Fertilizers, &c.

ARMERS

TRY THE

tar Bone Phosphate.

O all agriculturists, therefore, who are in search of an active and permanent manure, and who have the claims of this article presented to their ... for the first time, the manufacturers would ...est, that the

STAR BONE PHOSPHATE

...rthy of their experimental trial, at least; past ...ience warranting the fullest confidence, that af... trial they will aid their testimony to that of ...reds of farmers who now regard it as the cheap... and best manure in the market.

HE AMMONIA

...pplied abundantly from the organic portion o... ...one.

PRICE $55 PER TON IN BAGS.

...ers wishing Ground Bone, Oil of Vitriol, can b... ...led. Give us a call.

...A. Spangler has our Phosphate for sale.

PETER BOBLITZ. Manufacturer.

BURKHOLDER & WILSON, Beater Hay-Press Buildings, N. W. corner Washington and Railroad sts. Gettysburg, Penna

The Phosphate is for sale by A. SPANGLER, Gettysburg, Pa. WIBLE & SONS, Gettysburg, Pa. GRAFT & ECKENRODE, Granite Station, Pa. MELHORN & BENDER, New Oxford, Pa. CHARLES KUHN, Hanover, Pa.

...h 12.—tf

Word to the Wise!

HLY IMPORTANT TO FARMERS

nner's Chemical Fertilizer!

HE importance of a quick, ac...ive and durable Fertilizer, adapted to the soil ... county, is acknowledged by all Farmers. Hav... ...isfied myself, after long study and careful ex...ent, that F. C. RENNER'S

Chemical Fertilizer

...ses all others in adaptedness to all kinds of ... I have purchased the right for Adams county, ... prepared to fill orders for it promptly and on ...nable terms. It is no humbug, but

BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TRIED

...umber of our Farmers, and is admitted by all ...ave it to be the best in the market, and the ...st. I am prepared to furnish this Fertilizer in ...antity, and will deliver

any town or village in the County,

...rdered in not less quantity than a TON. I ...ctuae it for sale at $60 per ton without bags, or ...bags. This fertilizer is composed of the best ...ng chemicals that can be had. I use no oil of ...; it does not contain any ammonia, therefore I ...use it. Neither do I use lime nor ashes.

OBJECT OF THE CHEMICAL FERTILIZER

...troduce a fertilizer that will last for a series ...not only for one. It contains sufficient animal ... to mature the grain and make it ripen early, ...he ammonia forces the growth. I expect to ...ctures large supply this winter for the spring ...nd therefore invite farmers and the public gen...o give it a trial on all kinds of Grains and ...bles.

...TION.—I hereby give notice that Farm Rights ...er sold, unless signed by me, are infringements ... Right, and will be prosecuted and dealt with ...ng to law, from which there is no appeal. ...All orders will be promptly attended to by ...

GEORGE BENDER, Bendersville, Penna.

...N. McKIMM General Agent for sale of Coun... State Rights, Bendersville, Adams county, Pa. ...15.—1y

BOWER'S

OMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY

HENRY BOWER, Chemist,

PHILADELPHIA.

MADE FROM

Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

WARRANTED FREE FROM ADULTERATION.

...Manure contains all the elements to produce ...rops of all kinds, and is highly recommended ...who use it, also by distinguished chemists ...e, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. each

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO., Agents,

...uth Water and 40 South Delaware Avenue, PHILADELPHIA.

FOR SALE BY

WILLIAM REYNOLDS, 79 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

...y dealers generally throughout the country ...formation, address Hen Bower, Philadel... [Feb. 19.—1y

Life and Fire Insurance.

HOME

URANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL—TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

Jan. 1, 1869, ...$3,966 282 30.

ASHBURN, Secretary. CHAS. J. MARTIN, President

LYON, Ass't Secretary. A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice President.

EENE, Ass't Secretary. D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice President

H. A. PICKING, Agent, Middle Street, Gettysburg, Pa. ...1869.—6m

RANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA, 232 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA. ...RATED 1794. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

E, INLAND & FIRE INSURANCE.

...sues Limited or Perpetual Policies.

...n. 1st, 1869, ...$2,348 323 39

O LOSSES PAID IN CASH, SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION.

G. COFFIN, President. CHARLES PLATT, Vice President.

MATHIAS NORRIS, Secretary.

H. A. PICKING, Agent, ...n West Middle Street, Gettysburg, Pa. ...1869.—6m

ADAMS COUNTY

L FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORPORATED, MARCH 18, 1851.

OFFICERS.

...t—George Swope.
...sident—Samuel R. Russell.
...y—D. A. Buehler.
...r—E. G. Fahnestock.
...e Committee—Robert McCurdy, H. A. Pick... King.
...—George Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. McCur... ...ussell, E. G. Fahnestock, Gettysburg; Jacob ...ban township; Frederick Diehl, Franklin ...ng. Straban; Abdiel F. Gitt, New Oxford; ... White, Liberty; H. C. Peters, Petersburg

...Company is limited in its operations to the ...dams. It has been in operation for more ...rs, and in that period has made but one as...ving paid losses by fire during that period ...to over $15,000. Any person desiring an In... ...apply to either of the managers.

...Executive Committee meets at the office of ..., on the last Wednesday in every month ...k, P. M. [June 10.1868.—

...tels and Restaurants.

GLE HOTEL.

...argest and most commodious in GETTYSBURG, PENNA.

...CHAMBERSBURG AND WASHINGTON STREETS

...N L. TATE, Proprietor.

...nibus, for Passengers and Baggage, runs ...ot, on arrival and departure of Rail Road ...reful servants, and reasonable charges. ...867.—

STONE HOTEL,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

MYERS, PROPRIETOR.

NOW OPEN.

...is a new House, and has been ...up in the most approved style. Its ...pleasant and convenient, being in the ...e portion of the town. Every arrange...made for the accommodation and com...s, with ample stabling attached. With ... servants, and accommodating Clerks ... every endeavor to please. This Hote...r the entertainment of the public, and ...licit a share of public patronage.

The Star and Sentinel.

VOL. LXIX. NO. 48. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1869. WHOLE NO. 3584.

