(Concluded from First Page.)

"Yes, James, I am ashamed to confess it; but he is a wealthy man, highly respectable, and I was uneasy and ambitious and out of all patience with Dorcas—and as for you—but James, I have repented of my folly. It has been a trial to Mr. Means as well as myself. I think we are about satisfied now; at any rate, I am."

"Explain yourself, my dear."

"Why, he wants a wife who will save cheese-mold and pork-rinds, like his sainted Tallitha, and I prefer a husband who won't ask me to do it."

"Meaning me. Thank you, my friend."

"Yes, James, your soul is above the soup-kettle. Don't I know?"

"What luck! what luck!" thought poor Israel Means, twitching his hair behind the door. "I've gone and over-reached myself this time! I didn't calculate on women being so uncertain. If I had only asked the question yesterday!"

He laid his face and groaned. It was more than the loss of a housekeeper he bewailed, for love had seized him, like a spasm of neuralgia, quite unexpectedly.

"Finding fault with such a splendid specimen of a woman! Not a cent did I make by it either! She was good enough as she was, without any of my interference. I never want to see another morsel of pork! Why didn't I get her consent before she boiled that good-for-nothing soup? But it's all over with you now, Israel Means, and you'll never see her like again. What luck! what luck!"

LOVE AND RELIGION.

A Camp Meeting Idyl.

"Now, Miss Wilder, 'bout them chickens?"

"Just let me knit to the middle of my needle, Draxy."

Draxy waited, her busy hands finding something to do in the little pause. The things on the table were straightened—the daguerreotypes (it was the best room) tilted more accurately on their open covers, a minute speck of dust dislodged from the mantle-piece—all before the gentle "click, click," of the needles ceased, and Mrs. Wilder laid down her stocking.

"The chickens—let me see. It was those six little broils of the speckled hen's I was a thinking of, and the pepper and salt roosters." (Mrs. Wilder viewed her chickens from a purely practical stand-point). "That'll be enough, won't it?"

"I don't know"—doubtfully—"folks eat a-leap at camp meetin'."

"So they do. Well, then, kill three of the black hens, and bake a pie. They'll make a plenty."

"I guess so." Business thus disposed of, Draxy assumed a chair and waxed confidential.

"How many of our folks is a-goin', Miss Wilder?"

"You and me and Mr. Wilder and Nathan and Ellen, that's five, and Lucy is six."

"Lucy?"

"Yes Mr. Wilder said he guessed she'd better, and brother Parker plead hard for it. He thinks she's old enough to get religion, and ought to have it, and her pa says there's no harm tryin', only he won't have her flustered. I don't know what to say 'bout it myself, but I guess pa's right, And Mrs. Wilder ended with a little sigh.

"Mr. Parker!" There was a concentrated and conspicuous snuff in Draxy's voice. She said no more, and in another minute got up and left the room, her errand accomplished. There were few waste places in Draxy's life. Satan might have dodged around her for months without finding one idle chink on which to practice his nefarious arts.

Pretty soon the door opened and Lucy came in—a girl of seventeen, with the shy beauty of a wild doe in her hazel eyes. The delicate cameo-like outline of her face was full of an expression of timid peal. Not that there was anything to appeal against in her life, the petted only daughter of this honest home. Some women possess that look naturally, and before it, when combined with youth and loveliness, the hearts of men go down like nine-pins. Lucy as yet knew not the value of her dower, but such knowledge never lingers long.

"Where have you been, dear?"

"Over to Esther's, mother. They're beginning the camp-meeting cake, and I staid to help beat eggs."

"Do tell! I suppose they're making a great fuss, like all the rest of the folks?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Robbins has killed a turkey and eight pair of chickens, and had two pieces of boiled beef, and Esther and Hepsy were making gingerbread and raised cake, and all sorts of pies that you can think of—mince and apple and custard and Canada plum—I can't remember half."

"Land's sake! And who is going, Lucy?"

