TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS per annum. $2 50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

These terms will be strictly adhered to hereafter.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

Postmasters will please act as our Agents, and frank letters containing subscription money. They are permitted to do this under the Post Office Law.

JOB PRINTING.

We have connected with our establishment a well selected *JOB OFFICE*, which will enable us to execute, in the neatest style, every variety of Printing

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER & CO., SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4, NO. 22. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1868. OLD SERIES, VOL. 28, NO. 22.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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

Size.	1 t.	2 t.	1 m.	2 m.	6 m	1 y.
1 Square,	$1.00	$1.50	$2.00	$4.50	$6.00	$10.00
2 "	2.00	3.00	4.50	5.50	7.00	12.00
¼ column,	—	—	6.00	8.00	15.00	20.00
½ "	—	—	10.00	14.00	20.00	35.00
1 "	—	—	15.00	25.00	35.00	60.00

Ten lines of this sized type (minion) make one square.

Auditors', Administrators' and Executors' Notices $3.00. Obituaries (except the usual announcement which is free) to be paid for at advertising rates

Local Notices, Society Resolutions, &c., 10 cents per line.

Advertisements for Religious, Charitable and Educational objects, one-half the above rates.

Transient advertisements will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. J. S. ANGLE,
OFFICE,
At his residence, in BRIGHT'S ROW, Walnut St.,
SUNBURY, PA.
March 7, 1868.

GEORGE HILL, SIMON P. WOLVERTON.
HILL & WOLVERTON,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
SUNBURY, PA.
WILL attend to the collection of all kinds of claims, including Back Pay, Bounty and Pensions. apl. 1, '66.

H. B. MASSER,
Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Collections attended to in the counties of Northumberland, Union, Snyder, Montour, Columbia and Lycoming.
REFERENCES.
Hon. John M. Reed, Philadelphia,
A. G. Cattell & Co., "
Hon. Wm. A. Porter, "
Morton McMichael, Esq., "
E. Ketcham & Co., 289 Pearl Street, New York.
John W. Ashmead, Attorney at Law, "
Matthews & Cox, Attorneys at Law, "
Sunbury, March 29, 1862.

W. J. WOLVERTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Market Street, 5 doors west of Dr. Eyster's Store.
SUNBURY, PENN'A.
All professional business in this and adjoining counties promptly attended to.
Sunbury, November 17, 1866.—1y

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER. LLOYD T. ROHRBACH.
ROCKEFELLER & ROHRBACH.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PENN'A.
OFFICE in Haupt's new Building, second floor. Entrance on Market Square,
Sunbury, January 4, 1868.

G. W. HAUPT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
OFFICE in Haupt's new Building, on second floor Entrance on Market Square,
SUNBURY, PA.
Will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to his care, the collection of claims in Northumberland and the adjoining counties.
Sunbury, January 4, 1868.

C. A. REIMENSNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.
All business entrusted to his care attended to promptly and with diligence.
Sunbury, April 27, 1867.

JNO. KAY CLEMENT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Business in this and adjoining counties carefully and promptly attended to.
Office in Market Street, Third door west of Smith & Genther's Stove and Tinware Store,
SUNBURY PENN'A.
Sunbury, March 31, 1866.—1y

C. J. BRUNER. L. H. KASE.
BRUNER & KASE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Chesnut Street, west of the N. C. and P. & E. Railroad Depot, in the building lately occupied by F. Lazarus, Esq.,
SUNBURY PENN'A.
Collections and all Professional business promptly attended to in Northumberland and adjoining Counties.

C. W. MIELER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
North Side of Public Square, one door east of the Old Bank Building,
SUNBURY, PENN'A.
Collections and all Professional business promptly attended to in the Courts of Northumberland and adjoining Counties.
Sunbury, Sept. 15, 1866.

T. H. PURDY, J. D. JAMES.
PURDY & JAMES.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.
Office in the second story of Dewart's building, adjoining the *Democrat* office, on the north side of Market Square.
Will attend promptly to the collection of claims and other professional business intrusted to his care, in Northumberland and adjoining counties.
November 9, 1867.