HARPER, McPHERSON & BUEHLER.
PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS.
Baltimore st. between 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 arearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers.

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at reasonable rates. A liberal reduction 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.

Professional Cards, &c.

J. M. KRAUTH, Attorney at Law, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, south of the Court-house. June 18, 1869—tf

D. McCONAUGHY, Attorney at Law, 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. June 18, 1869.—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 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

DAVID WILLS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at his residence in the South-east corner of Centre Square. May 29, 1867.

DR. H. S. HUBER,

S. E. Corner of Chambersburg and Washington street

OPPOSITE COL. TATE'S EAGLE HOTEL.

June 11, 1869.—tf

DR. J. A. ARMSTRONG, Having located at NEW SALEM, will attend to all branches of his profession, and will be found at his office when not professionally engaged. McKNIGHTSTOWN, P. O., Adams county, Pa. July 24, 1868.—t

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 L. HILL, M. D., DENTIST,

Office in Chambersburg street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, GETTYSBURG, PENN'A.

Having been in constant practice over 20 years, patients can be assured of good work. [July 9.—tf

DR. J. E. BERKSTRESSER, Dentist, having located in Gettysburg, offers his services to the public. Office in York street, nearly opposite the Globe Inn, 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. July 30, 1869.—tf

DR. H. W. LeFEVRE, Littlestown, Adams co., Pa.,

HAVING permanently located in that place, will engage in the general practice of Medicine and Surgery. Office in Lombard street, near Baltimore street. [Aug. 20, 1869.—tf

Business Cards.

ALEX. J. TATE'S RESTAURANT, Chambersburg street, next door to the "Keystone Hotel."

ALE, LAGER, POP, OF THE BEST.

Also, Oysters, Tripe, Turtle-Soap, Cheese, Eggs, and everything usually found in a first-class Restaurant. GIVE US A CALL. June 4, 1869.—tf

BLACKSMITHING.

B. G. HOLLEBAUGH

HAS opened a Blacksmith Shop on Washington street, next door to Christman's Carpenter Shop, and is prepared to do all kinds of BLACKSMITHING, at reasonable rates, and invites a share of public patronage.

REPAIRING of all kinds. Give me a call.

April 30, 1869—tf

GRANITE-YARD, GETTYSBURG, PA., ON RAILROAD, NEAR FREIGHT DEPOT.

PETER BEITLER

Is prepared to furnish GRANITE, for all kinds of BUILDING AND MONUMENTAL PURPOSES, at reasonable rates—

Curbing, Sills, Steps, Ashlers, Posts, Monuments, Cemetery Blocks, &c., &c.,

cut and finished in every style desired, by best workmen. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. June 3.—tf

JEREMIAH CULP GETTYSBURG, PA., Undertaker & Paper-Hanger,

Is prepared to furnish on short notice and reasonable terms

COFFINS OF ALL STYLES.

He also keeps on hand a large assortment of WALL PAPER, which he sells at lowest cash rates, and if desired will furnish hands to put it on the wall.

PLAIN & FANCY SIGN PAINTING EXECUTED TO ORDER.

York street—a few doors east of Lutheran Church May 27, 1868—tf.

ROBERT D. ARMOR, GAS FITTER, PLUMBER AND BELL HANGER, East Middle street, half a square from the Court-house GETTYSBURG, PA.,

WILL promptly attend to all orders in his line. Work done in the most satisfactory manner, and at prices as low as can possibly be afforded to make a living.

GAS PIPE

furnished, as well as Chandeliers, Brackets, Drop Lights &c.; also WATER PIPE, Stops, Top and Frost Spigots, and, in short, everything belonging to gas or water fixtures.

Bells hung, and furnished if desired. Locks of all kinds repaired. [Dec. 25, 1867.—t

GETTYSBURG FORGE.

HAMMERED IRON, OF THE BEST QUALITY,

supplied to Iron Dealers and Blacksmiths at reasonable prices.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

IRON SCRAPS WANTED,

for which $1.50 per 100 lbs. will be allowed, delivered at the Forge in Gettysburg, Pa.—either in cash or in exchange for Hammered Iron, as may be preferred.

July 30, 1869.—tf S. W. HOFFMAN.

Business Cards.

JOHN W. TIPTON, FASHIONABLE BARBER, opposite the Eagle 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.

COOPERING!

PETER CULP

Has commenced the

COOPERING BUSINESS,

in all its branches at his residence on the Mummasburg road, at the end of Carlisle street, Gettysburg, Pa. The public can always have made to order all kinds and styles of

MEAT VESSELS, CROUT STANDS, PICKEL STANDS, TUBS, FLOUR BARRELS,

I also manufacture 5 and 10 gal. Kegs, Cider Barrels, And all other kinds of Coopering. Repairing done cheaply and with despatch. Give us a call. Aug. 13, 1869.—tf

GETTYSBURG BAKERY.

THE firm of Newport & Ziegler having been dissolved, the undersigned will continue the Baking business, in all its branches, at the old stand, Corner of South Washington and West Middle streets, Gettysburg, Pa. All kinds of CRACKERS, CAKES, BREAD, ROLLS, PRETZELS, &c constantly baked and always to be had fresh. With many years experience and every disposition to please, he feels that he can promise satisfaction in all cases. Orders solicited, and promptly attended to. With many thanks for the patronage bestowed on the old firm, its continuance is asked. BALTZER NEWPORT.

April 9, 1869 -tf

A SERVANT FOR ALL.

Roth's Improvement for Opening, Closing and Latching Gates,

MAY be attached to any gate and operated from buggy, team or saddle, by one hand, in any desired direction from the gate—opened and closed from one point, at any distance from the gate. This improvement is simple and cheap, yet perfect and strong; will not be disarranged by the sagging of the gate, nor by the frost raising the posts; may be made at a country blacksmith's, and easily attached to a gate. The undersigned, having the Right for Adams county, will sell Township and Farm Rights of this improvement. Also, ROTH & SHANE'S AMERICAN LEVER GATE—which will be found valuable and convenient to all who have gates to drive through—as they remain by their team, open, close and latch a gate, without the necessity of getting in the wet or mud. For further information, &c., address ISRAEL BRICKER, Menallen P. O., Adams co., Pa. May 13.—tf

NEW BUSINESS. Upholstering & Trimming.

