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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER & CO., SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENNA.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, NO. 1.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1866.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 27, NO. 1.

JACOBO BECK MERCHANT TAILOR.

And Dealer in CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTING, &c. Fawn street, south of Weaver's Hotel, SUNBURY, PA.

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Sole Agents, westward of the Celebrated Henry Clay Coal. LOWER WHARF, SUNBURY, PA.

Pensions Increased.

The late Act of Congress gives additional pay to the following Pensions, viz: 1st. To those who have lost the sight of both eyes, or both hands, or totally disabled so as to require constant attendance, the sum of \$25.00 per month.

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G. W. HAUPT, Attorney at Law, Sunbury, Pa. offers his professional services for the collection of bounties due to soldiers under the late Equalization Act passed by Congress.

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JOSEPH EYSTER, (Successor to John Bouten.) Corner of Market and Fawn Street, SUNBURY, PENNA.

SUMMER GOOBS CASSIMERES CLOTHS & C.

Silks, Delaines, Velvets, Ginghams, Calicoes, Muslins, &c. &c. &c. A full assortment of Cotton and Woolen goods generally.

NOTIONS, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes.

His assortment of goods will not be less so far as price is concerned, and will warrant of any one, desirous of purchasing. His stock of HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE, and Groceries is large in quantity and choice in quality.

NEW GOODS!! J. H. ENGEL

Has just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a large and beautiful assortment of Spring & Summer Goods, at a great reduction in prices.

White Goods. Linen Dress Goods, Linen Skirting, White Toilet Quills, Brilliant Swiss Stripes, Swiss Cambric, Jacquett, Irish Linen, Shirt Fronts, &c.

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COOK, OFFICE and PARLOR SToves of the best quality, and at reduced prices for heavy duty, simple of arrangement, combining cleanliness and durability and each stove warranted to perform what they are represented to do.

COAL, COIL, COIL Lamps, Lanterns, Shades, Chimneys, and all articles usually kept in an establishment of this kind.

COIL COIL, COIL Lamps, Lanterns, Shades, Chimneys, and all articles usually kept in an establishment of this kind.

1000 Carriage Makers Wanted to buy Belton, Spoker, Hubs, Axles, Springs, Bells, Bolts and everything pertaining to the business at the Cheap Hardware and Iron Store of J. H. CONLEY & CO.

POETICAL.

[From the North American Farmer. OCTOBER.] Upon the brown and far-off hills The leaves are soft and blue, While autumn is dropping chill and fast, When Summer wild flowers leave.

The woods like some grand temple stand Beneath the glowing skies, While down the long, the long, the long Like slumbering river lies.

No organ's deep, majestic notes Come peeping on the air— No choral strain in trumpet flutes Along those arches fair.

No voice is heard—no sound, save but The brooklet's rippling flow, Or whistling quail in covert thick, Whose whistling berries ring.

Perchance some frightened rabbit's tread May wake an echo there, Or drowsy hum of honey bee Fall on the drowsy air.

The sunflower and the golden rod Their gaudy hues unfold, And seem as if some Midas' touch Had changed them into gold.

The grapes in purple clusters hang, And in the orchard, 'mid the leaves, The ruby apples hang.

But through the forest, or the hills A voice comes whispering low, It murmurs of the wintry winds And of the falling snow.

The crimson leaves to earth must fall, And leaves or ferns they lie, Oh! had it seem'd, that might so fair, Should ever fade or die.

We read on every falling leaf This lesson most sublime: That resurrection's holy power Shall triumph over time.

For though the summer flowers must fade, The Spring with sun and rain Shall call them from the hill and vale To bud and bloom again.

TALES & SKETCHES. THE NEW MINISTER.

BY ROSALIE GRAY. "Now, Sary Jane, do look arter them biscuits, and don't let 'em burn!" exclaimed widow Smith, as she bustled about with an unusually important air.

"Sary Jane," he said, "I was not within hearing distance, and the good lady was obliged to attend to them herself.

"Gone to slick up, I s'pose," said she, as she opened the oven, "that's the way with these young things. Well," she added, "I used to be so myself when my old man was a young fellow."

"Upon this table so bountifully loaded with good things, hospitality seemed to have expended itself. The biscuits—good, generous sized ones—baked to an even light brown, were just warm enough to be eaten comfortably with humming you know, or making you wish for a glass of cold water."

"The young minister, who had just entered the room, "pray don't call him 'Mr. Yallerhammer,' his name is Odenheimer, and I am sure he would be very much annoyed to hear you make such a mistake."

