HARPER, McPHERSON & BUEHLER.

PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS,

Baltimore street, between the Court-house and Diamond
Gettysburg, Pa.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

THE STAR AND SENTINEL is published every Friday morning, at $2.00 a year in advance; or $2.50 if not paid within the year. No subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers.

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at reasonable rates. A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year. Special notices will be inserted at special rates, to be agreed upon.

☞ The circulation of the STAR AND SENTINEL is one-half larger than that ever attained by any newspaper in Adams county; and, as an advertising medium, it cannot be excelled.

JOB WORK of all kinds will be promptly executed, and at fair rates. Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., in every variety and style will be printed at short notice. Terms CASH.

The Star and Sentinel.

VOL. LXVIII. NO. 33. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1868. WHOLE NO. 3517.

Professional Cards, &c.

DAVID A. BUEHLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to collections and all other business entrusted to his care.

☞ Office at his residence in the three-story building opposite the Court House. [Gettysburg, May 29, 1867

JOS. H. LEFEVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LITTLESTOWN, PA.,

Will promptly attend to Collections, Conveyances, Writing of Deeds, Leases, &c., and all other business entrusted to his care.

☞ Office on Frederick street, at the office formerly occupied by Drs. Shorb, Kinser and Molring.
May 20, 1868.—1y*

D. M'CONAUGHY, JOHN M. KRAUTH.
Attorneys and Counsellors.

D. McCONAUGHY has associated JOHN M. KRAUTH, Esq., in the practice of the law, at his old office, one door west of BUEHLER'S Drug store, Chambersburg street.

Special attention given to Suits, Collections and Settlement of Estates. All legal business, and claims to Pensions, Bounty, Back-pay, and Damages against U. States, at all times, promptly and efficiently attended to.

Land warrants located, and choice Farms for sale, in Iowa and other western States. [Nov. 27, 1867.—tf

A. J. COVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to collections and all other Business entrusted to his care.

Office between Fahnestock and Danner and Ziegler's stores, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa.
May 29, 1867.

DAVID WILLS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at his residence in the South-east corner of Centre Square.

References—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Lancaster, Pa.
May 29, 1867.

CLAIM AGENCY.—The undersigned will attend to the collection of claims against the U. S. Government, including Military Bounties, Back Pay, Pensions, Forage, &c., either in the Court of Claims or before any of the Departments at Washington.

R. G. McCREARY,
May 29, 1867. Attorney at Law, Gettysburg, Pa.

DR. D. M. ECKENRODE, having located at HEIDLESBURG, offers his services to the public, and hopes by strict attention to his professional duties to merit a reasonable share of public patronage. [April 26.—6m

DR. J. W. C. O'NEAL Has his Office at his residence in Baltimore street, two doors above the *Compiler* Office.
Gettysburg, May 29, 1867.

JOHN LAWRENCE HILL, Dentist, Office in Chambersburg street, one door west of the Lutheran Church, nearly opposite Dr. R. Horner's Drug Store, where he may be found ready and willing to attend any case within the province of the Dentist. Persons in want of full sets of teeth are invited to call. [May 29, 1867.

DR. C. W. BENSON HAS RESUMED the Practice of Medicine in LITTLESTOWN, and offers his services to the public. Office at his house, corner of Lombard street and Foundry alley, near the Railroad. Special attention given to Skin Diseases. [Littlestown, Nov. 12, 1867.

DR. WM. STALLSMITH, *Dentist*, having located in Gettysburg, offers his services to the public. He can be found, for the present, at the Daguerrean rooms of Levi Mumper on Baltimore street, opposite Fahnestocks' store, where he will be prepared to attend to any case within the province of the Dentist. Persons in want of full or partial sets of teeth are invited to call. Terms reasonable. [April 8, 1868.—6m

Business Cards.

JOHN W. TIPTON, FASHIONABLE BARBER, North-East corner of the Diamond, next door to McClellan's Hotel, Gettysburg, Pa., where he can at all times be found ready to attend to all business in his line. He has also an excellent assistant and will insure satisfaction—Give him a call.
May 29, 1867.