S. S. WEBER, JOHN RUNKLE
"THE UNION,"
ARCH STREET, between Third and Fourth Stree
PHILADELPHIA.
WEBER & RUNKLE, Proprietors.
June 29, 1867.—1y

ADDISON O. MARR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SHAMOKIN, Northumberland County, Pa.
ALL business attended to with promptness and diligence.
Shamokin, Aug. 10, 1867.—1y

Dr. CHAS. ARTHUR,
Homœopathic Physician.
Graduate of the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania.
OFFICE, Market Square opposite the Court House.
SUNBURY, PA.
Office Hours—7 to 9—morning; 1 to 3—afternoon; 7 to 9—evening.
Sunbury, April 7, 1y.

Mount Carmel Hotel
MT. CARMEL, Northumberland Co., Pa.,
THOS. BURKET, PROPRIETOR.
This large commodious Hotel is located near the depots of the Shamokin Valley and the Quakske & New York Railroads. Trains arrive and depart daily. This house is located in the centre of the Coal Region and affords the best accommodations to travelers and permanent customers. jay 5.

JEREMIAH SNYDER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
SUNBURY, PA.
☞ District Attorney for Northumberland County.

J. R. HILBUSH
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Mahanoy, Northumberland County, Penn'a
Office in Jackson township. Engagements can be made by letter, directed to the above address. All business entrusted to his care, will be promptly attended to.
April 22, 1867.—1y

EDWIN A. EVANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Market Square, near the Court House,
SUNBURY, Northumberland County, Pa.
Collection promptly attended to in this and adjoining Counties.

JACOB OBECK
MERCHANT TAILOR,
And Dealer in
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTING, &c.
Fawn street, south of Weaver's Hotel,
SUNBURY PA.
March 31 1866

AMBROTYPE AND PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Corner Market & Fawn Street, SUNBURY, Pa.
S. BYERLY, PROPRIETOR,
Photograph, Ambrotypes and Melainotypes taken in the best style of the art. apl. 7, 1y

INTRODUCED INTO AMERICA
FROM GERMANY, in 1835.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
and
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The greatest known remedies for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS of the SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Read the following symptoms, and if you find that your system is affected by any of them, you may rest assured that disease has commenced its attack on the most important organs of your body, and unless soon checked by the use of powerful remedies, a miserable life, soon terminating in death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

CONSUMPTION.
Thousands of cases, when the patient supposed he was afflicted with this terrible disease, have been cured by the use of these remedies. Extreme emaciation, debility, and cough are the usual attendants upon severe cases of dyspepsia or disease of the digestive organs. Even in cases of genuine Consumption, these remedies will be found of the greatest benefit, strengthening and invigorating.

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children
are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best
Blood Purifiers
ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood.

Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you.

THE COMPLEXION.
Ladies who wish a fair skin and good complexion, free from a yellowish tinge and all other disfigurement, should use these remedies occasionally. The Liver in perfect order, and the blood pure, will result in sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Thousands of letters have been received, testifying to the virtue of these remedies.

READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.
FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16th, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28th, 1866.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

From REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I should not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,*
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates St.

Price of the Bitters, $1.00 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $5.00.
Price of the Tonic, $1.50 per bottle;
Or, a half dozen for $7.50.
The Tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take any thing else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

POETICAL.

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers—
Spirits that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,
That from the lonely passer's heel arise,
And bring back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lonely love that haunts their eyes and ears,
That would fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
Oh, Nature! shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle—good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love?
Meek Charity, that shrinks not from distress—
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove,
Though Virtue weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and repent?

Why should the reed be broken that will bend,
And they that dry the tears in other's eyes
Feel their own anguish swelling without end—
Their summer darkened by the smoke of sighs?
Sure, Love, to some fair region of his own
Will flee at last, and leave us here alone?

Love weepeth always—weepeth to the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;
Why should not hard Ambition weep at last,
Envy and Hatred, Avarice and Pride?
Fate whispers, low that in your lonely lot,
They would be rebels; Love rebelleth not.

[ALFRED TENNYSON.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

NELL, THE BEGGAR GIRL.

"Please ma'am, a penny to buy some bread?"

It was a child's voice, low and pleading, and the lady walking swiftly past turned sharply round, saying as she tilted her dainty skirts:

"Don't get too near, filthy creature, I haven't pennies to spend on beggar's brats."

The little girl turned slowly and crossed the street. She was probably twelve years of age, dressed in rags, and her feet were bare; her hair hung down her back in a tangled mass, and her face was shaded by an old limp sun bonnet. The reply of the lady seemed to grate harshly on her feelings. At first her pinched face wore a dark look, and her deep black eyes shone luridly, but as she wandered slowly on an expression of determination settled over her features, and suddenly stopping, she exclaimed, in a determined tone:

"I'll never beg again, though I die of starvation, I will be somebody yet in spite of all!"