"Mrs. Robbins, and the Squire, and the girls, and James and his wife, and Aunt Mirey, and"—here the happy, girlish voice sank a little, just a little; only a close observer would have noticed the inflection—"and Kane."

"Elkanah! I want to know: Well, it's time he got hold of something good. You'll have to help Draxy make our pies to-morrow, dear. The weather's splendid. I guess we're going to have a good week."

This camp meeting, about which all Ammonoosuc was in a stir, wasn yearly affair, planned for and anticipated with eager and invariable pleasure. After the heat of summer and the toil of the harvest when the hay was in, the potatoes stored, the corn and corn-shucks safely housed—when the rye and wheat had gone to the mill, and the "borders" to their homes—came, in the beautiful September weather, this holiday, which, half a picnic, half a religious exercise, brought neighbors together, brightened the links of church brotherhood and old friendships, and gave to soul and body alike refreshment. But, oh, what a different thing it was to the different people who were looking forward to it!

Mrs. Wilder, and other good matrons of her stamp, viewed it as a species of sober jollification, combining much good cheer with some comfortable preaching and praying. A time, too, for the exhibition of notable housekeeping—of pie-crust and fatted fowls, which, duly partaken of, might impart to the occasion a certain toothsome solemnity.

Brother Parker, of the Pemigewasset Conference, on the contrary, regarded it as a crucible in which souls should be melted and changed—a four days' opportunity, during which the doors of heaven should stand open for whomsoever pleased. In his thoughts he saw them enter, some stained and shrunken with sin, some pure and spotless as Lucy Wilder's—for Brother Parker thought much of Lucy Wilder's soul. Had it been contained in a body less fair, it had peronance occupied less of his attention; but he was a man, though a good one, and having twice tasted the sweetness of married life, he was naturally ready to try it again. Only—here he was firm—a minister's wife must be known to be of one mind with himself. She must belong to his church; and no temptation should induce him to lay such a snare and scandal in the path of his people as to marry a woman without religion. So Brother Parker looked forward eagerly to the coming week.

Elkanah Robbins was equally eager. A strong, brown, handsome fellow, he had been a wild boy, but of late had grown so steady and so attentive to his farm that folks said, "Kane must be thinking of settlin'"; only where, or with whom, nobody knew.

To Lucy and other girls the camp meeting was invested with a delightful vagueness, in which merry meals, rustling tree-boughs, sleeping under canvass, whispers, laughter, "good time," generally, mingled. In more than one young heart another and more secret element of this was consciously or unconsciously recognized, in Lucy's it was—Kane.

The brown fearless boy and the fair girl had grown up together as playmates until that dark day when, "for his badness," the neighbors said, Kane was sent away to Uncle Elkanah's, at Swift Water, for a year, which year had lengthened into five. It was three now since he came back; tall, bronzed, strange, yet familiar; and during those three womanhood had crept unaware over the little maid who had shared his baby sports. Playmate no longer, Lucy was very shy, but in her secret heart she was proud of him; proud of the strength which could heave up the heavy timber which her brother Nathan avoided, of the skill that could tame the wildest colt. She was sure he would always be good hereafter. The four days' dwelling in a grove with him was a delight so great that it almost frightened her.

So the day came. All Monday the committees were at work arranging the tents, in the form of a hollow square, beneath the shelter of the trees. A bright little stream curved around two sides of the encampment. In its center arose a covered platform, to which was affixed a derrick, painted pea-green, whose top supported a sharp-toned iron bell. Ranks of rough benches confronted this stand, in the midst of which, and directly under the platform, was a small benched inclosure for the use of the "anxious," who were expected to resort thither at the close of every service, to listen to the prayers and appeals of the brethern. Nor was the carnal man forgotten. Besides the eating-saloons, open to all, each tent bore a long table, duly spread three times a day with ample provision. These tents represented each a village, and sheltered by night and by day a whole neighborhood. The name of the place—"Pemigewasset," "Stowe," "Lacon"—was lettered upon the front, accompanied by some floral device or text of Scripture. Upon the Ammonoosuc tent was the inappropriate recommendation to "Watch and Pray," around which, by way of antidote, a wreath of flowery hopes was garlanded. The space within was gorgeous in its appointments, and boasted, besides a small book-case of religious reading, a round table with a red cover, which supported a huge nosegay of flowers, and gave the whole a "tasty affect," as Mrs. Wilder exultingly remarked to Mrs. Robbins, equalled by none of the others—of which effect all Ammonoosuc was justly proud. And so the camp meeting began fairly.