SURVEYOR AND LICENSED CONVEYANCER. The undersigned, having taken out a Conveyancer's License, will, in connection with the office of COUNTY SURVEYOR, attend to the WRITING OF DEEDS, BONDS, RELEASES, WILLS, ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, CLERKING OF SALES, &C.

Having had considerable experience in this line, he hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage. Business promptly attended to and charges reasonable. Post office address Fairfield, Adams Co., Pa.

J. S. WITHINROW.
May 29, 1867.—1y

Carpenters and Contractors.

TO THE BUILDING COMMUNITY AND ALL OTHERS
WHO WISH TO IMPROVE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he still continues the

CARPENTERING BUSINESS

at his old stand, on West street, Gettysburg, and is ready at all times to accommodate those wanting anything done in his line. He is prepared to furnish all kinds of work for building purposes, of the best material, and as neatly and cheaply as can be done at any other establishment in the county. Experienced hands always in readiness and work executed with promptness and dispatch.

☞ Thankful for past favors, he hopes, by attention to business to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
May 29, 1867. WM. CHRITZMAN.

G. C. CASHMAN. K. & L. ZOLL.

CARPENTERING.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that they have commenced the Carpentering in the Shop formerly occupied by Andrew Schick, York street. We are prepared to do any work in our line of business and as reasonably as any other establishment in Gettysburg.

We hope by a strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.
May 29, 1867.—tf CASHMAN & ZOLL.

WM. C. STALLSMITH & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA.,
CARPENTERS & CONTRACTORS,

Are prepared to do all kinds of Carpentering—contracting and erecting buildings of all kinds, Repairing, &c. They keep constantly on hand and manufacture to order,

DOORS, SHUTTERS, BLINDS, SASH, DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES, CORNICE, DOOR AND WINDOW BRACKETS,

And any other Article in the Building Line.

Seasoned material constantly on hand, experienced workmen always in readiness, and work executed with dispatch.

☞ Orders promptly attended to.

WM. C. STALLSMITH,
C. H. STALLSMITH.
Sept. 18, 1867.—tf

Cabinet Making.

FURNITURE.

SHAEFFER & BECKER,
PETERSBURG, (Y. S.,) PENNA.,

Are prepared to offer to the Public, anything in their line as cheap as can be had in the county.

☞ Purchasers will do well to call and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

FURNITURE

made to order. Repairing done neat, cheap, and with dispatch. [Jan. 22, 1868.—tf

Hotels and Restaurants.

Cashtown Springs.

EIGHT MILES FROM GETTYSBURG.

E. P. KITTINGER, Proprietor.

THE undersigned, having thoroughly re-fitted the NATIONAL HOTEL, in Cashtown, with the Springs attached thereto, invites the attention of the public to his superior accommodations. Persons desiring to spend a few weeks or months in a healthy neighborhood, with the advantages of pure mountain air, daily baths, trout fishing, &c. can find no more attractive place. Visitors to Gettysburg and the Battle-field can reach it in a couple hours ride over a good road.

The Stabling accommodations are among the best in the county. A good table and the best of Wines and Liquors. Charges reasonable.

E. P. KITTINGER.
June 17, 1868.—3m

EAGLE HOTEL.

The largest and most commodious in

GETTYSBURG, PENNA.

CORNER OF CHAMBERSBURG AND WASHINGTON STREETS

JOHN L. TATE, Proprietor.

☞ An Omnibus, for Passengers and Baggage, runs to the Depot, on arrival and departure of Rail Road Trains. Careful servants, and reasonable charges.
May 29, 1867.—tf

CARLISLE, PA.

VISITORS to Carlisle will find the very best accommodations at the

Pennsylvania Hotel,

Kept by JOHN KEILLY, on the corner of North Hanover and Louther Streets.

The TABLE is supplied with everything the markets afford; the BAR is stocked with the finest Wines, Liquors &c., and the Yards and

STABLING

connected with the house are in charge of an experienced and faithful hostler.

