PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNING
BY
BUEHLER & CO.,
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 arrearages 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.

The Star and Sentinel.

VOL. LXXI. NO. 17 GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1871. WHOLE NO. 3657.

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. May 29, 1867—tf

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

J. M. BEAUTH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. 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 trusted to his care. Office between Fahnestocks' and Danner & Ziegler's stores, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa. May 29, 1867—tf

WM. McCLEAN. H. B. WOODS.
McCLEAN & WOODS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA. Office—On Baltimore Street, same heretofore occupied by the late firm of McCLEAN & McCLEAN. Nov. 19, 1870.—tf

DR. H. S. HUBER, South-east corner of Chambersburg and Washington streets, opposite COL. TATE'S EAGLE HOTEL. June 24, 1869—tf

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

JOHN L. HILL, M. D., DENTIST, Office on Chambersburg street, nearly opposite the EAGLE HOTEL, Gettysburg, Pa. ☞ Having been in constant practice over 20 years patients can be assured of good work. July 9, 1867—tf

DR. J. E. BERKSTRESSER, DENTIST, Having located in Gettysburg, offers his services to the public. Office in the old "*Sentinel*" office, S. E. corner, Centre Square, 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

Carpenters and Contractors.

Wm. C. Stallsmith & Son,
GETTYSBURG, PA.,
Carpenters and Contractors.

DOORS, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS, DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES,
CORNICE, DOOR AND WINDOW
BRACKETS, &C.,
Constantly on hand, and manufactured to order out of the
BEST MATERIALS,
by experienced workmen, and at
REASONABLE PRICES.
☞ Orders promptly attended to
January 15, 1869—tf

GEO. C. CASHMAN,
GETTYSBURG, PA.,
Carpenter and Contractor,
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he has removed to his New Shop, on Stratton street between York and Railroad streets, and is prepared to take contracts for putting up and repairing buildings, at as reasonable rates as any builder in Gettysburg—all work guaranteed to be of best quality. He hopes by strict attention to business merit public patronage. Give him a call. April 9, 1869—tf

Photograph Galleries.

TIPTON & MYERS'
EXCELSIOR GALLERIES
GETTYSBURG, PA.,
Make all styles of Pictures from minature to life size, including the
"REMBRANDTS"
OR SHADOW PICTURES.
Photographs Finished in Oil
WATER COLORS, OR INDIA INK.
Views of the Battle-field!
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
☞ Always a large and well selected stock of Frames, Albums, Stereoscopes, Cord, Tassels, &c. always on hand. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dec. 7, 1870.—tf

STEREOSCOPES,
VIEWS, ALBUMS, CHROMOS, FRAMES.
E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Invite the attention of the Trade, to their extensive assortment of the above goods, of their own *publication, manufacture and importation.*
Also,
PHOTO LANTERN SLIDES and GRAPHOSCOPES.
NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, New York, Opposite Metropolitan Hotel.
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.
March 3, 1871.—4y

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. ANNA WARNER. May 21.—tf

Groceries

GROCERY.
E M. WALTER
d a new Grocery Store, adjoining noe on York street, and will always
E GROCERIES
offee, Teas, Sugar, Syrup, Molasses, Pepper, Spices, &c. Also, Confections, Nuts, Soaps, and Notions generally. and a fine lot of HAMS for family
ich will be sold at the lowest cash d examine.
HEST PRICE GIVEN FOR
TER & EGGS.
pril 30, 1870.—tf

GROCERY.
ranged from Mr. AMOS ECKERT establishment, on the Northwest e Square, GETTYSBURG, PA., w stock of Goods, I respectfully and the public to give me a call. large and varied stock of prime
S, Notions, &c.,
antly on hand the best quality of
Fire-Proof and Glassware,
ss, &c., all of which will be sold h rates. H. H. BEASER.

BOYER & SON,
DEALERS IN
IES, NOTIONS,
OBACCOS,
Wooden and Willow-ware.
ment of all Goods usually kept in AMILY GROCERY.

J. MARTIN,
ale and Retail dealer in
IES & LIQUORS,
GROCERIES that I am selling
CE LIQUORS.
Whiskey eight years old.
old French Brandy.
R KINDS OF LIQUORS.
ent of BITTERS, among which h Bitters.
S for Medical purposes, at WM. J. MARTIN'S.
KRY, Glass-ware, Queensware. WM. J. MARTIN'S.

rs and Contractors.