"A good resolution, my little girl."

She turned and confronted a tall, well-dressed young gentleman, who wore a fine gold chain, and diamonds on his fingers. She looked up and saw a kind light beaming on the dark eyes as she answered:

"I thank you, sir, for your kind words, and yet 'twill cost many a heartache."

The young man bent forward and caught the gleam of the child's eye—that strong, steady gleam that told of the undaunted heart hidden 'neath the beggar's garb. He passed his hand tenderly over the uncombed hair, and gazed on the broad square forehead of the child, he said:

"What might your name be, little one?"

"Nell," she answered.

"And now will you keep this resolution?"

"I don't know yet, I shall when I think."

The young man put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a purse.

"Here, he said, take this; it will help you, and I know you will not spend it foolishly. You will be somebody yet, or this high, proud brow indicates nothing. Good-bye, and if you are ever in trouble direct a line to Harry Clifford!"

He lingered only to look back on the little girl whose eyes were filled with happy tears. She did not speak her thanks, but the looks she gave him assured him that the little purse would never be forgotten.

That afternoon a girl dressed plainly, yet neatly, with long, wavy, rippling curls, and deep, intelligent eyes, stood on the marble steps ringing the bell of a brown stone mansion. The door was soon opened, and the servant thus answered her inquiry for the lady of the house.

"There is no lady of the house except the housekeeper; but if you wish to see Mr. Wells, I can inform him."

The little girl nodded.

"What name shall I say?" inquired the servant, for he was a kind hearted man.

"Nell Graham," answered the little girl.

"Sir, a child, Nell Graham, wishes to speak with you," said the servant, poking his head in at the study door."

"A little child—what is she like, Percy."

"Plain, but neat, Sir."

"Send her in, Percy."

When Nell entered the splendid apartment, decorated in crimson and gold, she did not look around confusedly, as many in her condition would have done, but bowed deeply to the kind faced gentleman, who, pointing to a chair, begged her to be seated.

"May I ask your name and business with me?"

"Certainly," was the response, uttered with faintest tremor in her voice. "My name is Graham. My parents were wealthy long ago; my father was a merchant in this city, but they were at last reduced to poverty, and died in utter want. I am seeking employment, sir, to take care of children or assist in the kitchen. I have run away from the old woman with whom I have been living."

"Graham! Graham!" interrupted the old man, "it can't be my old friend? Come here, child; I wish to look in your face."

Nell arose, and stood by his chair—He drew her toward him, and pushed back the wavy curls from her brow, he said:

"You've a splendid head, child, as your mother had, before you. She was an intellectual woman, and no doubt you will be like her.

"Yes, yes! Well I knew her. I cannot mistake the name nor those beautiful eyes." After reflecting for a moment, he added: "Nell, what do you say to calling me Uncle Aaron, and living with me? I am very lonesome, with no one to love. Be my niece, Nell, and live with me always."

"Are you in earnest," gasped the child.

"Never more so," answered the old man. "You shall bring my slippers, and keep my books arranged, and sing to me, and keep me awake during the sunny afternoons.—What do you say to it Nell?"

"I say a thousand thanks, until I can better repay you."

And Nell twined her arms about his neck, and kissed his cheek, as though she had known him for years.

Time passed, and Nell grew to love Uncle Aaron almost as much as he loved her. Five years rolled away—bright, sunny years to little Nell—who was now a tall, elegant young lady, with sparkling eyes and regal braids; and, still, to Uncle Aaron she was the same as when she came to him that bright day in May, bringing light and joy into his home, and all this time she had never seen Harry Clifford, and wondered where he was.

At last one day, when she went out shopping, she was confident she beheld him or the wreck of what he was five years ago. She approached, and forgetting herself, gazed sadly on the man, lounging on the steps of a saloon; a man, thin and wasted, with black hair clustering in tangled curls over his forehead, wrinkled with care, trouble, or some inward strife; a man whose dress indicated poverty.

He looked up at last, and saw her large melancholy eyes fixed on him. He stirred uneasily. She drew nearer, and held out a paper. He took it, and she hastily disappeared. He opened the paper, and a little purse rolled out—a little red silk purse—to which was pinned a paper bearing these words:

"Five years ago, Nell, the beggar girl, resolved to beg no more. She has kept her resolution, and is now able to pay the loan H. C. was kind enough to proffer. Take it, misguided man, and do as she has done. Do not go in there but seek some honest employment, and you have the prayers of

NELL."