☞ Give the old PENNSYLVANIA a trial and be convinced. Charges always reasonable.
March 18, 1868.—6m

KEYSTONE HOTEL.
GETTYSBURG, PA.
WM. E. MYERS, PROPRIETOR.

NOW OPEN.

THIS is a new House, and has been fitted up in the most approved style. Its location a pleasant and convenient, being in the most business portion of the town. Every arrangement has been made for the accommodation and comfort of guests, with ample stabling attached. With experienced servants, and accommodating Clerks, we shall use every endeavor to please. This Hotel is now open for the entertainment of the public, and we kindly solicit a share of public patronage.
[May 29, 1867.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
OPPOSITE THE
N. Y. & NEW HAVEN & WESTERN R. R. DEPOT,
BEACH STREET, BOSTON.

BY F. M. PRATT,
FORMERLY OF THE AMERICAN HOUSE.
May, 9, 1867.—1y

Forwarding Houses.

M'CURDY & HAMILTON,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN, GROCERIES, &c.

THE undersigned are paying at their Warehouse, in Carlisle street, adjoining Buehler's Hall, the highest prices for

FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, BUCKWHEAT, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEEDS, POTATOES, &c., &c.,

and invite producers to give them a call before selling. They have constantly on hand for sale,

A LARGE SUPPLY OF GROCERIES,

Molasses, Syrups, Coffees, Sugars, &c., with Salt Fish, Oils, Tar, soaps, Bacon and Lard, Tobaccos, &c. Also, the best brands of FLOUR, with FEED of all kinds. They likewise have

SEVERAL VALUABLE FERTILIZERS,

Soluble Pacific Guano, Rhodes' Phosphate and A Mexican Guano.

Willet they pay the highest market prices for all they buy, they sell at the lowest living profits. They ask a share of public patronage, resolved to give satisfaction in every case.

ROBERT McCURDY,
WM. S. HAMILTON.
July 3, 1867.—tf

CHANGE OF FIRM.

THE undersigned having leased the Ware-house on the corner of Stratton street and the Railroad, Gettysburg, Pa., will carry on the

Grain & Produce Business

in all its branches. The highest prices will always be paid for Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Clover and Timothy Seeds, Flaxseed, Sumac, Hay and Straw, Dried Fruit, Nuts, Soap, Hams, Shoulders and Sides, Potatoes, with everything else in the country produce line.

GROCERIES
OF ALL KINDS

constantly for sale, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Teas, Spices, Salt, Cheese, Vinegar, Soda, Mustard, Starch, Brooms, Buckets, Blacking, Soap, &c. Also, COAL OIL, Fish Oil, Tar, &c. FISH of all kinds; Spikes and Nails; Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

They are always able to supply a first rate article of Flour, with the different kinds of Feed.

Also, Ground Plaster, with Guanos and other fertilizers. COAL, by the bushel, ton or car load.

We will also run a

LINE of FREIGHT CARS

to No. 77 North street, BALTIMORE, and 811 Market street, PHILADELPHIA. All goods sent to either of the above places will be received and forwarded promptly. Goods should be marked "Bonners' Cor."

H. S. BENNER & BRO.
April, 8, 1868.—tf

NEW FORWARDING AND COMMISSION HOUSE.

HAVING purchased the extensive Warehouse, Cars, &c., of CUPP & EARNSHAW, the undersigned intend to carry on the business, under the firm of BUEHLER & CO., at the old stand on the corner of Washington and Railroad streets, on a more extensive scale than heretofore.

We are paying the highest market price for Hay, Flour, Grain and all kinds of produce.

Flour and Feed, Salt, and all kinds of Groceries, kept constantly on hand and for sale, cheaper than they can be had anywhere else.

Plaster, and all kinds of fertilizers, constantly on hand, or furnished to order.

☞ A regular line of Freight Cars will leave our Warehouse every TUESDAY NOON, and accommodation trains will be run as occasion may require. By this arrangement we are prepared to convey Freight at all times to and from Baltimore. All business of this kind entrusted to us, will be promptly attended to. Our cars run to the Warehouse of Stevenson & Sons, 165 north Howard street, Baltimore. Being determined to pay good prices, sell cheap and deal fairly, we invite everybody to give us a call.