Stallsmith & Son,
TTYSBURG, PA.,
rs and Contractors.
SHUTTERS,
AND WINDOW FRAMES,
DOOR AND WINDOW
ACKETS, &C.,
d, and manufactured to order
out of the
MATERIALS,
nced workmen, and at
ABLE PRICES.
promptly attended to
CASHMAN,
TYSBURG, PA.,
and Contractor,
informs the public, that he New Shop, on Stratton street Railroad streets, and is prepared to take contracts for putting up and repairing buildings, at as reasonable rates as any builder in Gettysburg—all work guaranteed to be of best quality. He hopes by strict attention to business merit public patronage. Give him a call. April 9, 1869—tf

s and Jewelry.

S & JEWELRY.
KNEY wishes to inform his d the public generally, that the interest of his partner, (L. Watch and Jewelry Store on Gettysburg, he will spare no action to all. ned from the city with a splen-
R AMERICAN AND SWISS WELRY, SILVER TEA and NS, FORKS, GOLD, SILVER, FLAME SPECTA. CLOCKS of the best ure. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, VIOLIN TAR STRINGS, LAWS and BRIDGES.
lock work warranted for one bring executed in a neat and ner. [Sept. 10, 1869—tf
S, WATCHES AND
ELRY.
FEISTEL
op to York street, opposite ysburg, where he has constantment of
TCHES, JEWELRY AND PLATED WARE.
in exchange. All kinds of and charges moderate. All tive satisfaction.
NEW METHOD
HE CORNET.
AND ATTRACTIVE INSTRUCTION BOOK!
plain, full, and complete ner!
, a fine selection of popular be played with the original ate!
III, Cornet, Baritone and Themes, Variations, &c. LO. Specimens sent, postall price.
R DITSON & CO., Boston. DITSON & CO., New York.

Carriages, Harness, &c.

D. MCCREARY. J. F. MCCREARY
"BEST ALWAYS CHEAPEST."
The Best and Cheapest,
Saddles, Bridles, Collars
and HARNESS of all kinds, in the County, are always to be found at the old and well known stand, Baltimore st., opposite the Presbyterian Church.
(McCREARY'S.)
OUR RIDING AND WAGON SADDLES are the most substantially built and neatest.
OUR HARNESS, (plain and silver mounted,) are complete in every respect and warranted of the very best material and workmanship.
OUR UPPER LEATHER DRAFT COLLARS can not be beat. They are the best FITTING and most durable.
OUR HEAVY DRAFT HARNESS are made to order, as cheap as they can be made anywhere and in the most substantial manner.
RIDING BRIDLES, WHIPS, LASHES, DRAFT Hames, Fly-nets and everything. *None better or cheaper.*
OUR PRICES have been reduced to the lowest living standard.
A liberal percentage for cash, off all bills amounting to $5 or more.
We work nothing but the best of stock and will warrant every article turned out to be in every respect as represented.
Thankful for past favors we invite attention to our present stock.
☞ Give us a call and examine *prices and quality.* D. MCCREARY & SON.
Jan. 29, 1869—tf

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.
REMOVAL.
THE undersigned has removed his Carriage-making shop to the east end of Middle street, Gettysburg, Pa., where he will continue to build all kinds of work in his line, viz:
CARRIAGES, TROTTING & FALLING-TOP BUGGIES, JAGGER WAGONS, &C., &C.
His work is all put up of good material and by the best of mechanics, and cannot fail to give satisfaction. His prices are always reasonable. He solicits orders, confident that he can please. REPAIRING promptly done, at moderate rates. W. K. GALLAGHER. July 1, 1868—1y

SAVE YOUR HORSES!
PATENT ELASTIC COLLAR
HORSE COLLARS.
THE undersigned has for sale these CELEBRATED COLLARS, manufactured by Haner & Berry, Philadelphia, which are now used by all the City Passenger Railroad Companies for the protection of their stock. They are lighter in weight, cheaper in premium, and do not heat. The Cork with which they are stuffed being very elastic, the Collar adjusts to the shape of the animal, and consequently does not chafe. Farmers, try them. A. BUEHLER.

