let one example suffice. You may remember a published report of a committee of the United States Congress which was sent to Annapolis to visit some exchanged prisoners, and which had appended to it the photographs of some emaciated subjects, which were offered as samples of prisoners returned from the South. When a copy of that report was received I sent it to Col. Ould, commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and learned, as I anticipated, that the photographs, as far as they could be identified, had been taken from men who were in our hospital when they were liberated for exchange, and whom the hospital surgeon regarded as convalescent; but too weak to be removed with safety to themselves. The anxiety of the prisoners to be sent to their homes had prevailed over the objections of the surgeon. But this is not all—for I have recently learned from a priest, who was then at Annapolis, that the most wretched-looking of these photographs was taken from a man who had never been a prisoner, but who had been left on the "sick list" at Annapolis when the command to which he was attached had passed that place on its southward march. Whatever may be said in extenuation of such imposture, because of the exigencies of the war, there can be no such excuse now for the attempt of Mr. Blaine, by gross misrepresentation and slanderous accusation, to revive the worst passions of the war, and it is to be hoped that, much as the event is to be regretted, it will have the good effect of evoking truthful statements in regard to this little-understood subject from men who would have preferred to leave their sorrowful story untold if the subject could have been allowed peacefully to sink into oblivion. Mutual respect is needful, for the common interest is essential to a friendly union, and when slander is promulgated from high places the public welfare demands that truth should strip falsehood of its power for evil.

I am respectfully and truly your friend,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

INSTINCT OF A DOG.—The Patterson *Press* says: Some two years ago Richard Woolley sold a Newfoundland dog to a person at the Notch, and from that time he had not seen the animal until Tuesday morning, when it came to the house of Mr. Davis, 273 Main street, where Mr. Woolley now lives, whose child died the night before. The dog made its way to the corpse and could hardly be got out of the room. The animal had never been to this house before, as Mr. W., had moved since he sold him. How can this strange instinct be accounted for?

PROF. SYLVESTER, of the Royal Society, has recently given a new solution of the "fifteen young ladies' problem." The problem is this:—In a school of fifteen girls a rule has been laid down that they shall walk out every day in rows of threes, but that the same two girls shall never come together twice in the same row. The rule is supposed to have been carried out correctly during the six working days of the week, but, when the time comes for their going to church together on Sunday it is found to be utterly impossible to continue it any further. Can the rule have been carried out correctly during the six previous days.

GEORGE MULLER, whose orphan asylum and other charitable institutions in England are supported by unsolicited contributions —the direct result of prayer, he says—began his ministry forty years ago Devonshire, on a small salary. His story about himself is that he soon became convinced that whatever he should ask of God, rightfully, he would literally receive. He relinquished his salary, resolved never to make his wants known to man, and began to pray for the money with which to do good. Since then he has received $3,000,000, the annual average during the last six years being $200,000.

Do not laugh at that drunken man reeling through the street. However ludicrous the sight may be, just pause and think. He is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony; some doting mother, perhaps, who will grieve over her once sinless boy; or it may be a fond wife, whose heart will almost burst with grief as she views the destruction of her idol; or it may be a loving sister, who will shed bitter tears over the degradation of her brother, shorn of his manliness and self-respect. Rather drop a tear in silent sympathy with those hearts that will then be regrieved.

A SACRAMENTO detective dressed himself in rags, and fell in a disreputable street as though helplessly drunk, in a device to catch a gang of thieves who, he thought, would attempt to rob him. [illegible]

HARD SWEARING.—[illegible]

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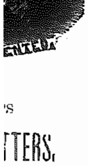

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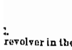

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N SHOOTING.— w plan which All who want a e the Deringer. first-class deal-

R., & CO., ILADELPHIA.

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Satisfaction nkful for past the future is

Market House

ALWAYS trial expositions, in America as well as Europe. Out of hundreds there have not been six in all where any other organs have been preferred.

BEST Declared by Eminent Musicians, in both hemispheres, to be **unrivaled.** See TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, with opinions of more than **One Thousand** (sent free).

INSIST on having a Mason & Hamlin. Do not take any other. *Dealers get* LARGER COMMISSIONS *for selling inferior organs, and for this reason often try very hard to sell something else.*

NEW STYLES with most important improvements ever made. **New Solo and Combination Stops. Superb Etagere** and other **Cases of new designs.**

PIANO-HARP CABINET ORGAN An exquisite combination of these instruments.

EASY PAYMENTS. Organs sold for cash; or for monthly or quarterly payments; or rented until rent pays for the organ.

CATALOGUES and Circulars, with full particulars, free. Address MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont Street, BOSTON; 25 Union Square, NEW YORK; or 80 & 82 Adams St., CHICAGO.

March 25 1875--1y.

DREADFUL SLAUGHTER

OF

DRY GOODS, &c.

I am now compelled to close out the

BANKRUPT STOCK

of L. T. GREENFIELD,

in the next 60 days, and will force sale by reducing the prices of all Goods 50 per cent. Persons in need of

DRY GOODS,

should call at once and procure them. I have still on hand a large stock of new and desirable

DRESS GOODS,

of nearly all kinds; also

SHAWLS, PIQUAS, EDGINGS, AND INSERTINGS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

of all descriptions.

UMBRELLAS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, WHITE and COLORED FLANNELS

Sheetings and Pillow Cases, Muslins, Bed Spread Also a very large lot of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS,

for Men and Boys' Wear. Also a lot Mdm. Demorest's Patterns from 10 to 15 cents each.

☞ I promise you to sell all the above without any regard either to cost or value.

S. H. GOULD,
Assignee of L. T. GREENFIELD.

Jan. 27, 1876.

STOVE AND TINWARE

ESTABLISHMENT!

I hereby announce to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country, that I have opened a

STOVE AND TINWARE STORE,

In the large frame building, on the corner of West High and West streets, formerly occupied by Cornelius & Bosh.

Having a large and complete stock of Stoves and Tinware on hand, selected with the greatest care expressly for this market, my customers are guaranteed satisfaction, both as regards quality and price.

SHEET-IRON AND TINWARE

constantly on hand and made to order. My stock of Tinware embraces everything usually kept in a first-class tin establishment.

Roofing and spouting promptly attended to.

STOVES.

I am now prepared to exhibit to the trade a large and well-assorted stock of the best patterns of Stoves. Having the agency of the following celebrated Stoves, I am prepared to furnish them to parties so desiring:

Morning Glory,
Light House,
Bun-ton,
Rosebub,
Beacon Light,
Egg, Office and Parlor Stoves.

My selection of Cook Stoves embraces the following: Superior, Noble Cook, Excelsior, Niagara, Quaker City and Coral. Stove repairs constantly on hand. I am agent for a Patent Steam Pipe, for heating mills, factories, &c., and am prepared to place them in position at short notice.

Having an experience of 24 years in this business, I would respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage, feeling confident that I will give satisfaction. A. WOODS WALKER.

Dec. 22, 1873

Fall and Winter Goods.

S. A. BOWERS

Has just returned from the Eastern Cities with a very large, new, and complete stock of

FALL AND WINTER

DRY GOODS!

DRESS GOODS,

FOR LADIES AND GENTS' WEAR,

NOTIONS,

And a large variety of the miscellaneous goods to be found in an extensive Dry Goods Store.

ALSO

Floor & Table Oil Cloths.

CAPRET CHAINS A SPECIALTY.

S. A. BOWERS,
North Hanover Street,
Carlisle, Pa.

☞ *One door South of Klink's Grocery, and opposite Thudium's Hotel.* ☜

Nov. 18, 1875.

DR. J. J. ZITZER, of Baltimore, (late of Carlisle,) will visit Carlisle, professionally, on the 1st and 15th of every month remaining several days each time.

July 1, 1875—tf.

DEEDS.

Give us a call and try us, and you will be convinced that we do our work well, cheap, and with despatch. All orders, by mail or otherwise, [redacted] promptly attended to.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

THE

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

published weekly in the borough of Carlisle, Pa., on a large folio sheet, and contains

THIRTY-SIX COLUMNS

OF

READING MATTER.

It has now and always has had, the

LARGEST CIRCULATION

of any paper in the Cumberland Valley, and it now ranks among the foremost country journals in Pennsylvania. Hence, as an

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

It is unsurpassed by any other journal in the interior. It offers rare facilities to

MERCHANTS,
MANUFACTURERS,
DEALERS IN FARM IMPLEMENTS,
MACHINERY, FERTILIZERS, &c

To reach a desirable class of customers. ers will consult their interests by making its columns the medium through which to address the public, as the paper reaches all classes of people,

FARMERS,
MECHANICS,
MERCHANTS,
PROFESSIONAL MEN, &c., &c.

All communications must be addressed to

JOHN B. BRATTON

---

and keeping the butter under brine, the package full and in a cool place, butter will keep for an indefinite period.

WHEN TO TRIM HEDGE.

Any time from now until the buds fully start in the spring, is a good time to trim hedge or other kinds of timber for a rapid growth of wood during next summer. In fact, where a large proportion of the top is to be removed there is no safe period for doing the work, except during the latter part of winter or early spring. As the present is a comparatively slack time, it will be well to look after the hedges, so that other important work may not be interfered with late in the season.

HOW TO RAISE PRIZE SQUASHES.

A farmer at Orrington last season fed a squash, in the hope of being able to bring it up to 200 pounds. The feeding was done by cutting off the vine about six feet from the squash, and putting the end in a pan into which fresh milk was daily poured. By this means the vine absorbed about two quarts of milk per day, and the squash gained about a pound a day in weight.

A GOOD WASH FOR TREES.

One ounce of copperas to eight gallons of water. This is an effectual preventive against blight.

HUMOROUS.

Where is the man who could have once purchased Manhatten Island for a dollar.

In the line of "How to bring up parents" is the speech of a little boy who said, "Father, I think you should give up swearing or family prayers."

P. T. Barnum has resolved to be a traveling showman no longer, but when it was announced that New Haven had a two-legged horse, his wife had to hide his hat.

Man—"Do you think it would be safe for me to cross the pasture?" Man—"Well, the old bull don't like red very much, but if you will chalk your nose I guess he won't attack you."

One of three gentlemen in a pew in church Sunday attempted to build a pyramid of silk hats in the aisle. A lady came along and her skirt upset the structure, whereupon a wicked little boy in a pew behind audibly said: "Set'em up again."

A Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company, "Charley half dead, like half money."

Mr. A. Branson Alcott was once expounding his theory of the sin of eating flesh, and said: "A man who eats pork becomes a little swinish, does he not? and if he eats mutton he is inclined to be sheepish."—"Perhaps so," replied Dr. James Walker, "but I have noticed that men who live on vegetables are apt to be—rather—small-potatoes."

A lady remarked to a popular divine that his sermons were a little too long—"Don't you thing so?" said she—"just a little?" "Ah! dear madam," replied the divine, "I am afraid you don't like 'the sincere milk of the Word.'" "Yes, I do," said she; "but you know the fashion nowadays is condensed milk."

We didn't see anybody on New Year's that we could conscientiously call drunk; but we observed one fellow who had his shadow backed up against an alley gate holding it there with his finger shoved through a knot-hole, and talking it to death with uncompromising gravity.

As the fountain finds its expression in overflowing, as a river rushing to the infinite main, as trees bursting into life and blossoming the spring-tide, so God feels it his joy to give liberally, and to give above all we ask, or think, or desire, for Christ's sake.

We admire commonly those things that are oldest and greatest. Old monuments and high buildings do affect us beyond measure. And what is the reason? Because what is oldest cometh nearest to God in antiquity; and what is greatest cometh nearest his works in spaciousness and magnitude.

---

o watched with me so long ago,
across another life,
ong the softly falling snow;

, grieving through the pine and palm,
winds do chide uncounted hours,
unspent summers fill the calm
h soft, sweet utterances of flowers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

N WARBECK'S FORTUNE.

ol million!" said Mrs. Archbald, York, oracularly. "I know it is than a cool million." She was very ou will observe, in stating the pre- perature of this large sum of money, eant John Warbeck's fortune, made ado, with which he was now on his r long years of absence, to his sis ne.

certainly never was a family in state of excitement over an ap- g event as was ours now.

ng else had been talked of for The only person who appeared bit calm was Mr. Archbald; but you know, was a nonentity.

his wife had spoken the above folded up the letter he had been theathed it in its envelope, and re- is breakfast.

Archbald eyed him impatiently for e, and then said:

l, Mr. Archbald, if you can find ell me, I should like to know what er John says. When will he ar- Pray don't choke!"

morrow morning," answered the old n; "but not with a cool million." thing very near it, then—only a s."

iderable less, my dear—a twenty ote."

t! Please speak sensibly, Mr. d. I hate jokes and riddles; I derstand them."

ays he never had more than two thousand dollars, and that he lost in St. Louis at cards. You know point. He always would play. ly gambles at the mines. He sat ays and two nights over the game faro, and he left the table with ars in his pocket. When he ar- will have about twenty. He in- egin the world again, and I sup- hall have to take care of him till t an opening."

Archbald had turned deadly pale her husband's letter, and hastily rough.

was quite true; and John War- coming back, after so long an ab- as he had gone—a beggar.

well," said his affectionate sister; care to teach the gentleman that tho almshouse. He always was t he shall find that I am not one, e.

eyed her mamma with some curi- l the past week she had heard no- praises of Uncle John's great s and industry, and particularly -sacrifice and good sense in never

thing should happen, my love— you know, and he has led a wear- t would—would distress me be- sure. I should never recover, I , you see, Fanny, everything— every penny he has—would go You must be very attentive to , darling."

mma had proviously often said, he change of sentiment was as s it was sudden. Instead, the ctions were, "Your uncle has no n us, child. You must take very e of him."

was a pretty and also a good girl, t much distressed at the idea of her poor old uncle; and so, when llory came that evening she con- thing to him.

was her admirer, under strong om the maternal head of the his pecuniary prospects were at her dismal; but he was allowed young lady once or twice a week, a friend, and I think it needs no tell us that the young people dreaming of any such thing as

e ring in the little trunk up- always locked up, where it came what it meant, I express no

it would be a shame, and, re- Fannie," said Lucius, firing up, young and chivalrous. "If you he old gentleman coolly in pub- an before your mamma—you him know the reason in pri-

is just what Fannie determined

ext morning Uncle John ar- was tall, and big-boned, and ertainly very rough in his ap- but he had an honest, smiling wonderfully hearty way about

once for his sister's.

He was surprised, as has been said, and not without cause. He really could not understand it.

Had he omitted any polite form in his re-introduction into civilized society, or was the whole matter merely fancy, after all? No; certainly that hauteur and those cold monosyllables were as unpleasant realities as one could experience; and that neglect by the servants, that consignment to the stuffy little attic in the back building, that second table, those cold dishes—these were the grimmest kind of facts.

So, in a day or two, poor Uncle John was perfectly miserable. No one had anything to say to him, and he moped in his miserable little den alone, wishing he had remained at the mines, at St. Louis, anywhere, rather than have come here.

But one evening there was a tap at his door, which interrupted the most dismal reverie he had yet had, and who should enter but Miss Fannie!

She threw her arms around the old man's neck, and began to cry a little, and he, rather bewildered, responded by such soothing words as he could command, and presently she said: "Oh, Uncle John, what must you think of us all? You are treated so badly! I am going to tell you the truth, dear Uncle John; it's mamma's fault. Lucius says it's a sin and a shame, and so it is, and I won't engage to take part in it."

There was a good deal more sobbing, rather unintelligible and very afflicting to the listener, but the truth soon peeped out, and John Warbeck, in a flash, saw all.

The revelation was the greatest grief of his life. His sister, the pretty, kind Clara of long ago, changed to this!

"She loved my money, and not me!" he thought. "It is worth a quarter of a million and more to find out a thing like this. Now, what shall I do about it?"

Fannie's countenance soon cleared up, seeing he was more cheerful; and so they talked a long time in the soft twilight of that little room, and she told him, as he tenderly smoothed her pretty hair, a little secret. It was, of course, something in regard to Lucius. She and Lucius were secretly engaged to be married.

"And you see this pretty ring, Uncle John? Well, *he* gave me that—isn't it beautiful?—and it's a pledge, you know, of his fidelity and truth. We are going to wait on each other ever so long!"

And truly they were, if poor Fannie was going to wait for the accumulation of that "easy competence" upon which her mamma had insisted as a *sine qua non*, but which, as yet, was a thing seriously projected, and not begun.

All this was very delightful to old John Warbeck, a poetical romance in which he instantly became profoundly interested, to the entire exclusion of his own affairs. He got up, and went over to his trunk, and took from that capacious receptacle a pair of old fashioned ear-rings, and a breast-pin. The breast-pin was a large locket, set with diamonds, and there was a faded daguerreotype in it of a lady, some one, perhaps, whom Uncle John had once admired.

"Yours, my child," he said, tenderly, pinning the gift to her dress, and placing the ear-rings in her hand. "When you look at them sometimes, you'll think of Uncle John, won't you?"

These things were antique enough, it is true; but worth I dare not calculate how much.

Fannie kissed her uncle so often, between crying and laughing, that for the first time he had realized the coveted sensation of "being eaten up."

And so she left and slipped down stairs to show them to mamma.

Mrs. Archbald's large eyes opened in the greatest amazement.

"The handsomest I ever saw!" she ejaculated, with a gasp; and that evening John Warbeck was invited to sup with the family—"to try fried chicken!"

Somehow he had a sort of instinct that enabled him to see humiliation in anything that savored of resentment; and so he complied, and greatly relished the fried chicken. Fannie's little confidence, however, was not without effect. He no longer remained moping in his room, but went out every morning with regularity, and seldom returned until nightfall.

He also became very intimate with Lucius, and, whatever their secrets were, Fannie, I suspect, was not excluded from sharing them.

"Clara," said Mr. Archbald, one day, to his wife, "who do you think I met in Spurrier's banking house this morning—making a deposit, too?"

"I don't know, Mr. Archbald, I am sure."

"John Warbeck."

"John?"

Her husband nodded. Mrs. Archbald became thoughtful, and something startling seemed to have occurred to her. That night John Warbeck was agreeably surprised to find that he was no longer to occupy the little attic room.

one you have made your family follow. It was only a little subterfuge on John Warbeck's part. His fortune is intact, and he only wished to test us. Eccentric, wealthy people do these sort of things every day."

"Bless me! Do they?" ejaculated the old gentleman in real wonderment. "Well, let us make amends as quickly as possible. He is not gone yet, luckily."

"It will be difficult, I fear, to repair the harm done; but I shall try for our dear Fannie's sake. He is very fond of her; that is evident from his giving her that handsome present. And whom else can he leave his money to? I consider it settled upon her already; and so, by the way, that young Mallory had better cease his visits here. He keeps more eligible people away; and now that Fannie is such a distinguished heiress," continued Mrs. Archbald, rather sanguinely, "she must make a most brilliant match."

"But," timidly suggested Mr. Archbald, "hadn't you better find out if your brother really contemplates leaving her all his fortune? Nothing like being on the safe side, you know."

"I shall attend to that, Mr. Archbald, as I do to everything else that concerns the interest of this family," answered the lady, with gloomy sarcasm.

Thus it happened that John Warbeck was sent for that evening by his sister, and pressed to pass an hour or so in the parlor, listening to "dear Fannie's music. She plays so beautifully, John, and I think it so unkind that you have never expressed a wish to hear her."

Poor Uncle John had never had the audacity to even dream of entering such a sacred spot as the parlor.

However, he accepted the present invitation gratefully, and Fannie played all the lively airs she knew—he liked simple and cheerful music—for an hour; and then mamma contrived to get the old man alone near the window, where they could not be overheard, and diplomatic proceedings began.

"My dear girl will be a treasure to the man she marries; don't you think so, John?"

"'Deed I do, Clara; and I fancy I can guess who'll be the lucky fellow that'll get her," answered Uncle John, making free somewhat on the prompting of recent events.

"You surely do not mean young Mallory?"

"I do, indeed; and he's worthy of her. He's a treasure, that young man is, Clara—honest and industrious—and if he marries Fannie he'll become a rich man, mark me."

"What does he mean by that?" thought mamma. "But he is so poor at present, John—nothing but a trifling salary."

"So he may be," laughed her brother; "but he ain't dead yet, nor is he aged. They're suited for each other, sister, and somebody ought to help 'em to come together."

Mrs. Archbald became radiant. She laid her hand gently on John's arm, and, leaning towards his shoulder, said, with ever so sly an emphasis:

"And would *you* help them, John?"

"I'll be proud to do it, Clara. I tell you if I was to see those two married I'd leave them everything I have. Now, what would you do for 'em, sister?"

He looked her rather defiantly in the eyes, smiling, and yet sharply, too, and it was as if he was playing his favorite game of "poker," and had just bet on a good hand.

Mrs. Archbald often said she was a business woman, and let us admit it in justice.

She answered:

"John, if you promise to make your will in Fannie's favor, leaving her, at your—in fact at your decease—*everything*, I will not only consent to her marriage with Lucius Mallory, but will see that Mr. Archbald shall settle upon them twenty thousand dollars on the day the wedding takes place!"

"Done!" cried John Warbeck. "I want the use of my money during my lifetime; but at my death every penny I leave shall go to them."

And so, two months afterward, Lucius and Fannie were made man and wife, and began their matrimonial experience upon a handsome capital.

The greater portion of this Lucius invested directly in accordance with the advice of John Warbeck, who carried on a branch business in Colorado, whither he had returned.

A great deal of money was made, and things were going as smoothly as could be wished, when poor Uncle John died.

His will was eagerly opened, and it was found, true to his word, that he had left Fannie everything.

The fortune amounted to several hundred dollars, which he had accumulated first by working as a clerk while he lived in New York with his affectionate sister (which was what occupied him all day so mysteriously,) and, secondly, by acting as Lucius Mallory's agent in Colorado afterwards.

Volunteer.

SDAY, MARCH 2, 1876. VOL 62-NO. 39

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TOO FAR.

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SAFE WITH THE MASTER.

BEEN R. BEXFORD.

Sorrowful mother, you mourn for your boy,
Missing the prattle which thrilled you with joy.
Missing the face which was hidden away,
Like a flower under snow, on a desolate day;
Missing his kiss, and his hands on your hair,
And his dear little form from the empty arm-chair.

Say, have you thought, in your sorrow to-day,
God loveth most whom he calleth away?
God knoweth best; but our eyes cannot see
Wherefore and why, are His ways mystery.
Living—who knoweth?— your boy might have died
The death that is worse than all others beside,

Now he is safe from the wiles of sin;
God opened heaven and beckoned him in.
Safe evermore! With the Master above—
Folded about with an infinite love.
Better, far better, the grave and shroud,
Than a mother with shame for her darling bowed.

[From the Williamsport Sunday Times.]

AMERICAN ABORIGINES.

INQUIRY INTO THEIR ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY.

BY W. MILES.