WM. M. BIGHAM,
ALEXANDER COBEAN,
JAMES BIGHAM.
Jan. 8, 1868.

DANIEL GULDEN,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS,
FLOUR, GRAIN, GROCERIES, LUMBER, COAL, &c.

THE undersigned keeps on hand, at his Warehouse, known as "*Gulden's Station*," in Straban township on the line of the Gettysburg Railroad, all kinds of

GROCERIES,

including Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Spices, &c., with Salt Fish, Oils, Tobacco, Bacon, Lard, &c. Also,

LUMBER AND COAL,

including Building Stuff, Shingles, Laths, Stove and Blacksmith Coal. Also, Guano, and a large assortment of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps of all kinds, which he is prepared to sell at the lowest prices.

He also pays the highest market price for Flour, Grain, Corn, Oats, Buckwheat, Clover and Timothy Seeds, Potatoes, &c., or will receive and forward the same to market on commission. He respectfully asks his friends and the public to give him a call.

Aug. 21, 1867.—tf DANIEL GULDEN.

Medical.

Hoofland's German Bitters,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

The Great Remedies for all Diseases of the
LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.*

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, &c.*, making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as closely as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, 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, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

☞ Diseases from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which he is assured from his investigations and inquiries possesses true merit, in skilfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of such diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies—

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

PREPARED BY *Dr. C. M. JACKSON,*
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Twenty-two years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from any Cause whatever;

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM,

induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE,

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MALARIA, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

HON. *GEO. W.* WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Penna., writes:

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' 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."

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, April 25, 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 doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates st.

FROM REV. E. D. FENDALL,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours, truly,
E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH street, Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor.
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle,	$1 00
" " " half dozen,	5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in mammoth bottles, per bottle, or a half dozen for $7 50.	$1 50

☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy in order to get the genuine. [Jan. 15, 1868.—1y

For sale by all Druggists and dealers in medicine.

Bakery.

NEW BAKERY.
NEWPORT & ZIEGLER
Mechanical Bakery, South Washington street, half square from the Eagle Hotel, Gettysburg, Pa. Constantly on hand, the best of

Bread,
Crackers,
Cakes,
Pretzels, &c.

Persons wishing fresh Bread will be served every morning, by leaving their names and residences at the Bakery. Every effort made to please. GIVE US A CALL. [April 16, 1864.

SEEING IS BELIEVING
AT 704 ARCH STEERT.
NEW PRICES! NEW GOODS!

RICH SILVER & SILVER PLATED WARES,
Including every style and description, made expressly for the Winter trade, which for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed at

JOHN BOWMAN'S
Wholesale and Retail Manufacturing Establishment,
704 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Re-plating at short notice.
Dec. 18, 1867. [Aug. 21.—1y

The Star and Sentinel.

TO MY MOTHER.

They toll me human love was made
Awhile to bloom, and then to fade
Before the autumn chill.
They toll me human love is sold—
A thing of traffic, bought with gold,
And subject to the will.

No falsehood this; and yet I own,
There is a love, one love alone,
With lustre over bright,
It runs through all my changing years,
Forsakes me not in smiles and tears,
And fills my soul with light.

That love, beyond all other love,
Unselfish, pure as heaven above,
Is thine, dear mother, thine.
What, then, if clouds around me break!
The fount of joy they cannot take
From out this heart of mine.

Earth's merry throng may pass me by;
Its honors from my grasp may fly,
As leaves upon the blast:
I care not, if thou lov'st me still;
Thy love alone my heart can fill,
And hold it to the last.

I'll love thee till my latest breath;
I'll love thee when I'm clasped in death;
I'll love thee still on high.
While on my tide of life shall flow,
My love for thee no end shall know;
'Twill never, never die.

THROUGH THE SNOW.