HARNESS
of all kinds for sale and made to order. Call at my establishment on Carlisle street, Gettysburg, Pa., adjoining Passenger Depot. May 30, 1870—tf JOHN CULP.

CARRIAGE-MAKING.
The war being over, the undersigned have resumed the
Carriage-Making usi ness,
at their old stand, in East Middle street, Gettysburg, where they are again prepared to put up work in the most fashionable, substantial, and superior manner. A lot of new and second-hand
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &C.,
on hand, which they will dispose of at the lowest prices, and all orders will be supplied as promptly and satisfactorily as possible.
☞ *REPAIRING* ☜
done with dispatch, and at cheapest rates.
A large lot of new and old HARNESS on hand for sale.
Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore enjoyed by them, they solicit and will endeavor to deserve a large share the future.
May 29, 1867—tf DANNER & ZIEGLER.

Sewing Machines.

1870. 130,000 SOLD IN 1870.
SINGER
SEWING MACHINES
ARE THE MOST
POPULAR AND BEST
OF ANY IN THE MARKET.
520,000 SOLD.
THEY DO A WIDER RANGE OF WORK.
They are simple, light-running, complete and always ready to work. Call and see what they will do at the
OFFICE ON BALTIMORE ST., GETTYSBURG,
(opposite the Court-house.)
J. E. FACKLER, Agent.
(N. B.) Machines delivered to all parts of the County and thorough instructions given free of charge. Feb. 18, 1870.—1y

THE ORIGINAL
Howe Sewing Machine
IMPROVED.
Its Simplicity, Durability, Ease of Operation,
Perfection in mechanical construction, lightness and Beauty in Style and finish, and adapted a large range of work, renders it THE BEST.
Sewing Machine in the Market.
An earnest invitation is extended to those about to purchase a Sewing Machine to call and examine this Machine and be convinced of its merit.
☞ All orders promptly attended to. Machine delivered to all parts of the County.
H. H. ROWE, *Agent,* Baltimore Street, Gettysburg, Pa. Nov. 4, 1870.—tf

HOWE MACHINES!
THE LATEST IMPROVED AND GENUINE
ELIAS HOWE, JR.,
SEWING MACHINES.
JACOB F. THOMAS, *Agent,* GETTYSBURG, PA.,
At his residence on York Street.
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, 1870.—tf

PURE GRAPE WINES.
THE undersigned is largely engaged in the manufacture of
PURE GRAPE WINES,
and now offers for sale different brands,
Fermented and Unfermented, for Medicinal and Sacramental purposes.
His prices are reasonable, and his Wines cannot fail to render satisfaction. His Vineyard is located on the south-east side of Seminary Ridge, in a soil warm and fertile, maturing the grape early and thoroughly, and producing in all cases a first-class article wine.
Apply to or address,
BOBERT SHEADS, Gettysburg, Pa. Feb. 3, 1871.—tf

Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

Fahnestock Brothers.
FALL & WINTER
GOODS.
Dry Goods, Hardware,
QUEENSWARE, CARPET,
Groceries, Cedarware,
IRON, PAINTS, &c.
FURS are cheap this season at Fahnestock's.
DRESS GOODS—all the new styles and in every variety at Fahnestock's.
COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS and NEEDLE-WORK—the largest stock ever in town. at Fahnestock's.
SHAWLS of all kinds and prices at Fahnestock's.
CHRISTMAS GOODS at Fahnestock's.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, &c., latest style at Fahnestock's.
CALICOS—best at 12½ cents at Fahnestock's.
WATER-PROOF CLOTH from $1.00 yard up at Fahnestock's.
RIBBONS and DRESS TRIMMINGS at Fahnestock's.
GLOVES in large assortment at Fahnestock's.
Nov. 18, 1870.—tf

J. L. SCHICK,
has the Largest and Best Selected Stock of
DRY GOODS
AND
NOTIONS,
that has been brought to Gettysburg this Spring which will be sold at the lowest possible rates.
May 6, 1870.—tf.