He pressed the little purse to his lips, and resolved, as she had done, to be a better man. He became once more a respectable citizen and prospered, and oh, how eagerly he watched for Nell to appear once more!

After a long lapse of time, a tall elegant lady, in rich robes, alighted from the aristocratic carriage of Aaron Wells and entered his store. She much resembled the lady who had given him the purse; but then, the proud people all bowed to this lady, and surely she could not be the little Nell, the beggar girl.

At last one night, as he stood before a noted gaming house, the old feeling came over him, and he was sorely tempted to enter. A rustle at the door startled him, and, as he turned, he beheld his benefactress. There was no mistaking that form, although he was unable to see her face, for it was covered by a thick veil. Yet he fancied that through its thick folds her benevolent eyes gleamed gratefully upon him. She turned, and would have walked away, but Harry Clifford walked after her, exclaiming:

"Nell, Nell!—for my heart tells me it is you—stop, I entreat you!"

He longed to see the face of her whom he had saved, and who had saved him. He loved her sincerely though he had never seen her face.

She hesitated a moment, and then the jeweled hands dashed away the folds of her veil, and Harry saw the features of little Nell, bright, beautiful and noble. A wistful light burned in the dark impassioned eyes, as he called her name. She started. Their hands met, and their eyes drank in the love light that burned deep in their souls.

"Nell, you are mine! You were meant for me! Be my wife!"

She slowly drew away her hand, saying:

"Harry Clifford, come to-night to the mansion of Aaron Wells; I will give you my answer there and then."

She turned, and he watched her graceful figure as she moved up the street.

Night came, and Harry went up boldly to the brown stone mansion, half believing he was dreaming. The windows were ablaze with light; a gay assemblage thronged the great rooms. What did it mean? His cogitations were interrupted by a voice saying:

"Sir, step this way; my lady wishes to speak with you," and he followed the polite servant up the stairs, along the great halls. Suddenly a door slowly opened, and he started back. Never had he beheld such magnificence and beauty! A great high arched room shining with splendor; and there, in the center, stood Nell—his beautiful Nell, in long, white satin robes with diamonds flashing from her snowy throat and gleaming in the coils of her raven hair; her face so beautiful, with the soft light beaming from her dark eyes.

"Harry, my boy, your bride is waiting!" said Uncle Aaron, shouting at his elbow.—"I know all about it, my dear fellow. Don't be confused! This is your wedding night! She is my adopted daughter, bless her heart!"

Harry took the arm of his Nell, with the vague impression that he was in a dream; but when the minister pronounced them man and wife. And he felt her warm kiss on his lips, he doubted no longer, but clasped her to his heart murmuring blessings on her name.

The guests were a little surprised when Harry Clifford was announced as the husband of queenly Nell; but the bountiful supper in waiting smoothed away all regrets for the present, although many soft-hearted swains grumbled afterward.

Harry is now supremely happy, and never regrets the kind words he once spoke to the little beggar, Nell.

He and his beatiful wife live in the brown stone mansion; and Uncle Aaron declares that instead of losing, he gained when Harry married his pet. The little red silk purse is treasured by both husband and wife. And thus will we leave them, enjoying God's greatest blessing, wedded bliss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fearful Scene in a Bed Room—A Robber Shot to Pieces.

The Dayton (Ohio) *Journal* is responsible for the following: The hope is frequently expressed by "parties in interest," and especially by the ladies, that the sneakthieves who are occasionally detected crawling through people's houses at midnight, in search of spoils, will get ball holes put through them. It is the very general desire of the householders that these scoundrels shall come across fellows with pistols in their hands, and who are not afraid to use them. Here is an item which will delight those people who have been waiting and watching to learn of these "dreadful villains" getting shot. A few nights ago Smith and his wife went out to spend the evening with Jones and his wife. They returned home at a late hour, to find that, while Biddy had permitted the fire in their bed room stove to go out, she had kept up the fire in the grate in the sitting room; and while Mrs. Smith dallied a short time in the genial atmosphere of the sitting room to arrange her toilet for the night, Smith, who was rather sleepy, went in advance to their bed room up stairs. Smith was in excellent humor, having beaten Jones at a game of chess, although Mrs. Jones had aided Jones to take both his castles, and checkmate his king twice; and he was engaged in whistling a tune—that is, if the rather uncertain sound Smith makes when he puckers his lips and blows, or blubbers, can be properly termed whistling a tune. But this is not a musical criticism.