Mrs. Tubbs—fifty, fat, and frosty, dressed in black satin and flowery cap—comes from her housekeeping room (where she has been consulting Betty, her cook,) into the study of Dr. Tubbs; her husband, up later than his amiable spouse, breakfasts leisurely, and reads his letters grimly, on this snowy Christmas morning. He is by no means a prepossessing-looking gentleman, though his coat is superfine and his waistcoat large.

"I've ordered Betty," says Mrs. Tubbs, sinking into a chair, "to make the fellow a small suet-dumpling—no plums or currants in it, Dr. Tubbs; and sent it with a rasher of bacon. The fat bacon, Dr. Tubbs; the lean like lean I keep for the parlor; for if ushers will stop during the holidays where they ain't wanted, they must take the consequences."

"Of course, my dear," answered Tubbs, pompously, and at the same time winking terribly, (for he has a visional defect which always keeps his eyelids moving.) "Your remark is most judicious. Indeed, if the truth be spoken, even this prudential arrangement will be unnecessary; for I think of giving Gray notice at once, and getting rid of him this very morning. For—for—this getting-on-rapid system of his will never do. If it continues, Mrs. Tubbs, we shall soon cease to be master and mistress of Goshen House, for here's a letter from Bailey's father, praising his boy's rapid progress in arithmetic. Here's another from Wigget's uncle to say that Tom's general advance is excellent; and to crown all, here's a third letter, from the Rev. Dr. Pike, canon of Diddlebury cathedral, to say that his grandson's progress in the classics is remarkable (you'll remember, my dear, that there are four of these lads!) and that they've learnt as much Greek and Latin in the half year as at some schools they would have done in three years. Mind this, my dear! Now of course boys getting on this way will soon leave. Instead of having six years out of 'em apiece, two will be enough under such a roaring plan. There were the fieldings, too; why did they leave? Why, that they could draw trees well when they should have been still in lines and cubes. I've told Gray of all this, times and often; but—but," adds Dr. Tubbs, with pathetic dignity, "the minds me no more than those who call me 'Old Winker.' He talks about 'moral honesty' and trash of that sort, instead of paying attention to my behests. So, as this is the case—and it don't do to let boys' education get on like a steam-engine—I'll dismiss him—and—this very morning. True, I must give some equivalent, as our arrangement was a month's notice on either side, and gratis board and lodging during the winter vacation. But better a lost pound than that this evil should make farther head."

"A pound! We shall save double that in the fellow's board. Why! it wants yet five weeks to the end of the vacation, and this—say at ten shillings a week—will be two pounds ten. Go and do it at once, Dr. Tubbs, while I dress for church. And make haste; we can drive off, and be spared the nonsense of 'good-byes.' On my way up stairs, doctor, I shall countermand the suet-dumpling!"

Not without some little hesitation when his wife's eye is off him—for his conscience, seared as it is, points how base his conduct is to one like Robert Gray—Dr. Tubbs draws certain sovereigns and shillings from his private drawer, and goes forth to the schoolroom, where, by a most economical scrap of fire, sits the gentlemanly usher. His slippered feet are on the hob, a little pocket Æsop lies in his hand, a short pipe in his mouth; behind him lies the wide high schoolroom, beyond that the bare windows and the snowy Yorkshire landscape of wooded heights and barren moors.

"Faugh! smoke—smelling like a tavern!" are Dr. Tubb's introductory words; and then, taking a distant chair, he proceeds to business. It is soon effected—as much base things are—and to his infinite but secret chagrin, for he expected demur and entreaty, his usher's manner expressed that of relief and release. True, were the pompous pedagogue a reader of human hearts he might have detected one vibration of desolate despair cross the clear, bright manly eye when the first words of dismissal came; but it is gone like an electric flash, and he sees nothing before him but the serenity of self-reliant manhood. Hurrying over his gruff adieus, pocketing his receipt, and beseemingly oblivious of all Gray's noble efforts to increase his school, which when he had come a year ago was sinking to the verge of ruin, the pompous and shallow pedagogue makes his exit, to go to church—a hollow conventionalist, not a sincere worshipper.