"What in the world do you s'pose he has such an outlandish name as that for?" he can't expect any one to remember it. "It is a German name," was the reply, "and he is probably of German descent."

"Marcy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as she turned from her occupation and her eye fell upon Sarah Jane, "how fine you do look! I expect you'll take Mr.—what's his name's heart by storm."

This remark was received with a conscious smile, and both of the ladies then gave their attention to the business of setting the table. While they are thus engaged, we will inquire into the cause of the present preparations.

During the conference, which had just been held, Mr. Odenheimer was elected as the young minister for the circuit which included Flowerdale. As congregations were poor, it was their rule that the young minister should be an unmarried man.

Smith was the only one in the village who had, as yet, had the good fortune to see Mr. Odenheimer. She had once met him while on a visit to one of the neighboring towns, and her accounts of him, for she never tired of describing his "tall figure" (she was sure he'd have to stoop to get into her humble dwelling); his curly hair "as black as coal"; and his eyes that "jest looked like two rubies," (Mrs. Smith had not much acquaintance with precious stones, and supposed the color of the ruby to be black.)

"a shinin' and a sparklin'!" together with all his other charms, not the least of which was that he was an unmarried man, made him an object of much interest to the lady portion of Flowerdale. His lodgings, when he should come to this circuit, had been a subject of many animated discussions among the good people of the place; all the mamas in the vicinity had their hearts, to my fervent attention to the young minister. This fertile soil seemed to produce everything but young men, and consequently these commodities were at a premium. The names of all the most prominent families in the church were handed in, as they were ready to throw open their doors to the new comer; and finally, it was agreed that widow Smith should give him the first tea, in consideration of her previous acquaintance with him; and Sarah Jane's father, being one of the head men in the church, was to have the pleasure of entertaining him during the first two weeks of his sojourn in Flowerdale.

This contemplated piece of good fortune caused "Sary Jane" to be regarded with envy by most of the ladies who were unprovided for, and they suddenly became very intimate with her, and evinced a great desire to visit her frequently. As the lady was known to possess the art of getting up good teas, her company had been solicited by widow Smith for the evening on which our story opens. She assisted very busily until the time approached for Mr. Odenheimer to make his appearance, and she slipped away to gain that she might be able to receive him in a more becoming attire. Her hair was taken out of the papers (parchettes had not reached Flowerdale) and carefully curled over her fingers; and a plain white dress, with a ribbon, was donned. She had been a long time between this and a bonnet; but she finally came to the conclusion that the simplicity of the white dress would be more to the minister's taste. Her cheeks had a slight tinge of pink, which neither increased nor diminished during the whole evening. Her neck, and indeed her whole frame, was bony in the extreme—her neck and shoulders gave a person the unpleasant impression that the bones were going to start through the skin. Her face and fea-

tares, with the exception of her nose, were small, but this organ was of such a size as to impress the beholder with the idea that she was all nose. As to age, she had made twenty-two her standing point for many years. The image which the glass reflected seemed to please her well, and she received Mrs. Smith's exclamation, as a matter of course. She was troubled with some feelings of envy, however, when she beheld the plump childish little figure of Kitty, clad in a cool-looking muslin, which contrasted so strongly with her snowy complexion and rosy cheeks.

Mrs. Winters—Sarah Jane's mother—was also there, looking her best in a new cap with flaming red ribbons. And her daughter, Mary Ann, who was made on the same scant pattern with her sister, without so generous a supply of nose. Her hair was also limited in quantity, but she had some what supplied the deficiency by the purchase of two enormous branches of false curls—said purchase had been made expressly for this occasion. On the back of her head she placed what had originally been intended for a small lamp stand, having first made a hole in the centre, through which protruded her diminutive knot of hair; this arrangement she surveyed with much pleasure, and evidently considered it a triumph of art. After much deliberation, she finally came to the conclusion that a rich dress would do her credit, and she accordingly arrayed herself, with much pride, in a green silk trimmed with scarlet.

Several other ladies were also congregated to give the minister a welcome, and they were awaiting his arrival in almost breathless anticipation. Presently the stage drew up, and widow Smith went to the door to receive her guest. There was a decided flutter among the other ladies who sat in the little parlor with their arms neatly folded. Sarah Jane happened to be seated opposite the small looking-glass, whose frame was covered in pink tissue paper, and overhung with asparagus tops; she glanced in to see whether her ringlets were hanging in the most graceful attitude, and the smile of satisfaction which followed this performance proclaimed that all was right.