WILLIAM E. CULP

HAS opened an establishment opposite Weaver's Livery Stables, on Washington street, for

Covering Sofas, Chairs, Mattrasses, and Upholstering in all its branches.

He also continues his old business of Trimming Buggies, Carriages, &c., and solicits from the public their patronage. Charges moderate. Gettysburg, Pa., Dec. 11.—tf

HOWE MACHINES!

THE LATEST IMPROVED & GENUINE ELIAS HOWE, JR., SEWING MACHINES.

JACOB F. THOMAS, Agent for Adams County, Pa., Granite Hill, P. O., (Golden's Station.)

ORDERS will be promptly attended to. Machines delivered to all parts of the county and instructions given gratis.

The public are cautioned against parties who use the name of HOWE in connection with their machines on account of the popularity of the Howe Machines. There are none GENUINE unless they have imbedded in each machine a medallion having the likeness of ELIAS HOWE, Jr., on it, &c. Feb. 26—tf

Surveying--Conveyancing.

J. S. WITHEROW, FAIRFIELD, PA.,

Tenders his services to the public as a

PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,

and is prepared to survey Farms, Lots, &c., on reasonable terms. Having taken out a Conveyancer's License, he will also attend to preparing DEEDS, BONDS, RELEASES, WILLS, LEASES, ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, CLERKING AT 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. PostOffice address, Fairfield, Adams co., Pa. Jan. 1, 1869.—tj

ICE CREAM SALOON.

JOHN GRUEL, Chambersburg St., Gettysburg, next door to Eagle Hotel,

Has always on hand a large assortment of all kinds of

CONFECTIONERY,

made of the best materials, with Fruits, Almonds, Raisins, Figs, Cakes, &c.

ICE CREAM

served to customers, and orders for Families or Parties promptly filled. Having special accommodations for Ladies and Gentlemen, and determined to please he invites his friends to give him a call. April 9.—tf

UNPATENTED LANDS.

SURVEYOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, HARRISBURG, PA., June 22nd, 1869.

To the Owners of Unpatented Lands:

In obedience to an Act of Assembly, approved the eighth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, you are hereby notified that the "County Land Lien Docket," containing the list of unpatented lands for Adams county, prepared under the Act of Assembly of the twentieth of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and the supplement thereto, has this day been forwarded to the Prothonotary of the county, at whose office it may be examined. The liens can only be liquidated by the payment of the purchase money, interest and fees, and receiving patents through this Department. Proceedings by the Attorney General have been stayed for one year from this date, in order that parties may obtain their patents without additional cost. JACOB M. CAMPBELL, Surveyor General. June 25, 1869.—4m

FURNITURE.

D. C. SHEAFFER PETERSBURG, (Y. S.,) PENNA.,

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

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

FURNITURE made to order. Repairing done neat cheap and with dispatch. Jan. 22, 1869—tf

BROOMS! BROOMS!

The undersigned continues to manufacture Brooms at his new stand on the north-east corner of Centre Square, adjoining Bischoff's Segar Store. He will have during the fall a full supply on hand, and will be able to furnish them WHOLESALE OR RETAIL. Brooms made to order by on the shares. Persons having Broom Corn would do well to give him a call. S. R. TIPTON. Gettysburg, Sept. 17, 1869.—3m

GRAPE VINES!

I HAVE NOW READY FOR MARKET

10,000 GRAPE VINES,

ONE AND TWO YEARS OLD—INCLUDING EVERY VARIETY OF STANDARD GRAPES.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

The attention of Dealers and Housekeepers is invited to my stock, before purchasing elsewhere, as it is very choice and will be sold on reasonable terms. Address ROBERT SHEADS. Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 10, 1869—tf.

Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

GO TO DUPHORN'S

C HIS CLOTHS.

C HIS CASSIMERES

C ALL HIS GOODS.

BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE IF YOU WOULD SAVE MONEY.

North-west corner of Square.

April 16, 1869.—tf

DRY GOODS. HARDWARE

FAHNESTOCK BROTHERS HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF SPRING GOODS

QUEENSWARE. CARPETS

April 30, 1869.—tf

$10,000 REWARD! STORE ENTERED!

Robert & Elliott's Store, IN GETTYSBURG,

WAS entered last Week and a large quantity of Dry Goods, Notions, Queensware and Carpeting taken.

The parties are well known, but have thus far escaped arrest, as they left Greenbacks in exchange for the Goods.

The persons who took the Goods are very well satisfied that they received more or better Goods for their money than they could have got at any other store.

Come one! Come one!

and examine our large assortment of

SILKS, GINGHAMS, LAWNS, BAREGES, ALPACCAS, &c., CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, JEANS, VESTINGS, &c.

Also, Carpets, Notions, Glassware, Queensware, and indeed, a general assortment of everything belonging to a first-class Store.

REMEMBER the place is opposite the Court-house, Baltimore street, and that our motto is, Fair Dealing and Small Profits. [April 23, 1869.—t

1869. DESIRABLE 1869.

NEW GOODS!

Most Excellent Assortment!

I SELL for very small profits, and aim at doing a very large Business. FASHIONABLE SHADES OF FINE SILK POPLINS. FASHIONABLE SHADES OF FRENCH WOOL POPLINS. FASHIONABLE SHADES OF ALPACCA POPLINS. FRENCH CHINTZES, PIQUES, PERCALES AND LAWNS. BLACK SILKS, PLAIN SILKS, PLAID SILKS. SWISS MUSLINS, JACONET MUSLINS, CAMBRIC. BLACK ALPACCA, COLORED ALPACCA, BLACK AND WOOL DELAIN. ... SHAWLS, CASSIMERE SHAWLS, THIBET SHAWLS. CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CLOAKINGS, LINEN DRILLING, COTTONADE. TABLE COVERS, TABLE LINEN, NAPKINS, TOWELS. BALMORAL SKIRTS, HOOP SKIRTS. ... HANDKERCHIEFS. ... CHILDREN'S GLOVES, AND STOCKINGS. ... Gettysburg, Pa., Jan. 15, 1869.—tf

Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

NEW SPRING & SUMMER GOODS AT ARENDTSVILLE, PA.