REMOVED.
REBERT & BUSHMAN.
Dry Goods, Carpets, Glassware, &c.
THE firm of Robert & Elliott having been dissolved, it is succeeded by REBERT & BUSHMAN, who have removed the Store to Wills' Corner, in the Diamond, Gettysburg. The junior partner has for years been employed as salesman in the store of J. L. Schick, and therefore brings to his new position an experience in the business possessed by few.
The stock now offered, owing to large additions of the newest and latest styles and patterns of Goods, is one of rare attractiveness, and cannot fail to please, whilst their prices, having bought to the best advantage, will also be found satisfactory. The inducements they offer cannot be excelled in the town or county. They make a specialty of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
an invite attention to the assortment they now offer, promising at the same time to continue it up to the highest standard.
FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,
they offer a large and varied stock, and feel certain that all who come can be suited in goods and price.
DOMESTICS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, &c., &c., will always be found in full variety, with the best chances offered to buyers.
Everything possible will be done to render satisfaction, and thus earn a liberal share of public patronage, which they respectfully solicit.
ADAM REBERT, JOHN H. BUSHMAN.
March 3, 1871.—tf

NEW
Fall and Winter Goods
AT GRIEST & BOWERS,
York Springs, Pa.
MOTTO—"Quick Sales, Small Profits and Quick Returns."
THE undersigned, having just returned from the city of Philadelphia, offer the citizens of York Springs and elsewhere, a well selected STOCK OF GOODS, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Drugs, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Furs, Oil Cloths, &c., &c. We offer as specialties, at great reduced prices, LADIES FURS, DRESS GOODS and WOOLEN HOSIERY.
Please remember that cash brings better bargains than long credits, and frequent settlements make long friends.
We have a large lot of ready-made OVERCOATS, made to order, suitable for this vicinity, which will be sold at the lowest prices possible.
Thankful for past favors, and with attention to business and a disposition to please, we solicit a continuance of public patronage.
GRIEST & BOWERS. Oct. 28, 1870.—tf

T. R. COVER. A. RAFFENSPERGER.
NEW FIRM.
ARENDTSVILLE, PA.
THE undersigned having entered into partnership, under the firm name of COVER & RAFFENSPERGER, call the attention of their friends and the public generally, to their splendid assortment of NEW SPRING AND SUMMER
Dry Goods, Groceries,
Hardware, Queensware,
all of which have been purchased in a falling market for cash, and which we are prepared to sell at the very lowest figures. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ A lot of good Rails for sale.
T. R. COVER, A. RAFFENSPERGER. Arendtsville, Pa., April 15, 1870.—tf

STAGE OFFICE.
KEYSTONE HOUSE.
THE Keystone House, Chambersburg street, has been selected as the Gettysburg office for the CHAMBERSBURG AND GETTYSBURG STAGE LINES. Stage for Chambersburg leaves daily at 7 o'clock, P. M., and for Emmitsburg daily at the same hour. Fare received at the Hotel and passengers called for at any place in town.
The Keystone House runs a first-class HACK to and from the Depot FREE. Hack to hire.
H. S. MYERS. Gettysburg, Sept. 2, 1870.—3m

Book and Job Printing
OF ALL KINDS.
Done with neatness, cheapness and dispatch at
The Star and Sentinel Office.

The Star and Sentinel.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

MARY E. TUCKER.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneless trowsers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it;
For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents;
Do not in your anger speak.
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercy; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy:
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys made men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
For such child needs tender interest
In its sorrow and its joy.
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere;
And, remember, boys make men.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

One afternoon in the month of June, 1870, a lady in deep mourning, and followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N——. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and impelled by curiosity followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, and no friends, and am unable to work."

He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was somewhat surprised to see a woman in such a place as that begging, but without asking any questions gave her some change, then turning to those present, he said;

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress, can't some of you assist her a little?" They all cheerfully acceded to this request, and soon a purse of two dollars was raised and placed in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come in saloons? It isn't a proper place for a lady; and why are you driven to such a step?"

Turning her mournful, yet expressive eyes upon the speaker with an expression I shall never forget, she replied:

"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and you ask why I am driven to this step. I will tell you in short words," pointing to a bottle labelled "whisky," "that is what has driven me to this—WHISKY. I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist that temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my happy home forever broken and desolated, and the kind husband and the wealth some called mine, lost, lost, never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup. You see before you only a wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child." And weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a place like this is, to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of your own beloved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from business so ruinous to your patrons. Did you know that the money you receive in exchange for the vile stuff you sell across this bar, is the same as taking the bread from the mouths of the famishing wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothes from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh, sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter a business that will not only be profitable to yourself, but your fellow creatures also. Please excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "but I thank you from my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child, taking her mother's hand, "here's a gentleman who wants me to sing 'Little Bessie' for him. Shall I do it?"