Mrs. Winters gave a little tug at her cap-strings, while Mary Ann improved the opportunity to arrange the folds of her dress.

Mrs. Smith entered the room triumphantly, accompanied by the stranger, and turning to Sarah Jane's mother, she commenced the ordinary amount of introductory conversation. "Sary Jane," he said, "I was not within hearing distance, and the good lady was obliged to attend to them herself.

"Gone to slick up, I s'pose," said she, as she opened the oven, "that's the way with these young things. Well," she added, "I used to be so myself when my old man was a young fellow."

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the pleasure will be on my side."

"Not at all; we shall consider ourselves highly fortunate in having your company."

"I am afraid," he continued, rather hesitatingly, "that I shall be encroaching upon your hospitality; perhaps you are not aware that there are two of us."

"Oh, that will make it still more pleasant!" replied his companion, with the most suavity of manner. "Is your friend a minister?"

Just as this point Mr. Winter came in, and upon being introduced to the lion of the evening, he shook hands cordially, and made some remark about the pleasure he anticipated in entertaining him at his own house.

"But," said the minister, blushing, "I was saying to Mrs. Winter—I am afraid I do not understand that there are two of us."

"Two of you?" exclaimed Mr. Winter, in blank astonishment. "You don't mean to say that you have a wife, do you?"

"Yes, I was married three days ago."

"I am!" ejaculated the widow, "and here all these girls were setting their caps for you!"

At this announcement the "girls" looked supremely ridiculous. Mr. Odenheimer was evidently much embarrassed; Mrs. Winter buried her face in her handkerchief to conceal her mortification; the widow looked on in amazement, wondering why the knowledg edge of his possessing a wife should create such a scene; and Mr. Winter—the only one in the company who was at all calm—seized his new friend by the hand as he observed:

"To be sure we leave room for two, we shall be right glad to see your wife; and I tell you what it you have done well in losing no time about this thing. Here have I married these forty years;" (at this point the two daughters exchanged looks, and wished that "pa" would keep some things to himself.) "I know what it is, and I would advise every young man to get a wife as soon as possible."

This hearty speech seemed to have the desirable effect of putting the new minister at his ease, and it gave Mrs. Winter time to recover herself so far as to be able to say and do what was expected of her on the occasion.

"That evening the false curls were carefully placed in a box, with a sigh, and put away for a more important occasion—should such ever occur. The flaunting red ribbons were looked upon mournfully as a useless expense, while Sarah Jane's white dress—as late as without a word—her feelings were too deep for utterance.

We have only to add that the bride went her own way among the inhabitants of Flowerdale; but there was none of that eagerness exhibited for the society of the new couple, while the idea of a single minister had drawn forth so enthusiastically.

MISCELLANEOUS. American Statute.

One of the most scientific and practically valuable treatises read before the American National Academy of Sciences is on the status of American soldiers, presented a few days ago at Northampton. The statistics related to a million of soldiers, and were taken by the principal amount of the Sanitary Commission from the adjutant generals of the different States.

The men of American birth are considerably taller than those born in foreign lands. But the height seems to depend far more on where they were reared than where they were born. A Massachusetts lad brought up in Iowa, gains on the average an inch in consequence of the removal. So that, according to the proverb, "A Western man is an Eastern man enlarged"—that is lengthwise. But it is said that in Kentucky we find the largest breadth across the chest.

The extraordinary amount of lime impregnating all the Western rivers, may, in part, account for the superior bone, if not muscle, of those inhabiting that region. The late Professor Toumey, an excellent geologist in the State University of Alabama, used to exhibit a fish, the shell fishes of the same species taken from the rivers flowing directly into the Atlantic, and those flowing into the Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico. These latter were so much larger and thicker than the former that one of them would weigh three or four times as much; perhaps, therefore, drinking lime water may have no little effect on growing boys.

The average height of Pennsylvania troops on the three calls, was 67 3/8 inches; New York, about the same; Connecticut, 67 3/8; Rhode Island, 67 3/8; Massachusetts, 67 3/8; and that of Ohio was 68 1/4. Manufactures and sea-faring do not develop tall men so well as Western farming. Perhaps the most valuable lesson of the whole is to show to what a degree—say a full average inch—on this continent, the difference of water and climate has in a single generation changed the height of the men.

Another unexpected result is the average age for attaining the full height, which was found to be twenty-eight years. At thirty-five, even, it is not found so great as at twenty-nine or thirty. In the States where the average height is greatest, the age at which the maximum is reached is earliest.