Prof. Agassiz, of precious memory, whose geological researches have no parallel in the history of science, and whose authority, therefore, cannot be questioned, tells us that "Geology finds the oldest landmarks in America," whilst many eminent scientists and writers assert that the Aborigines of this continent were contemporary with the earliest races of the eastern continent, and their descendants have existed here, without change from hybridity or mixture, to the present.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS

Prove that America was not left a dreary waste for thousands of years, while the other half of the world was teeming with organized beings; and that not an animal, bird, reptile, fish or plant was, on the discovery of America, common to the "Old" and "New World. They further prove that America was unknown to the early Greeks and Romans and to the Egyptians, and, when discovered and extensively explored, it was found inhabited from ocean to ocean, and from the Arctic regions to Cape Horn, by a specific population of peculiar physical traits, unlike, in every respect, any races of the "Old World" and Oceanica. And, for the information of those who assert without proof, that climate in a great measure has produced such a variety of races, distinguished ethnologists assert that the physical characteristics of the Aborigines were wholly independent of all climatic or known physical influences; and, although their immense geographical distribution embraced every variety of climate—frigid, temperate and torrid—yet there was without exception a pervading type.

A STRICT FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.

All our American Indians bear to each other, and always did, and are distinct from all other races in features, languages, customs, arts, religion and propensities. They possess, though in various degrees, the long, lank, black, hair; the heavy, forbidding brow; the dull, sleepy, inexpressive eye; the full, compressed lips, and the salient, but dilated nose. As fully attested by travelers, these peculiar characteristics are beheld in the civilized and most savage tribes; along the rivers and seacoasts; in the prairies and forests; among those that live on fish, on flesh, or on vegetables.

THEIR LANGUAGES,

As eminent philologists assert, have no resemblance in structure or vocalization to other languages, and that they incontrovertibly decide against any Mongolian alliance. The Chinese speak and write a language the same as the one they used 5,000 years ago, and is wholly distinct from every tongue spoken by the Caucasian races. The American races speak dialects peculiar to this continent, and no other; and, it is alleged possess no affinity with any other. The remotest trace of a Mongol tongue can not be found in the American idioms. If the Mongolians ever brought their Asiatic speech into this continent via Behring's strait, on the ice in winter, or bark canoes in summer, their fictitious descendants, the Indians, have assuredly lost it. Moreover, it is authoritatively asserted, that a colony fallen and incorporated with the soil. The forests covering these mounds correspond with the surrounding forests, the same variety of trees, and have a like primitive aspect. Allowing a reasonable time for the encroachment of the forests, after all these "works" were abandoned by the builders, and for the period intervening between that event and the unknown date of their construction, and we are led to assign them an antiquity the incredulous would greatly question.

The antiquity of the ancient monuments, works of the mound-builders of the Ohio and Mississippi, will now be further considered. None can fix the date accurately. We can only arrive at proximate results. In the river valleys of Ohio none of the mounds occur upon the latest formed terraces. These terraces strikingly mark the degrees of the subsidence of the streams; one of the four has been formed, since they have followed there present courses. It is supposed that the mound-builders would have avoided building upon that terrace while they erected their works upon all the others. If they had built upon it, some traces would yet be seen. Then assuming as an example that the lowest terrace on the Scioto river had been formed since the era of these mounds, we must consider the excavating power of the western rivers diminishes yearly in proportion as they approximate towards a general level. On the lower Mississippi, where these ancient monuments are invaded by the water, the bed of the stream is rising from the material deposited, brought down from the upper tributaries where the excavating process is rapidly going on. The mathematical rule of increasing and diminishing establishes the fact that the formation of the latest terrace occupied more time than any of the preceding three. The recession of the waters and the subsequent forest growth most have taken place since the river encroached upon these ancient mounds, which may be measured by thousands of years.

THE SCIOTA VALLEY MOUNDS

Give evidence of great antiquity of the Aborigines. A mound upon the summit of a high hill, overlooking the valley, four miles below Chillicothe, is of special interest. Upon this summit rises a conical knoll of so great regularity, as to induce the belief it is artificial. Upon the very apex, and covered by the trees of the primitive forest, is this mound, eight feet high, by 40 or 50 base. The superstructure is a tough, yellow clay, which, at a depth of three feet, is mixed with large, rough stones. The stones rest upon a dry, calcareous deposit of buried earth, and small stones of a dark, black color, and compacted. This deposit is about two feet thick, and rests upon the original soil.

In excavating the mound a large plate of mica was discovered, placed upon the stones. Underneath the mica a skull was found resting on its face—most of the other bones were wanting. The various layers of carbonaceous earth, stones and clay were undisturbed upon which this skull was deposited. The mound being impervious to water from the nature of the material and its position on an eminence, accounts for its remarkable preservation. This skull, as Mr. Squire said, "from its peculiar formation was one of the mound-builders, and not an Indian, as the barbarous tribes possessed more development of the posterior part of brain than Toleces."

EXAMINATION OF THE SKULL

Elicited the following characteristic peculiarities: Forehead low, narrow and receding, flattened occiput, a line drawn perpendicular through the external meatus of the ear, showed the posterior much smaller; the anterior part of the brain narrow, and over the organs of "caution," "secretiveness," and "destructiveness" very broad.

OTHER MOUNDS.

Discoveries and examinations prove that over one hundred enclosures of various kinds, each covering many acres, and some five hundred mounds are found in Ross county, Ohio, and the number of tumuli is estimated at ten thousand in the State, and the enclosures at fifteen hundred. From these, being but a small fraction of the surface over which they are scattered, may be formed some idea of the enormous number of these remains of the anti-Columbian population which constructed them. These ance here once stood a city of many thousand inhabitants. On the east of the river are the ruins of a large structure or castle, covering several acres of ground, some of the walls standing twenty or thirty feet high.

INDIANS INDIGENOUS TO AMERICA.

But it does not follow that in ancient times there might not have been some occasional or accidental immigration from the "Old World," though too small to effect materially the language or the type of the Aborigines. There are several examples recorded where boats with persons in them have been blown from the Pacific Islands and other distant parts to the shores of America, and in this way may be explained certain facts connected with language which have been adduced as evidence of Asiatic origin for our Indians. But we do protest in the name of science, against the notion that any of these ancient possibilities have yet entered into the category of ascertained facts. On the contrary, all known anatomical, archeological and monumental proofs oppose such hypothesis. Possible also is it that the Northmen discovered this country several centuries before Columbus held intercourse with it, as far as Labrador, yet they have left no trace of tongue or vestige of art.

AGRICULTURE AND CIVILIZATION.

The former inciting the first steps toward the latter. Was the agriculture found in America by the whites introduced at an early epoch from abroad, or was it of domestic origin? This question has excited much conjecture, and is an important one, as it necessarily involves the origin of American civilization. The following facts are significant:

1st. All those nutritious plants cultivated and used for food in the other hemisphere, such as millet, rice, wheat, rye, barley and oats, as well as our domestic animals, horses, cattle, sheep, goats, etc., were entirely unknown to the Americans.

2d. Maize, the great and almost sole foundation of American civilization, is exclusively indigenous, and was not known to the other hemisphere until after the discovery of America.

3d. The kind of beans, by the Spaniards called frigoles, still cultivated by the Indians in Mexico and Central America, is indigenous to our Continent, and even now unused in the other.

If these facts be conceded, as they have heretofore been by all naturalists and archæologists, it will not be questioned that the agriculture of America was of domestic origin, as well as the semi-civilization of any Indian cultivators. These premises alone establish a primitive origin and high antiquity for the American races.

SUMMARY.

1st. That the continent of America was wholly unknown, not only to the ancient Egyptians and Chinese, but to the more modern Hebrews, Greeks and Romans.

2d. That at the time of its discovery this continent was populated by millions of people resembling each other, possessing peculiar moral and physical characteristics in utter contrast with any people of the "Old World."

3d. That these races were found speaking several hundred languages, which, although resembling each other in grammatical structure, differed in general, entirely in their vocabularies, and were all radically distinct from the languages of the "Old World."

4th. That these races were found surrounded everywhere by animals and plants, specifically different from those of the Old World, and created, as is conceded, in America.

5th. That their monuments as seen in their architecture, sculpture, earthworks, shell-banks, etc., from their extent, dissemination and incalculable numbers, furnish unquestioned evidence of very high antiquity.

6th. That the state of decomposition in which the skeletons of the mounds were found, and, above all, the very peculiar anatomical structure of the few remaining crania, prove these mound-builders to have been both ancient and indigenous to the soil, because American crania antique, as well as modern, are unlike those of any other race of ancient or recent times.

7th. That the American Aborigines possessed no alphabet or truly phonetic system of writing; that they possessed none

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A WOMAN OF '76.

Just after the battle of Guilford the British army marched to Willmington. About the middle of the afternoon, the van of the army, led by Lord Cornwallis, reached the house of a Mrs. Bell. The earl dismounted and entered. After looking about him a space, he said, abruptly:

"Madam, where is your husband?"

"In Greene's camp," was the short reply.

"Is he an officer or soldier?"

"No, he is not; but he knew it was better to be among friends than fall into the hands of enemies."

"Very well, madam; I must make your house my headquarters for a few days, and take your mill to grind for my soldiers."

"Sir," said she, "you have the power to do as you please; but after using our mill do you mean to burn it?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Answer me first and I'll tell you afterwards."

"No, then," said Cornwalis, "your mill shall not be burned or property injured, but my officers must have provisions for the army. I shall remain in your house, and my presence will protect you from insult, for no soldier of mine will dare plunder my headquarters."

"Well, now, sir," rejoined the stout hearted woman, "as you were so kind as to answer my question, I will answer yours.—If your lordship had intended to burn my mill after using it, I intended to save you that trouble by burning it myself at once!"

Cornwallis took no offense, but began giving orders in a quick nervous manner. He walked up and down the room like one ill at ease, turning sharply on his heel.

He told Mrs. Bell that he had just annihilated Greene's army, and could fear no more harm from him. Presently he opened the back door and looked nervously up the road for a few moments, then resumed his walk to and fro. The air drew through the room and the goodly lady rose and shut the door. The earl opened it again and gazed up the road. He appeared to be in trouble, and could not keep still a moment. He would sit down in a chair, only to find his feet at once, and return to his pacing. Again Mrs. Bell closed the the door. Cornwallis immediately opened it, saying sternly that he wished it would remain so. His hostess asked him the reason.

"Why," said he, "I don't know but Greene may be coming down on me at any moment."

"But I thought you said just now that you had annihilated him, and feared nothing further."

"Well, madame," said the earl, with a sigh, "to tell you the truth, since God made me I never saw such fighting. Another such victory would annihilate me!"

CENTENNIAL STAMPED ENVELOPES.—A design has been adopted by the Postmaster General for the embossed stamp on the Centennial stamped envelope. The stamp is represented by a shield, bearing at the top and in a scroll the words "U. S. Postage," beneath which is a representation of a mounted post boy on a ground work of telegraph poles and wires; beneath this is an engine and a postal car, and at the bottom of the shield, within a scroll, are the words "three cents." The dates 1776 and 1876 are at the top and bottom of the shield respectively.

The stamped envelopes will be manufactured and sold in the Government Building on the Centennial Grounds, and will be furnished under the present contract for stamped envelopes without additional cost. The envelopes will not be furnished by the Government to any post office, excepting the Philadelphia office, and only one denomination (three cents) will be manufactured, with only one size and quality of envelope—namely, that which is known as the No. 3, full letter, first quality envelope. They are not intended to supplant the present three-cent envelopes, but are additional thereto, and their issue will be discontinued at the close of the Centennial.

A DAY or two ago, when a young man entered a Detroit lawyer's office to study law, the practitioner sat down beside him and said:

American Volunteer.

JOHN B. BRATTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY. MARCH 23, 1876. VOL 62—NO 42

American Volunteer.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
JOHN B. BRATTON
Office—South Market Square, Carlisle, Pa.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid in advance.
No subscriptions discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to direct a discontinuance at the expiration of the period subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.
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POETICAL.

A LOST CHORD.

Sealed one day at an organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
My fingers wandering idly
Over the solemn keys.

Knowing not what I was playing,
Nor the things I was dreaming then,
I sounded a chord of music
That thrilled like a great Amen.

Filling the crimson twilight,
With the soul of an angel's psalm,
It lay on my fevered spirit,
The touch of a holy calm.

Quieting pain and sorrow,
Like love o'ercoming strife,
It seemed a harmonious echo
From our discordant life—

Linking perplexing meanings,
In a perfect hush of peace,
And trembling away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease—

Seeking, but seeking vainly,
For that one lost chord divine
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine—

Trusting that Death's dim angel
Make awake that chord again,
I know that the halls of Heaven
Shall return me the grand Amen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE ON SKATES.

AN ADVENTURE IN CANADA.

Bellemere is a little town in Canada, near the region of perpetual Indian, and they have frightfully cold weather there, and splendid sleighing and skating. Wolves and other wild animals occasionally skirmish around the outposts, and altogether it is more like a place right out of a story than a spot where real people are expected to live.

Bellemere, however, knows just what it is about, and it has worn "pull-backs" and Ulster overcoats. The men are tall, fine-looking specimens of manhood, and the women dress and adorn themselves after the manner of femininity generally. Dancing parties and skating parties are very much in vogue, and moonlight nights in winter are made the most of.

To this gay, enjoyable little place came quite suddenly one bright winter day Miss Maude Eastwood, from Boston.

The clergyman's wife was a cousin of her's, and it struck her all at once that an entirely new sensation would be agreeable. So she made a hegira to Bellemere, and presented herself before her cousin's astonished eyes with a three-story Saratoga trunk, and all proper appliances for an unlimited stay. But Mrs. Nall was most enduring, and she made the young lady welcome, and even got up a sort of pleasure in her arrival.

Miss Maude had come primarily to skate—an accomplishment in which she excelled, and of which she was passionately fond; she had also a covert purpose of appropriating a few Canadian scalps.

For this young person was accustomed to come and see and conquer; and although by no means a beauty, she managed to produce the effect of beauty in a very delightful manner.

Besides, she had her hair long, abundant, gold-colored, and every bit of it her own raising. If beauty draws us by a single hair, what may not be accomplished with a chevelure like this?

Maude Eastwood knew full well that her strength, like Samson's, lay in her richly flowing locks, and she valued them accordingly.

Female Bellemere criticised her, of course, pronounced her devoid of a single good feature, objected to her style altogether; but it could not get over her hair. Those of the opposite persuasion went daft generally, after the usual fashion of male idiots over a pretty face; and Miss Eastwood began to have good times forthwith.

Those grandly built Canadians, with their fine open faces and frank manners, their undisguised admiration and pleasure in her society, were new revelations to the Boston girl; and as to her Canadian sisters and their plainly expressed jealousy, she just laughed at them, and showed them how to do so many pretty things in crochet and Berlin wool that she quite won them over.

By far the nicest of Maude's admirers was Alfred Glenthal; there was so much more in him than in any of the others. He was a fine skater and a dancer, and read Tennyson and Rossetti delightfully in a rich musical voice; he was decidedly intellectual, and had a physique which enthusiastic young ladies called "splendid." He also had that most excellent thing in man, a genuine modesty and distrust of his own deservings.

He appeared to hover in the background from the first wherever Miss Eastwood was to be seen; and that young lady soon discovered her power, and took exceeding delight therein.

This was a captive worthy of her bow and spear, and she had no intention of spoiling him by encouragement. If he ventured upon anything of a complimentary nature, she adroitly turned it into something quite the opposite, until Mr. Glenthal vainly wondered by what course of mental gymnastics he had attained the platform on which he found himself. But he worshipped on in his quiet way, and thought Maude Eastwood the most dainty and bewildering piece of flesh and blood it had ever been his good fortune to encounter.

So matters stood one bright, frosty night when the moon was at the full, and nearly all Bellemere was out skating. It was a very pretty sight; the bright, glowing girls' faces, and the ringing peals of girlish laughter, as they skimmed along with the grace of practical skaters, while mingled in the groups were sturdy six-footers, armed against the cold with fur caps and gloves, and shouting and hallooing with all the power of strong lungs.

Maude Eastwood was perfectly bewitching in her closely-fitting skating suit of rich blue cloth trimmed with swan's down, while the most coquettish of velvet caps, round which curled a long white ostrich plume, rested lightly on her shimmering hair. This was loosely crimped, and fell unbound to her waist. The effect was charming.

With her hands in a muff that matched her dress, she floated off with swan-like motion, laughing at and with the tall figure that so persistently followed in her wake.

Alfred Glenthal was resolved, however, that this night should decide his fate, and after many skillful evasions on the part of the slippery damsel, he managed to ask the all-important question.

Maude was breathless with amazement and chagrin to find herself thus cornered, and her pulse beat unaccountably fast—too fast for indifference. She could not find it in her heart to say no to this earnest pleader, but neither could she say yes just then: so she compromised matters by replying—"Give me ten minutes' start, and if you catch me I am yours."

This was an objectionable advantage, for Maude skated as though her feet were winged with lightning; but she was immovable, and the race began. She shot like a flash toward a small island in the middle of the river, doubled it, and went down on the other side; while Alfred, at the end of ten minutes, darted blindly after her, hesitated a moment at the island, and then dashed down the side where the lady was not.

Miss Eastwood skated swiftly on, with a feeling of relief that she was safe for the present, and wondering why she cared enough for this man not to refuse him on the spot.

Her cheeks burned vividly as she thought of his words, and her eyes shone like diamonds in the clear winter air. She was a beautiful picture, but there was no one to see her, only the stately pine trees on either side, and the frozen river glittering like frosted silver in the moonlight. Everything was clear as day, save where the river narrowed; and then the giant trees cast dark shadows that made the girl shiver a little.

She was just passing one of these points when a queer noise attracted her attention—a sort of howl—and glancing around she saw what looked like a large dog rushing after her. The next moment, however, the blood seemed to curdle at her heart, a cold chill of horror crept over her, and her limbs almost refused to move. It was a wolf, that fearful scourge of the Canadian wilds; and shriek after shriek rent the air as she realized the dreadful truth. She skated for her very life; but the bloodthirsty animal gained upon her, and her strength was fast giving out.

Suddenly the bushes on one side were parted, a human figure darted swiftly out, and the report of firearms quickly followed. The wolf dropped at once, for the well-directed shot had entered his brain. Down also dropped our heroine, with the conviction that she was mortally wounded, and fainted dead away.

Her preserver came forward and lifted her from the ice; but alas! it was not Alfred. That bewildered individual was at least three miles away, and just making up his mind to turn around and try the other side.

"Ugh!" grunted the stalwart Indian, who picked up the insensible girl and slung her over his shoulder, very much as he might have done the wolf, while he glanced curiously at the golden hair that floated around her like a halo.

"White squaw pretty," muttered this son of the forest, "but white squaw no good. Red squaw work—white squaw smile at We-to-chee."

And with this pleasing programme in mind, Mr. We-to-chee, or Big Thunder, traveled stolidly on in the direction of his wigwam, to inform Mrs. We-to-chee of the change in their domestic arrangements. To be sure, that lady had hitherto done the work; but she had also done the smiling, what there was of it, and would probably object to this division of labor. She was a large, rough-featured, low-browed female, with half-opened eyes that had an unpleasantly lurid glare, and an expression the very reverse of amiable.

She did not smile at all when her lord and master entered with his burden and deposited it on the pile of skins in the corner that served as a bed. Had it been an animal, he would probably have sent Mrs. We-to-chee to pick it up where it lay; but, being a pretty girl, he condescended to tote it himself.

Without any unnecessary circumlocution, he gave Mrs. We-to-chee to understand that this was to be wife number two, but in her captor's affections number one, because of her white skin and golden hair—and here he actually laid his paw caressingly on the shining mass (not noticing Mrs. W.'s eyes as he did so) and he wound up by saying that, as he had some shooting business to attend to, he would thank Mrs. W. to take the intruder in hand, and restore her to her senses without delay. And his majestic figure disappeared in the forest.

When he had gone, the copper-colored lady sat with drawn-up knees and bowed head, looking at her fair rival with an intensity of gaze that seemed to have the power of bringing back the suspended life; for presently Maude opened her eyes, and very naturally shrieked to find herself in such uncongenial society.

Mrs. We-to-chee smiled—but it was not a pleasant smile; and the young lady demanded to know where she was and how she got there.

To all of which Mrs. W. said nothing as hard as she could. Perhaps she did not understand her unwelcome guest; but it is much more likely that she did.

A steady stare is unpleasant, but not necessarily fatal; and Miss Eastwood sat up and looked about her. An Indian wigwam, as sure as she was alive! and how in the name of wonder did she get into it, and how was she ever to get out of it?

She could not make up her mind what it was best to do under these very peculiar circumstances. But Mrs. We-to-chee had evidently made up her's; and drawing forth a pair of shears from some hidden receptacle, she approached the trembling girl. Maude fell upon her knees in mortal terror, and begged and prayed to be let alone; but the resolute pagan pursued the even tenor of her way, and laid hold of the burnished locks. The victim shrieked and hid her eyes—she believed that her last moment had come; but clip, clip, went the shears, and down fell the luxuriant tresses, until they lay a heap of gold at her feet.

The incensed squaw did not do her work artistically, from a barber's point of view, but she did it effectually, hoping thereby to bring the erring Mr. W. to his right senses. Miss Eastwood burst into tears, and felt that this was only the next worst thing to being killed; for she sadly feared that, with her hair, she was shorn of her powers of conquest. Mrs. We-to-chee smiled triumphantly; and upon this tableau burst Alfred Glenthal, pale, weary and almost hopeless of finding his lost love.

With a sob of delight, Maude threw herself into his outstretched arms, exclaiming: "Oh! take me away from this dreadful woman!"

The dreadful woman glanced from one to the other, and seeing how matters stood, she deliberately gathered up the golden tresses and presented them to Mr. Glenthal.

Maude seized her hair at once—it would make a splendid switch, which was some comfort. And this was greater magnanimity than she had expected of her hostess—if she could be regarded in that light. But Mrs. We-to-chee was entirely unacquainted with switches, and intended her gift as a stinging sarcasm. She had been revenged, the white man would relieve her of her unwelcome rival, and a short curtain lecture would make it all right with the misguided W.

So the lovers were allowed to depart in peace, and the first remark uttered by the young lady was: "Am I not a perfect fright without my hair?"

Mr. Glenthal's reply was too long to be chronicled, but in the course of it he said: "And, now, my darling, you will admit yourself caught?"

Maude could not deny it, but as she gazed ruefully at her severed locks, she could not help thinking how much more agreeable it would have been to be caught with her hair on.

MRS. JONES' ELOPEMENT.

Mr. Jones came home that afternoon feeling cross and tired. Business had been dull, and the clerks had been provoking. When he felt out of sorts, as he did that day, a nice supper and his wife's company were the best antidotes he knew of, and he hoped to have them effect a cure in this case, as they often had in other instances.

But Mrs. Jones was out, the girl said. She had been busy all the afternoon in her room; she didn't know what she was doing. About an hour ago she had put on her bonnet and [illegible] out, and charged me to tell her husband when he came home that she should not be back until late in the evening.

"Gone out on particular business," she said," added Bridget.