"Yes, darling, if they wish you to."

They all joined in the request, and, placing her in a chair, she sang in a sweet childish voice, the following beautiful song:

"Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam:
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
Nobody cares for me, no one would cry.
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Weary and tired I've been wandering all day.
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day—
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said:
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

Oh, if the temperance men only would find
Poor wretched father and talk very kind;
If they would stop him from drinking, why then
I should be so very happy again.
Is it too late, temperance men, please try?
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die;
All the day long I've been begging for bread,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead."

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as it dropped from her lips, sank deep into the hearts of those gathered around her. With her golden curls falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, and looking so trustingly and confidently upon the men around, her beautiful eyes lightened up with a light that seemed not of this earth, formed a picture worthy of the pen of a poet or a painter, although a statue of purity and innocence. The unfinished games of billiards were laid by, the cards thrown aside, the unemptied glass remained upon the counter, and all pressed near, some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some with pity beaming from their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and pity of a child, who seemed better fit to be with angels above than in such a place.

At the close of the song many were weeping—men who had not shed a tear for years, now wept like a child. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleading of a loving mother and dear friends to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking her hands while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel, you have saved me from ruin and disgrace—from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there were ever angels on earth you are one; God bless you, God bless you," and placing a bill in the hand of her mother, said, "please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness no wealth can repay. And remember whenever you are in want you will ever find a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address. Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but pausing at the door said:

"God bless you, gentlemen, and please accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor and friendless woman, for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her," and before any one could reply, she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued which was at last broken by the proprietor exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whisky, and if any of you want any more you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drank my last glass of whisky," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare—that he had sunk too low to ever reform. "There is a temperance organization in this city called the Temple of Honor, and at their next meeting I shall send in my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?"

"I!" "I!" "I!" and "I!" several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon where this strange scene was enacted, disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to heaven that lady could have gone into every hamlet, and town and city throughout our country, and met with the same cheering result.

Yes, it is the mothers and wives, and sisters of the drunkard that can tell what whisky has done and is doing. You need not follow him to the sumptuous and brilliant palace erected by King Alcohol and his confederates to lure him from the paths of virtue and usefulness, to that of ruin and disgrace. You need not follow him when his money is gone, and he is thrust from the most fashionable resort to those less respectable. You need not follow him to the lowest dens of crime and iniquity, as he daily reels home or lies in the gutter in a condition lower than the brutes of the field. No! but follow him to the place he calls home, and the hollow cheeks, the dimmed eyes, the tear that rolls down the patient, careworn face of the forsaken wife, and the cries of the starving children, tell their own story in a language inexpressible in words.

THE WAY SHE CURED HIM.—"What brings you here, Mary?" said Treusdall to his wife, as she entered the liquor shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me, there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come home to me, I come here to you." I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Surely you are not going to drink that stuff," cried Tom, as she was putting the glass of liquor to her lips.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrow to forget."

"Woman! Woman! you are not going to give that stuff to the children," cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example set them than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food and clothing. Drink; see how much good it does your father."

With some reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night she prayed long and earnestly that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly-formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Treusdall is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to a dram-shop.

ONE of the most successful planters in Wisconsin is a widow who has just buried her sixth husband.

A STORY is told of two men who traveled together three days in a stage coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it weren't?" was the reply.

THE YOUNG MAN'S CONTRIBUTION.—A missionary meeting was held, and a contribution was called. The boxes were returned, and the contents counted over—bank notes, silver shillings and pence. "There is a card; who put that in!!"

"A young man back in the congregation."

"What was written on it!"

"Myself."

This was the young man's offering *himself.* He could not give silver and gold to the mission cause, so he gave himself.

Jesus calls for something which is worth more than money. Have you given *yourself* to God and his work? Created by His power, upheld by His Providence, bought by His blood, called by His Spirit, and justified by His grace, what have you to give Christ? Can you refuse to say "Myself!"—*Christian Intel.*

"AH!" yawned a bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison." "To those in solitary confinement," added a witty young lady.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY.