TOBIAS R. COVER

HAVING opened a new store, in Arendtsville, has just returned from the city with a splendid assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, &c.

Having purchased my entire stock for cash. I am prepared to sell very cheap. Give me a call and judge for yourselves. T. R. COVER. May 28.—6m

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT PETERSBURG.

GRIEST & BOWERS (Successors to E. Hiteshew,)

WOULD respectfully inform the public that they have just returned from Philadelphia with a large assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

consisting in part of Ladies' Dress Goods, Cloths, Cassimers, Domestic Goods of all kinds, a full line of white Goods and Notions, Hats, Shoes, Hardware Queensware and Groceries, Clocks, Paints, Oil, Carpets, &c., which have been purchased at panic rates and will be sold at prices to defy competition.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere to compare styles quality, and prices, as we are determined not be undersold by any house in the county. GRIEST & BOWERS

April 30, 1869.—

Livery Stables.

GETTYSBURG LIVERY, Sales & Exchange Stables.

N. WEAVER & SON, Proprietors,

HAVING this day associated with me my son LEVI in the Livery Business, carried on by me on Washington street for a number of years, I would respectfully return my thanks to the public for the kind patronage heretofore extended to me.

Having now superior accommodations to supply the public, we would solicit a continuation of their patronage.

We claim that we can furnish superior teams at as moderate prices as any other establishment in Gettysburg.

Our stables will be found stocked with the best of Horses and Vehicles.

We can furnish you a fine Hack team with careful and obliging drivers for long or short drives. We can furnish you a pair of Horses and Baggy.

We can furnish you a nice single Horse and Buggy for business or pleasure trip.

We can furnish you a fine Saddle Horse for Gentleman or Lady.

We can furnish you a Family Horse and Carriage.

We can furnish superior facilities for visiting the Battle-field and Springs.

Particular attention paid to supplying Hacks for Funerals.

In fact, you can get any kind of a team to be had in a first-class Livery.

HORSES BOUGHT AND SOLD

at all times and on reasonable terms. Persons buying Horses at this establishment have a good collection to select from. All Horses sold guaranteed as represented, or no sale.

By strict attention to business, with a desire to please, we hope to have something to do. NICHOLAS WEAVER, LEVI F. WEAVER.

April 9, 1869.—tf

THE EAGLE LIVERY, SALE & EXCHANGE STABLES. Washington Street, Gettysburg, Pa. ADJOINING THE EAGLE HOTEL.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a new LIVERY, SALE AND EXCHANGE STABLE in this place, and is prepared to offer superior accommodations in this line. He has provided himself with Buggies, Carriages, Hacks, Light Wagons, &c., of the latest styles, sufficient to meet the public demand. His horses are all good, without spot or blemish, and perfectly reliable—none of your "old cripples," but all of the "2.40" order.

Riding parties can always be accommodated and comfortable equipments furnished.

Parties, large or small, can get just what they want on the most accommodating terms.

Visitors to the Battle-field politely attended to and reliable drivers furnished if desired.

Parties conveyed to and from the Depot upon the arrival and departure of every train.

Horses bought, sold, or exchanged, and always a chance for bargains given. Our motto is "fair play and no gouging."

Particular attention paid to furnishing Vehicles and Hacks for Funerals.

We flatter ourselves that by charging moderately and by furnishing superior accommodations, we cannot fail to please every one who patronises our establishment. T. T. TATE. May 29, 1867.—

Notice to the Public!

THE undersigned is running a Line of Stages from Hagerstown to Gettysburg, leaving former place on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock, A. M., passing by Leitersburg, Waynesboro', Monterey and Clermont Springs, Fountain Dale and Fairfield, arriving at Gettysburg at half past four o'clock and returning from Gettysburg on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arriving at Hagerstown to make connection with the 5 o'clock train for Baltimore. May 21.—tf ANNA WASSEN.

Photograph Galleries.

EXCELSIOR GALLERY.

TIPTON & MYERS successors to C. J. Tyson.

PHOTOGRAPHS, PHOTO MINIATURES AMBROTYPES, &c., &c., Stereoscopic Views of the BATTLE-FIELD, STEREOSCOPES, PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES, AND ALBUMS GREAT VARIETY, AND AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

We deal in nothing but the best of its kind. Call and examine our stock. Copies can be furnished from all negatives ever taken at this Gallery.

TYSON'S OLD STAND.

Oct. 9.—tf

Coal, Lumber, Lime, &c.

GETTYSBURG LIME KILNS.

THE undersigned has bought out his former partner, WM. GUINN, and now continues

THE LIME-BURNING BUSINESS

himself—at the Gettysburg Lime Kilns; on the corner of the Railroad and North Stratton street. Thankful for past patronage, he will endeavor to deserve its continuance, by prosecuting the business as vigorously and on as large a scale as possible—always selling a good article and giving good measure. Farmers and others may look for the prompt filling of orders.

He also continues the

COAL BUSINESS,

offering the most popular kinds. Housekeepers and others should give him a call. Blacksmith Coal constantly on hand.

Lime and Coal delivered anywhere in Gettysburg Gettysburg, Nov. 20, 1867 JACOB REILEY

BARGAINS IN NEW FURNITURE.

A NUMBER of sets of COTTAGE FURNITURE having been sent by mistake to the Gettysburg Springs Hotel—parties wishing very cheap and good furniture can be accommodated by calling immediately at the Furniture Store of Geo. A. Warren & Co. (in Old Sentinel Office.) July ... PROPRIETORS.

The Star and Sentinel.

IS THERE NO ROOM IN THE ANGEL LAND.

[A short time since the writer listened to an interesting discourse by a Methodist preacher, in which he related the following touching incident: A mother who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying with anger that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be no room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother—you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way?" The broken-hearted mother then felt no sacrifice too great could she have saved her child.]