"On particular business," growled Jones. "I'd like to know what particular business she has. I should say it was a wife's business to stay at home. She knew, of course, that I was coming home completely tired out, but that doesn't interfere with her pleasure in the least. She can enjoy herself just the same—probably all the more—because I am out of the way. I wish I knew where she's gone."

He then went up to her room to see if she had worn some of her best clothes.

"Because, if she has," reasoned Mr. Jones, "she's gone off to have a good time with some one she cares more for than she does for me."

Mr. Jones' brow was black as any thunder cloud at the thought. He was in precisely the right frame of mind to make mountains out of mole hills.

But she hadn't worn any of her new dresses.

"It can't be she's going to a party then," concluded Mr. Jones, "or she'd have rigged up more. It must be she's going somewhere else, and wants to keep dark. It begins to look mysterious. A woman don't generally go off in this way without saying something to her husband, and wear her old clothes without its meaning something, I've observed," said Mr. Jones, solemnly, to the Mr. Jones in the glass. "I'd like to know what it all does mean, anyhow."

It was just at this juncture that Mr. Jones discovered a letter on Mrs. Jones' writing desk. It was a freshly written page, beginning,

"DEAR EDWARD:"

Mr. Jones' hair raised on end when his eagle eye caught the sight of that name. What awful thing had he discovered? Could it be that his wife was in the habit of writing letters to gentlemen? Perhaps she had gone out to meet one now.

He read the letter through without stopping to take breath, from beginning to end. It read as follows:

DEAR EDWARD:—I have read your touching appeal over and over until every word of it is stamped upon my heart. It has caused me to fight a terrible battle with myself. I love you, and there is no use for me to deny it. I cannot deceive myself nor you by so doing. But my duty is to stay with my husband. I loathe him—I despise him; he is a tyrant, but he is my husband, and, as such, I suppose he has a claim upon me in the eyes of the world that you have not. But, my darling, I love you, and I have come to the conclusion to cast my lot with yours. I will do as you wish me too; I will meet you at the oak tree to-night at ten o'clock. I hope I shall—

And here at the bottom of the page the letter broke off very abruptly, the other side of the page being blank.

"Great Jehosaphat!" That was the awful word that broke from Mr. Jones' lips when he had finished reading. It was the nearest to swearing of any word he indulged in. If ever he felt justified in using it he did now. His face was a sight to behold. It was full of anger and surprise and complete bewilderment.

"She loves him, does she?" he ejaculated, faintly. "And I am a tyrant, am I? The wretched creature! She loathes me, and despises me, does she? I'll show her a thing or two. Let me see—ten o'clock, and I'll learn your 'Dear Edward' something he won't forget. I'll go out right this minute and get a couple of officers, and we'll wait for you. I fancy we'll surprise you a little. Great Jehosaphat! and she's been actually deceiving me all the time, and letting some other man talk love to her, and even her to elope with him! I can't believe it, and yet can't doubt it, for here it is in her own handwriting. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it in black and white. Dear me! I wonder if I can bear up under the awful blow? What will folks say? I shall be ashamed to meet anybody. It's awful—awful!" and Mr. Jones wiped his face with his handkerchief, and looked the complete picture of grief.

Mr. Jones was so "struck all of a heap," to use his own expression, by the terrible intelligence that he didn't stop to reason over the matter. He never once thought that "Dear Edward" couldn't by any possibility have received this letter, since it hadn't been sent. He only realized that she was going to meet her lover at ten o'clock.

"I'll be there, my lady," said Mr. Jones, significantly, putting on his overcoat preparatory to setting out in search of the proper officers. "I'll be there and I'll give your 'Dear Edward' something he didn't bargain for. I'll 'Dear Edward' him!"

About nine o'clock Mr. Jones and a couple of officers came up the road stealthily, and secreted themselves behind a clump of bushes near the place where the two main roads crossed each other.

"Now you mind what I say," said Mr. Jones. "I'll go for him, and you keep out of the way till I'm done with him. I'll make him wish he'd never thought of such a thing as making love to other men's wives, see if I don't. I'll pommel him! I'll trounce him within an inch of his life, the contemptible puppy!" and Mr. Jones struck out right and left at his visionary rival in a way that made the officers titter.

They waited and waited, and kept waiting. The ten o'clock train came in, whistling shrilly.

And still no sign of either the man or woman for whom they were waiting.

Presently Mr. Jones bade them listen; he heard steps down the road.

The night was dark, and they could not see a rod off. But he was right in thinking he heard steps. Some one was coming.

"It's him—curse him," muttered Jones. "Now you lay low, and mind what I say. Don't come till I tell you to. I dare say I shall half kill him, but you keep off and I'll take the consequences if I do kill him completely. Great Jehosaphat! I just yearn to get my hands on the wretch."

"He's close by now," whispered one of the men.

"I see him," answered Mr. Jones, in an awful whisper. "Here, hold my hat. I'm going for him, and may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Accordingly, Mr. Jones "went for him." He made a rush at the tall, black figure coming leisurely up the road.

He gave it a punch in the stomach with one fist, snorting like a wild bull. He was too excited to talk intelligibly at first. The unsuspecting recipient of such extraordinary greeting seemed half inclined to run at first, but, on second thought, seemed to think better of it, and turned upon his assailant.

"Take that, and that, and that!" cried Mr. Jones, who had got so he could utter words a trifle more coherently by this time, dealing blows right and left. "Run away with my wife, will you? You old villain, I'll learn you to swoop round the Jones family trying to break it up. Take that—and that!" and—oh, great Jehosaphat!

Mr. Jones' tone suddenly changed; the victim of a husband's righteous wrath had brought his cane to bear upon his foe, and was doing good work with it.

"Smith—Dobson! help! help!" shrieked Jones, as the cane fell upon his head and shoulders in unmerciful blows. "Murder! help!"

The officers came to his assistance, and succeeded in securing the stranger.

"I'd like to know what this means?" he demanded. "I supposed this neighborhood was respectable, but I should think you've all gone crazy, or else turned highway robbers."

"We'll let you know what it means," cried Jones. "I don't believe you will want to run away with Samuel Jones' wife again."

"Is that you, Samuel Jones?" asked the prisoner. "I thought your voice sounded kind of familiar, but you blowed so I couldn't make it out. Are you insane or idiotic, or what?"

"Lord bless me, if you ain't Uncle Joshua" said Mr. Jones, faintly. He felt small enough just then to crawl through a knot-hole. "I'm awful sorry that this has happened, but I couldn't help it. I didn't know it was you. You see Amelia has fell in love with some fellow, and I came across a letter this afternoon that she had written to him saying they'd meet here at ten o'clock, and I got these men to help me, and we waited for him, and I thought you were the man!"

"Fell in love with another man, and promised to meet him here at ten o'clock? Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Joshua, indignantly. "You were always the biggest fool! You're crazy!"

"But I tell you I saw her own letter," exclaimed Mr. Jones. "I ain't crazy now, but I shouldn't wonder if I was before long."

"You've lost all the sense you used to have, and that wasn't enough to brag of," said Uncle Joshua, rather uncomplimentary. "Come along to the house, and we'll ask Amelia what it means."

Uncle Joshua led the way, with a pain in his stomach, caused by Mr. Jones' energetic attempt to teach his supposed rival not to meddle with the Jones family, and Jones followed in his wake with a sore head and a very black eye.

There was light in the sitting room. Mrs. Jones was there.

"See here, Amelia," exclaimed Uncle Joshua, bursting in like a thunder storm, "your fool of a husband says you've fell in love with some one, and that you wrote him a letter saying you'd meet him at ten o'clock that night, and run away with him, and he says he's seen the letter. Now I don't believe a word of it, but I'd like to have you explain it if you can."

"I never wrote any such thing," declared Mrs. Jones, indignantly.

"You did!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "It's no use for you to lie about it, Amelia. You've broken my heart, and you did write that letter. I found it on your desk, and here it is. It begins—'Dear Edward.'"

"Oh, I know all about it now," cried Mrs. Jones, beginning to laugh. "O dear me! You see, Laura Wade and I agreed to write a story, and I've got mine half done, and went over to read it to her this afternoon, and when I got there I found that I'd lost a page of it. I must have left it on my desk. It was about a woman who was going to elope—my story was—and she wrote that she would go with her lover, and then, when she thought it all over, concluded to stay at home and do her duty. The page that was missing was the one that had the letter on it that she wrote to her lover. You found it, and thought I was going to run away! O dear, I never heard of anything so funny! O dear me!" and Mrs. Jones laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I can't see anything very funny about it," said Mr. Jones, feeling rather sheepish. "How was I to know you were writing stories? You've no business to spend your time in that way."

"That's so," growled Uncle Joshua, whose stomach began to feel sore and bruised, "you're a fool for writing stories, and Jones is a fool anyway!"

Which was poor consolation for Jones. The story of the whole affair leaked out, and he will never hear the last of Mrs. Jones' elopement.

AN Indianapolis cat got to playing with a small turtle the other day, and was having a nice time tumbling it around, when suddenly the turtle's jaws closed on the cat's tail. There was some very lively tumbling then on the part of the cat to an accompaniment of her own selection. Two hours after she was seen examining that tail tenderly, evidently wondering if the piece would grow out again.

"REMEMBER," said a trading Quaker to his son, "in making thy way in the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar."

A MAN with more brass than steel—the lightning-rod agent.

MANY YEARS AGO.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow,
As the young moon dipt and lifted
Her reflected bow,
Lived and died a dream of beauty,
Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
Even whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow,
And enriched the cup of pleasure,
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail and fortune fleeting,
It is often so;
Visions born of golden sunsets
With the sunset go;
To have loved is to have suffered
Martyrdom below.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow,
Oh, the glory there that perished
None shall ever know,
When the human heart was broken,
Many years ago.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

A PIECE OF PRESUMPTION.

Everybody knew that the Bellescheraux were an old family, with lands and stocks, to which they seemed to have acquired such a prescriptive right that it never crossed anybody's mind that Providence had any right to take them away. And great was everybody's consternation when Providence exercised the right, and Mr. Bellescheraux, having fallen over in a fit, was found to have left his estate insolvent; and everybody wondered, and everybody pitied, and nobody helped. Those who had partaken of the Bellescheraux' bounty, had sat at their table, slept under their roof, been relieved, prospered, flattered by the Bellescheraux, called and condoled, but asked no leading questions. Perhaps it would have been like presumption to offer help there. At any rate, they didn't presume. And perhaps Mrs. Bellescheraux's stately manner made it impossible. And so, when everything was settled, and she could see what there was before them, she found nothing left but the little disregarded dower she had brought with her. The family mansion, with its ancient splendor, its woods and gardens, was sold to upstarts who had never heard the name of Bellescheraux, and the family moved into a cottage, which in a year or two they made beautiful with vines and shrubs.

Of course Louise Bellescheraux, with her spirit, was not content with life in that cottage on her mother's dower, with the children yet to be launched upon the world. She had been taught, simply as a matter of fact, that they were of noble descent; and the best way to prove nobility, she decided, in this country, where work was honorable, was to earn it over again. "In old times you fought for it, now you work for it," she said; "and I shall take the first situation that offers." The poor child had an idea that situations went about begging to be taken, and it was only when a six months' search enlightened her that she accepted a chance as teacher of music and painting in an establishment employing some dozen other teachers.

To say that Louise Bellescheraux did not regard this as a degradation of the dignity of her name would be untrue, and she would have been herself untrue to the traditions of her blood if she had not so regarded it. No Bellescheraux lady had ever yet dressed her own hair; a body-servant had always been an integral portion of a Bellescheraux gentleman; and here she was, waiting upon dunces for pay! But she had sense enough to know it would be worse degradation to sit down in idleness and make more scanty yet the household supplies; and she used to repeat daily to herself:

"Who sweeps a floor as to God's praise
Makes that and the action fine;"

and nobody ever knew what it cost her to sweep this floor, till the time when she laughed at the woes for which then she had no respect.

Yet, after all, there was not much of the aristocrat in the little lady's looks; her sonorous name—Henriette Desiree Louise Bellescheraux, her old Huguenot great-grandmother's name—was more imposing than her appearance. She was a tiny woman, but perfect as tiny, with her faultless hands and feet, her shell-pink bloom, her delicate features, her luminous brown eyes, and her hair, whose braids sat upon her head as a golden crown might sit upon a queen's; yet if you looked closer you saw her always erect, now so gracious, now so imperious, every inch of her a queen. But this discrowned queen was apt to be pardoned unless it was necessary to assert herself, and perhaps nobody but John Mowbray had ever come into open contact with her.

He was the teacher of mathematics, which duty he assumed only while using all the time it left him for the study of his profession—a stalwart, well-knit fellow, with broad intellect stamped upon his face, who had worked his way through college, and apparently thought it no dishonor to work his way through life. Yet he knew the hardships of a teacher's life none better; and when he saw this little lady enter the school, he could not but feel a pang of pity to think of the unused path before her, and of the suffering from the dunces who were to play on her nerves as on the keyboard. There was something very winning about her gracious yet reserved manner, her rare smile; he thought he should like to make the way easier for her. He left on her desk one morning as he went by, a single rosebud, like a word of welcome.

It was not the season with her of flowers in plenty; it was long since she had had flowers in plenty; and this was a lovely one. She took it up eagerly, and when the bell tinkled she pinned it in her throat, with something of the color deepening her cheek. John Mowbray, seeing her through his glass door, could but think the little flower had brightened the path of the little feet that day. Some days afterward he laid, not one, but two or three stems in a cluster, on the desk again, taken from his own window garden that he tried to keep in bloom all the year round—a carnation, a bit of heliotrope, a white bud, a geranium leaf. She looked up, as he passed, with a smile; they were so sweet, the sight of them, the breath of them, gave back the days when she was surrounded with them; she kept them with her all day, and took them home at night. As for the giver, it never occurred to her to remember him; she had always flowers, and here was some kind fate still bestowing them; John Mowbray was merely the servant of this fate. It seemed, though, as if the little flowers were in some sort a seal of benison upon her work; she went about it with a better heart because of them. So for one week and another she took her seat at her desk, and every few days the passing hand quietly laid before her the few blossoms, or she found them there when she came—a single spray of salmon-colored geranium flowers ringed with the darkest pansies, just one splendid cactus blossom, to look at her like a red-fanged live creature, a score of the first deep violets, a snowy calla full of those violets, a spike of creamy hyacinths, or, if there were not any blossoms out, a bunch of fragrant leaves. The ungrateful girl never thought for a moment about the way they reached her; it was so natural that she should have them; they came as a part of her belongings, and she gave a nod of thanks to John Mowbray, as she would to a waiter, and went her tiresome way, but made no complaint.

But when the first term was half through, Mr. Mowbray was called away. The principal attended to his classes and bungled through his recitations, and was gone three weeks. "I'm sure you miss your flowers," said the old preceptress; and all at once the perception of her indebtedness crowed Louise—crowed her in an angry rush of feeling—she, a Bellescheraux, to be indebted for what had been her's in abundance from her cradle! When Mr. Mowbray came back, shaking hands with one and another, he paused at her desk. "I was gone a great while, Miss Bellescheraux," said he. "But it is not every day one has a legacy, and—"

"We are glad to have you back, Mr. Mowbray," she said, as lofty as so small a thing could speak, evincing such pleasure as might be found in the return of blackboard and crayon, and not heeding the sprays of exquisite pink heather he laid before her. The sight of them, after their absence, served to remind her that she no longer had the wide gardens and conservatories, and moreover that she owed to this school usher now the simple commonplaces of her old life. She never touched the heather, but let it lie and wither for the janitor to sweep out. It was, however, only a few days before she found in the glass on her desk a cluster of little white Scotch roses; the quick glance that saw them there was all the glance they had from her, and they too withered untouched. She was with these people, but not of them; she would not be placed on the level of such familiarity as the giving and taking of these flowers, and she would be the debtor of no such usurer as one who expects gratitude. She could live without this Mr. Mowbray's flowers, and wanted none of them. She heard it rumored that his legacy was so generous he would leave teaching and establish himself in his profession at once; she wished he would, and the sooner the better. It became more and more unpleasant to have him place the blossoms in her hand; she could not refuse them without rudeness, and rudeness had hitherto been foreign to the Bellescheraux. She hated to thank him; if he had any ulterior design, any intention of thus expressing emotion toward her, the thing was doubly repugnant—one of these people daring to feel, much less express, any emotion toward her! Since the idea struck her she had really given him a second look. She delayed reaching school till the last bell, and she paid no more attention to any flower she found, although, it must be confessed, that a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley cut her to the heart, and it would have been rapture to bury her face in them.

"Do you know what Mr. Mowbray says of you?" asked the confidential old preceptress once.

"How should I?" she answered, curtly.

"He says you are like a frozen jasmine flower."

"I would thank Mr. Mowbray not to make me a subject of remark," said Miss Bellescheraux.

"My dear," said the other, "it will be silly to pursue that course with Mr. Mowbray; he is a rising man. And a young girl—"

"I do not care to hear any thing concerning him," said Louise, gathering her exercises.

"Ah, Miss Bellescheraux," returned the old preceptress, laughing kindly, "you have yet to learn, and are going to make it a hard lesson, that all the worth of the world is not shut up in the Bellescheraux family."

It was only the next day that one of the girls—in that worshipping enthusiasm which many young ladies entertain toward certain teachers—brought an album to Miss Bellescheraux for her to write a verse on one of its pages. After she had complied with the request, Louise idly turned the pages, and her eye was caught by another verse:

"She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings,
To tread the humble paths of earth."

Louise sighed as she read it; she wished she could do as much. "Mr. Mowbray copied that verse for me," said the little maid; "and do you know, Miss Bellescheraux, he said it made him think of you."

Miss Bellescheraux shut the book with a snap. This was growing unbearable. She looked through the glass door at Mr. Mowbray, quietly listening to algebraic demonstrations, and she felt it the rudest intrusion, the worst presumption—he who might have been her brother's hired tutor, her father's clerk, to be speaking and writing of her in this manner, to be presenting her with flowers and following her with gallantries! She flung the morning's flowers upon the floor, and when she came up from her singing class, still warm with her sense of wrong, it was the recess, and nobody but Mr. Mowbray was behind his glass door, and she walked boldly into the little den of the mathematics. "Mr. Mowbray," said she—and she had no idea it would be so hard—"I desire to have the respect of every gentleman connected with this institution."

"I am sure you have it, Miss Bellescheraux," said he, gravely and politely.

"I desire," she repeated, "the respect of every gentleman connected with this institution, and I want nothing more of them."

"I hardly understand you, Miss Bellescheraux," said he.

"I mean," said she, finding it still more difficult, "I want no more flowers."

"Oh, is that it?" he said, with his cool smile. "Certainly not. I thought they gave you pleasure. They shall not trouble you further."

"I don't know why they should have troubled me at all!" she cried, hotly.

"Nor I either," said he.

"And I will not submit to such persecution—talking of me to this person and writing of me to that."

"Really, Miss Bellescheraux, I beg your pardon, but I am at a loss to understand—"

"Very well, then. Only don't do it any more!" she exclaimed.

"Don't do what?"

"Don't make me a topic of conversation with the other teachers."

"I assure you, Miss Bellescheraux, I have never done any thing of the kind."

"It is quiet idle for you to say so when I know to the contrary. And be so good as to write nothing more about me, either."

"Write about you? Upon my honor, Miss Bellescheraux, I am not aware that I ever wrote a word about you."

Miss Bellescheraux made an impatient movement. "It is of no use to talk about it; but when the preceptress repeats your words to me, and when Miss Varley brings her album with your writing in it, I have a right to insist upon no more of it. I don't wish for any more expressions of admiration."

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Mowbray. "Pray allow me to explain. Miss Varley brings a verse of her own selection to copy into her album, and asks of whom it reminds me. Not having had the pleasure of this interview, I frankly say, of you—judging her to be suffering from one of her acute enthusiasms. For the rest, I do not remember to have spoken of you."

"But you have."

"I think not."

"You did. You said I was like a flower."

Mr. Mowbray smiled again. "Yes, indeed," he said. "I remember. The preceptress asks me if you do not resemble a flower yourself, a white jasmine; and I reply, a frozen one. I am sorry you have tortured simplicities into such complexities. And so far from expressions of admiration—excuse me if I say that I do not admire you in the least." And with a bow, Mr. Mowbray set open the glass door and struck his bell.

So Miss Bellescheraux went down to her music-room, and sat there listening to the thrumming, but with her mind as far away as the east is from the west. It was dawning upon her that she had been guilty of a horrible absurdity, and she was burning with shame and rage. In the sight of her vanity she had interpreted simple charity into gallantry, and she had insisted upon it that a man admired her when he assured her that he did not admire her in the least. She never would dare to look at him again. She felt her face hot up under her hair. How courteous and how cold he had been! No Bellescheraux gentleman could have conducted the interview better; it was he that was patrician, and she—she had done dishonor to her blood! She would have given the world to leave the school: Mr. Mowbray had promised the principal to remain till spring. What an unblushing fool he had seen in her! And from that moment she thought of him as something very far from a fool—infinitely nobler than herself; and one day she wished she had never seen him; the next, would have given a year's life if he had never heard of her; and the day after, longed to show him she was not so bad as he thought. If Mr. Mowbray wanted redress, he was fast obtaining it, for Louise Bellescheraux was thinking altogether too much of him!

She observed him now, from her desk, through the glass door. There was something very gentle and fine in his manner with those he taught; he was not so plain as she had supposed; rugged features, to be sure, but who could be plain with those great deep-set eyes and that smile? She listened when the door was ajar. He had a singular clear and penetrating voice. How lucid he made the problems!—she might have known something if Mr. Mowbray had been her teacher. What now? Well, the Mowbrays might be as good as the Bellescheraux, and if they were not, were not all men equal before God? Miss Bellescheraux was becoming a little radical. She used to listen to him, too, talking on indifferent themes with the principal in the long recess. Well, she had wrought her fate, she must put it on and wear it; the patience she had used in accepting poverty and work she must use in accepting the disesteem of this one man in the world. So she plodded on her dreary path; and, as before, nobody knew what it cost her. There was no cheery good-morning now from any deep voice; there was no more flowers to brighten the day, to take her mother and the children at night; yet if she missed them, she deserved it; she must make amends by brightening the day to those around her. And she did; and the girls began to say never any body taught like Miss Bellescheraux—she was just music itself—while the old preceptress assured them that "blood always tells."

Thus through the long dark half of the autumn term, through the beginning of the winter, the dark days when life and gloom seemed one. There was little pleasure in the school, and home was so changed that there was little solace there. She was thoroughly dispirited; and more than once she might have been seen lingering after the rest at the close of day, with her arms flung across the desk and her head fallen between them, abandoned to her tears. She was very unhappy, and she learned at last that she had brought it on herself, that her heart awoke too late, and the light that might have burned an eternal altar fire she had herself put out. She grew worn and thin; a sad smile played with the dimples now, although they were just as lovely, but the rich color, slowly waning, seldom hung its signal on the soft cheek, unless some voice startled her, a voice that her heart sprang to meet. She dragged herself every day to school, and it seemed to her that instead of the grandiloquent legend over the gate, should have been written, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." It would be vacation soon; the second half of February was breathing space; he would be gone; and she would escape her troubles or gather strength to endure them.

