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# Poetical.

#### A MAYIDYL.

'The Spring is here ; the sweet May blooms, Like snow flakes, whiten all the air ; I smell the delicate perfumes Of apricot and pear.

I wander down the garden slopes, And take the path that nearest leads To where the blind assurance gropes My buried store of scods.

Ab, Nature fails me not ! She keeps Her promises sacred as of old ; Sce where her glad fulfillment peeps Up through the softoned mould !

Pansies and pinks and daffodils-A brave array of bursting green ; Prophetic of the bloom that fills

The summer days with sheen. A handful of unsightly seed-

That was the simple gift I brought; And, lo, in answer to the doed. A miracle is wrought!

#### ON THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

E'en now, from half the threaten'd horrors freed, See from our shores the lessing sails recede ; See the proud flags that, to the wind unfurl'd, Waved in proud triumph round a vanquish world, Inglorious fy; and see their haggard orew,

Despair, shame, rage and infamy pursue.

'Hail, heaven-born peace; thy grateful blessings 'On this glad lund, and round the peopled shore;

Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene. With thee gay pleasure frolies over the plain, And smiling plenty leads the prosperous train.

Then, O blest land, with genius unconfin'd, ... With polished manners and the illumined mind, Thy future race on daring wings shall soar ;

Each science trace and all the arts explore, Till bright religion beckoning to the skies,

Shall bid thy sons to endless glory rise.

He was poorly clad with a coarse blue lonk. which was much too large for him, his hair was white, and he wore a very long beard and moustache of the same suowy hue. Making a very low bow, he placed the great large basket on the table and began to show his flowers. 'I have a bunch of blue flowers here,' said

In a few minutes the old man entered the

he, taking them from the basket,' 'that will ust suit your golden hair, Miss,' and he heldthem up to Jenny. <sup>•</sup> It was my sister who wished to look at your flowers, said sho, quietly. <sup>•</sup> Yos, bring them here,' was Laura's impe-

rigus sommand. The old man's eyes followed Jenny, as she

washed, wiped, and put away the dishes, swept the room and dusted it, and then sat down beside Laura, who was still looking

over the flowers. See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch. Will it not be lovely, with a few dark leaves, to wear with a new silk. 'But you cannot afford it just now,' whis-

pered Jenny. 'Yes I can. Father gave me some money yesterday,' said the extravagant housekeeper.

'To pay the last dry goods bill.' 'Well, I can have that carried to my pri

'Oh I Laura, I hate to hear you talk so o that private account. It seems so much like cheating father.'

'Nonsense ! it will stand till I get mar ried, then I can easily save it out of my iousekeeping money.' 'I shouldn't wish to marry in debt,' said

Jenny. The pedlar looked at the sister.

You had better take this bunch of blue flowers, Miss, said be to Jenny, 'if it ain't convenient to pay for it just now, I will call again.' ' No, I shall not take them.'

'They are very becoming; Miss. Look in

the glass; 'I wish my hair was light,' said Laura,----'I'd like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said last night that forget-me-nots were his favorte flowers.'

Jenny colored, and placing the bunch in the basket, said, "Come; Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time is probably valuable,' and then passing a chair, sh

idded, ' be seated, sir, you must be 'ired.' ' I am tired, indeed,' was the reply. ' I will take that scarlet bunch, and also hose red camelias, and this white cluster, mid Laura.

said Laura. 'But, sister, you can't afford it.' 'Yes I can; Godfrey Horton is rich.' The old man bit his lip. 'Think,' said Jenny, in an undertone, ' if you love him, how much it will grieve him if he should discover this deceit.' "Nonsense.! Well, I'll tell you how to ge-medy it. Lend me some money out of the housekeeping funds ?'

"Laura, steal from father."

'There, don't preach.' 'Miss Jenny,' said a servant, entering at that moment, "the dinner has come.' Jenny deft the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man poin-ted out their various beauties, his eyes in the meantime, were running over the late disor-dered hair, shabby dress and lazy position, while he mentally contrasted her with Jenny.

'I hope you will be offended with me. Mr. Hubburd,' said idward, 'if I say that I Edward's Temptation. BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. It was six o'clock in the afternoon. Λt

this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Hubbard & Son was wont to close. unless the pressure of business compelled the partners to keep open later.

The duty of closing usually devolved upon Edward Jones, a boy of fourteen, who had lately been engaged to perform a few slight duties for which he received the sum of fifty. dollars annually. He was the 'boy,' but if he behaved himself sa as to win the approbation of his employers his chance of promotion was good.