All day Tuesday people were pouring in. Each one-seated wagon bro't three, and a baby; each two-seated, five and two babies. By night hundreds were assembled. The moon was brilliantly full, and the singing and prayer meeting which inaugurated the assembly so spirited and satisfactory that Brother Little rubbed his hands, and remarked to Brother Smith that he'd been to forty camps in his time, but in his opinion this was going to be the greatest yet.

"How funny!" whispered Hepsy Robbins, as they watched the bustle inside the tent. "See, Lucy, the beds this side are for us, and that side for the men folks. Don't it look queer?"

"But who sleeps on the table?" laughed Lucy, as a row of rustling mattresses was lifted up.

"Don't you know? Why, the elders and deacons, of course. That's to keep people in order, and stop any sly larking and frolicking among us young ones. Say, Lucy, which bed will you have? Here, take this one next to mine."

"Lucy," called her mother, and she whispered, "here's your place, next to me. I don't want you down there with those girls, for you'll talk and chatter all night, and not be fit for a thing in the morning. Just slip off your frock there, behind the curtain, and put on your double gown, and I'll fix you."

So, like Christibel, "her gentle limbs she did undress," so far as gown and hoop went; and pretty soon, in her neat gray wrapper, she was lying comfortable tucked up in the bed her prudent mother had provided with pillow and quilt. Sweet, musty smells filled the air from the half-covered floor. The straggling moon-rays, the flapping curtain, the chewing and champing of the horses tethered close by—all was new and novel. She could not sleep. By and by the men came in, spread their quilts and blankets, and subsided into repose. Good Elder Adams, occupied the end of the table nearest to Lucy's couch. His righteous slumbers quickly became audible, and, peeping round to look at him, Lucy saw a pair of eyes intently fixed upon her. A strange thrilling came over her brain as she met them. Only the width of the narrow table and the elder's boots separated her from him. She blushed uncomfortably, and dropped her eyelids not to open them again, but, for long after, fairy lights and visions seemed to dance before her and trouble her repose.

At dawn the camp awoke. Small chance was there for late sleeping. Thin blue smoke began to curl from early fires. Horses whinnied for their corn. Impatient hands waited to pack away the beds, and restore the tents to daytime order. By eight o'clock breakfast was eaten and dishes washed; and white haired Elder Adams took his place, Bible in hand, at the head of the long table, to lead in prayer. Lucy sat just without the door. The stillness, the beautiful peace of the new born day seemed reflected in her face. One golden beech leaf fluttered down, and lay upon her fair braids. Kane wasn't given to poetry, but somehow a line came into his head as he looked:

"Oh, my Love is like the morning!"

He read it somewhere. He thought it was true—about Lucy.

At ten o'clock the clanging bell announced general service, and the crowd assembled. Truth to tell, it was not a picturesque crowd. The American of the rural districts is rarely a handsome animal. He is lean. He is brown. He loses his teeth early. Hard work and soda soon transform the loveliness of youth into pallor and sharp outline. Saleratus claims its own. Here and there one sees a sweet young face, or an old one with fine, strong lines, deeply cut and inscrutable, like a carving in stone; but personal beauty is the exception. Beauty apart, however, we may be proud of our multitudes. For decorum, for good humor, for general neatness of appearance, for civility to strangers, for a sense of propriety which almost ranks as dignity, it would be hard to find their parallel in any other country. At this Cadiz camp meeting, even the babies caught the spirit of the occasion, and sucked their thumbs contentedly throughout the service without a cry. Thirteen ministers occupied the platform. With able generalship the lesser lights were first brought forward leaving the greater for the third day, when the excitement was expected to culminate. The sermon was a quiet one; the wild and beautiful songs of the Methodist hymnal blended with the soft rustling of the trees above, and the morning sped quickly away.