It was the last day but one of the term. Mr. Mowbray left on the morrow. As she heard the regrets every where about her, her heart sank. The hours crawled. At length the bell struck, the files departed; she was left alone.

Alone? Mr. Mowbray, behind the glass doors, was sorting some final papers. Could she let him leave with this cloud over her? Fear shook her. But no; at any rate she must dispel that; and all at once walked, not boldly this time, but twice turning back on the way, to his side. He did not look up at once. She put out her hand to attract his attention; it fell on his; then he rose. He was stone-still; not a word came to her.

"Can I help you?" he said.

"Mr. Mowbray, I want to beg—your—" And she broke into a flood of tears, and ran away too fast for any feet to follow.

It was harder work to go to school the next day than any she had ever done; but she must; and, white as a little ghost, she took her seat at her desk, to blush on the instant red as a little rose over the handful of orange blossoms scattered round a letter lying on her desk. "Miss Bellescheraux has a valentine!" cried the girls. But just then the bell rang, and she took her letter and one great, sweet blossom with her to the music room, where she would be alone till she summoned her class; and she tore the letter open, and saw the verse she had seen once before, and below it, to complete its use, another verse of the same poem:

"I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own sweet will,
And yet doth ever flow aright;"

and beneath the whole, as if he had been proud to set his hand and seal to it, was the boldly written name of John Mowbray.

There came a tap upon the door, and, as she would have concealed the letter, it opened, and Mr. Mowbray himself came in. She thought she was dreaming; she did not dare look up. He walked straight to her, and took the hands with which she was trying to hide that she had been holding the letter to her lips.

"Are you going to answer my valentine? Are you going to wear my orange flowers?" said he. "Look up, and let me read the answer in your eyes. Tell me I did not dare too much." And as she still sat like a statue, "Are you really a little frozen jasmine flower?" he cried; and he bent and kissed her. "Did you think I could live every day of six months under the same roof with you," he murmured, "and not learn to love you? And did you think, my darling, my little darling now, that I never saw the change stealing over you, like sunrise into the sky?"

And when the principal, in a neat speech of regrets, formally told the school that Mr. Mowbray left them that day, he added his regrets that Mr. Mowbray was to take Miss Bellescheraux with him.

BASHFUL JOHN IN A FIX.

John Patterson was driving his venerable horse slowly homeward from the little village of Brierton.

They were passing the low lying farm of Nathan Wynne, and John, not daring for the life of him to turn his head, rolled his great black eyes toward the substantial stone farm-house, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of Kitty, the farmer's comely daughter. But, though John kept his eyes turned in their sockets till his head ached fearfully, he saw nothing of Kitty.

John was desperately in love with Kitty Wynne, and had been so for many a day, and yet he dared not tell her so.

He generally managed to bow to her when he met her, but even that brought a great lump into his throat, and turned his face the color of a peony.

As John passed over a little knoll and out of sight of the house, the farmer's great orchard—the trees ready to break down under the weight of ripe fruit—was before him.

"What a while that miller kept me waiting for my grist. I'm as hungry as a bear. I must have a pocketful of those yellow beauties to eat on my way home."

And with this John drew rein, scaled the fence, and struck out for his favorite tree.

He knew as well as Farmer Wynne did where the best apples were to be found.

John filled his pockets and was about to retrace his steps to the wagon, when he caught the flutter of a pink dress through a cluster of trees, and heard Kitty's merry voice in conversation with some one.

Stealing a hasty glance through the trees, John recognized Kitty's companion to be cousin, Hetty Shaw, from the village.

They were coming directly towards the tree under which John was standing.

What in the world was he to do?

He did not fancy running away like a detected thief, and his trembling knees and palpitating heart warned him that if he would not die then and there, he must seek a place of concealment.

To add to John's embarrassment he was conscious that he was not in the least "tidied up."

He was in his every day garb. To make the matter worse, his clothes were covered with flour, which had somehow got on while waiting for his grist at the mill.

John glanced up into the tree, but the foliage was not thick, and there was little chance for a hiding place there.

Near the tree was an inverted hogshead, which had been used as a stand from which to pick apples from the tree.

The hogshead had once been used as a temporary dog kennel, and a hole, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, had been made to admit the dog.

There was no time to be lost.

The hogshead offered the only retreat within the trembling young man's reach, and he was not long in squeezing himself inside of it.

The girls came on, and sat down on the grass right where John, by stooping down and peeping through the circular hole, could watch them.

Kitty, he thought, looked prettier and brighter than ever in her pink dress, and the sun, which was setting in the west, made her brown hair as golden as the apples in her lap.

Kitty held up an apple by the stem, saying—

"Name it Hetty; but not Will Joyce, nor Jerry Davis, nor—"

"There, stop; the apple's named," said Hetty, merrily.

Kitty pared and ate her apple, carefully saving all the seeds.

When she had them all in her chubby hand, she held them out for Hetty to spell the name.

Touching each seed with her finger, Kitty spelled:

"J-o-h-n P-a-t-t-e-r-s-o-n. It spells exactly. Why, Kitty, what are you blushing so for? One would think that fellow's name was spelled out in your heart in indelible letters by the way you look."

Kitty said nothing, though she looked uncommonly sober for her, John thought, and he wondered if the girls didn't hear his heart beat.

He thought, too, that Kitty was angry that any one would suppose that she cared for him.

How humble he felt; he could scarcely tell why; his cheeks burned with wounded pride.

"Now, really, Kitty," said her cousin, with a bantering laugh, "if you don't drive away that forlorn look, I shall think you care more than your pride will let you acknowledge for that great, awkward booby, who hasn't courage, nor never will have, to ask you to have him."

"Hush, Hetty!" said Kitty, as she rose to her feet, and her cheeks glowed with a flush of deepest crimson. "You do not know John Patterson as we do. He is not awkward at home with his mother. You ought to see how kind and considerate he is to her. Father drops in there often, and he says there isn't a more noble hearted man to be found. John is industrious; do you know what he does with his money? Father says he is paying off the mortgage on his mother's little farm, and that when he has a few pounds more than are necessary for a payment, he expends them for books—Mark my words, Hetty, John Patterson will yet be a man that you will be proud to class among your friends. He has intellect of no common order. It's only his great bashfulness that keeps him back now."

"Now, Kitty, you are too absurd," and Hetty laughed as though she thought her companion in jest. "Well, it is leap year; and you had better offer yourself to this paragon, I don't believe he will refuse."

"I know no one whom I would sooner marry—so there!"

And Kitty's face was scarlet with blushes, as she made this frank acknowledgment to her cousin.

But John was not looking at her now.

He was crouched in the most remote part of the hogshead, trying by various gestures to drive away a huge mastiff which threatened to make his whereabouts known.

The sun had gone down, and John's hungry horse had quietly walked off home, and still the two girls chatted away.

"Well, Bruno, what have you got in there? I'm sure you've been whining and pawing there for half an hour at least.

And Hetty came forward and patted the dog's hairy back.

"Why, Kitty, there is some dreadful animal in here. What a pair of eyes it has! Thank my nerves, if uncle and Charlie are away, I can fire a gun. I'll soon show what that horrid creature is. In my opinion, here is where your geese have gone to. I'll warrant the ground in there is strewn with bones. You and Bruno keep watch, while I run to the house for the gun."

Hetty rattled all this off in a breathless fashion, and before Kitty had time to look at the "dreadful animal," her cousin was on her way to the house.

What was John to do now? Stay where he was, or crawl from his lair like a Hottentot from his hut, and right before Kitty's eyes, too.

The faithful dog began to wag his tail, and whine with renewed animation, and John thought the gun was surely coming. Life was sweeter to him now, since hearing what Kitty had said of himself, than ever before, and creeping to the opening, he began coming out.

Kitty, who was peering anxiously in, saw that "the creature" was moving—that it was coming towards her—and, giving a spasmodic little scream, she sank helplessly to the ground, and covered her face with her apron. Kitty's distress made John for the moment forget that he was the most bashful of men alive, and surely the arms which Kitty felt encircling her waist were not those of a wild beast.

Knowing this it did not need a great amount of courage to enable her to uncover her face, and see that the great eyes that had so frightened her belonged to John Patterson.

It is strange that neither she nor John, during the half hour they tarried under the apple tree, thought of Hetty or the gun she had gone to bring.

Perhaps neither would have remembered Kitty's boasted nerve in connection with the use of that weapon again, had not the young lady herself, two years later, reminded a certain happy bridegroom and his equally happy bride of the incident, and informed them that she knew all the time that John was in the hogshead, as she saw him put himself there, and that her part of the conversation under the apple tree was indulged in solely with a view to encourage the bashful lover to propose.

Mrs. John Patterson scolded her cousin bridesmaid for her duplicity, but for all that it was plain to be seen that she was not angry, especially since Hetty had that day acknowledged that she was glad to class her cousin's handsome husband among her friends.

ANCIENT WONDERS.—Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 miles wide, and 46 miles around, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof—it was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height, and 853 feet on the sides. The base covered 11 acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208.—It employed 330,000 men in building.—The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers, and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles around, contained 350,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles around.

AN AMENDMENT PROPOSED.—It was dinner time down in Smoky Row, and the crowd of darkies were swooping their news.

Yes sah, de legislature am gwine ter do that thing, yes, sah! insisted one of the crowd.

Gwine ter do what? asked Si.

Rebolish de dogs all ober de state! I hear de clerk readin' ob de bill again 'am dis mornin'!

What do de bill say 'bout dogs, now. Some o' you niggers tinks dat de legislature got nuffin ter do but write out bills gin dogs, I reckin! sneeringly replied Si.

Well, dey done it, anyhow! insisted the informed negro. Day sez in the bill dat they gwine to kill um 'kase dey kill de sheep all ober the country an' keeps mutton and de wool crop so shaw.

Well, now you's talkin'! Ef dat de forelosophy ob de bill, de best way ter git at the sheep question am fer pass a bill ter rebolish an' kill out de sheep-killin niggers in dis state—an dats signboard talk, you year me! said Si, as he relighted his pipe and walked away.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"I HEAR that you belong to a whist club," said a gentleman to a young lady friend a short time since. "It must be a charming way in which to spend an evening." "Oh, yes," she sighed; "the first evening we played 'Pedro,' the second 'Railroad Euchre,' and the last 'Old Maid.' We have not met since."

A YOUNG gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak English."

AN amateur vocal concert in which none but doctors participated was recently given in a Western town, but the people in general thing didn't attend. They said there was too much mala-aria about it.

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American Volunteer.

JOHN B. BRATTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1876. VOL. 62-NO. 45.

POETICAL.

TAINTED.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

60 HOURS ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

[illegible]

HALF CONFESSIONS

[illegible]

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A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT IN PEN AND INK.

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THE CENTENNIAL FIEND.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

THE STORY OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

[illegible]

A FAITHFUL ENGINEER.

BY REV. W. F. HAMILTON.

[illegible]

A SHORT MISTAKE.

[illegible]

ALL DRUNK.

[illegible]

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American Volunteer.

JOHN B. BRATTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY. APRIL 27, 1876. VOL. 62–NO. 47.

ADVERTISING RATES
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Notices of Marriages and Deaths published free.
Obituary Notices, 10 cts. per line.

POETICAL.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

BY STONEWALL JACKSON.

Written while an artillery officer in Mexico.

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on—
The shadows thicken o'er the skies,
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blest,
Of thee—of him—our baby one,
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near,
To her whose watchful eye is wet,
To mother, wife—the doubly dear—
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love, so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now while she kneels before thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while by thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies.

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by thy stern commands
The battle's lost—the soldier slain,
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast,
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!

MISCELLANEOUS.

"TAKEN IN."

Peter Buskirk was very fond of money; not so fond that he quite starved himself to keep it, or hide it up a chimney, or refused himself fire, or lights, or a pillow, but yet so very fond of it as to be on the verge of miserhood without having quite fallen over. Beggars reaped no harvest from his purse or kitchen, match-makers could make no impression on his bachelor heart. Peter Buskirk saw through the latter as well as the former, and buttoned up his pockets as tastily in the presence of bewitching crinoline as in that of a seedy gentleman with a folded document in his breast-pocket. The men wanted to rob him, the women to marry him. The last was the worse. Not that Peter hated the women; on the contrary, even at fifty he was remarkably susceptible, a bright eye put him in a flutter. But the fact was, women as wives or daughters, were expensive. They needed clothes, and were fond of dainties. They were proverbially extravagant. Should he marry one, she would spend his money while he lived, and squander it after he was dead. And, with this awful terror before him, Peter steered clear of the shoals of matrimony.

There was one inconvenience in this bachelorhood, however. This was the housekeeping; for it involved a servant—some one to make beds, wash dishes, cook and iron. In short, the servant of all work was always the bane of Peter's life—eating and drinking in a manner which kept the master of the house in a continual ferment; wasting butter and fuel and each change in the kitchen encumbrance being followed by the mysterious disappearance of towels and napkins and such small ware. There was no rest for poor Mr. Buskirk. He tried Betty and Dinah and Mary and Ann, in despair, flew to a certain Mrs. Brown, the giver of tea parties innumerable, for advice.

"Servants are sad plagues," she said.

"Eat you out of house and home," said Peter.

"Not to be relied on for honesty," said Mrs Brown.

"Thieves, ma'am, thieves!" said Peter.

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, "a gentleman has no time to watch them. Now I should advise marrying, Mr. Buskirk."

"Marrying!"

"Yes, sir; a man can manage such things so much better. Besides, if you choose a smart, capable woman, she will keep an eye on the servant. It would be much more economical to marry."

"Economical!" yelled Peter; "my good lady! Eco—I—O, goodness! Feathers and flowers, laces and silk and rings, and—ice cream and things—economical! How many yards do you take for a dress, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, twelve or fifteen—sometimes, when its silk, you know, eighteen."

"Eighteen yards, at five shillings or so a yard, and not one dress, but twenty. My good lady, it would be enough to ruin a man."

Mrs. Brown reflected.

"But if you could find an economical woman, Mr. Buskirk."

"Ah! If I could find a mermaid."

"One who never wasted a penny?"

"She does not exist, ma'am."

"Who lives on next to nothing. The fact is, Mr. Buskirk, I have such a lady in my eye. She's a widow—quite a young one—Mrs. Barlow, and I'll have her at Peach House next week."

Peter grinned sarcastically.

"Economy in hoops and bonnets," he said to himself. "They want to marry me and spend my money."

And he went home wroth.

"However, economy forbade him to refuse an invitation to dinner; and when a week after Mrs. Brown sent her compliments," etc., Mr. Buskirk donned his Sunday suit and went over to the Peach House at five precisely. The parlor was full of ladies, ladies in silks and muslins, with crinolines and flounces. Most of them, Mr. Buskirk knew well, and he looked around in vain for a stranger, Mrs. Brown's note had said:—

"Mrs. Barlow will be with us."

But which was that economical widow? Probably the lady in green silk near the piano. He could not remember her face.

Suddenly Mr. Buskirk's doubts were set to rest. Mrs. Brown ejaculated:—

"Dear me! Where is Cousin Betsey?—Mr. Buskirk, you must be introduced to Mrs. Barlow," and at these words something small and flat emerged from between two portly dames and stood before him. It was a very short and slender little woman, with a remarkably pretty face. She wore no hoops, and her dress cleared her ankles. The sleeves were close, and the skirt had perhaps three breadths in it. The dress itself was of very plain brown merino, and she wore neither brooche or bow—only a white linen collar. Peter looked approval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, a faint giggle was heard; and, as if by common consent, the two were left tete-a-tete in a corner.

"Pleasant day," said Peter to commence the conversation. "Pleasant day, but cold."

"Ah yes; but I dislike cold weather," said the lady.

"Don't agree with you ma'am."

"O, that's not it. I am never ill; but cold is so expensive. Lights early and coals dear," proceeded the lady. "Money slips through one's fingers; and I never waste things."

"My case, exactly," said Buskirk. "It's astonishing how things cost. Now there is butter—say a pound a fortnight."

"Oh, I never eat butter; it costs too much," said the lady.

"Ah! and sugar and tea and coffee."

"If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs. Barlow.

"They are all artificial wants, altogether, so they are," said Mr. Buskirk." But then, habit is second nature."

"Extravagant habits ruin many," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh, I shudder when I look at those flounces. Such a waste of material."

"I've often thought so," said Peter. "And you don't wear them?"

"I? said Mrs. Barlow. I have my senses, sir. I've no wish to die in a workhouse. I've had this dress ten years."

"Indeed!" said Peter. "And I suppose some ladies buy one every month."

"Every ten days," Mrs. Barlow. "O, I blush for my sex, Mr. Buskirk, I do, indeed."

Peter was charmed. He began to think Mrs. Brown right. The cost of such a wife would be a mere trifle, and what an eye she would keep to the expenses of the household.

Ere the evening was over he had decided it would be cheaper to marry than to remain single, were Mrs. Barlow, his helpmate.

"She'd not only be saving herself, but she would check me in my little extravagances," said he. "She would be invaluable to me. She wears one dress ten years. The fates must have sent her to the earth for my special benefit."

So, after due consideration, Peter resolved to court the economical widow, and that lady being conveniently domiciled at Mrs. Brown's he found every opportunity.

It was a very inexpensive courtship. He gave her not a present. She expected none. He took her nowhere save to church, where neither of them ever saw the plate, and both were happy.

And at last he proposed. She blushed, and begged time to consider. At last she said, "I'm afraid to say yes, Mr. Buskirk. I love you but you are so terribly extravagant. You drink tea and coffee, and eat butter, and really I should fear coming to want, I should, indeed."

"I! Why, I'm the most economical soul living," said Peter.

"Extravagant people always think that," said the lady. "No I am afraid to say yes, unless indeed, you were to make your property over to me, so that I could be sure you would not ruin yourself. Of course that is impossible, and it would be such a care that really, I could scarcely desire it, even from a gentleman I so much respect."

And the economical relict blushed and hesitated.

It was Peter's turn to pause and consider. He went away to do so, and returning suddenly to the house, found his serving maid selling dripping to a man. He dismissed her at once and rushed back to widow Barlow's.

"My money would be safer in your hands than in mine," he said with a moan, "Marry me and keep me from being ruined."

What the widow's answer was may be judged from the fact that three weeks from that date they were united, the clergyman receiving five shillings from Peter, the bride wearing the brown merino, in the pocket of which she carefully deposited the deeds which made the property exclusively her own.

"Now for happiness," said Peter, "No more thieving servants—no more waste—and a lovely wife into the bargain. He, he, he! Peter Buskirk is the man for luck."

And he took his bride home to dine with him on cold meat and raddishes, being absolutely ashamed even to speak of his mutton chop before so economical a lady.

The next morning he hurried off to business.

"Never waste time, love, said the newly married dame. "Besides, I've a great deal to attend to; so good-by."

"Good-by," responded Peter, "What a treasure you are, my dear. The washing, I suppose. My mother always washed on Monday.

And away he went, content with himself, and all the world.

At six he returned. Horror of horrors! there were ladders the against house, and men were on them. Had there been a fire? He rushed up breathless.

"What is the matter? Who are these men?" he panted. "Fire! thieves! Oh! I must be dreaming."

"Don't make a noise, love," said a voice from a parlor window, "They are only the house-painters."

Yes, dear. Don't you know the Dutch proverb, "A coat of paint pays for itself?"

"But the awful expense?" he said, "Dear, dear, you should have consulted me."

He stumbled into the house, and over the form of a man kneeling in the hall.

"Who are you?" he asked.

In reply the person produced a card on which was printed, "Gilt & Binder, Upholsterers."

"And what are you doing?" gasped Peter.

"Measuring the hall for a new oilcloth, sir," said the man.

Peter staggered on.

A woman was making up a carpet in the front parlor; another was arranging curtains.

He rushed up stairs.

There sat another woman also at work.

Again he gasped the question, "Who are you?"

"Mrs. Buskirk's regular seamstress please, sir," said the woman.

"And where is Mrs. Buskirk?"

"Here, love," said a voice.

And there entered from the adjoining room, a lady dressed in silk, and in expensive crinoline, with bracelets brooch, earrings and a little lace cap worth a small fortune.

"The furniture is ordered, and the painters are here, and I've engaged all the servants, Mr. Buskirk," said the lady, "and the cook wants to know whether you like beef under or well done. In such things you shall have your choice always. There was no time to make a pudding to-day so we must have ices. Strawberries, too, are only two shillings a basket."

"Mrs. Buskirk, have you gone crazy?"

"I'm wide awake, at all events," cried the lady. "I've starved long enough, and worn that brown merino until I hate it. I always was fond of dress—"

"Fond of dress!" repeated Peter; "and loved good things?"

"Loved good things," repeated the spouse, "and now I'm married, I mean to have them."

"But if—I had—known—I—I—" began Peter.

"Wouldn't have married me, I suppose," said the bride. "Well, my cousin, Mrs. Brown, told me that, you know."

Peter looked at her. The truth was plain at last. He tried to speak, but could not. He stared at his lady for five minutes by the clock, and then rushed out of the house muttering, "Taken in! taken in!"

It is said that Peter Buskirk never recovered the shock. Against his will he lived luxuriously ever after, and his wife astonished the neighborhood by her magnificent attire and grand parties. But nevertheless Peter himself expired in less than a year; and the last words on his lips were said to be "Taken in! taken in!"

A RATTLESNAKE'S FIGHT WITH A BLACK SNAKE.—Mr. William Kincaid Davis of South Carolina, who saw a battle between a black snake and a rattlesnake, says that the rattlesnake killed himself. When first discovered the rattlesnake was coiled with head erect, and ready to spring. The black snake circled around him repeatedly, being careful not to approach near enough to be reached by the fangs of the rattler, who, turning his head to watch his antagonist as he circled round, became dizzy and crazed, and finally struck blindly and straightened himself his whole length. The black snake now ran across the straightened form of the other, who, feeling the contact, struck, missing his foe, and, biting his own body, died of the venom from his own fangs.—*Home and School.*

JEALOUSY IN VICTORIA'S HOUSEHOLD.—If the bottom facts were known, the proposed new title of the "Empress of India" has no reference to the Asiatic viceroyalty. The cause lies within the Court of St. James's, and London gossips do not hesitate to state that the wife of the Duke of Edinburgh is the prime cause. Being the daughter of the Emperor, and entitled to use the prifix "Imperial Highness," she claims precedence at State ceremonies over the only unmarried daughter of her Majesty, who is only a "Royal Highness." If the title of Empress were added to that of the Queen, it would give in the courtly etiquette an undisputed right to the Princess Beatrice to take rank before her Russian sister-in-law.

THE REMAINS OF A GIANT.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY NEAR MAYSVILLE, KY.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., March 30.—An exceedingly interesting discovery was made a few days ago by a party of young men while out hunting, near the town of Augusta, some fourteen or fifteen miles from this city. While beating about for game upon the lands of S. K. Veach, a well-known farmer of the neighborhood, in a dense thicket of young elms, upon the side of one of the hills, their dogs suddenly disappeared through an opening some three or four feet in diameter, which proved upon examination to be the entrance to a cavern which promises to rival in magnificence and grandeur the world-renowned Mammoth Cave, of Southern Kentucky.