BY JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

You ask me why I am opposed to flogging children at school. I will tell you. It makes them hate their teacher when they ought to love him. Children are little grown folks, if you will accept the expression, and, like big folks, they always remember, even if they forgive a blow. When I was a boy I happened to get soundly thrashed at school pretty often, and I do most frankly acknowledge that I dislike to this day every teacher that ever whipped me. But I have a story to tell from which you may draw your own moral.

I taught school once myself. It was down in a rural district of Pennsylvania.

The school was a small one, and the scholars were mostly under twelve years of age. One, however, was thirteen, a pretty brown-eyed girl, just as smart and clever as she could be, and withal mischievous as a mouse. Her name was—well, they called her Joe, Joe Milroy.—Her parents were poor, but highly respectable, living on a little forty-acre farm.

Joe was the most unruly girl I ever saw. You couldn't keep her out of mischief. I hated to whip her, she was getting so much like a woman in size, and I didn't like to expel her from school, for she always knew her lessons by heart. O, she had the quickest mind I ever saw.

But, sir, she kept the whole school unruly. A little boy would throw paper wads across the floor, and of course I'd whip him.

"Joe Milroy throws 'm and ye dont lam her for it," the urchin would be sure to say.

A little girl would laugh out loud, and when I asked her what she was laughing for, she'd be sure to say:

"Joe Milroy made *such* a funny picter on her slate!"

What was I to do? Matters got worse and worse. Finally, I went to Mr. Milroy, and kindly but frankly told him all about the way things were going on, and asked him what course I had better pursue.

"Whip her, sir," said he emphatically, "whip her good. Make her mind you just the same as t'other children. That's what I say. I want my children controlled at school, I do!"

Well, I went back to my school fully determined on bringing Joe Milroy to the mark. An opportunity was not long wanting. I kept a sharp look out, and presently I saw Joe make a great funny picture, and throw the bit of paper on on which it was drawn clear across the room to some little boys. The urchins began giggling and tittering forthwith. I took my whip firmly in my hand, fixed my eyes sternly on Joe, and walked up to her. She saw I meant something, and her pretty face roguish grew pallid in a second.—I did not say a word, but raised my whip and gave her about ten severe lashes.

"Oh, sir, oh!" she cried at first, then closing her lips till they pressed into each other, she looked me almost fiercely in the eyes till my blows ceased.

After that I had no more trouble in my school. All went on well to the end. Joe knew all her lessons, but was quiet and reserved. The last day came, and I gave the children a "treat" of candy and raisins. When Joe's share was given to her she pushed it aside and would not taste it. I knew by this that she was brooding over her late chastisement. I wanted to part friendly with all my pupils, so I went and sat down by Joe, and said:

"What's the matter, Joe?"

She looked up with great calm eyes. I started in spite of myself. They were no longer the eyes of a little girl. They were the eyes of a woman.

"I never will forget your ungentlemanly cruelty, never, never!" she said, sternly as a man might have spoken.

I tried to reason with her, telling her I had done it for her own good, but she only shook her head and compressed her lips.

Well, I went away from that neighborhood never to return. Fortune favored me and I became wealthy. Ten years had made me a wiser man as well as a richer one. Nor was I unknown to fame.

In a certain city whither I had gone to deliver a course of lectures to a young men's society, I got acquainted with a young woman, Josephine Milroy by name, whose father was a millionaire. With this young lady I fell desperately in love. O, sir, she was superbly, regally beautiful. She was finely educated, graceful, and the finest singer I have ever heard in private. Her conversational powers were charming, and withal this she was tender and womanly.

I pressed my suit, never dreaming of the little girl I had whipped in the country school-house. She gave me her heart and the wealth, woman's affection, it contained, and I gave her my very soul.

How happy I was, only a true lover, who feels the glorious influence of a gifted woman's power, can know.

One evening my affianced bride and I took a stroll together in the park of that city. We sat down on the grassy brink of a miniature lake, in the center of which a great sea monster in bronze threw up strong jets of flashing water, while all around him lay green, flowery islets basking in the rich glories of an early June day.

We talked of our love and our coming nuptials, of the sweet, bright future that lay beyond. O, it was a blissful dream, of tender trance, a thrilling interlude beyond the stern realities of life.