Yet there were some things that rendered this small salary a hard trial to him -oir-cumstances with which his employers were unacquainted. His mother was a widow.--The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown the entire family upou their own resources, and these were indeed but slender. There was an elder sister who assisted her

mother to sew, and this, with Edward a salary, constituted the entire income of the fam-. Yet by means of untiring industry, they had continued thus far to live, using strict

and continued only into the two hve, using strice conomy, of course. Yet they had wanted, none of the absolute necessaries of life. But Mary Jones-Edward's sister-grow sick. She had taken a severe cold which terminated in a forer. This not only cut off the income arising from her own lahor, but also preventing her mother from decomplish-ing no much onch arouch other income her ing as much as she would otherwise have been able to do.

On the morning of the day on which our story commences, Mary had expressed a lon-ging for an orange. In ther fever it would have been most grateful to her. It is hard, indeed, when we are obliged to leny those we love that which would be a re-

Mrs. Jones felt this and so did Edward. 'I only wish I could buy you one, Mary,' said Edward, just as he set out for the store. 'Next year I shall receive a larger salary, 'Never mind, Edward,' said Mary, smil-ing faintly. 'I ought not to have asked for it knowing how hard you and mother find it

pet along without me.' Don't trouble yourself about that, Mary,' bon't trough yoursel about that, and, as a signal within her as the thought of her empty larder. 'Only get well; and we shall get on well enough afterwards.'

It was with the memory of this scene that Edward went to the store in the morning. All around him were boxes of rich goods epresenting thousands of dollars in money. 'Oh,' thought he, ' if I only had the value

of one of these boxes how much good it would do poor Mary,' and Edward sighed. The long day wore away at last, and Ed-ward was about to close the warehouse. But as he passed the desk of his employer his attention was drawn to a bit of paper ly-

ing on the fluor beneath. A He picked it up, and to his great joy found to be a ten dollar bill. The first thought that flashed upon him

the shall have some every day. And perhaps the shall have some every day. And perhaps the shall have some every day. But a moment later his countenance fell. isn't mine,' he sighed. 'It must be

did. "Tell me all about it,' said. Mr. Hubbard, with interest. 'What was it that withheld you. I should never have known it.' 'Gently, mother, gently, Chide thy little one. Tis a toilsome journey, It has just begun ; 'I knew that,' snil Edward. 'Then what withheld you from taking it? Many a vale of sorrow,

SPEAK GENTLY.

Many a rugged steep.

Lieth in its pathway,

And full oft 'twill weep,

Oh, then, gontly, gently.

Kindly, mother, kindly,

Speak in tender tone;

That dhar child, remember

Echoes back thine own.

Teach in gentle accents,

Teach in words of love, Lot the softest breezes

Of a gem most fair,

In a crown of beauty

It were thine to wear?

That dear little one;

Guide, reprove, and over

Gently, mother, kindly.

A DAUGHTER'S STRATAGEM.

Let.the work be done

Mother ! train with caution

Its young heart-strings move.

Would'st thou have the setting

'First, I will tell you what tempted me,' said Edward. 'Mymother and sister are said Edward. 'Mymother and sister are obliged to depend uple, sewing for a living, and we live but pooly at the best. But a fortnight since flary became sick, and since then we have had a lard time. Mary's ap-petite is poor, and des not relish food, but we are able to gether nothing better. When I picked up that bill could not help think-ing how much I migh buy with it for her.'... 'And yet you did het take, it ?' 'No, sir, it would here been wrong, and I could not have lookeoyon, in the face after

ould not have lookedyou, in the face after

Edward spoke in stone of modest confi-Mr. Hubbard, wentto the dosk and wrote

check.

check. How much do I pay you now? he asked. Fifty dollars a yea, said Edward. Henceforth your dities will be increased. and I will pay you twi hundred. Will that lease you? 'Two tundred dollas a year !' exclaime

Edward, his eyes snakling with delight.-'Yes, and at the end of the year that, will be increased, if, as I have no doubt, you continae to merit my confilence.' 'Oh, sir, how can I hank you ?' said Ed-

'Ob, sir, how can't hank you? said Ed-ward, full of gratitule. 'By prescribing vurintegrity. As I pre-sume you are in present need of money, I will pay you one quarter in advance. Here is a check for fifty dollars which you can get cashed at the bank. And, by the way, you may have the rest of the day to yourself. Edward flew to the bank, and with his sudlen riches hastenel to the market where

he purchased a supply of provisions such as he knew would be welcome at home, and then made haste hope to announce his good fortune. A weight seemed to fall off the hearts o

mother and daughter as they heard his hur-ried story, and Mrs. Jones thanked God for bestowing upon her a son whose good prin-ciples had brought them this great relief. And Mr. Hubberd slept, none, the wars that night that at a slight pecuniary sacrifice he had done a kind action, confirmed a boy in his integrity, and gluddened a struggling family. If there were more employers as con siderate as he, there would be fewar dishon est clerks.