Resolute and brief as young men are, Gray gathers up his few books from off the schoolroom shelves, hastens up stairs, packs his portmanteau, and directs it to the nearest railway station; puts the rest of his things in a knapsack; and then, going downstairs, he scatters a few shillings amongst the servants, visits the old yard dog in his kennel, gives one look at the playground where he has passed so many sad and weary hours, and then goes his way, his knapsack on his shoulders, a good oaken stick in his hand. There are some worthy souls to speak to in this primitive Yorkshire village—the parish clerk, the cobbler, the carrier—then he hurries onward with a brisk step toward the moors, which lie so high and far away; they must be crossed to reach the railway by which he intends to go.

Turning by-and-by out of the more beaten highway, he proceeded down a lane with high banks and hedge-rows on either side. It lies deep in snow, though traversed by recent wheels, and winds away presently toward woodland and river scenery of exquisite beauty, though wreathed in snow and crisped by frost. Here is a cottage, old fashioned and substantial, an exquisite garden round it, and clothed with a glowing pyracanthus. The berries are massed in coronals; the leaves lie around in beds of richest green. But the windows—at least toward the lane—are shuttered; no one seems keeping Christmas within.

But as Robert Gray leans upon the paling, looking toward a little window that now is a bowery with scarlet and green—in summer with the myriad waxen trumpets of the yellow jasmine—a man plods by and touches his hat.

"If yer a wanting Mr. Watson, Sir," he says, "you won't find him at home to-day. Him and the misses be gone to see their youngest son. Old Tab, the maid, 's minding house; but she's up stairs dressing I dus say now."

"Well, Mr. Watson deserves a holiday. Gone for long?"

"No! I reckon they'll be home to-morrow. Miss Marianna, the daughter, ain't wi' 'em. She's gone to Master Fielding's across the moors, to keep holiday wi' the children. She's a partic'lar favorite there—a sort o' coosin to th' missis."

So saying, Hodge again touches his hat, and proceeds.

When the honest fellow is out of sight, Gray opens the gate gently and steals in.—Then from the before-mentioned bowery window he cuts a spray of pyracanthus with his pocket-knife, and coming forth again, hurries away like one guilty of a serious sin. When he is far out of sight of the cottage, on his path again to the highway, he looks at it long and tenderly, and then opening his knapsack, lays it within. This shall go with him far and far away; it grew about *her* bowery window—she whom he has met once or twice in country homes—she whom he has spoken to a few times—she whom he has looked upon and loved.

Like a man who has accomplished a mission, he now walks steadily onward, regains the highway, and begins the ascent toward the moors—to the lower ones, which lie at the base of the higher and more remote. Deeper became the snow, wilder the scene, neither man nor bird nor beast giving life to the whitened waste. By-and-by he comes to a few solitary homesteads, and beyond these to a lonely graveyard, where the dead sleep eternally amid the great hush of nature. He must pause a moment, for here lies a poor school-boy who died of cold and fever. Gray nursed him, Gray loved him, Gray cannot turn him away—perhaps forever—without saying farewell to the insentient dust.

As he diverges to the gate of entrance into this lone burial-ground, a middle-aged gentleman comes toward it, from the rear of the small thatched church, and striving to undo the latch, cannot; his finger may be cold. He may have entered the graveyard by some other route. For days there has been no passer-in. Be this as it may, the gentleman cannot make egress. Gray hurries forward, and from his side undoes the latch.

"Thank you," says the gentleman, raising his hat, "a courtesy is always pleasant, even on a lonely Yorkshire moor. I thank you—a happy christmas—good day." He is a handsome, thoughtful man of middle life; his hair just touched with gray, his manner prompt, his word curt, like one whose dealings are many with men and the world. Perhaps he is a Yorkshire manufacturer—who knows?—many have factories in the hollows of these moors—rich, exact, earnest men—gathering whole populations round them, and making steam their willing slave.

When the stranger is out of sight Gray passes in, and following the footsteps in the snow, they led him to the simple gravestone at the rear of the church, off which the snow has been recently brushed; on it is recorded the death of two old persons—man and wife—who died some five years before. Their names were Fielding; their married life a long one, considering the years they lived.