Just as Smith was entering the room, and was preparing to light the gas, he espied the legs of a man under the bed! Did he cease whistling? On the contrary, he redoubled his exertions, and, although he felt his hair rising up on his head, he walked squarely out of the room, getting a glimpse of the robber's hat as he passed out of the door! His mind was made up—the villain should not be taken from under the bed alive! Hastening into an adjoining room, he grasped his revolver from the sideboard, and returning to his bed room, he rushed in and fired at the figure under the bed—bang! bang! bang!—until all seven shots were emptied out of his revolver, and the room was all ablaze, and filled with smoke. His wife, innocent of the situation, and just getting a glimmer through her sleepy little head that probably her husband had been attacked by robbers and murdered, rushed frantically up stairs *en dishabille*, screaming most frightfully, and terrifying the children, who were suddenly awakened, and who put in first treble screeches to their mother's second! It was a sorry family group that met Smith on the threshold of the paternal bed room as he came forth, the smoke rushing out after him.

His wife's joy at beholding him alive was so great that she had an almost irresistible inclination to swoon; but she obeyed the better impulse of rushing into his arms, exclaiming: "Oh! John!" And that was as far as she got in the sentence; but Smith understood her to ask for an explanation of the dreadful shooting, and, steadying her while he put his revolver in his pocket and took the baby in his arms, he told his wife and children that he—had killed a man!—shot him all to pieces! When the shock which he had caused his household had somewhat subsided, and he conducted them into the children's room, where they would in any event be safe, he reloaded his revolver and ventured into his bed room. All was still as death, and smelling dreadfully of powder; a wreath of smoke hung about the gaslight, and the counterpane was burning.

He put out the fire, and cautiously looked under the bed—will the reader believe it?—he had shot the robber clear out of his breeches. Nothing remained of him but his pants and an old hat. Pulling out the "remains," he was rather beaten to find that they comprised the pants and hat which he had taken off prior to changing his suit to "go out," and his wife had chucked them under the bed temporarily to put them out of sight. The pants had seven more holes in them than were actually needed, but the family quiet was restored, which was worth more than the breeches. If you want your burglars killed, shot out of their clothes, take them to Smith's house. You don't know him; he's another Smith; but that's no matter; he's a clever fellow and will do a smooth job.

Congressional "Personals."

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* gives the following personal gossip in regard to the members of the present Congress:

"In looking over a list of the members of the present House, the singularity in the names is striking. For instance, we have a Butler, a Baker, a Cook and a Cake, an Archer, a Burr, a Cobb and a Fox; a Loan, a Nunn, a Pike, a Pile and a Prince; a Kerr, a Kitchen and a Knott; a Sawyer, a Stone and a Taylor. Make your own puns on them. Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Spaulding, of Ohio, and Thomas, of Maryland, (75, 69 and 68 respectively,) are the three oldest men. Haight, of New Jersey; Adams, of Kentucky, and Washburn, of Indiana, (29, 30 and 35 respectively,) are the youngest members of the House. The following are the ages of the more prominent members:

James M. Ashley, Ohio,	43
N. P. Banks, Massachusetts,	51
Demas Barnes, New York,	40
James G. Blaine, Maine,	37
George S. Boutwell, Massachusetts,	49
James Brooks, New York,	57
Benj. F. Butler, Massachusetts,	49
Samuel F. Cary, Ohio,	53
John C. Churchill, New York,	46
John A. Bingham, Ohio,	52
John Covode, Pennsylvania,	59
Schuyler Colfax, Indiana,	44
Henry L. Dawes, Massachusetts,	51
James A. Garfield, Ohio,	36
J. V. L. Pruyn, New York,	56
Samuel J. Randall, Pennsylvania,	39
Robert C. Schenck, Ohio,	58
Samuel Shellabarger, Ohio,	50
Charles H. Van Wyck, New York,	43
E. B. Washburne, Illinois,	51
Fernando Wood, New York,	55
George W. Woodward, Pennsylvania,	59
Horace Maynard, Tennessee,	53

"Schenck, of Ohio, and Tobias A. Plants, of New York, are the two ugliest men in the House, Fernando Wood is the finest looking, while George M. Adams of Kentucky; Thomas E. Stewart, of New York; Allison, of Iowa; and Pomeroy, of New York, are among the handsomest. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, is the fattest man, and Maynard, of Tennessee, is the leanest.