The month of this cavern appears to have been covered with a large, flat rock that slipped away from the opening, together with a large mass of earth, and this accidentally indicated the existence of the cave. This stone, which evidently answered for a front door to a dwelling of some of the mysterious people who lived and had their being in the Ohio Valley anterior to the advent of the modern Indian, was nearly overgrown with moss, measured five feet or more one way and a little less than four the other. Underneath the moss had been traced a hieroglyphical inscription, which it is not improbable to suppose may have been made for the purpose of signifying to the passer by, as our door-plates do, the names of the dwellers inside.

The characters occurring most frequently in this symbol writing are a circle divided by a perpendicular line, a representation of a double lodge, and irregular, wavy lines, supposed to indicate water.—Some of our local antiquarians have deciphered the circular figure to signify unity, or the union of two branches of the same family. The idea appears to be strengthened by the rude drawing of the united lodges. From this interpretation, it is inferred that two families, possibly connected by ties of consanguinity, lived together in this prehistoric dwelling. The lines that are supposed to represent water are similar to those given by Mr. Schoolcraft in his Antiquities of America as meaning fluids. It is not unlikely that the figures may have some association with the Ohio river, which is distant from the spot, not more than half a mile.

INTERIOR OF THE CAVERN.

The young men who stumbled, as it were, upon a knowledge of the existence of this underground wonder, were too much startled and awe-stricken to attempt at that time the exploration of the unknown regions, to the brink of which accident had led them. But, on the following morning they procured a supply of candles, ropes and other articles used in cave explorations, and headed by an intrepid young fellow named Stephen Wyatt, repaired to the entrance and began the descent. At the beginning of the avenue, the entrance dropped perpendicularly four feet, when it sloped gradually at an angle of forty-five degrees, varying in width from four to twelve feet, for a distance estimated at about one hundred yards, terminating abruptly in a chamber about eighty feet square and thirty feet or more in height.

The appearance of this room is described as being particularly grand and impressive. Immense stalactites dropped from the ceiling and glistened in the light of the candles like masses of solid silver. The floor was covered with a clean, white sand, such as is found upon the sea shore, to the depth of ten or twelve inches. The young men, who had never witnessed such a sight as the interior of this cavern presented, were lost in wonder and amazement, and were eager to return to the surface, but one, more bold than the rest, urged a further exploration, to which the others consented. An examination of the chamber revealed the fact there was no mode of continuing the journey, except through a small opening near the floor, that required the party to proceed on their hands and knees.

A distance of a hundred feet or more was accomplished in this way when the leader was startled to find himself at the brink of a precipice overlooking a pit of Stygian blackness. He was so shocked by the discovery of his danger that he lost his presence of mind, and would have toppled over into the abyss had he not been seized by one of his companions and drawn back. The party were again tempted to return, but Wyatt insisted with firmness upon pursuing the journey as far as it could be accomplished with safety. A strong rope was then fastened to a projecting crag, and one by one the young men dropped into the pit, which proved to be about twenty feet in depth. At this point they encountered a slope or incline, composed of a confused mass of roof rock, down which they scrambled to the bottom, where they found themselves in a vaulted chamber, more than a hundred feet in height, filled with stalactites, and the curious formations that have rendered so attractive the great cave of Edmonson county.

A GIANT SKELETON.

In the centre of this room there loomed up out of the darkness an immense square, moss-covered bunch of loose stones, carefully laid one upon the other, after the fashion of the rock fences common in this section of country. There could be no doubt that this monument or cairn was the result of human labor, expended probably thousands of years ago. The top of this sarcophagus, for such it proved to be, was covered by slabs of thin rock, evidently transported from the surface. They were carefully removed, disclosing a square vault that had been plastered with mud, mixed with small pieces of straw, or twigs of trees or brushes. In the centre of the vault, in a sitting posture, was found the skeleton of a human figure, entire, and perfectly preserved by the dry atmosphere of the cave. As there was no appearance of flesh upon the bones, it is probable the body had been prepared in the open air, denuded of the flesh, and afterward removed to the cave for burial. The bones were taken carefully out of the vault, laid upon the floor, and by the rough measurement the young men were able to calculate them to be those of a man over eight feet, six inches in height. The skull measured nearly twelve inches in the shortest diameter, and had on the left side an indentation, evidently made by a severe blow.

In the vault, at the side of the skeleton, was found an implement of copper, four feet, three inches in length, which weighed four pounds, and appears to have been intended for a weapon of defence. It is roughly made, and was probably fashioned from the native copper of the lake regions. The sword is slightly bent, tapers to a point, and has somewhat the appearance of a saw upon its cutting edge. A rude effort at decoration is made upon the handle by irregular lines running entirely around it.

In close proximity to this interesting relic was found what was first taken to be a rude bowl of the same metal, but it has since been decided that it is a helmet or head-covering. A stone ax of excellent workmanship, seven arrow-points, a stone pipe, carved to represent a frog, a piece of buckskin, four inches square and stained red; a pair of sandals, woven from vegetable fibre; and a water vessel, of sun-baked clay, were also found.

AN ABORIGINAL WATER-COOLER.

The latter is now in my own possession, and it is a very beautiful specimen. It appears to be made from clay, tempered with skill, and is very similar in design to the pottery occasionally found in Tennessee, Arkansas, and some of the other Southern States, and known among antiquarians as the "Mound Builders' water-cooler. The specimen in my possession weighs one pound and ten ounces, and holds exactly two and a-half pints.

Most of the specimens described above were brought out of the cave by the young men on their return to daylight and removed to the hotel at Augusta, where they continue to attract crowds of the curiously inclined. They will ultimately be sent to one of the scientific institutions of the country, probably to the Smithsonian.

The country in the neighborhood of this wonderful cavern is full of excitement, hundreds of people flocking to the place, though few venture beyond the entrance. The owner of this land, Mr. Veach, is very jubilant, and has declined, I am told, large offers for the place. A further exploration will be made shortly under scientific auspices, when a more complete account of the discovery will be given.

A SHORT GHOST STORY.

On the shore of Lake Ontario there once stood an old-fashioned stone mansion, more like a castle than anything else, that was said to be haunted. Indeed, its very appearance would suggest such an idea to a believer in haunted houses. It stood on a lonely point of barren land that ran out into the lake about three miles from the village of St. C——. You might look the whole shore over and over and not find half as dreary and lonesome a spot. Not even a tree or shrub, nothing but a rocky footpath leading to the main road. It had been neglected for many years, as no one would live in it on account of the many strange stories of it. The roof was covered with moss and the walls looked old and rusty. An old story was current that an heir had been murdered by an uncle that he might possess the estate, who after enjoying it for a time, was so annoyed by strange noises in the mansion that he retired with an uneasy conscience and soon after died in England.

A few years ago the property fell into the hands of a gentleman, who, nothing daunted, determined to make this mansion his place of residence.

It was a wild night in November; a fierce storm was raging on the lake and the wind howled and shrieked like a score of grisled witches on some midnight raid. A low mournful sound ran through the apartments. He was awakened by the sound, and immediately rising took a pistol and a brilliant light and descended the stairs. On coming to the ground floor the light cast a gigantic shadow of himself on the wall. Here he stood and listened. Presently a hollow moan ran through the long hall and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which seemed to come from the cellar. He descended the old rickety stairs and proceeded to examine it. There was nothing there but a few rotten plank and an old chest, which he was in the act of looking into, when he was startled by a low, deep groan and then a scream. This time it was above, and he hastily ascended the stairs and examined every room in the house. Once he thought he heard persons conversing in low tones in a recess, but on examining it found it entirely empty. The storm had nearly passed away now, and hearing nothing more he retired to his room and waited until morning.

The next day he examined every nook and corner from garret to cellar, but his efforts were as fruitless as before, for he found nothing but dust and cobwebs. Almost every night for a month he lived in the old mansion, and heard these noises and tried to solve the mystery, but at last moved out and declared that truly it was a "haunted house." As neither himself nor anybody else would live in it, he sold it to a gentleman who took it down and drew the stone to the village, to be converted into a dwelling house.

The workmen were employed in taking down the wall under what had been a sort of piazza, when lo! In a kind of recess, lay the fragments of a chapel organ and the square pipes that had been made for hollow sounds were used as props to stay the floor. The ghost that had been the cause of tearing down the mansion was nothing but the north wind which had found its way to the groaning pipes through a crevice in the wall.

AN ELEPHANTINE ARCH.

Among the honors paid to the Prince of Wales during his visit to India was an arch prepared for his reception in Colombo, Ceylon. The novel arch was formed in this manner. Two elephants were placed opposite each other, at such a distance apart that their trunks being raised in the form of an arch the extremities met and seemed to be fastened together. Over the point of junction a rod was raised, on which a crown was suspended. On the sides of the huge animals banners were arranged, on which were inscribed in large capitals, "Welcome to the Prince of Wales." It was certainly a unique form of arch-building, and a marvellous proof of the docility of the elephants that they could be induced to remain in so constrained and apparently uncomfortable a position for any length of time. Elephants take a prominent part in many of the entertainments given to the Prince of Wales. They salute him on bended knee, with their trunks lifted high in the air; they transport him in his travels from place to place; they figure largely in their gorgeous trappings in the pageants gotten up by the Indian princes for the reception of their distinguished guest. This is all well enough, and in these cases conformity to the fashions of the land involves no sacrifice of principle. But when the peacefully disposed animals are goaded on to a fierce battle with each other for the Prince's amusement, it is another thing. The picture of the elephant fight, with the heir presumptive to the British throne in prominent position, looking upon the brutal combat, which has appeared in all the illustrated papers, is a disgrace to the representative and prospective ruler of a great nation. Even if the royal guest felt that courtesy to his hosts required his presence at such a barbarous spectacle, the "special artist" might have omitted the sketch of a bloody fight where the presence of a Christian Prince seems not only an incongruity in view of his high official position, but also brings upon him the disapprobation of all those who despise an exhibition of wanton cruelty, and to whom a fight gotten up between two peaceably disposed brutes is nothing but a display of inhuman barbarity.

THE TRIALS OF TWO YOUTHFUL ELOPERS.—The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, of March 22, tells this moving story: "There was a marriage of a Lowndes county couple in Columbia, Ga., the other day, which shows the strength of the 'flame.' The parties belong to highly respected families, but the bride's father was opposed unalterably to the match. But the young couple made for Lowndesboro' station, to take the westward train for Selma, where they should be united. On arriving at Lowndesboro' the train was gone, and the party concluded to drive on to Manack, and thus evade imaginary pursuers. The Tallawassee creek intervened, and was fearfully swollen. In attempting to cross, the coming bridegroom's two horses were drowned, and the bride apparent barely escaped a watery grave, having twice gone beneath. But the difficulty was surmounted, the party reached Manack, and after the bride had donned the dress of a kind hostess, the happy couple took a fresh start for Selma, where they arrived in due season. Here another trouble beset them. The young lady's age was scarcely sixteen, and the ministers and J. P.'s didn't take to the proposed union, the probate judge positively refused license. Nothing daunted, the young couple took the night train for Columbus, Ga., at which place all impediments ceased, and they were duly married."

A DASHING fop, who seemed to think that he manifested his superiority by the disdain he exhibited of anything like courtesy to the humbler classes of society, was driving his gig one rainy day, when he came to a toll-bar, and asked what was to pay. "Eightpence, if you please," said the civil gate-keeper. Instead of handing the money to him, the grandee carelessly threw a shilling on the muddy ground. "There, take your change out of that." The keeper stooped for the silver, and placing the copper change exactly on the same spot, walked coolly into his cottage.

A Cincinnatian, who had purchased an oil painting at a private sale, called in an artist to consult him as to how he should hang it. The artist looked at it long and curiously, and then said: "I wouldn't hang it, if I were you." "Wouldn't hang it? Why not?" "Because the sentiment of the age is rather against capital punishment. I would commute its sentence to solitary imprisonment for life!"

SOMEBODY.

Somebody's waiting for somebody,
Where roses and daisies white,
'Neath the glance of their proud sun-lover,
Are dimpling with smiles of light;

And somebody knows that somebody
Is watching for him the while,
And that somebody waits to greet him,
As flowers the sun, with a smile.

And roses are kissed by their lover,
And daisies are thrilling with bliss;
But somebody knows that sweeter lips
Are waiting for him to kiss.

And the south breeze is shyly murmuring
In the roses' and daisies' ear;
But somebody's listening to sweeter words
Than the fairies ever hear.

MILLIONS OF PIGEONS.

A ROOST MANY MILES IN LENGTH—A TORCHLIGHT SHOOTING EXPEDITION.

MOSCOW, Pa., April 14.—A wilderness known as the Beech Woods covers a large portion of Western Pike county, and northwestern Monroe county, this State. Ike Bennett and Clint Waters, bark peddlers, were in the depths of the woods on Friday last, when they were startled by a sudden darkening of the sky, and a noise like a heavy gale of wind. At the same time the trees about them began to fill with wild pigeons. They came from the northward, and as far as the men could see in that direction the air was black with the birds. They settled down in the trees as thick as bees, and in an incredible short space of time the woods seemed to be a living mass of pigeons. They lighted in the trees in such numbers that large branches were broken by their weight. They seemed to take no heed of the men, and crowded the trees under which they stood, occupying branches almost within reach of them. Nearly half an hour elapsed before they all found resting places in the woods. The bark peddlers killed hundreds of them with clubs, and walked five miles through the woods without reaching the end of the roost. The men say that with one swoop of a long club they could knock dozens to the ground, creating only a temporary panic among the pigeons, and that only among those directly attacked.

The lumbermen and others, when told by Bennett and Waters of the wonderful sight they had seen, organized a night hunt. Dozens of men armed with poles and guns started for the woods, and reached there after dark. They carried torches of pine knots. The pigeons, alarmed by the noise of the guns and the glaring of the torches, rose from their perches, and flew blindly about. For two hours the poles and guns made sad havoc among the roosting birds. The roar of thousands of wings, the cracking of branches, flashing torches, swashing poles, and reports of guns formed a scene wild and terrific. Thousands of pigeons were slaughtered before the lawless and ruthless destroyers were glutted. Each one brought away as many as he could carry, which was a small portion compared with the number left on the ground to feed the foxes and wolves.

On Saturday morning another expedition started out for further slaughter of the pigeons. The birds had evidently sought the roost for the purpose. The woods swarmed with hunters on Saturday. The great flock finally rose *en masse*, and in a short time every bird had disappeared. The direction of the flight was westward toward the Susquehanna. It is estimated that the flock was fully twelve miles long, and four or five in width.

About four weeks ago an enormous flock of wild pigeons passed over Sullivan county, N. Y., and settled in the wilderness in the northern part of that county, near the head waters of the Beaverkill. It is believed that this was the same flock mentioned above. It extended from Gillman's, Sullivan county, to a point thirteen miles to the eastward, and was several minutes in passing over, flying very high.

A BEAR STORY.

The *Southern Californian*, published at Bakersfield, Kern county, Cal., relates this adventure with a bear: Walter, the renowned bear-hunting sailor, has deserted his camp in the Tejon Mountains, where for two weeks he has been snowed in, with nothing to eat except flour for most of the time. Just before the snow came on he started out for a deer. The weather had been warm for several days, and the deer kept well upon the hills. At last he wounded one and followed it for a mile, when it gave out, and he soon had it dressed. But he was four miles from camp, and he could only carry one-quarter of it with his rifle, having the mountains to climb. As he crossed the creek, with his load strung with his strap over his shoulders, he sat down to wash his hands. On looking up he saw something pulling at the venison he had left hanging to a sapling. He was not more than fifty yards away, and he rose to his feet for a better look, and saw a grizzly busy making a square meal. He could not resist drawing his rifle on him and looking through the sights. The bear did not see him. After taking aim for some time, and thinking he could make a tolerable sure thing with an ounce ball, stopping occasionally to look over his gun, and take the better measure of the beast, he drew a fine sight, waited an instant till the broad side of the face was well toward him, then he touched the trigger. The bear bounded in the air as if it had been shot out of the gun itself, and Walter at the same time bounded for a tree. He had more than caught a limb before he saw the bear was making toward him. Up the tree he went, the quarter of venison still strapped to his back. He had hardly reached his length above the ground before the bear, as if just seeing him, and, frightened, wheeled and fled the other way. He thinks the ball hit the bear on the side of the head, glanced off, and so confused the beast that he did not know which way he was running. He says he has not had a night's sleep since without seeing the grizzly close upon him.

A SAD STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

The circumstances of the wreck of the brig Hattie Eaton off Portsmouth, N. H., are peculiar. Mr. Mitchell, who lives near the scene of the wreck, was the only person who saw the vessel strike. Captain Cooke steered for the smoothest place he could find, and came within one hundred feet of a smooth beach. The Eaton struck stern on, about her length from shore, and was wedged between two rocks, her stern being free. Three colored seamen were below, badly frostbitten, and the mate was in the forecastle with a dislocated shoulder. Captain Cooke went into the rigging, and, as the brig listed, was out on the boom. Mr. Mitchell ran from the shore to a ledge, and the two men were but eight feet apart, though there was a raging gulf between them. Captain Cooke sent farewell messages to his friends, and gave particulars regarding his vessel and cargo. A sea lifted the vessel, and plunged the boom he was on far beneath the waves, and he was not seen afterward. The same wave dashed Mr. Mitchell backward behind the ledge into the water, but there being no undertow he scrambled ashore.

Other men came down to the shore, and, hand in hand, rushed to the bows of the Eaton and aboard, seized Mate Le Baron, and rescued him just as a wave lifted the stern, broke the timbers short off, and doubled the stern over upon the bow, and crushing the second mate and the rest of the crew, except one stalwart mulatto, who had stripped himself, and plunged into the sea. Several times he succeeded in getting within a few feet of the shore; but the undertow carried him back each time a hundred feet, until, exhausted, his head was dashed against a rock, and he sank. One by one the mangled bodies aboard the vessel were torn from the wreck, and washed overboard, the vessel being shaken to pieces in a few minutes. Crowds have visited the scene to-day. One body came ashore about noon—that of the mulatto, who had failed to swim ashore after the vessel struck; one of his arms was broken, and his head terribly bruised. The body of Captain Cooke was taken in charge by the Masons, who recognized him as a brother by a ring on his finger. The mate, Le Baron, has recovered consciousness, and his life will doubtless be saved.—*Boston Herald.*

SPEECH
OF
HON. WILLIAM A. WALLACE.

The Chief Clerk. The pending amendment is to insert after line thirty-eight the following clause:

For salaries of Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to Chili and Peru, at $10,000 each, $20,000.

For Ministers resident at Portugal, Switzerland, Greece, Belgium, Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Turkey, Ecuador, Colombia, Bolivia, Venezuela, Hawaiian Islands, and the Argentine Republic, at $7,500 each, $105,000.

Mr. Wallace. Mr. President, I shall endeavor to state as briefly as I can my views upon this subject. If I should prolong my remarks beyond the five minutes accorded me, I trust the Senator from California will permit me to go on.

I agree fully with Senators who have spoken on the subject, that bad customs ought to be abolished; and if the custom of making amendments which are to become general laws on appropriation bills has grown up in the Senate, it is time it should be abolished and I will go with the Senator in his movement in that direction. But, sir, this is not the time nor the occasion to correct that practice. These amendments affect the burdens of the people, and in my judgment the hour has come in which we must use law, practice, custom, and every other power that is given to us as a parliamentary body under the law of the country, to reduce and lessen those burdens. If a technical rule is in the way, and that rule has been ameliorated by practice and custom, we should stand by that practice and custom; for it is in a good cause—the cause of the people themselves. When the time comes to enact a rule or a statute that gives the form of legislation in the proper direction, I will go with the Senator; but now that the industries of the people are paralyzed, that the people are suffering, it is no time for the introduction of technicalities or persistent adherence to rules. We ought to follow practice in a good cause. The Senate cannot sustain itself against a just demand for retrenchment upon any such technical position. If it has been the practice of this body for sixteen years to reduce appropriations in appropriation bills over the law, then this is not the hour in which the Senate can sustain itself in the face of the country in retracing its steps upon that practice.

Mr. President, enough upon that subject. Let us take the bill as we find it, and see what it is. In justice to myself I must say that I was not with the committee who considered this bill. I was confined to my room and was unable to be with the committee, so that I did not aid in the consideration of it; but I take the bill as I find it, as it comes to the Senate from the House, and I see that it reduces the cost of the diplomatic service proper $168,500. How are these reductions made? By reducing four first-class missions from $17,500 to $14,000; by reducing the mission to Italy from $12,000 to $8,000; by reducing six other missions from $12,000 to $10,000; by consolidating the small missions to the South American States; by reducing the mission to the Hawaiian Islands from $7,500 to $3,500; by dropping Hayti, a $7,500 mission, and sending there a consul; by reducing the contingent expenses for foreign intercourse from $100,000 to $50,000. All of these the Senate committee restore, and ask that the bill thus amended and increased shall be placed upon the statute-book; that the $168,500 deducted by the House from the diplomatic service shall be restored in word and letter.

What are the reasons given for this? They are, first, because the law so provides. This is no good reason, as I have already said, under the existing condition of affairs. Second, because there has been no change in these figures for twenty years. The Senator from California is mistaken; the statutes show that he is mistaken. Compare 1870 with 1876, and you will demonstrate by facts, figures, and the law itself, that there have been increases and changes made. In 1870 there were appropriated for diplomatic salaries $357,850; in 1876 and by this bill there are appropriated for diplomatic salaries $391,500. There were appropriated in 1870 for contingent expenses $100,000, and there are appropriated now $100,000. Here is a difference as between 1870 and 1876; not years before the war, but between 1870, when expenses were higher and the cost of living greater than they are now; and the present time, of $33,650. How? Why? Germany and Russia, under statutes called appropriation bills, are increased from $12,000 to $17,500 each; Japan is increased from $7,500 to $12,000; the secretaries of legations and interpreters from $33,000 to $38,000. These increases are found in appropriation bills, and they are the growth of a system which inevitably presses itself forward and will not stop. Expenses grow imperceptibly. Senators know that as well as I. It is not necessary to stop to prove it. The power in control is unable to stop. The people alone can halt them. They grow under the hands of power, and those who rule cannot stop them if they would.

We receive twenty-two Ministers and we send abroad thirty-one. In the face of this is there no propriety in making changes or reductions? Is not the consolidation of missions wise? It is said it is against the interests of commerce. Let us take a specimen of the commerce affected by the very amendment pending, and see how that question is changed by our examination.

The President *pro tempore*. The Senator's time has expired.

Mr. Bayard. I ask that the time of the Senator from Pennsylvania be extended.

The President *pro tempore*. The Chair hears no objection.

Mr. Wallace. The Argentine Republic, which is a full mission at $7,500, was found in 1870 to have imports from us to the amount of $6,414,669. By the tables in 1875 she is found to have but $5,831,709, a positive decrease of more than half a million. It was less in 1874, for then they were but $4,537,000. In 1870 her domestic exports were $2,281,109; in 1875 they were $1,301,294. Here is a specimen of the growth of commerce in a mission which is restored, over the protest of the other branch of Congress, to the full amount of $7,500.