"I thought as much," says Gray to himself; "that gentleman was Mr. Fielding, the rich spinner, and this the grave of his father and mother. I have heard that he was as noble a son as he is a noble father, husband, master and man. Yes! I thought there was a likeness in his face to the boy who came to Tubbs' to be taught drawing, half a year ago. How often does the prosaic hide the depths of a poetic nature! This is his visit to his parents' grave, on the anniversary of their death; and who knows of what worth such visitation and self communion may be? The virtues of a year may be shown thus in a single hour.

Gray passes on to the schoolboy's solitary grave. No reverent feet have visited it, no reverent hand scraped off the dazzling snow. The marks where the little redbreasts have opped across it are plainly visible, and yet it is not solitary; the wind sings a dirge, the snow presses downfully, and at night the moonlight sweeps over it and silvers it with glory. Under the arch of heaven no single thing but what has some hymn sung to it—some tears wept over it by nature.

The poor usher resumes his walk presently, for he has far to go. The cold is benumbing, the snow deeper, yet he presses on; and he stops to hand a small flask in the pocket of his outer coat; from this he sips a drop of brandy, (it holds but very little) and then plods on. The day begins to fade—the distance is yet considerable—he grows anxious.

At length the moor dips downward into a valley, and beyond this is the higher, bleaker, lonelier moor, across which lies the state he wishes to reach; through the valley sweeps a vast water-power, and here stands the wondrous mill, in which daily work three thousand people, employed by John Fielding, the great cotton lord. But the mighty giant of the spindle and loom sleeps to-day, the fires are low, and labor rests her hands! Some miles from the mill the mansion of the cotton lord stands embosomed in the woods, and here at the foot of the fell is a cluster of cottages.

Descending to one of these, he asks a woman standing at a door nearest the way to the opposite fell.

"Why, cross the beck by the bridge, and take the road afore shee. But eh, sir! it's coming on a wild night for the moors; and now I'm thinking, if ye go by Graystones—Mr. Fielding's park anemt there—you'd find it more sheltered like, and a bit nigher still. You can't miss the way, if you keep this side the beck to the mill; then cross it, and a bit beyond get into the park by the style; the path then'll take you by Graystone-pool—a mighty piece of water, all frozen over now—and towards the end leads up the way on the moors. You can't miss it, though it's coming on a wild night, I fear."

Gray hurries on, passes the mill, the mill-hands' cottages—almost all of them tenantless to-day—finds his way to the pool, and so to its farthest side nearest the moor. As he approaches the road leading thereto, he sees a man dressed as a servant standing on the bank, as though attending three or four boys, who are skating up and down the pond. They're all of them fine, handsome, athletic lads, and Gray moves on to his old drawing pupils, the Fieldings.—Though he has no intention of approaching them, for they are skating some distance from where he has to turn off, he cannot refrain from staying a moment to watch them. As he does so, a bell at the hall rings loud and clear; its echoes are taken up in the solemn moors, and re-echoed back again.

"Gentlemen," calls the servant, "there is the first dinner bell; you had better return now."

They prepare as it seems to obey by skating towards the shore; and Gray turns away not willing to be recognized and detained, for he feels desolate and low in heart. For him no welcoming feast is spread, no ear listens for him, no eye expects him. Snow before him, snow behind him—a sad and solemn Christmas to him. Yet the snows of winter hide the buds of spring, and out of our sorrows our truest joys are often born.

He has turned his face and steps away from the pool towards the moor, when a crash, followed by awful cries, met his ear. Looking round, hurrying towards the pool, he sees that the tallest youth in skating towards the shore had ventured on dangerous ice; it cracked, and he fell through. He is now struggling in the water—his head above it, his hands battling with the ice; while his brothers, hastening to his rescue, seem in peril too. The poor, demented servant—a coward, perhaps, by nature—stands on the shore wringing his hands and shouting.

At a dozen athletic bounds Gray reached the spot. In another moment he has thrown off his coat, hat, and knapsack.

"Stephen! Walter! Falkland!" he calls; "don't attempt that; I'll come to Harry's rescue." Even while he speaks he dashes way across the ice, goes through it, is in the pool, not a minute too soon—the lad is spent and benumbed with cold—is sinking.