Is there no room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly,
As my story books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary—
Mary numbered with the dead?
Tell me truly, darling mother,
Is there room for such as me?
Will I gain the home of spirits,
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother—
Been to you a constant care;
And you will not miss me, mother,
When I dwell among the fair;
For you have no room for Mary—
She was ever in your way,
And she fears the good will shun her;
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me—tell me truly, mother,
Ere life's closing hour doth come,
Do you think that they will keep me,
In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother,
Not so very—very bad,
But what tender love would nourish,
And make Mary's heart so glad:
Oh! I yearned for pure affection,
In this world of bitter woe;
And I long for bliss immortal,
In that land where I must go;
Tell me once again, dear mother,
Ere you take the parting kiss,
Will the angels bid me welcome
To that world of perfect bliss?

[From Dicken's All the Year Round.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A NEW AND TRUE STORY TOLD OF THE LATE PRESIDENT.

During the summer of the most disastrous and doubtful year of the late American war, the Colonel of a New Hampshire regiment lay for some weeks extremely ill of camp fever, near Hampton Roads in Virginia. Hearing of his critical condition, his wife left her Northern home and after much difficulty, made her way to his bedside. Her cheerful presence and careful nursing so far restored him that he was in a short time able to be transferred to Washington.

In the Potomac river the steamer in which the invalid officer, Colonel Scott, and his wife had taken passage, was sunk in a collision with a larger vessel in the night time. The crew and nearly all the soldiers on board were rescued or saved themselves; but amid the horrible confusion of the scene, Colonel Scott became separated from his wife, and she was lost. The Colonel was picked up in the water by the crew of the larger steamer, and under his direction every effort was made to discover his wife, or rather her body, for all hope of finding her alive was soon abandoned. The sad search was fruitless; it was resumed in the morning, the people along the shore, humane confederates, lending their aid. But the gray, sullen river refused to give up its dead, and the young officer, half frantic with grief, was compelled to go on to Washington. Within a week, however, he received word from below that the body of the lady had been washed on shore; that those good country people, generous foes, had secured it, cared for it, and were keeping it for him.

It happened that just at that time imperative orders were issued from the War Department, prohibiting all intercourse with the peninsula—a necessary precaution against the premature disclosure of important military plans. So it was with some misgivings that Colonel Scott applied to Secretary Stanton for leave to return to Virginia on his melancholy duty.

"Impossible, Colonel," replied Mr. Stanton, firmly; "no man can have leave to go down the river, at this time, on any private mission whatever. Our present exigencies demand the most stringent regulations; and I hope I need not say to you that no merely personal considerations should be allowed to interfere with great national interests. Your case is a sad one; but this is a critical perilous, cruel time. 'The dead must bury the dead.'"

The Colonel would have entreated, but the busy Secretery cut him short with another "impossible," from which there was absolutely no appeal. He went forth from the presence, and returned to his hotel, quite overwhelmed with grief.

Fortunately he was that afternoon visited by a friend, to whom he told the story of his unsuccessful application and sad perplexity, who immediately exclaimed, "Why not apply to the President?"

The Colonel had but little hope, but acknowledging that the plan was worth trying, drove with his friend to the White House.

They were too late. It was Saturday evening, and Mr. Lincoln had gone to spend Sunday at Soldiers' Rest, his summer retreat. This was but a few miles from town, and the Colonel's indomitable friend proposed that they should follow him out, and they went.

There was then a popular belief that all the wronged, the troubled and suffering could find a refuge in "Father Abraham's" capacious bosom; a belief that was not far out of the way. Yet there were times when overburdened, wearied, tortured, the patriarch longed to clear that asylum of his forlorn inmates, to bolt and bar and double lock it against the world; times when life became too hard and perplexing for his genial, honest nature, too serious and tragic and rascally a thing by half.

It happened unluckily that the poor Colonel and his friend found the President in one of the most despondent and perplexed moods. He was in a little private parlor, alone in the gloaming. He was lounging loosely in a large rocking chair, jutting over in all directions. His slippered feet were exalted, his rough head was thrown back, his long throat bare—he was in his shirt sleeves. Yes, dear, fastidious English reader, it was genuine Yankee abandon—make the most of it!

He turned upon his visitors a look of almost savage inquiry. There was, indeed, in his unusually pleasant eyes, a wild, angry gleam—a something like the glare of a worried animal at bay.

Col. Scott proceeded very modestly to tell his story, but the President interrupted him, to say brusquely, "Go to Stanton; that is his business."

"I have been to him, Mr. President, and he will do nothing for me."

"You have been to him, and got your answer, and still presume to come to me! Am I to have no rest? no privacy? Must I be dogged to my last fastnesses, and worried to death by inches? Mr. Stanton has done just right. He knows what he is about. Your demands are unreasonable, sir."

But, Mr. Lincoln, I thought you would feel for me."

"Feel for you! Good God! I have to feel for five hundred thousand more unfortunate than you. We are at war, sir; don't you know that we are at war? Sorrow is the lot of all; bear your share like a man and a soldier."

"I try to, Mr. President but it seems hard. My devoted wife ... her life for coming to nurse me in my sickness, I can not even take her body home to my children."

"Well, she ought not to have come down to the army. She should have staid at home. That is the place for women. But if they will go tearing about the country, in such times as these, and running into all sorts of dangers, they must take the consequences! Not but that I am sorry for you, Colonel. As for your wife, she's at rest, and I wish I were."

Saying this, the President leaned back wearily in his chair and closed his eyes, not noticing, except by a slight wave of his hand, the departure of his visitors.

I am not ashamed to confess that my hero tossed restlessly that night upon a pillow wet with manly tears, that he was desperate and resentful, utterly unreconciled to the decrees of Providence and the War Department, and that he thought Abraham Lincoln as hard as he was ugly, and as inhumane as he was ungainly.

Toward morning he fell asleep, and slept late. Before he was fully dressed, there came a quick knock at the door of his chamber, and he opened it to President Lincoln!

The good man came forward, pale and eager, tears glistening in his eyes, and grasped the Colonel's hand, saying, "I treated you brutally last night. I ask your pardon. I was utterly tired out, badgered to death. I generally become about as savage as a wild cat by Saturday, drained dry of the "milk of human kindness." I must have seemed to you the very gorilla the rebels paint me. I was sorry enough for it when you were gone. I could not sleep a moment all last night, so I thought I'd drive into town in the cool of the morning and make it all right. Fortunately, I had but very little difficulty in finding you."