Take Peru. In 1870 here imports were $2,557,333; in 1875 they were $1,344,595; and from 1870 to 1875 there have been steady decreases. In 1870 her domestic exports were $3,677,262; in 1873, $2,443,857; and in 1874 there were $2,518,000. Yet Peru is restored as a full $10,000 mission. The bill as it came to the Senate consolidates Peru, a mission of $10,000, with Ecuador and Colombia at $7,500 each—$25,000 of expenditures are reduced to $6,500, and the Senate bill restores the full figures. Here is a difference of $18,500 placed upon this bill over the protest of the House, in the face of facts and figures that the commerce of the United States with those countries has in the past six years absolutely diminished. What vindication can there be in the face of these figures for the increase of these missions over the figures sent to us by the House of Representatives?

The mission to Switzerland, reduced to $5,500 by the House, is increased to $7,500; she sends her no Minister; her whole foreign policy as I find it written in 1872 costs her but about $42,000. Italy by this amended bill is restored to a full mission at $12,000, while the bill as it came to us gave but $8,000. Here is a difference of $4,000. If $8,000 in currency be sufficient for the salary of one of your Cabinet ministers, why is not $8,000 in gold enough to pay the salary of your Minister to Italy? I think the country will conclude as the House did upon that subject.

The service will not suffer. Good men are plenty who will take these missions; in the Republican party, even, they are without number. The true policy of the Government is not extravagance or display, but it is moderation and simplicity. When we vote large amounts of money those who have their expenditure will inevitably be extravagant; a man with a full pocket will spend more money than a man who has comparatively an empty one, to bring into this argument the homely doctrine of individual and every-day life, and that is the doctrine the House has applied here. They are the immediate representatives of the people; they hold the purse, and if their advice is not to be hearkened to on these questions, where shall we get advice?

Now we come to the consular system, for I have thus far confined myself exclusively to the diplomatic service. The bill as it came to us acted upon principle. I do not admit and I cannot agree to the proposition that the bill as it came from the House was a simple hewing and hacking and cutting without foresight or without thought. There is system in those reductions, and at the base of that system lies the idea that reduction of salaries, decrease of expenditures, a lessening of the burdens of the people are the pressing demands of the hour, and that we and they shall be faithless to our duty to the people if we do not lessen these expenses and reduce appropriations accordingly.

The principle upon which the bill as it came to us was based seems to be, first, reduction wherever compatible with the interests of the public service; second, no business, no consulate. Where there is no business to do, why should we have a consul with a large salary? Where there is a comparatively small amount of business, the House sends a consular agent with fees. Where there are but small amounts of business and the fees are trifling and you find, as in one case which the Senate committee has restored, a consulate with $2,000 and but $37 fees, is it wise to continue such a case and such a policy? As the bill came to us it left a consul at every port at which American vessels touch, some with salaries and some with fees. I aver that it is wrong to pay a two-thousand dollar salary per annum to a consul when the port returns us but $200 fees. Both economy and common sense dictate that there should be some change in such a policy and such a system. I quote now what the bill as it came to us effects:

"The salaries of forty-five consulates are abolished and the salaries of others are reduced. Three of the consulates whose salaries are abolished paid the consuls $3,500 each, or $10,500. The fees collected at these places for the year ending December 31, 1874, were only $1,159 29. The salaries paid exceeded the fees received by $9,340.71. One of the consulates abolished—Hakodadi, in Japan—paid its consul a salary of $2,500 per annum. The fees collected at this place for the year ending December 31, 1874, amounted to $303 06; loss to the Government $2,196. Seven other consulates were in class V, and paid each a salary of $2,000; total, $14,000. The whole amount of fees collected at these consulates for the year ending December 31, 1874, was $1,757.79; loss to the Government, $12,242.21. Eighteen other consulates belonged to class VI, and paid a salary of $1,500 each to the consuls; total cost to the Government, $12,000. These consulates, for the year ending June 30, 1875, paid fees to the amount of $1,605 03. The excess of salaries paid over fees received was $7,394.97. Sixteen of these consulates where salaries are abolished were in class VII, and paid salaries of $1,000 each, or $16,000 in all."

"The whole amount of fees collected at these consulates for the year ending June 30, 1875, was $3,245.60. The excess of salaries paid over fees received was $12,754.40."

"In all the consulates where salaries are abolished the fees collected were only $11,070 79, while the salaries paid were $58,000, showing an excess of $46,929.21 of amount of salaries paid over fees received."

The Senate bill restores all these, Hakodadi included, as I understand the Senator from California, [Mr. Sargent.] He says:

"The bill which I hold in my hand, as it passed the House of Representatives, appropriated $912,747.50. The Committee on Appropriations of the Senate have reported it back, with amendments, so that the amount is $1,341,647.50. The amount of appropriations last year was $1,374,985. That is to say, the bill which we now report to the Senate makes appropriations less than those made last year by $33,337.50. These additions made by the Senate committee to the House bill are strictly in accordance with the service of last year. There is not an instance where we have increased a salary or created an office. We have simply tried to preserve the integrity of the service for what we believe to be high public reasons. The reductions of $33,000 and over are from the causes which I will now state. Heretofore, and as the bill was passed by the House, the amanuensis of Mr. Schenck has been allowed $2,500 on account of the Minister's crippled arm. He being no longer Minister, that item is not necessary for next year."

We see from this that the bill as it came to us saved the people $462,233, as I believe without injuring the public service to the extent of one dollar. The Senate bill restores $428,901 thereof. It does not take one dollar off either the consular or diplomatic service proper, save Mr. Schenck's amanuensis, $2,500. Mr. Schenck having returned to the country, his amanuensis is not necessary. I speak, understand, of the consular and diplomatic service proper, not of those appropriations which come upon the bills as extraneous matter.

Now the reasons given for this restoration of $428,901 over the House appropriation bill are, first, the law. What law? The law that is written, says the Senator, upon the statute-book; but the law, as I read it, is not obeyed. Let us see, we take the Revised Statutes and read the law there, and then attempt to find what this bill does. I take the consul to London. I find the Revised Statutes give $7,500 salary, while this bill gives $6,000; to Paris $6,000, and this bill gives $6,000; to Melbourne, $4,000, and this bill gives $4,500; to Kanagawa, $3,000, and this bill gives $4,000; to Vienna, $3,000, and this bill gives $3,000; to Rome, $1,500, and this bill gives $3,000; to Mexico, $1,000, and this bill gives $2,000; to Liverpool, $7,500, and this bill gives $6,000.

These are enough, it seems to me, to show departure from the law as written. But, says the Senator, this is not the law as written. If it be not the law as written, then the doctrine that we can and may make changes of salaries in appropriation bills comes home to the Senator and the Senate as late as 1874; for I find in the appropriation bill of 1874 the only authority given for these changes in the amounts appropriated to three different consuls. The Revised Statutes gives the figures $7,500 for London, as an instance, while the appropriation bill of 1874 changes the law as found in the Revised Statutes, and reduces the consulate at London to $6,000, and the others that I have referred to follow in the same category. Here we bring the direct evidence, the clear proof, that the Senate committee has recognized the fact that changes can be made in appropriation bills affecting the public service. Here is a precedent that the Senate itself has made within two years; a precedent that it cannot violate in the present condition of the country.

The second reason given why these changes are made and the House bill is not permitted to exist as it was is, the necessities of commerce. Let us take some specimens on that subject, and see what the necessities of commerce are as affected by the Senate committee's amendments. The consul at Chin-Kiang, in China, is restored with a salary of $3,000. The fees shown by the report from official sources are $371.84. Ningpo is restored with a salary of $3,000, and the fees are $574.84. Swatow is restored with a salary of $3,500, and the fees are $316.84. Hakodadi is restored with a salary of $2,500, and the fees are $303.06. Odessa is restored with $2,000 salary, and fees are $189.85. Tamatave, in Madagascar, is restored with $2,000 salary, while the fees are $37.42.

These, it seems to me, are ample to show that a consular agent with fees is all that is required there, when they are taken in connection with the fact that from 1870 to 1876 at most of the points commerce has decreased and not increased, and when the tabular statements and returns from the official sources show that the fees are vastly less than the salaries voted. There is no prohibition, as I understand it, forbidding consular agents who have charge of our affairs, where they receive fees, from engaging in business, but the contrary. The action of the other branch of Congress upon this subject may be, harsh treatment to those who hold these sinecures; but is that any reason why we should not take a step in the direction of reduction of public expenditure; and it is only when, in taking care of the public purse we destroy the public service, that we must be held up to an appropriation heretofore provided for by law. Commerce will not suffer. Senators need not be alarmed upon that subject. Substituting consuls with fees for consuls with salaries is no new policy. Again I quote:

"There are now eighty-nine consuls of the United States in different parts of the world who receive no salaries, among the consul at Reims, in France, where the fees amount to $1,666.60; the consul at Brunswick, in Germany, whose fees amount to $2,498.25; the consul at Victoria, whose fees amount to $3,365.35, and many other places of equal importance. There are eighty-nine consuls who get no salary at this time, and only one hundred and eighty-eight consuls, consul-general, and vice-consuls who receive salaries. Yet there are three hundred and fifty-seven consular agencies whose agents get no salaries, except the fees collected up to $1,000. The fees collected above that sum are paid over to the consul, who retains $1,000 from all his agencies and pays the balance into the Treasury."

Our consular officers under the Senate bill will be:

Salaried consuls, &c., 184
Non-salaried consuls and consular agents, [illegible]

This as it stands under the law now in force. Under the House bill it will be as follows:

Salaried consuls, 148
Non-salaried consuls and consular agents, [illegible]

It is said that this service is not increasing in cost. Let us see. Let us take official figures as the test; and I am willing to stand or fall upon those official figures; not those before the war, but long since the war when exchange was higher, when the cost of living was higher than it is now. Consular salaries in 1870 were $414,800; in 1876 and under this bill, for this bill follows the estimates of the Department, they are $546,400, making the increase from 1870 to 1876 of $131,600.

The contingent expenses of consulates in 1870 were $83,000; they are now $131,850, making an increase of $28,850. This whole increase is alarming, and it calls for reduction. Appropriations, it is true, must be based on our own judgment, but also upon the necessities of the people, and not upon the estimates of the Departments or enactments made through appropriation laws of the past.

Let us examine this matter in detail and I have done. Leaving out of view everything but the diplomatic and consular service proper, we find that in 1870 the diplomatic salaries proper were $357,850. Under the Senate bill they are $391,500. Contingent expenses of foreign intercourse were $100,000 then, and they are $100,000 now. Consular salaries then were $414,800; to-day they are $546,400. Then the contingent expenses of consulates were $83 000, and now by this bill they are $131,850. So that from 1870 to this bill and to the appropriations of last year, we find that they have increased from $955,650 to $1,169,750, making an increase since 1870 of $214,100.

So too with your aggregate ordinary net expenses. In 1870 they were $164,000,000; in 1872 they were but $153,000,000; in 1876 they are $179,000,000. Can the Government not be conducted as cheaply now as it was in 1872? Is there any reason why $15,000,000 of increase in the net ordinary expenses of the Government shall be made and approved from 1870 to 1876? If it be good doctrine to maintain sinecure consulates, to continue increases in diplomatic intercourse, if it be to keep thirty-one Ministers abroad while we receive but twenty-two, if it be to maintain full missions where our commerce is decreasing—if that be the true policy of a suffering and plain people, then continue this policy. If it be not, let us hearken to the Representatives of that people when they send us their bills and reduce and retrench where we can.

It is said by a Senator that this increase is the result of the war. I say, on the contrary it is the result of demoralization among the people and extravagance in governmental expenditure. Is it not the resistless force of power and public patronage impelling forward those who are in control? Power inevitably gathers to itself more and more as it goes forward. It is so with those who control the governmental forces now. They cannot stop if they would. They are pressed forward by the resistless force of the power that they themselves possess. The House representing the people, the branch of Congress that is nearest the people, invite us to retrench, to lessen their burdens, and in this bill to lessen them $462,000. This is the invitation of the people themselves. Is it not based upon their necessities? Is it not our plain, clear, and manifest duty so to do?

AMERICAN WOMEN HAVE THE SMALLEST FEET.

I noticed that at Washington there is quite an excitement about the small feet of some of the fair sex. Now, I know the wife of one of our leading lawyers who has a foot to rival them, who wears a No. 1 boot and 12 slipper. It is perfect in shape, pronounced so in Europe and America, and the lady in question weighs 140 pounds.—When it was fashionable, a few years ago, to model beautiful feet, this lady's foot was modeled in London, and artists there said that only American women can boast of such beautiful feet. American ladies are justly celebrated for their small hands and feet.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

STRONG BEARD.—Three brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently went into the same barber's shop, and on the same day to be shaved—one in the morning, the other at noon, and the third at night. When the last one appeared, the barber, who was a German, dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Vell, dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw! I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash."

A CERTAIN man who lives within fifty miles of Boston has an impediment in his voice, and is otherwise not exactly like other men. He had the misfortune to lose his father, who was very rich. Soon after this sad event, the son was invited to a public dinner, and a friend, fearing that he would shock propriety by accepting the invitation, ventured to ask him if he really intended going, when his father had been dead only so short a time. "Why not?" replied the son; "I shall only eat the d—d dark meat."

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.—One of the down trains on the Berks County Railroad, near Stinesville, ran over and killed a woman's dog. She did not like it. For revenge she boiled several bucketfuls of soft soap, and one evening about dusk she walked up the rail-road bank, and lathered and soaped the tracks for a stretch of fifty yards. Then she stood and waited for the approaching passenger train. Finally the engine came thundering along, but the wheels commenced slipping and twisting at a fearful rate, and the woman jumped and screamed with delight. It was some time before the soaped train got under way.

A CLASS of ragged boys in a school had learned to answer the questions in the catechism by note. One day a stranger entered to examine them; but, unfortunately, the boy who was always at the head of the class was absent. The stranger asked: "Who made you?" And the boy being accustomed to answering the second question, answered: "The dust of the earth." "Oh, no!" was the remonstration; "God made you." "No," was the response, "the boy that God made isn't here."

"If there is anybody under the canister of Heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about like a boy-constrictor circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

"HASH COMMITTEE" is a recent boarding-house invention.

WIT AND HUMOR.

High colors—Those in the rainbow.

Trowsers obtained on credit are breeches of trust.

Is it right that "Lent lectures" should very often be composed of borrowed sermons?

A reporter once aptly called an unsuccessful printers' strike a "typographical error."

When a lady is proud of her small feet, hasn't she a limited understanding?

Why is a store that don't advertise like Enoch Arden? Because it "sees no sale from day to day."

"What's going on?" said a well known bore to Douglas Jerrold. "I am," was the reply, and on he went.

A man may be said to have been drinking like a fish when he finds that he has taken enough to make his head swim.

"What do you take for your cold?" said a lady to Mr. ——. "Four pocket handkerchiefs a day, madam," was the answer.

The revival feeling is spreading, but it hasn't yet got down deep enough to affect arrearages on the county newspaper books.

The bull-frog was the first circulating greenback, and the entire breed have been notorious inflationists ever since the flood.

"Button parties" are popular in the West. We don't know whence they derive their name, unless it is because they're always sure to come off.

A physician boasted at dinner that he cured his own hams, when one of his guests remarked: "Doctor, I'd sooner be your ham than your patient."

A Chester county paper says: "Going to market in Lent is very eggsighting." We have not found it particularly so over here.—*Norristown Herald.*

Chicago, ever fertile in novelties, has a new name for the barkeeper. He is now known as the "cock-tail architect."

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a gentleman in search of a house.—"It ought to be," was the reply; "the painter gave it two coats recently."

Wheat is four feet high in Texas. They have tarantulas in Florida, oranges in California, and influenza in Boston. Come, gentle Spring.

"THAT was very greedy of you, Tommy, to take your little sister's share of cake." "You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

The largest feet known to history must be those of the Maryland editor who writes: "We black our boots with 15,000,000 boxes of domestic blacking a year."

Much of the religion in the world is like a life preserver, only put on at the moment of extreme danger, and then half put on hind side before.

Wanted—A cover for bare suspicion, a veil for the face of nature, buttons for the breaches of privileges, binding for a volume of smoke, cement for broken engagements.

There is a woman in Jersey so economical that the other night, while her husband was abed, she turned and made over his last pair of pantaloons for one of the children.

It is not strange that a person by the name of Winslow should obtain wealth surreptitiously, though the fact is not soothing to financial sufferers.

Ex-Treasurer Spinner has considerably improved in health since his visit to Florida; but his signature is still suffering from a frightful attack of delirium tremens.

When you hear of a man's owning a hundred thousand dollar house on Brooklyn Heights, don't it strike you as being a rather Height-owned place of residence?

Many a man who would roll up his eyes in terror at the idea of stealing a nickel, will swoop down on a silk umbrella worth ten dollars and march off with his lips moving peacefully as if in prayer.

John A. Logan said the other day in the Senate, that "he had no friends in the whisky frauds." When Dan Munn read the report, he burst into tears and said: "D—d if everybody hasn't gone back on me."

Maggie Mitchell was interviewed by a Wilmington reporter, who attempted to arrive at her approximate age by asking her how long she has been upon the stage. "Ever since I can remember," she responded diplomatically.

The following advertisement, taken from a late London Journal, illustrates the change that is gradually taking place, in social ideas: "Three ladies help wanted, as cook, housemaid, and nurse; private family; no servants kept."

Here is the model verdict of a coroner's jury: "We do believe, after due inquiries, and according to our best knowledge, that we do not know how, when and where said infant came to its death."

A Denver paper says that an Indian chief left his squaw in a saloon there, the other day, as security for the payment of a whisky bill. Probably one of the Pawnee tribe.

A pious father entered a saloon with a horse-whip one night last week, and found his son playing euchre. He tanned the young man's jacket and sent him home, and then sat down and finished the game himself.

"My boy, tell me what you know about "rattan!" said the Committeeman. "It is sometimes called the 'Calamus Rottang;' comes from Penang, Samarang, and Padang, and is used by the master in this school too dang often."

The spirits materialized George Washington at a seance in Indiana the other day, and when one of the spectators asked him whether he was really the great hatcheter, our first President replied, "Dot ish der kind of Hans ich am."

Mary:—I say, Mrs. McCarthy, this 'ere's a very bad cabbage." Mrs. M.:—"Shure now, and is it, honey? Then pick another. Bless yer, young cabbage is like sweet-hearts; you must thry half-a-dozen 'fore ye gets a good wan."

A young Shell Rock (Iowa) man who recently started out for the Black Hills, writes back to his friends that it's a perfect earthly paradise out there, and he's delighted with it. He also asks them to please loan him twenty-five dollars to come home with.

An Indianapolis father was awakened by what he thought was a burglar, the other night. He emptied all the chambers of his six-shooter at the intruder, and when the noise of the firing ceased, he heard a well-known voice quietly ask, [illegible]

At the close of a tavern dinner two of the company fell down stairs, the one tumbling to the first landing place and the other rolling to the bottom. Some one remarked that the first seemed drunk. "Yes," observed the wag, "but he is not so far gone as the other gentleman below."

Mr. Buckle states that human nature has changed very little in the past three thousand years, but we do not remember any record of a Roman Senator trying to account to his wife for a light deposit of pearl powder on the left shoulder of his toga on the ground that he had been playing checkers in a grist mill.

The following epitaph is from a tombstone in Indiana:

Under This Sod our Babie Lies,
It neither cries nor Hollers,
It Lived Just twenty 1 Days,
And cost us $40.

Four burglars stole $1,000 of a widow in Oakland Cal., the other night, and her son-in-law shot two of them, captured a third, and recovered all of the money. [illegible] thought the money had better remain in the family.

OHM & Co.
NKS,
RAVELING BAGS,
VALISES, &c.
NCH KID BUTTON BOOTS
FRENCH CALF BOOTS,
ES' CURACOA KID,
OROCAS, and
NO KID, FOXED,
UTTON and LACED BOOTS
HEAVY SHOES,
UCKLE PLOW SHOES,
ROGANS, for Farmers,
her with a full line of
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ILDREN'S
BOYS, and YOUTHS' SHOES
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IELD. WALTER T.
O. A. BERNARD.
ELD & BAIRD,
AND SILVERSMITHS
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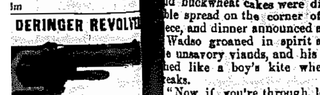
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AMERICAN

JOHN B. BRATTON, } EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY. MAY 4, 1876.

JOHN B. BRATTON

Office—South Market Square, Carlisle, Pa.

TERMS:—Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, if not paid in advance.

No subscriptions discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

A failure to direct a discontinuance at the expiration of the period subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—One square, one insertion one dollar, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A reasonable reduction made on large advertisements.

POETICAL.

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY DAVID BATES.

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—Let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPRING HOUSECLEANING.

Simon Wadso, returning home with his arms full of groceries and his mind full of contentment at the prospect of a well-served dinner and a quiet, cosy evening in the bosom of his family, found his programme, on arrival at his house, upset, and the prospect of a quiet evening as badly shattered as a looking glass which a cannon-ball has passed through. Instead of a waiting wife and dinner, a carpetless floor, soft soap puddles, and the furniture stacked in pyramids, greeted him.

"Has there been a fire?" he meekly inquired of the servant as he deposited his parcels in the coal scuttle, which had been converted into a corner ornament for the mantlepiece.

"No, sir," replied the usually neat girl, who appeared to be in an awful state of rags and soap-suds.

"Visited by an earthquake?" he calmly asked, lifting a bar of soap, a loaf of bread, and a wet dishcloth off the crown of his best silk hat, and smoothing it on his coat sleeve.

"Sure the missus is housecleaning, sur," observed the help, waving a dripping scrubbing brush madly to and fro on the door.

The wife of his bosom entered at that moment disguised with a patch of stove-black on her fair cheek, her nose fiery red from the cold, a pillow-case worn as a turban, a badly torn dress festooned about her, and her feet encased in a pair of Wadso's arctic overshoes.

"Good gracious! Maria, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, glancing from his badly damaged hat to his disreputable-looking matrimonial partner.

"Why, I'm Spring housecleaning, and have got all the carpets up and out in the back yard for you to beat this evening," she replied in an exultant voice, "and I'm so glad you're back to help Anne and me move the stove."

"Don't you think, love," he said gloomily, "it would be better to hire a man to come in the morning and beat them.——"

"Nonsense, I won't have a strange man here. You can just as well shake them as not," she interrupted, briskly brushing his eighteen dollar seal-skin gloves off the top of the sewing-machine into a soft soap puddle.

"When will dinner be ready?" he asked despondently, as he rescued his gauntlets and wiped them dry with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh, I had to let the fire out to black the range. If you're hungry, I'll get you something to eat," she replied, leading the way to the kitchen, where, having fished up an ironing blanket, the family cat, a sun-bonnet and some clothes-pins out of the wash-boiler, a week-old mutton-bone and some old buckwheat cakes were discovered, the table spread on the corner of the mantlepiece, and dinner announced as ready.