Great cheer was held in all the tents at noon, and unlimited quantities of pie eaten—fit preparations for the after services. Pie usually precedes repentance, as pie eaters know. In the evening, under the harvest moon, Brother Parker arose for the first time. A tall, thin man, with a sallow tender face, and emotional eyes. His sermon was fervid. A certain thrill moved over the assembly, and at its close a number of persons passed quietly and without excitement into the "anxious seat," as candidates for the prayers of the congregation. Some were parents who carried their children; some members of the church, who felt that their faith had suffered a decadence. All were welcomed and rejoiced over by the good brethern, and mention was made of the fact that still there was room for others, further urgency being held in reserve for the next day.

It was then, after two long and "searching" discourses, that Brother Parker had "fixed" to have Lucy succumb. He came to her among the throng, and pleaded earnestly. He even took her hand, and strove, with gentle force, to draw her to the front. To his surprise, she resisted. The girl had her own reserve of character, her own thoughts as to spiritual things. The small enclosure of rough boards, within which it seemed to him so important that she should kneel, was to her no sacred place. God had appeared nearer often—in the woods, on the hills, alone in her little room. Even the spectacle of her friends, Hepsy and Esther, conducted, weeping, to the "anxious seat," failed to move her. "I can not; it would not be honest." Such was Lucy's creed, and her flower-like beauty concealed an underlying strength, even as beneath the mountain slopes enameled with buttercups spreads the indestructible granite.

By the afternoon of the third day a wide-spread excitement had seized upon the camp. A rugged and reserved people like those of New England are most formidable when under the influence of unexpected emotion. The very novelty of sensation and expression astounds them. Strong men sobbed; women became hysterical; young girls rushed forward and fell upon their knees; the elders went to and fro among the crowd, expostulating, explaining, entreating. Over all rang, at intervals the voices of the choir in wild, sweet snatches. A dark thunder cloud for a moment hid the sun, and one low peal shook the air. Brother Parker stood again by Lucy; he held her hand. She was excited and in tears, but she was firm. Just then a stir took place near them. His face was hidden in his hands, but Lucy could not mistake. A sudden tide of emotion shook her soul. If Kane yielded—if Kane were going to that place—then she should go too.

Was not her place by him, in time and eternity! Brother Parker felt the fingers quiver in his grasp, the resistance slacked. Another moment he had led her forword. She was kneeling, by Kane's side, and, this victory of an earthly affection, which was to him as a heavenly one, had power to bring tears like rain down the good man's cheeks. Sweetly rang the hymn over them, the cloud floated past, the clear sunshine streamed in and bathed the place, and Heaven seemed to smile upon the scene.

To our young lovers—who shall say? To some hearts God has revealed himself in this manner. We may not dare to question. But with their deeper thoughts mingled the strange sweetness of being there side by side—the earthly blending with the unearthly, as it will do while we are things of earth.

"Don't let her converse with any one, Sister Wilder," said Brother Parker, as he restored the agitated Lucy to her friends. "Keep her aloof this evening. Let no vain conversation or gossip arise to disturb the impression on her mind. To-morrow I will talk with her father."

Oh, Brother Parker, had you noticed the hand-clasp, warmer and more lingering than became those who met merely upon a spiritual platform, exchanged between your young converts? Did you hope to make matters quite safe for the important conversation of the morrow? Oh, Brother Parker, who shall guess or compute the moral blindness which Cupid can throw over even a good man's soul?