"This is very good of you, Mr. President," said the Colonel, deeply moved.

"No, it isn't; but that was very bad of me last night. I never should have forgiven myself if I had let that piece of ugly work stand. That was a noble wife of yours, Colonel. You were a happy man to have such a noble woman to love you; and you must be a good fellow, or such a woman would never have risked so much for you. And what grand women there are in these times, Colonel! What angels of devotion and mercy, and how brave and plucky!—going everywhere at the call of duty, facing every danger. I tell you, if it were not for the women we should all go to the devil, and should deserve to. They are the salvation of the nation. Now, come, Colonel; my carriage is at the door. I'll drive you to the War Department, and we'll see Stanton about this matter."

Even at this early hour they found the Secretary at his post. The President pleaded the case of Col. Scott, and not only requested that a leave of absence should be given him, but that a steamer should be sent down the river expressly to bring up the body of his wife. "Humanity, Mr. Stanton," said the good President, his homely face transfigured with the glow of earnest, tender feeling, "humanity should overrule considerations of policy, and even military necessity, in matters like this."

The Secretary was touched, and he said something of his regret at not having felt himself at liberty to grant Col. Scott's request in the first place.

"No, no, Mr. Stanton," said the President, "you did right in adhering to your own rules; you are the right man for this place. If we had such soft-headed old fool as I here, there would be no rules or regulations that the army of the country could depend upon. But this is a peculiar case. Only think of that poor woman!"

Of course the "impossible" was accomplished.

To the surprise of the Colonel, the President insisted on driving him to the Navy Yard, to see that the Secretary's order was carried out immediately; seeming to have a nervous fear that some obstacle might be thrown in the way of the pious expedition. He waited at the landing till all was ready, then charged the officers of the steamer to give every assistance and attention to his "friend, Mr. Scott." With him he shook hands warmly at parting, saying, "God bless you, my dear fellow, I hope you will have no more trouble in this sad affair—and, Colonel, try to forget last night."

Away up in a New Hampshire church yard there is a certain grave carefully watched and tended by faithful love. But every April time the violets on that mound speak not alone of the womanly sweetness and devotion of her who sleeps below—they are tender and tearful with the memory of the murdered President.

A BACHELOR friend of ours, passing up the street a few days ago, picked up a thimble. He stood for a moment meditating on the probable owner, when pressing it to his lips, he said—

"Oh, that this were the fair lips of the wearer."

Just as he had finished, a big, fat, ugly colored woman looked out at an upper window and said—

"Boss, jis please frow dat fimble in de entry, I jist drapt it."

JUDY gives this conversation: Magistrate —"Well, Patrick, what have you got to say about stealing the pig?" Patrick—"Well, y'r honnor-r, ye see, it was jist this. The pig tuk upon him to shleep in my bit of a garden for three nights, y'r honnor-r, and I jist sayzed him for the rint!"

A MAIDEN who had suffered some disappointments thus defines the human race:—Man—a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco-smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman—the waiter, perforce, on the aforesaid animal."

"WHAT kind of board do you get at your house?" said a friend to Binks the other day. "Well, we pine during the week, and plank down a good deal Saturday," said the cadaverous Binks.

MOTTO for a rejected suitor—He wooed, and she wouldn't. He cooed, but she couldn't.

HISTORY OF A WAIF.

An Incident of the Flood of 1847—An Infant floating All Night on the Flood —What became of Her.

During the great flood of 1847, when the Ohio River so far overleaped the bounds of propriety as to come up to Pearl street without any invitation, a great many dwellings located on the river banks were swept away and came floating down the pitiless tide. Loss of life not unfrequently attended these disasters, as when a family, unconscious of their danger, were asleep in their beds when the water rose about their house and lifting it from its foundations bore it away amid the darkness and the turbulent flood.

On the west bank of the Ohio at that time, between Marietta and Pomeroy, stood an humble dwelling occupied by a small farmer and his wife, together with five children, the youngest an infant girl a little over a year old. The river rose during the night while the family were in bed. The rocking of the house as the surging waters claimed it, awoke the inmates, and through great and hasty exertions the farmer was enabled to get all his family, as he supposed, to a place of safety, though he lost everything else. Standing on a little eminence near by he saw, through the gloom of that dreadful night, his house with all its contents yield itself to the grasping and avaricious flood and float down the river, were it was soon lost in darkness. He supposed that all were saved, but alas, it was soon discovered that their infant girl was missing.

In the confusion and excitement of the moment the baby was left asleep on its bed, and had been swept away to destruction with the house. Great was the grief of the parents at the loss of their youngest born, and although due efforts were made to learn whether or not she had been rescued, nothing was heard of her, and it was very naturally supposed she was drowned in the river.

Such, however, was not her fate. A hundred miles below where his dwelling was swept away, some people on the river bank the next morning saw something peculiar floating down on the current. They thought it was the form of an infant. A boat was procured and the object was indeed found to be an infant girl, sleeping calmly and profoundly upon a bed.

She was taken in charge by a family in the vicinity, who took such means as they knew to ascertain to whom the child belonged, but there was no clue to guide them, and soon the little waif that had floated down to them came to be considered as their own child. They adopted her the more readily, perhaps, on account of being themselves childless, and because of their sympathies being so greatly excited by the peculiar circumstances of the case—an infant floating all that night of terrible storm, amid wrecks of bridges and dwellings, protected from danger by an unseen power, that seemed to direct her to their love and care. It may seem strange to the reader that the parents were not found for the child, or the where-abouts of the child made known to them, but it must be remembered that newspapers were not so numerous or accessable twenty years or so ago, as now, and that people did not advertise the lost as they do now. Besides, all the parties were in humble life, and their circle of acquaintance, as well as their means, were very limited.

Meanwhile the waif grew into a beautiful girl, and became as dear to her adopted parents as though she was their own. She had mourned for "mammy" a little time, but ere long all recollection of her early suroundings were but dim and shadowy, and her new parents and her new home became all-in-all to her. A few years and the family moved into Illinois, settling on a farm near Chicago. The man prospered there, and was enabled to give his beautiful Ohio-river foundling an education fitting her graces of person, her amiability and her virtues. A short time ago her hand was sought in marriage by a worthy young farmer in the vicinity of where she lived, consent obtained and the happy day appointed. One day the family were in Chicago purchasing her wedding out-fit. At a dry-goods store a clerk who was waiting on them observed our heroine intently, and seemed singularly affected—so much so as to attract attention.