Wadso groaned in spirit at the sight of the unsavory viands, and his appetite vanished like a boy's kite when the string breaks.

"Now, if you're through, let's move the stove," said Mrs. W., after allowing him seventeen seconds to worry the mutton-bone.

Wadso rolled up his sleeves, mounted the kitchen table, gave a wrench at the pipe hard enough to haul an anchor out of the mud. The next moment the table had turned a back somersault, he had peeled the skin of his shins and knuckles by falling over the stove, and his wife was stamping around, with tears in her eyes and about a peck of soot poured over her face.

"There! I knew you'd do it," screamed Mrs. W., looking as if she was blacked for

I—I'm dr-drowned!" gasped Wadso, wringing the water out of his hair, eyes and shirt.

"It serves you right! Look at the mess you've made!" snapped Mrs. W., as she bobbed around in her night-clothes to pick up her flopping fish and put them in a basin.

Wadso having got on his feet again, was about to reply, when he beheld the partner of his joys and sorrows suddenly drop the basin, kick out like a mule, and prance around the room on one foot, like a dancing dervish, finally collapsing in a groaning, moaning, sobbing, hysterical heap of bare feet, agony and sleeping raiment.

"Cramps, eh?" he inquired, solicitously, as he wiped his neck dry with the corner of the counterpane.

"Much y-you care!" she sobbed, nursing her foot, after having extracted a full grown, well developed tack she had stepped on.

"I'd sooner have the darned house burnt down than the way it is," growled Wadso, as he turned the gas out and himself into bed.

*   *   *   *   *   *

"I wish you'd carry that clock down to the parlor," said Mrs. W., next morning, as he was about descending to the breakfast table.

Wadso took the clock in his arms, and preceded her, treading carefully down the stairs. He chanced to step on a piece of soap, forgotten while scrubbing the day before, and after trying to kick the ceiling over his head and failed, his feet flew out and he slid down the remainder of the fight with a velocity that threatened to carry him through the hall door at the foot, the old clock bounding after and striking him in the back of the head every second stair hard enough to loosen his back teeth.

Mrs. W. sat down on the top and began to cry, thinking he was killed; but he arose after a minute, shook his fist at her and said:

"If you don't stop this darned house-cleaning business right away, I'll get a divorce."

He took his hat off the rack, jammed it over his eyes, went out, slammed the door after him, when his next door neighbor met him and said pleasantly.

"Ah! Wadso, good morning."

"Go 'way from me," he replied, "or I'll mash you into a million pieces."

A BURGLAR'S REVENGE.

A RELEASED FELON SLAYS THE JUDGE WHO SENTENCED HIM.

At an early hour on the 27th of May, 1857, the screams of a woman issuing from an upper chamber of the residence of Judge DeWitt Nelson, on Albert street, St. John's, Newfoundland, called the attention of the people of the neighborhood to a sight that few could look upon without a shudder.

The screams were uttered by Mrs. Nelson, and they were caused by her awakening from a sound sleep, to find her person reeking with the life-blood of her murdered husband. A strong smell of chloroform pervaded the room, and gave evidence that the murder had been deeply planned. The death blow had been dealt by a huge bowie knife, the blade of which still remained wedged to the hilt in the bosom of the victim.

It was broad daylight when Mrs. Nelson awoke, and the glare of a bright sun, through the half-closed window blinds, brought out every object in the room with vivid distinctness. The first visitors to arrive hastened directly to the chamber of blood, under the leadership of the servants of the house. They found Mrs. Nelson suffused in tears, and unable to speak a syllable. She could only point to the blood-stained corpse on the bed, and then she fell to the floor in a fainting fit, from which she did not for some time recover.

A posse of police, under command of Sergeant McDonald, were soon on the ground, in response to a summons sent to the nearest police station, and they at once took possession of the premises, and forbade any of the occupants leaving until the Coroner's inquest had been held. The inquest took place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. The first witnesses were the neighbors who had been attracted to the scene by the cries of Mrs. Nelson. They simply testified to that fact, and to what they beheld on entering the chamber of the murdered judge.

Mrs. Nelson, after being duly sworn, said that she had retired to bed at 9 o'clock on the evening preceding the murder, and had been followed by her husband in about two hours' time, he having spent the intervening interval in reading in his library. She was awake when her husband came to bed, but soon afterward dropped off into a slumber that continued until the early morning. When she awoke it was to find herself in the presence of the dead, and her terror at the horrible sight had found vent in the cries that had aroused the neighborhood.

Following Mrs. Nelson's testimony, the servants were heard, one by one, until all had been examined save one. This was an English sewing maid, who had been employed by Mrs. Nelson but a week before to do some light needle work. Her name was Caroline Travers, and she was about twenty-four years of age. Her form was perfect, her face a handsome one, and in manner she was reserved. Indeed, her reticence had been remarked by all about the house from the hour of her engagement, and her mistress had come to the conclusion before she had been employed forty-eight hours that the mind of her maid was pre-occupied with thoughts about some great secret of the past or project of the future.

When it came the turn of Caroline Travers to be examined she asked to be questioned elsewhere than in the room where lay the corpse. She was asked her reason for making this request, and she stated that she had inherited from her mother, who had witnessed, while approaching confine-

that Jack Bayliss had been arrested, and had made a confession implicating her in the murder. The story was false, but it served the purpose. The woman, frightened at the mention of the name, and not knowing how her guards could have come into possession of it, if their story of the confession was untrue, volunteered at once to tell all she knew of the affair. It proved enough.

She stated that Jack Bayliss was an English burglar, with whom she had become acquainted eight years before in London, she being at that time a member of the demi-monde. He had become deeply enamored of her, and had taken her as his mistress. He had always treated her kindly, and she had loved him in return. In 1851 they had removed to St. John's, and a few months after their arrival Bayliss was arrested and convicted of robbery on the perjured testimony of the real criminal. He had no lawyer, and his bad character outweighed any words he could utter in his defense. Judge DeWitt Nelson, who presided at the trial, sentenced him, with undue haste, to five years imprisonment, and upon leaving the prisoner's bench the convicted felon had vowed to be revenged.

He had served his time, and upon his release, in April, 1857, had joined his mistress, who, during the long period of his trial and imprisonment, had remained true to him, and earned her living with her needle. Upon rejoining her he had ordered her to obtain work at the house of Judge Nelson. Her character being unknown, she had easily done so, and on the night of the murder she had, after midnight, piloted the burglar to the chamber of his victim, and assisted him to leave the house unnoticed after the crime had been committed.

This confession proved the death of Caroline Travers. She was tried and convicted, and was hanged on the following September. Bayliss had fled the country on hearing of her arrest at the inquest, and he was never again heard of by the authorities of St. John.

A TRUE BOY STORY.

Many years ago, a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Mass., while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew of a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his store.

At first the gentleman could think of no one, for he knew none but a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant. At length, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in his neighborhood, but feared he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position. But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman a dollar with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by stage, and requested him to send the lad to the city, and if on a personal interview all should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back home again.

The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents, and stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave the dollar which was sent to pay his fare to Boston, and departed.

Under similar circumstances ninety-nine out of every hundred boys would have said, "now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in a stage. Oh there will be so much to see, and it will be such a long ride and here is the money to pay my fare." Not so with this boy. Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself, "This is the first dollar I ever had; how I wish I could save it. It is only twenty-five miles to Boston. I can walk there in a day. I'll do it, and save my dollar.

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early the next morning the little fellow parted with his parents at the door of their humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached, tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He soon found the merchant, who sternly asked, "Where have you been all day? The stage came in two hours ago." The boy thought he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast head and tremulous voice he answered, "I did not come on the stage, sir." "Did not come on the stage! What do you mean? Didn't I send money to pay your fare?"

The boy thought it was all up with him sure, and amid gathering tears he managed to reply, "I'm sorry, sir—I did not mean to offend you. I thought I would walk and save the dollar. I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently upon the boy's head, the merchant replied: "My little man you did exactly right. Come home with me and get some supper." Then turning to a by-stander he remarked, "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this boy, to-day."

The boy has grown to manhood and has since become widely known in business circles. He is now the owner of the extensive mills at Methuen, the Pemberton mills at Lawrence, a banking house in Boston, and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts.

THE DYING MODEL.

[Paris Letter to New York Post.]

I was told this morning a very touching story, which may illustrate one side of Paris and will possibly affect many a reader who has himself seen something of art life in the great Babylon. A young American artist of much talent has been for some months preparing a picture entitled "Charlotte Corday on the Eve of Her Execution," purposing to send it to the Centennial Exhibition. As he is most thoroughly conscientious and pains-taking, he has labored earnestly with models. It is scarcely necessary to say that he had much difficulty in finding one who suited him in every particular. When he did find her he learned that she was the good daughter of pious parents, and had adopted this curious pro-

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Mark Twain contributes the following to Tom Hood's *Annual*:

The only merit I claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral on the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to carry favor with the religious element.

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City (Nevada) *Daily Enterprise* they promoted me to be editor-in-chief, and I lasted just a week by the watch. But, I made an uncommonly lively paper while it did last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands and three-horse whippings promised me.

The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former. It was the old "flush times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all slights and insults had to be atoned for with the best article of blood your system could furnish. In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, the editor of a rival paper. He flew up about some little trifle or other that I said about him—I do not remember now what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or a body-snatcher, or an idiot, or something like that; I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I couldn't fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended and replied vigorously in his paper. Vigorously means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Dueling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and very few gentlemen would throw away the opportunity of fighting one. To kill one man in a duel caused a man to be even more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, out there if you abuse a man and that man did not like it, you had to call him out and kill him, otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and implacable manner. And then I sat down and snuffed and snuffed till the answer came. All the boys—the editors—were in the office "helping" me in the dismal business, and telling about duels and discussing the code with a lot of aged ruffians, who had experience in such matters, and altogether there was a loving interest taken in the matter that made me unspeakably uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another, and another, and the more he did not want to fight the more bloodthirsty I became. But at last the man's tone began to change. He appeared to be waking up. It was becoming apparent that he wanted to fight me after all. I ought to have known how it would be—he was a man who could never be depended upon. Our boys were jubilant. I was not, though I tried hard to be.

It was now time to go out and practice. It was the custom there to fight duels with navy six shooters at fifteen paces—load and empty till the game for the funeral was secure. We went to a little ravine just out of town, and borrowed a barn-door for a target—borrowed it from a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn-door up, and stood a rail on end against the middle of it to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel; nothing but a line-shot could fetch him, and even then he might split your bullet. Exaggeration aside, the rail was, of course, a little too thin to represent the body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head it was in favor of the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced at the barn-door, and could not hit it; and I practiced at the rail and could not hit that, and I tried for the squash, and could not hit that. I would have been entirely disheartened, but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys, and that gave me hope.

At last we began to hear pistol shots near by—in the next ravine. We knew what that meant! The other party were out practicing too. Then I was in the last degree distressed, for of course they would hear our shots, and then send over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn-door without a wound or mark, and that would simply be an end to me; for, of course, the other man would immediately become as bloodthirsty as I was.

Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by, and lit on a bush about thirty paces away, and my little second, Steve Gills, who was a dead shot with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched out his revolver and shot the bird's head off! We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just at this moment, some of the other duelists came reconnoitering over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was, and when they saw the bird Lord's second said:

"That was a splendid shot. How far off was it?"

Steve said with some indifference.

"O! no great distance; about thirty paces."

"Thirty paces! Heaven's alive! Who did it?"

"My man—Twain."

"The mischief he did! Can he do it often?"

"Well, yes; he can do it about four times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I never said anything. I never told him so. He was not of a disposition to invite confidence of that kind, so I left the matter rest. But, it was a comfort to see those people look sick, and see their jaws drop, when Steve made that statement. They went off and got Lord and took him home; when we got home, half an hour later, there was a note saying that Mr. Lord preemptorily declined to fight.

We found out afterward that Lord hit

AFTER YEARS.

Where once we walked together
I walked again to-day,
And a shadowy form beside me
Went with me all the way;
A hand that was white and slender
Held mine in close embrace,
And eyes that were true and tender
Were lifted to my face.
Yet mine were the only footsteps
That rustled in the leaves,
For the other form was airy
As the mist that twilight weaves,
And never a word was spoken,
And never a whisper heard,
But a thrill, like a strain of music,
Through all my being stirred;
And, down in my heart, an echo
Went singing to and fro,
And the words it breathed had in them
A tone of the Long Ago—
Of a time when the summer sunset
Empurpled all the land,
And adown the shady vistas
We wandered, hand in hand,
With never a thought of sorrow
And never a dream of fears.
Ah! little we guessed the burden
Of all the coming years;
Or that, over mystic river,
I should stretch my empty hands,
And only the waves could answer
As they whispered to the sands.
But at last, from out the silence,
I have now a sweet reply;
When the sunset gold and crimson
Fades from out the western sky,
Then a Presence walks beside me,
And a voice within my heart
Murmurs: "They who love so truly
Even that River cannot part."

THE CAPTORS OF ANDRE.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Who will go next? The critical industry of students has robbed us of our beautiful Pocahontas, and dimmed the bright fame of Captain John Smith. And now the three illustrious "militia men" who captured Major John Andre, and frustrated the treason of Arnold, are threatened. It is said they were marauders, who refused Major Andre's gold only because they expected to get more for taking him than for letting him go. After a long examination of this case, I hold fast to the immortal three. I still believe in the honor and patriotism of John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart and David Williams.

The lower half of Westchester county, during most of the Revolutionary war, was a kind of neutral ground since it was situated between the British lines and the American. Neutral ground, in war time, generally means that a portion of the country which is warred upon and plundered by both parties. Owing to its nearness to New York, and to its being the residence of half a dozen very rich proprietors, this country was better cultivated, and its habitations were larger, more numerous and better furnished than, perhaps, any other part of America; and, consequently, it presented an inviting field for scouting. A majority of its inhabitants, too, were Tories, and the plunder of a Tory's house and farm was not likely to be considered a very heinous offense, unless the commander of the American lines happened to be a good soldier, as well as a gentleman.

On the other hand, bands of Tories frequently traversed the country, making reprisals upon the Whig farmers, driving away their cattle, and spoiling their crops. The Tory scouters passed by the name of Cow Boys, from their practice of driving off the cattle of Whig farmers to New York; while the Whig plunderers were called Skinners, from their habit of taking everything they found upon their victims, particularly the scarcer articles of his attire, even to his boots and shirt. Each party, in fact, stole what it wanted most. The British party wanted meat; the American wanted everything except meat.

As the war went on the state of things grew worse, until the farms were generally abandoned, the best families moved away, and the people remaining were much demoralized. The soldiers of the army did not escape corruption, nor even officers of considerable rank. When General Burr took command of the lines at White Plains in January, 1779, he found a scouting party of a hundred and fifty men, under the command of a colonel, just setting out for New Rochelle, "to watch," as they said, "the enemy's movements." The new commander, unwilling to begin his term of service by issuing a disagreeable order, let the party go, but enjoined upon the officers to respect the property of friend and foe. Next morning, to the wonder and disgust of Burr, the troops returned loaded with plunder, and, an hour after, the farmers begun to come in, protesting that they were good Whigs, and begging the restoration of their property.

Colonel Burr was one of the most vigilant of officers, and he succeeded in putting a stop to this system; but, in doing so, he made such exertions, by night and day, that his health, impaired by former hard service, completely broke down, and he was obliged to resign his commission and he remained an invalid for eighteen months. After he left the post, the country became again a scene of plunder and desolation, and such was its condition when Major Andre was to pass over it in September 1780.

At that time the American headquarters were at the village of North Castle, six miles north of White Plains, and thirty-three miles north of the city of New York—Colonel Jameson in command. For four days there had been lounging about the camp a tall, alert countryman, aged twenty-one, who had been much concerned in scouting during the war. Twice he had been taken prisoner, and confined in New York, and twice escaped to resume his scouting. He had been back from New York only four days, and he still wore a regimental coat which he had picked up in

"There comes a trader goi
York," said one of the card pla
"There comes a gentleman-li
man," said another, speaking t
who was decidedly the leader o
and the only one of them who
"He appears to be well dress
boots on. You had better step
him, if you don't know him."
As Andre had quickened his
soon up with them, and all thre
themselves in the road with the
He reined up his horse, and sai
"My lads, I hope you bel
party!"
"Which party do you mean?
of the scouters.
"The lower party," was his r
"We are of the lower party,"
the men.
"Thank God!" exclaimed
am once more among friends;"
said these words, he glanced a
uniform coat which Paulding w
"I am glad to see you," conti
"I am a British officer out in t
on particular business, and I hop
detain me a minute."
By way of proving the truth c
he took out his gold watch, an
seldom possessed by American
"You are our prisoner," said
"We are Americans, and you
mont."
Upon hearing this he laugh
sumed an air of unconcern.
"My God!" he said, still
laugh, "I must do anything to
As he said these words he pr
pass which General Arnold had
Paulding looked at it, but remen
frankness of Andre's first avowal
"Confound Arnold's pass!"
Paulding always said, afterwa
Andre had shown Arnold's pa
should have let him go. They
him aside to an immense tree,
feet in diameter, long a landma
region, and under its shadow the
search him.
"My lads," said he, "you wil
selves into trouble."
Garment by garment, his clo
taken off, but nothing was foun
of his boots had been drawn off,
evident that something was conce
sole of the foot, inside the silk st
"Here it is," cried Paulding.
The stockings were instantly
and several half sheets of paper
in each.
Then it was that Andre offe
them a sum of money (variously
a hundred to a thousand guine
would conduct him safely to t
river. Paulding swore he would
him for ten thousand guineas, an
veyed him to Colonel Jameson
Castle, whence they had started
fore.
This is the substance of the s
lated by the three men, as believ
eral Washington, and by the
country at the time. We were a
ject it on the authority of two o
heard Major Andre's version of
which was, that the three men
bers, who took from him his mo
two watches, and would gladly
ducted him to New York, if he
secured to them the payment of
ised sum without their entering
lines. I cannot reckon this testi
much value, for, in the first plac
ond-hand testimony; and, in the
Andre was laboring at the time
most intense excitement. He w
tive, nervous man, "great drops
as an eye-witness records, rolle
face on that fatal morning.
Against the impressions of M
we have, first, the deliberate ju
General Washington, after a mo
consideration of the case; sec
verdict of Congress in rewardin
with medals and pensions of tw
dollars each; thirdly, the high
borne by the three men during
their lives. Paulding died in
fifty-nine; Williams in 1831, age
eight; Van Wart in 1828, aged
highly respected in their native c
were followed to the grave by a
of their fellow citizens, and the
honored by a public monument.
Many of their descendants a
tions are still living in Westches
with two of whom I was once we
ed, and was familiar also with
and reputations of many others.
the last people in the world
could believe to be descended fro
robbers. I give up Pocahontas;
John Smith; but I hold fast to
militia men," even though they
militia men.—*Ledger*.

A GILDED STATUE OF ALBERT.

It is a curious coincidence (s
don letter) that at the same tim
question of calling the Queen E
under discussion, there should
unfolded in Kensington Garde
golden idol, sitting like a Hindo
golden temple. This is anothe
the Queen,—a statue of Princ
gilt all over, as the centre-piece
tering,—at any rate it once
Memorial to the "Great and Go
impossible for almost any langu
vey an adequate idea of the unpl
grotesque effect of this preposter
When the sun shines on it, as it c
no one could look at it without
You see only a confused flash c
yellow light, and can distinguis
the features nor even the attitude
ure distinctly. The statue is in
posture, one leg stuck out before
and, as it is perched very high,
duces rather an awkward effect fr
When the figure was seen in its
bronze, this was not so perceptibl
was a certain amount of rich shad
guise and modify it; but now that

American Volunteer.

PROPRIETOR. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1876. VOL. 62—NO. 49.

ADVERTISING RATES

Transient advertisements from 1 to 6 weeks, $1.00 per inch, first insertion—50 cents each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements from 6 to 12 weeks, reduction of 20 per cent.

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	¼ c.	½ c.	1 c.
3 mos.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 year.	10.00	[illegible]	20.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

For Executors' and Administrators' Notices, $4 00
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For yearly Cards, not exceeding six lines, 7 00
Announcements and Special Notices, 10 cts. per line.
Notices of Marriages and Deaths published free.
Obituary Notices, 5 cts. per line.

... Tom was first mate of his ship, ... was a success, Tom was a gentleman, ... above all things, Tom was coming ...

... everyone watches in vain, though ... not always be looking in the right ... It was so with the widow. As ... one day with straining eye gazing ... off sunlit sails, and seeing how some ... hovered nearer and nearer, and alas! took wing farther and farther ... the doorway darkened suddenly: ... came running upon her, as if dropped ... the clouds, a plump, dark-eyed, rosy ... lady, who flung herself into the ... of the watcher, with a cry of joy. ... mother! she exclaimed, half sobbing ... laughing—"oh mother! dont you ... ? Why, I'm Tom's wife, and I've ... the captain with me!"

... ther," said Captain Tom, that night, ... seen better days, perhaps, but I ... ave."

... didn't I tell you," said Mrs. Tom, ... "that I was in love with Tom? ... her owns half his ship, you know; ... m's captain, I'm second mate, you ... and we are going to take you away ... we found our better days."

A DETECTIVE BADLY SOLD.

... was the wording of a telegram I re... one night last winter:

"... ette will be on board the 7.30 mail ... Follow him to Liverpool. Will ... there. Look sharp!

"CATHCART."

... sitting in my little snuggery back ... ice, before a blazing grate, with my ... slippers, and my body in a warm ... gown, ... a mug of hot punch and a cold ... on the table beside me, along ... uncut novel, and a genuine Ha... ... which I intended to regale my... ...

... though I had a very strong antic... ... Joriette, it must be confessed ... altogether too comfortably situ... ... going out that dismally dirty ...

... legram was from my chief, who, I ... well say, was a detective, and I ... that thankless and precarious ... for several years. People ... very successful in working up ... but I was never quite satis... myself. I wonder if any man ...

... ed one. He had finished his pie, and was picking his teeth with a quill, and furtively regarding his boots, which, by a peculiar tightness of look, I judged were new ones. Occasionally he felt of them, as if, perhaps, his corns were pinched, and once I was sure he muttered something like an oath, as he rubbed his long white fingers over the locality of his great toe.

There was nothing to be done with him until we reached Liverpool, unless he attempted to leave the train, so I might as well cultivate the acquaintance of my pretty little seat-mate.

She was somewhat shy, but after a while I managed to overcome her reserve, and we chatted pleasantly like old friends.

She had not been much from home, and was a little timid about traveling alone. She started nervously every time the car gave a lurch, and I deemed it my duty to put my arm around the back of the seat to calm her fears.

She had such a horror of railway accidents, she said, and her Aunt Jane had predicted, before she left home, that something dreadful was going to happen to her, and then she lifted her large, melting eyes to my face, and I drew the arm down from the seat, and let it rest on her shoulder. Men are the natural protectors of women, you know.