So Mrs. Walker kept Lucy "aloof." Poor Kane, hovering about the family group for the chance of a word, found only downcast lashes on the part of his idol, and discouraging looks from the rest. Father, mother, brother Nathan, sister-in-law Ellen and faithful Draxy, all were determined there should be no "philandering" that night, at least. So the flame in Kane's soul, thus repressed, burned more hotly than ever; and at "mirk midnight" he was still lying, unable to sleep, and longing for the dawn, his eyes fixed on the fair head not a yard from him.

A light movement showed him that Lucy too slept not. In a moment prudence and propriety alike forgotten, he had gently pushed his pillow some inches nearer.

"Lucy!"

Such a tiny whisper! Smothered by Deacon Allen's hearty snores, it would scarcely have caught the attention of Fine Ear, but Lucy heard.

She half turned, her face dyed with scarlet blushes as she saw that bold head so near. "Oh don't!" she breathed—"somebody will hear."

"They are sound as dormice," whispered Kane; "they won't wake. Do let me speak, Lucy. I shall die if you won't listen. This afternoon when I knelt there, you know, I said to God, 'O Lord, I will be a good man and church-member with thy help; but how can I be anything good unless I have the girl I love to go along with me? Oh, let me have her, Lord!' And just then, Lucy, your dress rustled, and you came and knelt down by me. I knew it in a moment, though I didn't open my eyes. And *then* I felt that the Lord was as good as they say, and I took it as a sign from Him that I was to have my heart's desire; and I prayed, Lucy—I prayed with all my might, for the first time in my life. Did you pray too, darling?"

"Yes, Kane."

"And for me?"

"Yes, Kane."

"Oh, Lucy, is it real? Could you really care for me? I have loved you always, dear—did you know it? But till to-night I could not speak it out. Will you really be my love and wife, Lucy?"

"Yes, Kane."

Never sounded words so sweet as those three "Yeses," breathed in that fairy whisper. Kane put out his hand—little fingers met and clasped it: and just then somebody stirred, and Deacon Atwater, at the far end of the tent, gave a species of snort, and half raised himself. With frightened haste the locked hands enclosed. In half a second Kane and Lucy, to all appearance, were fast asleep. And from that time until morning not a sound broke the stillness of the tent.

Brother Parker was perplexed next day at the attitude of mind in which he found his young disciple. She was very sweet and gentle; bore his questionings patiently; and when he asked, Did she feel as if she loved God, she said, yes, and she hoped always to love Him now, for He had made her very happy. But when the further inqury was propounded was this feeling so strong that she felt justified in becoming the wife of a minister of the Gospel, the answer was immediate. No! She could never have married a minister anyway; and besides—

"Besides what?"

She had promised Elkanah Robbins to marry *him*.

But when had this promise been made? Long and sorely did Brother Parker puzzle over the matter, and so did Mrs. Wilder, who in the heat of her astonishment at "that child's thinking of a husband," was heard to say, that for her part she couldn't think how they got at each other. Lucy and Kane kept their own counsel, and the affair in time got to be spoken of as "happenin' at the camp;" which fact made it more than usually interesting to the neighbors. Small and transient opposition had our young people to contend with. They were married next year. Both are members of the church now, and Kane was on the Conference Committee for the last camp meeting. When people ask if he got religion at Cadiz, he is wont to answer that "that's a matter between him and the Lord; but if not, he got something most as good"—his eloquent glance finished the sentence. Elder Robbins will be an indulgent friend to the next generation in Ammonoosuc. And if he should ever lie in tabled state, and hear a little silvery confabulation break in upon the silence of the "guarded tent," we may be pretty sure that he will be conveniently blind and deaf to what is going on, remembering how sweetly once his Lucy's voice broke the stillness with, "Yes, Kane."

WON HIMSELF.

"I was going up the Mississippi in 1848, Judge Underwood of Kentucky, and Henry Clay being on board. 'That's a tough crew from Natchez,' remarked the clerk, who came upon deck as we were about going below. 'They play hard and high.

We went down into the saloon, where we found two parties at play. At one of the tables sat four men, about whom were gathered a large number of lookers-on; and, as those proved to be the heavy players, we joined the spectators. The game was 'twenty deck poker,' and money was changing hands with startling rapidity.