"Excuse me," he said, in some confusion, addressing the young lady, "don't be offended at my staring at you, but the truth is you are a perfect picture of a sister of mine at home, and I couldn't help thinking you looked just as another sister of mine would have looked, who was swept down the Ohio in a great freshet and lost."

The words attracted the attention of the young lady's adopted parents. The resemblance spoken of, and the incident of the freshet taken in conjunction, could hardly have failed to do that. Explanations followed, and it was pretty satisfactorily concluded that the clerk and the young lady were brother and sister, as indeed, was afterward proved to be the case.

Her parents, too, had emigrated to Illinois, and lived not far from her own home. The families were brought together, and what was before believed to be true, was established beyond question, when the bed on which the child was found was produced, and the garments she wore; for what frugal housewife would not recognize one of her own beds, and what mother would not remember the garments worn by her favorite baby.

There is little more to tell. Our heroine was married to the husband of her choice last week, and had the satisfaction of having her own as well as her adopted parents at the wedding. We don't consider it necessary to give the names of the parties, but the story is a true one, and we have the facts from one who is thoroughly conversant with them.—*Cincinnatti Times.*

A PARTY of young Americans were standing in front of an ancient saddler's shop, kept by one Hans, a Dutchman. Mischief reigned supreme in their number, and thinking to have some sport with our German friend, one of them opened the door and addressed him: "I say, German, have you any saddles for hogs?" Looking up from his work quite composedly he replied, "Yaw, come in unt dry von on."

SPIKENARD is a species of fragrant grass, which, when trodden upon, fills the air with sweetness. The ointment mentioned in the Gospels contained the very essence of this perfume. A pound of spikenard ointment was worth three hundred *denarii*, or about forty dollars. The best kind was produced in India.

THE Detroit *Tribune* thinks that the new moon, talked of, will not be of much service unless it is different from the old one, which is never seen on dark nights when it is most wanted.

A CLIENT once burst into tears after he heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, "I did not think I suffered half as much till I heard you this day."

LEGEND OF A MUSKET.

Mark Twain tells the following story related by a fellow passenger, who, being bantered about his timidity, said he had never been scared since he loaded an old Queen Ann's musket for his father once, whereupon he gave the following:

"You see, the old man was trying to learn me shoot blackbirds and beasts that tore up the young corn and such things, so that I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much.—My gun was a single barrel shot gun, and the old man carried a Queen Ann musket that weighed a ton and made a report like a thunder clap, and kicked like a mule.—The old man wanted me to shoot the old musket off sometimes, but I was afraid. One day, though, I got her down, and so I took her to the hired man and told him to load her, because it was out in the field.—Hiram said: 'Do you see those marks on the stock an X and a V—on each side of the Queen's crown. Well that means ten balls and five slugs—that's her load."

"But how much powder?"

"Oh! said he, it don't matter, put in two or three handfulls."

"So I loaded her up in that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that, and started on. I levelled her on a good many blackbirds but every time I went to pull the trigger, I winked and shut my eyes. I was afraid of her kick.—Towards sundown I fetched up at the house, and there was the old man resting on the porch."

"Been out huntin' hev ye?"

"Yes sir, says I."

"What did you kill?"

"Didn't kill any thing, sir—didn't shoot her off—was afraid she would kick (I knew blamed well she would.)"

"Gimme that gun!" the old man said as mad as sin.

And he took aim at a sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger. And in the next minute I heard the earthquake, and heard the Queen Annie whirling end over end in the air, and the old man spinning around on his heel, with one leg up, and his both hands to his jaw, and the bark flying from the old sapling like there was a hail storm. The old man's shoulder was set back three inches, and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up in bed for three days. Cholera, nor nothing else can scare me as bad as I was scared on that day.

THE ANTHRACITE COAL REGION.—The anthracite coal region, now so much talked of in connection with the miners' strikes, includes about all this variety of coal in the United States. It is 406 square miles, and 107 lie within the limits of Luzerne county, Penn'a. The total quantity raised in the whole State of Pennsylvania down to 1860 amounted to a little over eighty-three million of tons, of which Luzerne furnished twenty nine millions. The first company for mining coal was formed in 1792, and it was five years before they shipped to Philadelphia, and this venture consisted of thirty tons. The city authorities consented to take it, and tried to burn it under the boilers of the engines at the water works, but it put the fire out. The balance was broken up and used in the place of gravel over the sidewalks and only the blacksmiths near the mine used the coal for home use. The happy discovery was made by a tavern-keeper. Jesse Fell, of Wilkesbarre, who concluded a good draft was alone necessary to make it burn, and he built a grate of green hickory saplings, placed it in a large fireplace in his bar-room, filled it with broken coal and dry wood under the grate and set it on fire; the flames spreading through the coal, it was soon ignited, and before the wooden grate bars were consumed the success was proved, and hundreds of people flocked to the old tavern to witness the discovery.

A REBUKE.—A good story is told of the celebrated Whitelock and his servant who appears to have been able to preach on occasions as well as could his master. When Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's Envoy to Sweden, he was much disturbed in his mind as he rested in Habwich on the preceding night, when he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. A confidential servant slept in the adjoining bed, who finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray sir don't you think He will govern it quite as well, when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, and turning about he soon fell asleep. Great men are probably quite likely to understand God's ability, and overestimate their own.

WE heard from a Sunday school teacher the other day, an illustration of *one* kind of forgiveness. Improving upon the day's lesson, the teacher asked a boy whether, in view of what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad very slowly, "I—I could;" but he added, in a much more rapid manner, "I could, if he was bigger than I am."

A SIX-YEAR-OLD boy was asked by his teacher to write a composition on the subject of water, and the following is the production: "Water is good to drink, to swim in, and to skate on when frozen. When I was a little baby, the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Injuns don't wash themselves but once in ten years. I wish I was an injun!"

Two children, searching among the hay for eggs, were disappointed at finding the nest empty. Determined not to return without trophies, the little girl seized the nest-egg and started homeward. Her brother followed crying: "Mother! mother! Susy she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by."

