



A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large...

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Advertisements will be inserted in the Herald...

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DR. JOHNSTON

Has discovered the cause of all the diseases...

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ORGANIC WEAKNESS

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OPEDON STEAD

Has been suffering from a certain disease...

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS

Dr. J. Johnston or Dr. J. Johnston's...

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE

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Who have injured themselves by a certain...

MARRIAGE

Reflect that a sound mind and body are the most...

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When the mind and impudent voice of...

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care...

INDISCRETION OF THE PRESS

The present state of the press is a...

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED

Persons writing should be particularly...

NEW SPRING GOODS

I am now receiving a large assortment...

BOOTS, SHOES & GAITERS

At Ogilby's cheap cash store. Just...

Selected Poetry.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.] THE LOYAL DEMOCRAT.

With whip, and chain, too long We strive to make our faces strong;

Thank Heaven! the blow is drawn this hour,

In vain of "Equal Rights" ye prate,

Who stand for slaves as less for white!

The good grass in the churchyard grows;

Spring time is here! The past now sleeps;

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

My heart is broken, Brian! What I've done to you!

It was a dreary room in which they sat,

The only tidy thing for the eye to rest upon

When the mischief and impudent voice of...

It is a matter of fact that thousands of victims...

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care...

The present state of the press is a...

Persons writing should be particularly...

I am now receiving a large assortment...

At Ogilby's cheap cash store. Just...

bit of a baby from starvation

Spoke, Nora, and spoke as true as if it was your last words.

"I'd love you always, true and tender, Brian, whatever happened, so long as I had life to love anything."

"Sure it was you, Nora, and it would be yet, only for the double-dealing traitors"

And so weeks passed on, and though Nora was sad she was more hopeful.

She told him the street and number and staggered away, scarcely feeling the pulse be pressed upon her, as it lay upon her palm,

And when she was alone she would weep and wail and sob and cry.

She thought she should go mad. Some one whispered the word "post office,"

And then she would weep and wail and sob and cry.

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her letters for her; and he, too, had volunteered to see that the little money for which Brian had placed his life in peril was duly placed at her disposal.

"Very badly, your honor?" "Very dangerously. I pity you, I do pity you, poor girl. I think—they think he can scarcely live."

"Oh, God have mercy!" "Be still! try to bear it. They said he would not die."

"The doctors said it!" asked Nora, in a strange voice, calm and hollow.

"Yes. Hush! it may not be. God may choose to spare him to you."

"No," moaned the poor woman, "no, then I know Brian's dead."

"She did not scream or wail, and the officer thought she bore it well."

"Where do you live?" "I live in the street and number."

And staggered away, scarcely feeling the pulse be pressed upon her, as it lay upon her palm,

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and mysterious rappings can, no doubt, be explained upon the same principle.

SKEDADDLE. The shades of night were falling fast,

"O, stay," uttered a woman's voice, "but still he answered with a sigh."

"Dear Mother!—well and thank! Beware of Father's deadly snuff!"

At break of day, as several boys From Maine, New York and Illinois,

A chap was found, and at his side A bottle showing how he died.

There in the twilight, thick and gay, Considerably played out he lay;

When I took a rib and started house-keeping, my mother said,

"I had rather a liking for a friend now and then; but had never yet been to neighbors, and was growing childish in the bargain."

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servants—there's no depending on them.

Poor Mr. Peggam will find no dinner to-day, and she might have added, with all propriety, as usual—"and you know I always make good dinners, topping off with a pudding that leaves my dear good husband in such a good humor. I really fear I shall worry you, but one cannot help giving vent to her feelings."

To which Mrs. Peters must say something, however sick and miserable. But nothing would do but actually driving the jade out of the house, for she had no delicacy and could not be insulted.

This ends the first chapter in housekeeping. The second will be to put my mother's advice in practice.—New York Atlas.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER.—It was the practice of an eccentric Irish widow to read a chapter before the sermon; and, to the amazement of his auditory, he requested them to read with him one day, for edification, the first twenty-seven verses of the tenth chapter of Nehemiah.

He might as well have asked them to read the first twenty-seven pages of a Sanscrit lexicon. But the doctor went on with the chapter, and, as he enunciated, in his own mouth and sonorous way one strange-sounding word after another, "Meromoth—Maphah—Moshabab—Lash-abnah," every eye was strained to the pulpit, hardly a soul, for sheer wonderment, ventured to draw his breath.

At the end of the last verse, the reader put on one of his grimmest looks: "You will have got as much good," he exclaimed, "my attentive hearers, from this chapter, as you seem to have got from any chapter I ever read to you, and you will carry home as much of it as you will carry as much of it in your daily practice."

No REFLECTIONS.—Some years since Seth P. J. was elected a member of the Legislature from one of the western counties. Desiring to make a favorable impression, he prepared himself with great care for his first speech. He commenced: "Mr. Speaker, when I reflect on the character of General Washington"

—and came to a sudden stop. Again he commenced: "Mr. Speaker, when I reflect on the character of General Washington"

—and again stopped. He essayed a third time, and got no further, when a fellow member brought him and the House both down by suggesting whether it was in order for a member of the house to be making reflections on the character of General Washington!

COULDN'T SEE IT.—A juggler was performing to a western audience, and exhibiting one of his feats of mysterious disappearance, accompanying it with the following train: "Now, gentlemen, I take the ball thus in the palm of my left hand; thus; rub them gently together in this style; and, behold! 'tis gone. You thus see, gentlemen"

"No, I can't see," replied an individual among the audience. The juggler repeated his performance. "I take the ball thus, and, behold! 'tis gone. You thus see, gentlemen"

"No, I cannot see," reiterated the same individual. "May I ask," returned the excited juggler, "why the gentleman can't see, when—"

"Yes; that's about the thing. I'm blind." The juggler rang down the curtain.

A SENSIBLE QUESTION.—A farmer, at the close of last summer, required a number of reapers: several presented themselves, and all were hired with one exception. The poor man thus omitted said:

"Master, won't you hire me?" "No," said the farmer. "Why not?" "Because you are too little."

"Too little?" exclaimed the astonished Irishman; "does your honor reap your corn at the top?"

What could Farmer Grains do but roar with laughter, and send the little man to join his comrades in the field.

HOW HE LUKED THEM.—Dr. Francis was a wag, and once when early pass were on the table, he emptied the contents of his snuff-box over them. "Francis I Francis!" exclaimed a friend, "what are you about?" "I like them that way."

He of course had his snuff to himself; when he had concluded, he exclaimed: "You thought it was snuff, did you! Nothing but black pepper."

A WOULD BE WAG in Milwaukee tied a string across the pavement of a street, intending to trip some unwary passer-by; but a while afterwards, having occasion to go that way himself, forgot all about his joke, and picked up a broken nose from the pavement. "Shakespeare no doubt had this fellow prophetic in view when he spoke of 'the engineer hoisted by his own petard'!" and even Horatio alluded to him in the advice, "Let him who diggett a pit, beware lest he himself fall therein."

Let Virtue and innocence always accompany your recreations; for unlawful pleasures, though agreeable for a moment, are too often attended with bad consequences, and instead of relaxing the mind, plunge us into an abyss of trouble and vexation.

IN THE FRESHNESS of a crisis of national affairs, we do not want men who will change like the vane of a weathercock, with the course of every breeze; but men who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind.

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has been endeavoring to spin a mountain top.