"In the Senate, Sprague, of Rhode Island, is thirty-seven, and the youngest man in the Senate, and Conkling, of New York, is the next youngest, being thirty-nine. Conkling, also, is the handsomest Senator and the most imperious. The following are the ages of some of the prominent Senators:

Willard Saulsbury, Delaware,	47
Lyman Trumbull, Illinois,	54
William Pitt Fessenden, Maine,	61
Charles Summer, Massachusetts,	57
Benjamin F. Wade, Ohio,	67
John Sherman, Ohio,	44

"In the House there are: Lawyers, 87; editors, 5, namely: Baldwin, of Massachusetts; Blaine, of Maine; Brooks, of New York; Glossbrenner, of Pensylvania; and Getz, of Pennsylvania; manufacturers, 13; merchants, 9; farmers, 13; bankers, 5; clergymen, 1; hotel keeper, 1; physician, 1; coal operator, 1; general business, 3; civil engineer, 1; railroad manager, 1; horticulturist, 1; lumbermen, 2; real-estate agent, 1; and (stand aside, ye mudsills and common men!) gentleman, 1—George M. Adams, of Kentucky. The real estate agent is John Fox, of New York; lumbermen, Philetus Sawyer, Wisconsin, and T. W. Ferry, Michigan; horticulturist, C. A. Newcomb, Missouri; railroad manager, Ginery Twichell, Massachusetts; civil engineer, G. M. Dodge, Iowa; general business, Sidney Clark, Kansas; J. F. Driggs, Michigan, and B. F. Hopkins, Wisconsin; coal operator, Henry L. Cake, Pennsylvania; clergyman, William A. Pile, Missouri. John Morrissey, of New York, is put upon the rolls as banker—not faro banker, just simply 'banker.'"

It is considered politeness for young gentlemen to lift and carry the trail of ladies when the sweet creatures cross a muddy thoroughfare. Fashion makes slaves of us all.

A Bit of History.

HOW GENERALS LEE AND JOHNSTON LEFT THE U. S. ARMY—THE DOUBLE TREACHERY OF THE REBEL MILITARY LEADER.

Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, made an interesting statement in the Senate, recently, in relation to the circumstances under which Generals Lee and Johnston entered the Confederate service. It will be remembered that Mr. Cameron was Secretary of War at the breaking out of the rebellion. In the course of debate he was asked why he did not arrest these two officers and prevent their desertion, and in his answer he makes the statement alluded to. Of Gen. Johnston, who at the time of his desertion was Quartermaster General, he says:

"General Johnston was, as the Senator from Maryland says, a most valuable officer. Officers of the army were resigning or running away daily, almost hourly. The largest portion of the men, who were considered the most valuable, had left the service. The Secretary of War at that day was told that this gentleman was going to leave the service because he believed that he was suspected by the Administration of not being faithful. He was sent for by the Secretary of War, who said to him that he had entire confidence in his ability and integrity, and begged that he would not leave the service with any wrong impression. He immediately said to me that he regretted that he had decided to leave; that this rebellion was wrong; that everybody engaged in it was acting improperly and unfaithfully to the Government, and that he never intended to take part against the Government. But he said that he was controlled by influences which he could not counteract; that he was compelled to resign. I believed at the time that the influences referred to were those of his wife's family; but I have been told since that that was not so. At all events I should have arrested him, if I had not sent for him to come to my room, and in some measure get him to commit himself to me. I have always regretted that I did send for him, and that I did not wait until he had committed the overt act, and then arrested him."

These facts are very interesting. But the most important revelation was that concerning General Lee, who, as our readers know, was General Scott's Chief of Staff at the time referred to:

"General Lee called on a gentleman who had my entire confidence, and intimated that he would like to have command of the army. He assured that gentleman, who was a man in the confidence of the Administration, of his entire loyalty and his devotion to the interests of the Administration and of the country. I consulted with General Scott, and General Scott approved of placing him at the head of the army. The place was offered to him, unofficially, with my approbation, and with the approbation of General Scott. It was accepted by him verbally, with the promise that he would go into Virginia and settle his business, and then come back to take command. He never gave us an opportunity to arrest him; he deserted under false pretences. I should have arrested him in a moment if I had had a chance at him, and I have always regretted that I never did get that chance."