MARTIN remarked to his grandmother that old Mrs. Cranshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well, really, upon my word," said the antique lady, "I thought I noticed she walked a little lame lately."

A LEARNED doctor, referring to tight-lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls and leaves all the wise ones to grow up to be women.

"I KNOW every rock on the coast," cried an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck, "an he exclaimed, "and that's one of them."

BE THANKFUL AND CONTENT.

If there are any grumblers among our boys and girls, it will do them good to be told how much better off they are than many friendless and overworked little ones, the poorest of the poor. At Spitalfields in England, there is a little girl, four years old, who has been earning her own living from the time she was three years of age, in making match boxes. She can make seven hundred boxes in a day, for which her parents receive less than three pence, or about seven cents of our money. This infant, as we may call her, is pale and thin; her quiet face looks old, for she knows little of the pleasures of infancy or childhood. She has never stepped beyond the miserable street in which she was born; she has never seen a tree, or a violet, or a daisy, or even a smooth patch of grass; and the good minister, who has hundreds of families no better off than her's to visit, says she cannot live many years.

In New York city, a short time ago, there was a bright and intelligent, but homeless and friendless boy of fourteen, named William ——, who became at length an inmate of the Lodging House, under the care of the Children's Aid Society. His mother called to see him often; and when she left, it was observed that William would go by himself and cry. The superintendent, wishing to know the couse of her frequent visits, went below and overheard their conversation. "Mother," said he, "if you'd only do what is right, I'd give you money, and help you often; but you'll only get drunk." The mother muttered something in reply, and moved off; and the boy ran to her, called her back, and gave her some money. Then coming back, he sat upon the steps, and cried bitterly. William is now on a farm in Illinois, in the service of a kind hearted man.

Boys and girls, if you have kind parents and a home, or if you have comforts that you can call your own, and especially if your childhood's path, in good partat least, lies in sunshine, be thankful for it, and do not grumble.

HOW NEGROES MANAGE ALLIGATORS.

"Alligators chaw a feller all up," said a little darkey we engaged to carry our baggage from the boat landing at Port Hudson to the miserable shanty called, by its proprietor, a hotel.

"Yes, Sam; but it's a sleepy time, now, for alligators, isn't it?"

"Lor' bress you, mass, you must have cum from de Norf, shuah, to tink the alligators sleeps. Do yer see dat ar great whirlum pool, whar de riber is swinging dem trees and logs, and sich, around and around? Well, de Federal sojers used to go in dar to wash um and de black alligators first boosted dem rite under water without winking at 'em. But dose sojers didn't know how to manage um."

"How would you manage one, Sam?" asked we.

"Why, I do jist as de culled folks do down on old Whetherby's plantation. Ide cotch him by the tip of his tail, and jist make him skull me ashore. Der yer see? When a pusson of color gits an alligator arter him he jist cotches him by de tail, turns it kind a side-wise, so, an de old feller gits mighty mad dough, but he can't bite de feller what's steerin him. An' he has to git in what direction de steerer says.

"White folks cum down here from de Norf, an' de alligators jist eat 'em without stoppin'. But a pusson ob culler, he just take de alligator by de tail an' tells um, Mr. Alligtor, dis nigger wants to cross de riber, lend me yer tail, an' away goes alligator an pusson ob culler ober to de plantation.—If the alligator spressed his 'pinion, I spec he'd say de pusson ob culler was takin' liberties wid a tail de Lord made spressly for de alligators. But de alligators were made afore steamboats nohow."

SAVED HIS WHIPPING.—A little urchin seven or eight years old, in one of our schools where a Miss Blodgett was teacher, composed the following and wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to the great amusement of the boys:

A little mouse ran up the stairs
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers.

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For a punishment she gave him his choice, to make another rhyme in five minutes or be whipped. So after thinking and blinking, and scratching his head till his time was nearly out, and the teacher raised the stick in a threatening manner, at the last moment he exclaimed—

Here I stand before Miss Blodgett,
She's going to strike, and I'm going to dodge it.

He was sent to his seat.

THE preacher at the African Methodist Episcopal Church at Frankford, this city, (so the slander says) recently, was telling his congregation about Moses crossing the Red Sea; and, to make his description quite plain, illustrated it as follows: "S'pose you's de children of Israel, and I's Moses; Jarsey is the Wilderness, and Bridesburg the Promised Land. Well, I brings you down to de ribber, and waves my hand up towards Tacony, and de waters roll backward toward Philadelphy, and we all goes over without gettin' wet. When de last pickininny gets over I waves my hand towards Philadelphy, and I waves my hand towards Tacony, and the water r-o-l-l-s back from Tacony—*and dey was fishin' for shad dere de nex' mornin'!*"

A SHABBY-GENTEEL young man entered a tradesman's store the other day, with his hands crammed in both pockets, as if they were flush with the rhino. "Mr. J——," said he, "I believe I am indebted to you sixty-two and a half cents, cash, borrowed somewhere about a year ago." "Yes, Sir," replied the tradesman, smacking his lips and holding out his hand to receive the ready cash. "I am glad you have come, for I had almost forgotten it myself." "Oh! I never forget these things," said the fellow; "I like to have all things square; so I want you to lend me thirty-seven and a half cents more, which will make even money."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The sea is the largest of the cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in the great cemetery the king and clown, the prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished.—The same wave rolls over all; the same requiem by the minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over them the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep until awakened by the same trump.

A GOOD joke is told of a young man who attended a social circle a few evenings since. The conversation turned on California and getting rich. Tom——— remarking that if he was in California, he would, instead of working in the mines, waylay some rich miner who had a bag full of gold, knock out his brains, gather up the gold and skedaddle. One of the young ladies quietly replied that he had better gather up the brains, as he evidently stood in more need of that article than the gold. Tom subsided for the balance of the evening.

THE cheapest way to humiliate a person is not to answer his question; the next method causing the least possible expenditure of brain is to call him repetitiously by his christian name.

"WHAT is the difference 'twixt a watch and a fodder bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Because de tickin' of de watch is on de inside, and de tickin' of de bed is on de outside."