We talked on various subjects. My sweet companion was very well informed, and her language was simple and well chosen. Before I was hardly aware of it I had told her that I was a detective, and that I was making this journey expressly to help capture Joriette.

She shuddered, and drew a little nearer to me.

"Dear me!" she said, nervously, "it must be dangerous business. This Joriette I have heard is a desperate character. Pray, oh, do pray be careful!"

As she dropped her voice so near to a whisper, and threw so much expression into her beautiful eyes, that I could not resist tenderly pressing the white hand so near my own, and whispered, I am afraid, something that would look absurd on paper.

That was a very delightful trip to me, and I think it must have been not altogether unpleasant to the young lady, for her cheeks were red and her eyes bright as we approached the terminus. She was going to visit her sister, who lived two or three miles inland from Liverpool, so she had to leave me before my journey was ended.

The train only halted for a moment, but I managed to press a warm kiss on her lips, and to beg her to give me her address, that I might call upon her.

She smiled archly up into my face.

...

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

... ment, and became its Moses. Public opinion drifted to him as the man for the times, although politicians had not intended him as a candidate for the Presidency in 1860. But sentiment settled to him because it was to be so, and he was elected.

The first we knew of Lincoln he stood before us. This was in 1860, when we were a boy, fresh from the apprentice room of life. Douglas was our beau ideal. We had met him at his home. He had spoken kindly to us. His beautiful wife, at their home in Washington, had complimented a bold act of ours that had come to her notice. She told us kindly of her husband's good qualities that we thought he must be a great man at heart who could win and hold the deep, trusting love of so beautiful a woman.

In the study of Douglas for four years—in the study of his work, and in the effort to understand the principles of Democracy or popular sovereignty he so ably advocated, we lost sight of many of his political opponents. When we saw Lincoln he stood like a giant in the path we had marked for our Douglas to walk.

From first to last Lincoln was surrounded by bad men. His worst adviser was Seward, who was a cold, cynical, selfish, narrow-minded demagogue in whose soul the sentiment of compassion did not exist. This man, with his keen, cowardly, calculating intellect, was death to the noble impulses of Lincoln. Edwin M. Stanton was another bad, fiendish adviser. Others whom politicians placed around Lincoln were really his enemies because they were ever at war upon the prompting of his humane nature. He would have settled the question of war years before it was settled but for those cold-blooded vampires who, to gratify self, forget that others were human.

Another of the characters of the war time was a wild, dashing, hare-brained young man named John Wilkes Booth. From his father he inherited a certain taint of frenzy under excitement that was cousin germain to insanity. This Booth was a reckless, handsome fellow, whose delight was to dress well, feed upon female hearts and in mimicry mouth the utterances of men of creative genius. His blood was hot and passion quick to kindle. In his loves and friendships he was erratic and peculiar. He did not try to study himself and grew up wild and tumultuous.

Among the chosen friends of his boyhood was a dashing, chivalrous young man named John Y. Beal, whose home was in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, not far from Winchester, as we know from having been there. Damon and Pythias were not more attached to each other than were Booth and Beal. They rode, walked, dined, drank and intrigued together. Beal was Southern in his sympathy, and was to a certain ex...

...

Pomeroy's Democrat.

CAUSE OF BUCHANAN'S CELIBACY.

"In an elegant ...

...

THE FIRST VIOLET.

...

STORY OF AN IRISH GIRL.

...

HOW THE LADIES FISH.

...

... book and disappears between two logs into the water and the girls try for another bite.

But the sun comes down and fries the backs of their necks, and they get no more bites but fly bites, and they get three headaches in the party and they all get cross and scold at the fish like so many magpies. If any unwary chub dares show himself in the water they poke at him with their poles much to his disgust. Finally they get mad all over and throw their poles away, hunt up the lunch baskets, climb up into the woods, where they sit around on the grass and caterpillars, and eat enough of dried beef and rusk and hard boiled eggs to give a wood horse the nightmare; after which they compare notes about their beaux until sundown, when they go home and plant envy in the hearts of all their muslin delaine friends by telling what "just a splendid time" they had.

FASHION NOTES.

The latest trimming is fly fringe.

Steeple-top parasols are fashionable.

The newest galloon is the feather-edged.

Shawls of all kinds are very fashionable.

Inlaid buttons for dresses are late novelties.

Ties made of silk thread in large, square meshes, with fringed ends, are fashionable.

Striped cambric for the skirt, with checked for the polonaise, make very effective suits.

Gray and blue and light and dark brown are the favorite combinations for children's suits.

The apron overskirt, with long bows and ends in the back, is still seen at some of the openings.

The fashionable skirt trimming is not deeper than ten inches above the bottom of the dress.

...

THE YEARS OF THE SEVERAL PLANETS.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

...

MAY 1876

AL ITEMS.

AND SURROUNDINGS.

ens' Meeting!

g of citizens of Cumberland
be held in the Court House
evening, (Friday, June 2,) at
harp, to hear reports of com-
d complete the arrangement
ting the Centennial 4th of
becoming manner. Come,

RIZE CONTESTS.

NTESTS OF THE LITERARY SO-
OF DICKINSON COLLEGE IN
APEL.

s Letters Society of Dickinson
their sixth annual contest on
of the 23d ult., and all things
t was a decided success. The
shed on the occasion was by
's orchestra, the taste of the
ng them to prefer that sort of
e artificial thunder generated
and. Emory Chapel was not
as on former occasions, whether
stote of the atmosphere or to
we were not able to judge.
he building over the rostrum
y decorated with evergreens,
entre was the badge of the so-
floral offerings were quite
l of the speakers being remem-
ir lady friends.

opening prayer by Rev.
e, pastor of the First Presby-
ch, Dr. M'Cauley announced
ker of the evening, Mr. Chas.
Wilmington, Delaware. The
ose as his subject "The Socratic
Society." His subject matter
licating previous thought and
ration; but he lacked in its
ng constrained and ill at ease.
wn as much energy into it as
le of doing, his speech would
atly improved.

r A. Powell, of Farmington,
as the second speaker, and
subject "Ambition." Mr.
s personal appearance on the
ses an audience with the be-
has something to tell them,
not disappointed. His voice
manner vivacious, and with
his oratorical powers may be
He was perhaps unfortunate
on of so trite a subject. A
s kind has been so drained by
it is next to impossible to pro-
iginality. The speaker, how-
to hold the attention of his

C. Nicholson, of Baltimore,
t speaker, and chose as his
ight." Mr. Nicholson, by his
earance and modest mien, at
r his audience to his side.
s earnest, his words flowing
her in rapid succession. He
is address in a lively style, and
terest throughout. The gen-
ch was the greatest success of
thus The flowers that
m at the close showed that
extended even beyond the

aker of the evening was Mr.
reen, of Long Branch, New
t, "The Golden Age." Space
t us to give a resume of this
peech, which was excellent
His subject was well handled,
nd, had it been delivered in
ted style, it would have been
ifficult to decide who was *the*
evening.

ttee selected to decide upon
erits of these gentlemen in
nd delivery awarded the gold

"CAPTAIN MOLLIE"

Was a German by birth. Her maiden name was Ludwich or Ludwig. Her native place is forgotten by her grandchildren. She died forty-three years ago; one of her grandchildren gives her age at the time of her death as ninety-eight; others, who remember her, say she was not more than seventy-eight. None of her kin lived at Carlisle; her father and mother lived at Trenton, N. J., her mother keeping a dairy there.

Mollie lived in General Irvine's family, on the farm afterwards owned by Commodore O'Brien. Billy Hays, a handsome little man, a barber by trade, wooed the German maid; they were married at Gen. Irvine's. Three weeks after Hays left with the troops; this was in 1775. If Mollie were seventy-eight when she died, she was twenty-one when married. Mollie's cronies teased her saying, "You will never see your pretty Billy, the barber." Not long after this Mollie joined her husband. "She had been washing in the morning; in the afternoon, while her clothes were drying, she went out to pick berries." Gen. Irvine's man came for her. She packed up her wet clothes, mounted behind the servant, and went to join her husband—she had charge of a mess. After the battle of Trenton she missed a man from her mess. The soldiers told her he was dead. Taking her mother she walked two miles to the pit where the dead were thrown. Mollie turned over the dead bodies till she found the missing man. With the aid of her mother, she carried him to Trenton, feeding him with milk for many days, so sustaining life. Afterward he sent her a box with groceries, dress goods and money, as a token of gratitude. Mollie carried water to the men during the numerous battles—so her name "Mollie," with her pitcher, shortened at last to "Mollie Pitcher."

At the battle of Monmouth, June 28th, 1778, a cannon ball knocked down two men who were at the same gun. The blood and brains of one were scattered over the sward. Mollie thought it was her husband, and took his place, working all day at the battery. In the evening, when the smoke cleared away, she found her husband unharmed; he had been stunned. John Hays, her son, was born at Trenton. Mollie and her husband came back to Carlisle at the end of the war. Sergeant Hays is buried in the Old Graveyard, in the same grave with Mollie. After his death, she married Sergt. M'Cauley, an old comrade.

She was a small woman, very muscular and very energetic, working hard all her life. Many anecdotes are told of Mollie M'Cauley. Her grave is unmarked—a reproach to the citizens that a heroine of the Revolution should be so forgotten. It would be a fitting celebration of the 4th of July, 1876, to erect a head-stone to the memory of Capt. Mollie Pitcher.

DISTRESSING NEWS—DAVID B. HERMAN MURDERED BY INDIANS.—On Saturday morning last Judge Herman received the following telegram:

SIDNEY, Neb., May 26.

M. C. Herman—Your brother, David B. Herman, was killed by Indians on the 21st inst. I have his body here; will take it East, if possible to do so.
GEORGE M. BOSLER.

SECOND DISPATCH.

SIDNEY, Neb., May 27.

M. C. Herman—Will leave to-day with David's body for Carlisle. GEORGE M. BOSLER.

David B. Herman was well known to most of our citizens, having resided here, boarding at the Bentz House, for several years. His sad ending of life's journey will cause the tear to fall from many an eye, for he was a young man of exemplary habits, and respected and beloved by scores of acquaintances.

Mr. Herman graduated at Dickinson College June, 1865, and after reading law with his brother, Judge Herman, was admitted to the Carlisle bar at the January court of 1867. The spring following he went West, and in 1869 was admitted to the Sioux City bar. But he never gave his profession much of his attention, and for several years past

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

CITIZENS' MEETING IN GOOD WILL HALL —ACTIVE MEASURES TAKEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF OUR NATAL HOLIDAY.

In pursuance of a call issued for the purpose of making arrangements for a suitable celebration of the approaching Fourth of July, a number of citizens met in Good Will Hall on Thursday evening last.

The meeting was organized by the election of F. E. Beltzhoover, Esq., as Chairman, and John R. Miller, Esq., as Secretary. Mr. Beltzhoover, on taking the chair, delivered a brief, but to-the-point speech, alluding to the importance of the event, and the necessity of the appointment of energetic and active committees to conduct the movement.

On motion, a committee of nine, consisting of John A. Duncan, J. L. Meloy, John I. Faller, Edward B. Watts, Jos. Shumpp, Jos. W. Ogilby, Dr. C. W. Krise, William Ensminger and Isaac Elliott, was appointed for the purpose of selecting and reporting the committees necessary for carrying out the arrangements for the celebration.

The committee of nine withdrew for deliberation. Reports were then made from the committees of the respective fire companies of the borough, indicating that they were at work, and would be fully represented in the demonstration.

The committee of nine reported the following committees:

Executive Committee—Capt. J. T. Zug, (Chairman), William E. Miller, L. Warren, F. E. Beltzhoover, Jas. A. G.

Finance Committe—John M. Wallace (Chairman and Treasurer,) J. L. Meloy John I. Faller, John A. Duncan and Rob Sheaffer.

The committee of nine were, on motion, continued until the next meeting, in order that they might have sufficient time to deliberate upon the naming of the other committes. A committee on invitation, a committee on vocal music, a committee on instrumental music, one person to read the Declaration of Independence, an orator, a historian, and the appointment of a chief marshal will be the duties of the temporary committee of nine.

Mr. Jos. S. Cornman offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Executive Committee appoint sub-committees in the several townships and boroughs of the county, who will assist in inviting and soliciting a general turn-out of all patriotic citizens, so as to secure a grand and patriotic celebration of the nation's birthday by Old Mother Cumberland.

The following, offered by Mr. J. A. Duncan, was also adopted:

Resolved, That the Finance Committee be instructed to wait upon the Borough Councils, County Commissioners, and township organizations to solicit funds for the furtherance of the object.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet at the Court House on Thursday evening, June 1, at 7½ o'clock.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The Executive Committee appointed at the above stated meeting of citizens met on Friday evening and organized by selecting John B. Bratton Chairman and F. E. Beltzhoover, Secretary. In pursuance of the resolution instructing them to that effect the following gentlemen were named as the sub-committees in the several boroughs and townships:

Shippensburg—Jas. E. McClain, A. G. Miller, J. A. C. McCune, S. C. Henderson, Geo. B. Cole, Geo. H. Stewart, Jabob Fetter, John Whitemen.

Southampton—D. S. Croft and H. B. Hoch.

Newburg—Dr. A. A. Thompson, John Heffelfinger.

Hopewell—Adam Heberling, Henry C. Pilgrim.

Newton—Henry Manning, Edward Hays.

Mifflin—James Harlan, John Zeigler.

Newville—James Dunfee, S. C. Wagner, J. W. Wheler, William H. Eckles, Stacy G. Glauser, John M. Hayes, M. T. Walker, Wm. Chambers.

Penn—Dr. W. H. Longsdorf, W. E. Green.

West Pennsboro'—Jos. S. Davidson, G.

WHEN NOT TO BATHE.—As the temperature will soon warrant bathing in the rivers and the different dams and streams throughout the country, a little advice may be productive of good results. It has long been known that it is injudicious for any one to go into water to bathe just after eating a full meal, but it is not so well known that it is dangerous. This latter fact may be demonstrated by the recent death in a bath of a boy thirteen years old. He had never had a fit, and is believed to have been in perfect health. When found in the water the crown of his head was just above the surface, and he was standing in a stooping position with his face just under the water. At the place where he was the water was only three feet four inches deep, while the boy's height was four feet nine inches. The temperature of the water was seventy-five degrees. The medical testimony disclosed the fact that the deceased had eaten heartily just before entering the water, or at least had not given his food time to digest. He had vomited a large quantity of food, and when found, his throat and mouth were full. The opinion was expressed in the medical testimony, and endorsed by the verdict of the jury, that death resulted from epilepsy, brought on by the dangerous practice of entering the water immediately after each meal.

OUT-DOOR PASTIMES.—The Normal School base ball nine of Shippensburg arrived in town on Saturday afternoon last, and had their jackets dusted by the Dickinson College club. The game was long and uninteresting, being rather loosely played on both sides. The visitors are very much in need of practice, but their first baseman, pitcher and catcher do very well. The winning feature of the game was the magnificent playing of Mr. Boswell as catcher on the Dickinson College nine. Our limited space will only allow the score by

INNINGS.

Dickinson,	1	2	2	3	5	4	7	4	0	—28
Normal,	0	4	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	— 8

NONPAREIL VS. FRESHMEN.—The Nonpareil club met the Freshmen nine of Dickinson College at the College Campus on Tuesday morning, and scooped them in badly. The fielding on both sides was poor, interspersed with much wild throwing. The Nonpareils were heavy at the bat, Mr. Cornman, particularly, wielding the ash with wonderful effect. The pitching of Boas worried the Freshmen boys not a little, as quite a number of them struck out at different stages of the game. The catching of Speck was quite up to the mark. Booth, Conlyn, Smith and Kramer excelled on the Freshmen side. We append the innings' score:

Nonpareil,	6	3	6	4	11	1	1	3	9	—44
Freshmen,	0	2	4	9	0	2	1	0	0	—18

A LARGE TUMOR REMOVED.—On Thursday morning last, Mr. Francis Spahr, of North Middleton township, had an operation performed by Drs. Harman and Kieffer, assisted by Drs. Hoffer and Zeigler. Mr. Spahr, some three years ago met with an accident. He was in the act of carrying a scythe across his shoulder, it slipped from his shoulder and fell back, and in its fall, the blade entered the back part of the leg just below the knee joint. There is no doubt, however, that if he had had an operation performed some time ago, it might have been the means of saving his life, but he delayed it until it was too late, mortification having set in some six hours after the operation, soon relieved him of all his pain. His remains were taken from the Pennsylvania Hotel and interred in the old graveyard on Sunday afternoon last, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Spahr leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss.

HOLINESS CONVENTION.—A meeting, for the promotion of Christian holiness, will be held in Newville, commencing Tuesday, June 13th, 1876, at 2 p. m., and continue two days. A cordial invitation is extended to the ministers and laity to come and en-

LOCAL RAVIOLI.

TOM THUMB coming.

THE frisky musquito has arrived.

THE grass crop will be a good one.

THE balloon man was with us on Monday.

OUR painters are up to their ears in work.

CARLISLE has more than her share of worthless dogs.

"DON'T untangle your mush," is the latest slang phrase.

PIES of rhubarb have knocked the spots out of mince meat.

Now it is Shippensburg that is minus a soda-water fountain.

A FOUR-LEGGED chicken has come to light up in Cleversburg.

ABUNDANT is asparagus, and it shoots a foot or such every June-day.

THE great gift of preaching this warm weather—knowing when to stop.

THE Lutheran festival on Thursday evening of next week will be a nice affair.

HOUSEWIVES now bluff off tramps by telling them to dig if they want to find grub.

YOU can blow your nose on the flag of every nation right here in Carlisle for ten cents.

HENDERSON and "Boasy" Wetzel sold some half-dozen Champion Reapers last week.

THE boy dressed in a streak of sunburn and a stone-bruise is now visible along the Letort.

OH! for a drinkiug fountain on the Public Square, and the photograph of a street-sprinkler.

CLAUDY & WIDNER, painters, are at work on Mr. Wm. Barnitz's property adjoining this office.

THE new style of summer bonnet looks like a watermelon that has been run over by a fire-engine.

THE new depot building at Shippensburg will be ready for occupancy about the first of next month.

IT is said that there is a great danger of the peach crop being destroyed this year—by those who eat them.

MR. J. A. MEANS, of the Third Ward, has almost entirely recovered from the result of his late mishap.

ST. JOHN'S Commandery, of this place, left on the 10:30 A. M. train for Philadelphia on Tuesday morning.

THE Centennial Directory of the borough of Mechanicsburg is completed. It was compiled by Mr. A. J. Hauck, a printer.

TURN out at the citizens' meeting in the Court House this evening, and grease your whistle with some patriotic suggestion.

PROF. FRANCISCUS has laid aside his legerdemain trunk for the present, and again entered the apothecary business.

ON Thursday night the hen roost on the premises of Commissioner Bautz, on West Pomfret street, was visited by thieves.

RIPE tomatoes are in market, and are selling at such prices that before buying them you had better name your assignees.

A COLORED man engaged in a quarrel with a small boy attracted the attention of the citizens of South Bedford street on Sunday afternoon.

EVERY house in this town should be provided with a cat. A cat is a most excellent thing to kick at and wreak vengeance on when a man is mad.

THE Alumni Association of the high schools of this borough will hold their anniversary exercises in Rheem's Hall on the evening of the 30th inst.

PROF. W. CROMLICH, of Mechanicsburg, filled a vacancy in the Carlisle Band on Friday evening. The Prof. is an accomplished performer on the E-flat.

A CHIMNEY at the residence of Mr. Geo. Colvin, on Bedford street, was blown down

A HISTORY OF CARLISLE—No. 1.

BY A LADY OF CARLISLE.

Even after Penn's memorable treaty with the Indians under the elms at Shackamaxon, now Kensington, he contracted, in 1684, "to purchase the lands on the Susquehanna from the Five Nations who claimed them, having conquered the people formerly settled there." This purchase was effected by Gov. Dongan, of New York, for £100 st. In the colonial records is recorded—"Sep. 13th, 1700, Widagh and Andaggyjunk-quagh, Kings or Sachems of the Susquehannagh Indians and of the river under that name, and lands lying on both sides thereof. Deed to W. Penn, for all the said river Susquehannagh and all the islands therein, and all the lands situate, lying and being upon both sides of the said river, *and next adjoining* the same, to the utmost confines of the lands, which are, or formerly were, the right of the people or nation called the Susquehannagh Indians, or by what name soever they were called, as fully and amply as we or any of our ancestors have, could, might or ought to have had, held or enjoyed, and also confirm the bargain and sale of the said lands, made unto Col. Thos. Dongan, now Earl of Limerick, and formerly Governor of New York, whose deed of sale to said Gov. Penn we have seen."

In April, 1701, Penn met the Sachems of the Five Nations, the Shawnese, the Potomac and the Susquehanna. A new treaty was covenanted with all the Indian forms necessary to give it solemnity. Regulations were adopted to govern trade and to regulate their intercourse. The Conestoga Indians would not recognize the sale of September, as the Five Nations were not the lawful owners; to overcome this difficulty, Penn made a new treaty with the Conestogo, Susquehanna and Potomac Indians, by which they ratified Gov. Dongan's deed of 1696 and the deed of 1700. In the fall of 1706, Penn bought of the Six Nations all the land west from the Susquehanna to the setting sun, and south of the Kittochtiuny or Blue Mountains, called by the Six Nations "Tayamentasachta hills."

On the 11th of October, 1736, a deed was made to John Penn, Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, their heirs successors and assigns, part of which runs—"All the said river Susquehanna, with the lands lying on both sides thereof, to extend eastward as far as the heads or springs which run into the said Susquehanna; all the lands lying on the west side of said river to the setting sun, and to extend up the same to the hills or mountains called in the language of said nations Tayamentasachta; in the Delaware tongue Kekachtannin hills."

In July, 1754, the Penns purchased more land from the Six Nations at Albany. The Proprietary of Maryland claimed the land west of the Susquehanna as his domain. An agreement was effected, and the Land office offered the lands west of the Susquehanna in 1737. The proprietors had induced pioneers to settle as early as 1730–31. One of the first settlers was John Harris on the present site of Harrisburg.

The abundance of springs, clear running streams full of fish, with game in profusion, made this country a favorite home of the Six Nations. Villages were on the river, opposite the present site of Harrisburg, and others where the Yellow Breeches and Conodoguinet empty in the river. Six hundred warriors could be assembled by a signal.

The valley of the Cumberland, called by the Indians Kittochtinny, commencing at the Susquehanna, opposite Harrisburg, extending on till it merges into the valley of *Shenendoah*, forms a valley made of hills, plains and rolling lands. The same cause which made it a favorite home of the Indians, united to fertility of soil, luxuriance of vegetation, variety of timber, a healthy climate and plenty of water-power soon drew settlers. From the opening of the Land office, in 1737, the increase was so great that in '51 there were 1134 taxables.

In 1729, Lancaster county was cut off

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NEIGHBORING

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An infant son of Charle
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The Paxton Fire comp
has received a new bell
their engine house.

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Rev. Daniel Ziegler, D
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The City Grays' militia
Harrisburg will shortly
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Maj. Elbridge M'Conk
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