This statement shows more completely than was ever demonstrated before the perfidy of General Lee in deserting the Union army. It seems that he was under verbal agreement to accept the active command of the Union army, which had been verbally tendered to him. Under these circumstances his abandonment of the Federal army was, if possible, a double treachery. To be sure, Mr. Cameron had no direct interview with General Lee himself, but that the matter was one of importance, and received much consideration from both parties, is shown by the circumstances.

SMASHING GLASS HOUSES.—Glass houses are not regarded as very formidable defenses by women, especially those reared by their own sex. The other day we were admiring a lady's dress in the presence of another lady, and we marveled much at its beautiful color. "You silly goose," said our fair friend, "can't you see that the silk has been dyed and turned? It would serve men almost right if women ceased the attempt to dress well." We were silenced, but could not help thinking that possibly some men would have no objection at all to be "served quite right." Nothing can well exceed a woman's dexterity in smashing her neighbor's glass house, and the whole proceeding is a marvelous exhibition of ingenuity.—Provided with the smallest pebble, but of the highest polish, she will approach her poor sister, and after much fond palaver and kissing of cheeks, she will retire to a short distance. Then, watching her opportunity, crash she sends the little missile with the force and whizz of a bullet. A while she watches the agony of her prostrate enemy, and then approaches with the sweetest of smiles to offer her pity and tears. Is it possible that such loveliness and tenderness can, at times, be allied to a cruelty in the refinement of which no wild animal can surpass the mortal angel? Of all the keen penetrators into individual glass houses, children are by far the most sagacious. You may attempt to deceive them by bonbons or toys, but they see through you at once, and though they take the presents, they will naively tell you that they "don't like you." They can't say why, but they don't. We will tell you why. It is instinct. Children are said to be easily pleased, but they are as easily disgusted; nor do we believe that their want of reason is fatal to the correctness of their decisions. Their likes and dislikes are as the instinct of a dog, which can immediately discover the friend of his species; and the child decides more truly by the heart than the man judges by the head; all which goes far to prove that as we become, what we are pleased to call, more reasonable, we in truth become the greater dupes.

KILLING AND DRESSING POULTRY.—Almost every locality has its own system, but I may advert to a few facts on this subject: Poultry, when bled to death, is much whiter in the flesh. I should advise the following plan, as the very best, causing instant death without pain or disfigurement:

Open the beak of the fowl, then with a pointed and narrow knife, make an incision at the back of the roof, which will divide the vertebræ and cause immediate death; after which hang the fowl up by the legs till the bleeding ceases; then rinse the beak out with vinegar and water. Fowls killed in this manner keep longer and do not present the unsightly external marks as those killed by the ordinary system of wringing the neck.

The Chicago water-works have cost nearly three millions of dollars, and the water is not extraordinary in quality after all.

A CHARMING CUSTOM.—Somebody, evidently an old bachelor used to such things, thus describes how they do in Maine: "Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law State, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young temperance woman, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, "Mr.—— the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing?" You nod acquiescence. She gently steps closer to you, lays her white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylphlike form upon tip toe, her snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sugar, molasses, lily, roseleaf, cream tart, apple pie, peach pudding, apple dumpling, ginger bread, nectar lips against yours, and (O Jerusalem, hold me!) kisses you. Hurrah for the girls and Maine Law, and death to all opposition.

WILLIAM LEVAN, a member of the police force in Reading, Pa., while assisting another officer, recently, to secure a vagabond Irishman, who, with two others had been arrested for drunkenness and fighting, and was being conveyed to the lockup, received from the prisoner a violent kick in the abdomen, from the effects of which he expired, in the Mayor's office, in a short time after. The deceased was over sixty years of age and leaves a large family.

One hundred and sixty-five pounds of nitro-glycerine was obtained of one of the officers of the United States Blasting Oil Company, on the 14th ult., in New York, on a forged order. As soon as it was ascertained that the order was a forgery, some apprehension was felt that it might have been obtained for improper use in Washington, and the fact was communicated to Congress, and some alarm was occasioned for a short time. It is now believed that it was secured for the Fenians. Thus far the police have been unable to ascertain the direction it was sent.

BREVITIES.

General Grant has subscribed $10,000 to a Methodist church in Washington.

The Tyrone *Herald* says Mr. Sample Anderson of Tyrone, Blair county, has discovered a rich gold mine.

Building and Saving Associations are being established by mechanics and others in every town of importance throughout the State.

An Ohio statistician estimates that a few years hence