AN OBEDIENT PRIVATE.—During the war a good story used to be told of a private in one of the Massachusetts regiments—14th, I think. It seems that his captain was noted for his love of good things, and one day told the private to go for some oysters, and to bring him, in his usual jocular way, the command: "Don't come back without them."

"O! went the man, and no more was seen of him for several days, and the impatient and disappointed captain sent him up as a 'lost child.' But lo! after the lapse of nine days, the captain beheld his reported deserter, Bailey, coming into camp, leading a train of four wagons loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed captain, Bailey reported: "Here are your oysters, captain; could not find any at Alexandria, so I chartered a schooner and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There's about two hundred bushels; where do you want them?"

Bailey, it seems, really did make the trip, hired his men, and sold oysters enough in Georgetown, before reporting, to pay all his expenses, and leave him a profit of a hundred and fifty dollars.

Two hundred bushels were divided among the regiment, and Bailey returned to his duty as if nothing had transpired.—N. Y. Citizen.

Major General Daniel E. Sickles has been appointed colonel of the forty-second United States Infantry, one of the new regiments recently authorized by Congress.

"Thank you," was the reply; "but I think

A Bridal Race in Asia.

The conditions of the bridal race are these: The maiden has a certain start given which she avails herself of to gain a sufficient distance from the crowd to enable her to manage her steed with freedom, so as to assist in the pursuit of the suitor whom she prefers. On a signal from the father all the horses gallop after the fair one, and which ever first succeeds in encircling her waist with his arm, no matter whether disagreeable to her choice, is entitled to claim her as his wife. After the usual delay incident upon such occasions, the maiden quits the circle of her relations, and putting her steed into a hand-gallop, darts into an open plain.

When satisfied with her position, she turns round to the impatient youth, and stretches out her arms toward them as if to woo their approach. This is the moment for giving the signal to commence the chase, and each of the impatient youths, dashing his pointed lance into his courser's sides, darts like the unhooded hawk in pursuit of his fugitive prey. The savannah was extensive, and twenty miles long and three in width, and as the horsemen sped across the plain the favored lover became soon apparent by the efforts of the maiden to avoid all others who might approach her. At length, after nearly two hours' racing, the maiden's pursuer reduced to four, who were all together, and gradually gaining on the pursued. With them she is the favorite; but alas! his horse suddenly falls in his speed; and, as she anxiously turns her head, she perceives with dismay the hapless position of her lover. Each of the more fortunate leaders, eager with anticipated triumph, bending his head on his horse's mane, shouts at the top of his voice, "I come, my Peri! I'm your lover." But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that part of the place where her lover is vainly endeavoring to goad on his weary steed. The three others instantly check their career; but, in the hurry to turn back, two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other, so that both steeds and riders roll over the plain.

The maiden leaped from her horse, and she could elude the single horseman, and flew to the point where her lover was. But her only pursuer was rarely mounted, and so not easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashed alongside the maiden, and stretching out his arm almost to her unwilling neck; but she bending her head to the horse's neck, eluded his grasp, and wheeled off. Ere the discomfited horseman could again approach her, her lover's arm was around her waist, and, amidst the shouts of the spectators, they turned toward the town.

The NERVES OF A WEDDED MAID.—Between Yreka and Jacksonville, Oregon, there was a wedding last winter, about the time of the deep snow, when Mr. Pelham and other citizens were corralled in that cold country. The families of the respective parties in carriages were in attendance, and the party was rather of the old-fashioned style, made up of the neighbors, their wives, and babies, and everybody that happened to be within accessible distance. It was a pleasant affair; but, like all similar assemblages, it dispersed, and the bride retired to her chamber, and having entered the room, she found good "Don't come up for an hour. This being a first request, he obeyed, waited the time anxiously, nor let the hand of the ticking clock pass by a second limit ere he had got to her to whom his life was so justly betrothed. Rapping gently at the bridal chamber door, she opened, and saw her mother-in-law, who, in an unbidden, and saw his wife lying on the bed, arrayed in night gear of the purest white, presenting a picture of beauty, taste, and loveliness beyond description. One step further, and closer look, and the blood came rushing to his heart—the dead sister, smiling, and with her arms around the bride's neck, and the mother discovered that her daughter still breathed, but, horror upon horrors! there lay the empty vial from which the bride had been drinking. Messengers were dispatched for physicians, the patient was rubbed and sprinkled, and hopes were entertained of her recovery, symptoms looking favorable. At this juncture some one picked up a piece of folded paper from the table, on which was written, in the delicate hand of the fair young bride: "Be not alarmed, dear husband. Fearing the occasion would be too much for my nerves, I have taken chloroform."