I looked into the soft, dark eyes of the glorious woman beside me, and down over the full, round, queenly form, all, all mine, and my heart swelled with pride and thankfulness. Truly, I was blessed beyond the common lot of man!

What demon wandering over earth enticed me and my memory back to the little log school-house in Pennsylvania? What tempted me to speak of little Joe Milroy? Ah, who can tell? No sooner did I mention that school-house and some of its associations than I saw a pallor chase the flush of love from my companion's face. Her lips grew cold and firm, her eyes flashed.

"Are *you* that school-teacher, that miserable wretch whose memory I love to detest?" she asked, almost fiercely.

I saw my dreadful doom at once. I fell after feet and pleaded as only an eloquent, despairing man can plead, when the wild, sweet dream of his love is passing from his vision forever.

"No sir," she said firmly, almost cruelly. "My heart burns within me whenever I think of those shameful blows. No, sir, no, never, I never can, I never will marry you!"

What I said I cannot remember. I plead wildly, desparingly, grovelling there at her feet.

It was useless. She was as cold and relentless as she had been warm and affectionate.

We parted forever. And now, sir, it seems to me that of the acts of my life there is but one I would blot out and that is the act I once thought so just and beneficial. O, if I could suffer a red-hot dagger through my heart for every blow I gave her, I would gladly bear it if it would give me back the pure love of her glorious womanhood.

Now that I can look coolly back over the past there are many things in the simple but bitter story of my love that appear strange. The father of Josie Milroy was one of the fortunate men whom the discovery of oil made suddenly rich. He had became a great financier and a successful speculator. His daughter and I met after ten years of our separation under such vastly different circumstances, that neither recognized the other until that fatal evening. Sometimes I still hope she will repent, but have no proof that my hope has reasonable foundation. I will wait.

SLURS ON WOMEN.—At a recent dinner party, a man in responding to the toast, "Woman," dwelt most sorely upon the frailty of the sex, claiming the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in their surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet and said:

"I trust the gentleman present, in the application of his remarks, refers to his *own* mother and sister, not *ours.*"

The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming, and the maligner of women was covered with confusion and shame.

This incident serves an excellent purpose in prefacing a few words on this subject.

Of all evils prevalent among men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effect than the tendency to speak lightly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, thank God, but of others who they forget, are, somebody else's mothers and sisters.

Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one, deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or even lewd women, they should know they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these than they have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts.

Let young men remember that a great deal of happiness in life depends upon faith in women. No wordly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or awaken the fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are won't to speak slightingly of women.

ONLY A SHADOW.—A story is told of a well-known gentleman who sometimes imbibes too freely of the ardent, going home late at night recently, and mistaking his shadow outlined on the door for a man, he paused a little in surprise; and then lifting his hand very gracefully, bade him good evening.

"A very pleasant evening," said the gentleman.

No reply.

"This is my house, I believe," waving his hand.

The hand of the shadow went through the same graceful curve.

"I should like to get in sir, if you'll stand aside;" but the shadow made no movement to let him pass.

The gentleman was evidently surprised. He repeated his desire to pass in, but the shadow remained still.

His wife, hearing her husband's voice, looked through the window blind, and seeing no one but himself asked "why he didn't come in."

"So I would, my dear, but this gentleman"—pointing to the shadow—"insists on blocking up the door."

His wife quietly opened the door, remarking, "that was your shadow."

"Indeed," said the puzzled citizen, "well, I thought he was a mighty fine looking fellow to be so impolite," and went in.

Whenever he shows a disposition to remain out late at night, his wife has only to remind him of the shadow on the door step to insure a speedy return.

ONLY SAM, DAT'S ALL.—Here is a very good anecdote, reminding one somewhat of Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy."

During the last winter a contraband came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following coloquy ensued:

"What is your name?"

"My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

"No, sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist *Sam.*"

"What's your other name?"

"I hasn't got no oder name, sah. I'se Sam—dats all."

"What's your master's name?"

"I'se got no master now; mase runned away—yah! yah! I'se free nigger now."

"What's your father and mother's name?"

"I'se got none, sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—aint nobody else."

"Havn't you any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sah, neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fadder, no mudder no massa—nothing but Sam. *When you see Sam