One of the players, a middle-aged man whose face showed plainly the ravages of an excess that was sapping his life, and who, I afterward learned, was a cotton planter, had staked his last dollar and 'called' his opponent's hand. He held four queens, against which were laid four kings. And he was 'broke.' He started to his feet, as if to leave the table.

'Are you dead broke, Colonel?' asked he of the four kings.

'Yes, to the last picayune.'

'Give me your note and I'll lend ye.'

'No,' replied the planter, with an oath, 'I can do better than that. where's Mr. Wackman?'

'Here,' answered a dark-visaged man.

'Bring the girl and boy here that I bought at Natchez. Hold on the game just one minute, gentlemen, and I'll make a raise.

'The man went away, and shortly returned accompanied by the 'girl and boy.' Said girl proved to be a bright mulatto woman of five and thirty, or thereabouts, and the boy was her son.

The boy was not far from ten years of age, with a face lighter in color than was his mother's—his features really handsome.

'Look here, gentlemen,' spoke the planter, arising, 'here's as likely a pair for a girl and a brat as you can scare up. I paid $800 for em. who'll give $600?'

'Why not put them up seperate?' asked one.

'Twon't do to sell 'em seperate. The gal has sworn to kill herself if her boy is sold away from her, and her old master says she'll be sure to keep her word. But don't you see—the woman's worth more than I ask for the pair. Now, what d'ye say? Who'll take 'em at $600?'

The owner waited a few moments without receiving an answer, and then said:

'I must have the money, so here goes for a raffle. Twenty dollars for a throw, and thirty chances for the pair. Come gentlemen: them that buys first will throw first.

Here was excitement as well as chance for profit. The players took two chances each. Then the spectators surged up, and twenty chances were sold as quick as the planter could take the money and write down the names. Then came a lull. The planter took two chances, whereupon his companions took each two more. The three men in the crowd, doubled-up.'

'Two more chances, gentlemen

Clay whispered apart to the judge and then made his way to the table and threw down two gold eagles.

'What name?

'Give it to the woman.'

'Eh! the gal herself.'

'Yes, give her a chance.'

'All right. One chance for Ninette.'

Before the planter could call again, Judge Underwood placed twenty dollars on the table; saying as he did so:

'This is for the boy.'

'Good!' cried the owner of the property. 'Here's a chance for Tommy, and that takes the lot. Where's the clerk.

'Here!

'Have you got blanks for this sort of business?'

'Yes.'

'Then, won't you fill up a bill of sale for these two, Ninette and Tommy, and leave a place to put in the winner? Now, then, for the dice, gentlemen.

The dice were brought on and the shaking commenced. There were three dice, and each player was entitled to three throws. Of the first ten throws, thirty-nine was the highest number cast. The eleventh turned up forty-two. Then the scores fell again till the twenty-first throw, when one of the gamesters threw out forty-nine.

The crowd was now all excitement. Forty-nine was a hard point to beat. The lowest number that could be thrown was nine—and the highest—nine sixes was fifty-four, making what is called an average throw; about thirty-one and one-half. Of 100 throws the majority will fall below thirty-two.

Again the dice rattled in the box as the second gamester took his turn. But his throw was a low one. The twenty-eighth belonged to the clerk of the boat, who had now returned with the bill of sale. He threw forty-nine tieing the gamester.

'Come, Ninette, it's your turn.' The woman started, and quivered, and pressed her hand to her heart. Only the groaning and puffing of the engine broke the stillness of the place.

'Will the gentleman who paid for the chance throw for me?' she said in a low, musical tone, earnest and imploring, of the purest accent.

'Let your boy throw for you,' returned Mr. Clay, who shrank from the ordeal. 'His luck should be better than mine.'

Tommy came and took up the dice. His mother's hands were clasped and her lips moved in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen. What a world of weal or woe hung upon the fickle chance. He held in his hand the sealed book in which was written the fate of his mother and himself, and it was to be opened on the hazard of a die.