"YOUR OWN WIFE."

AN ANIMATED WATERFALL.—A young lady residing in the South Ward, having been unexpectedly invited to a soiree, and not having time to get ready, she, in a sufficient dimensions, hit upon the following expedient, by enveloping a young kitten in such hair as she could raise at the moment, and marched off with the little feline pet, which she carried about without remark, at her destination, the dance commenced, and the perpetual motion of the fair Terpsichorean soon jostled the youthful "Tabby from its snug hiding place. To break the force of the fall, the lady fastened its claws in the back of the kitty, which caused her to scream with pain. Consternation ensued, the fiddlers stopped, and so did the ball. The lacinated girl quickly explained all, a soothing balm was applied to the scratches, and the dance proceeded as if nothing had happened.—Petersburg Gazette.

Thirty square miles of peat, from four to six feet deep, has been discovered in Humboldt county, Nevada.

The Russian ladies are wearing the American colors, prettily arranged, about their bonnets and dress trimmings.

The London Times thinks America will be Europeanized by the Atlantic cable. Guess not.

At the late Nottingham meeting, the British press gravely listened to the reading of a paper by a certain lord, on the raising of weights by the swelling of soaked peas.

The report of the State Auditor of Iowa shows that there are 700,598 cattle, 312,932 horses, 18,751 mules, 1,853,316 sheep and 61,214 swine in that State.

The proposition made to send from California some specimens of the "original big tree" to the World's Fair, at Paris, is said by Dr. Magowan to be impracticable, for want of a saw long enough to cut it. The cutting will require a saw 40 feet long.

The Government is removing the remains of soldiers who lost their lives in the vicinity of Martinsburg, to the National Cemetery at Winchester.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

The following are the rates for advertising in the AMERICAN. Those having advertising to do will find it convenient for reference:

Table with 4 columns: Size, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th. Rows for 1 Square, 2 columns, 1", 1 1/2".

Advertisements for Religious, Charitable and Educational objects, one-half the above rates. Persistent advertisements will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

AGRICULTURAL & C. Keeping Apples in Winter.

At the last State Fair in this city, Delos Randall had on exhibition Russet Apples grown a year ago. These apples were plump, green, and of good flavor, quite as good as the same kind of apples raised in the current approach of spring. We inquired as to the manner of keeping, and were informed that the apples were put up in refuse boxes obtained at the groceries, and in the following manner: A layer of dry saw-dust was sprinkled at the bottom of the box, and then a layer of apples placed in it so that they did not touch each other. Upon these was placed a layer of saw-dust, and so on until the box was filled. The boxes after being packed in this way were placed on the wall in the cellar, up from the ground, and were kept, perfectly retaining their freshness and flavor, until brought out and exhibited at the Fair. He says that he has kept apples in this way some months later than the time named.

From experiments made with dry sand, packing the apples in the same way, he finds that saw-dust is much superior to the sand, the latter, he thinks, being too heavy a material, and pressing the apples too much, causing them to decay more rapidly than with the saw-dust. The above experiment, perhaps, may be suggested to those desiring to preserve apples late in the season of next year.

It will be needless to remark, perhaps, that no apple will keep late, by any process of packing, that has been bruised or injured in packing. Apples should be handled carefully, and the ice chest should be packed in the fruit grove, and a large part of the fruit grown and sold in market, has been so injured by careless handling, pouring into barrels and rough handling while being driven to market, that it only decays, under whatever treatment it may be subjected for the purpose of keeping.—Union Herald.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, on the same subject, says: "You ask for the experience of others in reference to packing apples. My experience is that apples should be packed in dry bedding until they are cold weather, then they are carefully packed over and headed in an air-tight barrel and remove to a cool cellar. They will keep better than by any other treatment I have ever tried. A cellar for keeping fruit should be well drained, but should not have any water in it, and should be covered with cement prevents evaporation, and as the cement of a cellar is caused by evaporation mainly, it is important that nothing be done to prevent this."

Curing Meats. "Massachusetts Hams" writes: "I cure and smoke 50,000 to 100,000 pieces a year, and know my business. Meat cured in pickle made of water is not as good, and only used because more profitable and less laborious. The flavor of cured meats depends mainly upon the kind of pickle used. The best is found good. Don't come up for an hour.