"A brave heart, Harry—a hand here—there, now my arm's around—you bear up. I'm Gray, your old drawing master." Holding the lad's hand above water, swimming dexterously, battling with the ice, in an anxious moment or two he has reached the shore. Having heeded Gray's warning, the other boys are safe too, and now crowd around.

"Harry is not much the worse," says Gray, kindly, as the spent and benumbed lad leans on him and begins to recover. "A near chance; but a drop of brandy, with a run home, and a warm bath, will set him all right. Walter, feel in my coat pocket; you'll find my brandy flask; it holds but a drop, but it'll do good." So saying, when the flask is found Gray makes Harry take what it holds, and then hurries him off home.

"But you'll come, Gray," says Stephen, who is the next eldest to Harry, "papa will never forgive us if you don't come, after having saved us our dear Harry. We always liked you, Gray, and were talking of you this very morning. Come on; you are dripping like a dog."

"Thank you; I want to be at ——station by eight o'clock to-night, and at Leeds to-morrow, so I can't." I have dry undergarments in my knapsack here, which I can change in that lodder shed yonder. Good-by, I want to cross the moor before it is too late."

"The moor, Gray! Why you'll will have a hard fight with the snow. Our shepherd's report it is very deep. But why are you tied for a few hours?"

"I have left Tubbs: I taught too last for him: but if I reach Leeds by to-morrow I may get a tutorship; for there was an advertisement relating to one in the last paper. So run home, Stephen, I'll write to you from thence."

Gray does not stay for any reply; but, seizing his coat and knapsack, hurries to the distant shed; here he changes his shoes and other garments, and then, to get warm, sets off at a run, as soon as he had dressed and swung his knapsack on. Up the snowy road, by the moorland crags, on the moor itself—a wild, wide waste of whitened desolation.

Yet some traffic through the day makes the road sufficiently for it to be easy to find, while light lasts and the snow holds off; he keeps on at a rapid pace, for the whole distance now to traverse is but some six miles, and he is not without hope that it will be easily effected. But presently the snow drifts get deeper, and baffle him more and more at every step. The clouds charged with snow bring day suddenly to a close; and at last it begins to snow heavily, as though the clouds had burst. Still he kept his way, not without hope. But when the road becomes more and more indistinct, when the rising wind whirls it round and round, when the cold becomes so intense as to benumb him, even while he moves, then he regrets his folly of having slighted the kindly invitation of Mr. Fielding's house. But Gray is a proud man; he has had the birth and education of a gentleman, and he cannot go fawning anywhere, uninvited, like a beggar.

At last, hopeless of regaining the track, thoroughly spent, and growing drowsy, he sits down on a crag; the storm whirling round him and freezing his blood. Then he closed his eyes, lost in that dreamy euthanasia which precedes death from cold. From this he is aroused by something warm and wet touching his hand—something lying heavy on his knee. Reluctantly—almost with difficulty—he asserts sufficient will and volition to open his eyes; and then he sees a shepherd's dog which rests it paws upon his knees and licks his hand. At the same the moment a loud hollos is heard. With still more difficulty then he had in opening his eyes, he makes a faint reply, for he is conscious the rescue is at hand. It is scarcely uttered before a shepherd casts back the blinding snow and stands before him.

"If you please, sir, you must come with us. As soon as he heard of the matter, Mr. Fielding sent me and another off, with a horse and the dogs, on the moor after you; for no one, he knew, could live out such a night."

But Gray could only faintly speak. So the shepherd's assistant now coming up with the horse, they place him on it, give him some whisky they have with them, and one mounting behind, so as to hold the benumbed gentleman, the other leads the way back to Graystones. But the way is hard to find, the snow so blinds and baffles them, so lies in monstrous drifts, and the cold is so benumbing; yet through this desolate waste they get at last, and by eight o'clock reach the hall.

There, in the wide porch, a whole group of sympathizing friends welcome the poor gentleman. He cannot talk much, but he replies to the pressure