He shook the box, and turned the dice upon the table. Three aces! A moment he gazed on the single spots, and then dropping the box, he sank back pale and frightened.

'Shake again, Tommy,' said the planter.

'It's no use master, I can't get forty-nine.'

'But you have got your own chance my boy.'

'Aye,' cried the judge, 'that was your mother's chance. Now throw for the chance I gave you—throw for yourself—brace up and take heart—and may Heaven help you.'

That was not an assembly of religiously inclined persons, by any means but the fervent petition of the judge met with a warm and impulsive response of 'Amen!' from nearly all present.

Again the boy came forward and lifted the box. His lips were tightly shut, and the old quivering of the limbs were hushed. The only sound in that saloon above the deep breathing of the spectators, was the clicking of the ivory cubes. Presently the first throw was made.

'Five—Six—five—are sixteen!' announced the planter, setting down the figures.

the dice were gathered up and thrown again.

'Six—six—and a five. Good! That is seventeen!

The boy was as pale as death as he took up the box for the last throw, and his mother leaned against a stanchion for support.

'Three sixes—he has won,' they all exclaimed, as the dice rolled on the table with the six spots up. The boy and his mother were free.

—The Saturday *Review* says: The only fact that can be predicted, with any degree of confidence, of many youths, is that Providence does not seem to have designed them for anything in particular."

Consumption of the Lungs.

The belief in the fatality of the disease usually denominated phthisis, or consumption, has allowed many an one to pass into an untimely grave. That recent discoveries in medicine have done much to ameliorate and even cure many of these so-called cases of consumption, will no longer admit of doubt. These, therefore, who allow those afflicted persons to pass beyond the reach of medicine are justly censurable. Dr. Keyser, at his new office, is compounding a medicine known as "LUNG CURE," which will in every instance greatly improve any case of pulmonary disease, and in many cases effect a thorough cure. It has a peculiar pleasant taste, furnishes to the wasting and decaying organs a healthy plasma for their renewal, and its soothing effects on the irritated throat and fauces cannot be otherwise than beneficial. A medicine of which we know so much as Dr. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE, and compounded by a man of Dr. Keyser's skill and integrity, we do not hesitate to recommend, with the firm belief that we are conferring an inestimable favor upon our readers, especially that class of them to whom a prospect of cure will be sure to meet with a hearty response. 107 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa. $1.50 per bottle. If your druggist does not keep it, send five dollars to Dr. Keyser, and he will send four bottles securely boxed, by express, with full direction how to use it.

NEWS SUMMARY.

[illegible]ty-one bears have been slain [illegible] the past year, and bounties p[illegible] them.

[illegible] New York *Tribune* says: Over [illegible],000 Irish emigrants have arrived in this city since 1847.

—"Is Molasses good for a cough?" inquired a youth with a heavy cold. "It ought to be, it is sold for consumption," was the reply.

—At the Hoosac Tunnel, work goes on continually day and night. There are three gangs of hands employed who work three hours each.

—In Edinburgh the stone masons have struck against an attempt by their employers to reduce their wages from six and a half pence to six pence an hour.

—Over twenty conductors on a New York street railway were arrested on Saturday, for not returning all the money they collected for fares.

—An old man in Saybrook, Conn., lives on a farm that never was bought nor sold, it having come down to him from his ancestors, who obtained it from the Indians.

—Isaiah Sanderson, a mule spinner, who refused to join in the late strike at fall River, was recently presented with a cottage-house and lot by the treasurer of the Durfee Mill, as a reward for his fidelity.

New Advertisements.

THE ESTATE OF RICHARD GARDINER, DEC'D.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Richard Gardiner, late of the borough of Beaver, in the county of Beaver, dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned, residing in said borough: all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them without delay to the undersigned, properly authenticated for settlement.
MARMADUKE WILSON, *Adm'r.*
nov28-6w

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