## A TERRIBLE DUEL.

A few years since as a New England gen tleman, whose name we shall call Brown, tieman, whose name we shall call brown, was passing a few days in one of our West-ern cities, he had the mistortune uninten-tionally to offend the succeptible honor of a tall militin colonel, who was one of his fellow boarders. His apologies not being satisfac tory, a challenge was isent to him, which, however, he declined, from conscientious scruples. The colonel, whole by the way, had won in two or three encounters quite a repu-tation as a duelist, at once conceived that is opponent was a coward, and resolved that disgrace him in the face of all the assembled wisdom of the house, Accordingly, the next

It is not to be supposed that Christian and wance men allowed such a man to ruin

Surprise, joy and some distruct pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited forward and asked to speak whatever e' wished.

He wanted. He rose, and told the tale of the day and added, "when I saw how my angel daughter was transformed into a low filthy creature; when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I ab-

on feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around us, and gave each a capelin, or small dried fish. To do this fairly, I used to make all the dogs encircle me until every one had received ten capelins apiece. Now, Barbe

Judge Rose lived in Bellville, on the banks

kark, a very young and shrewd dog, took in-to his head that he would piny a white man's trick. So every time he received his fish, he Judge Rose lived in Bellville, on the banks of a great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the balls of Congress. Yet though he was called great, he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, &c., and frequently the gambling rooms, so numerous in the city. These habits gained upon him daily, until they conquered all his numerous this townsmen refused to would back square out, more a distance of two or three dogs, and force himself into line again, thus receiving double the share of any other dog. But it is joke of Barbekark's bespoke too much of the game many men play upon their fellow beings, and, as I noticed it, I determined to check his doggish propensi-ties; still, the cunning and singular way in

noral strength. His townsmen refused to send him is their delegate any longer. Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary, the eldest daughter, which he evidently watched me, induced a moment's pause in my intentions. Each dog thankfully received his capelin, as his turn was his special pet. He thought more of her than he did of himself, and no wish of her's came round, but Barbekark, finding his share went unsatisfied. She was of a sweet dispo sition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents and kind to every one about, that she came twice as fast as his companions, appeared to shake his tail twice as thankfully as the others. A twinkle in his eyes, as they caught mine, seemed to say, "Keep dark; these ignorant fellows don't know the game

was beloved by everybody. And though her father's dwelling was the most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds and servants, and horses and carriages, and fine clothes, she I'm playing. I'm confounded hungry !" Seeing my face smiling at his trick, he now never put on airs as many do, but was modommenced making another change, thus getest and retiring. Mr. Rose and his wife and daughters were ting three portions to each of the other's one Tuis was enough, and it was now time for me all members of a Christian church. He was often suspended from its fellowship, and on o reverse the order of Barbekark's game by promises of rependance received again. Ilis influential position in society, and the pious conduct of his wife and daughters, caused much pity for them, and elicited much patience. They hoped by love and forbearance to restore him wholly. But all the love of his family avd of the church, could not stop this erring man in his downward course. At last so low did he fall as to lose all selfrespect, and frequent the lowest whiskey

could not succeed by any 'change in his po-sition, he withdrew from the circle to where I was, and came to me crowding his way be-tween my legs, and looked up in my face as if to suy. "I have been a very bad dog. For-give me, and Barbebark will cheat his broth-or dogs no more. Please, sir, give me my share of capelins." I went round three times more, and let him have the fish, as be had shown 'himself' so sagicious, and so much bible e romentant prodiced, dog. After the having; old Shaw, would say. shops in town. Duily he went out unshaved, unwashed, ragged and almost naked, and when drunk would sing a low song which would draw around him a crowd of boys, to

ing should be cultivated.

Promise little; think much and do more.

to lift one up, in the regard of the virtuous

and the good. Never relate your misfortunes to others,

and never grieve over what you cannot pre-

PIGEONS ON & DRUNK .- A San Francisco

Pinzons on a DRUNK.—A San Francisco paper reports a curious story. A farmer liv-ing on one of the ranches in the vicinity of that aity, was recently surprised to see a large flock of pigeous, after flying around his barn yard a few moments, suddenly fall to the ground. Wondering at the phenomena, he concluded to watch them. An antiquated Thiomas cat, peramibulating the yard, seized

Thomas cat, perambulating the yard, served upon one of the 'young pigeons and made a hearty meal of it. Soon after Thomas-cat commenced stargering about like one intox-icated, and falling over, gaye up the ghost with a dismal yowl. The farmer's wife, who had picked up a number of the pigeons for

the purpose of making pies of them, on learn-ing of poor grimalkin's fite, thought the birds were poisoned and threw them down. The farmer gathered over two hundred of

them and threw them into an old out house. In the morning his wife found the pigeons

alive and roosting on a wood pile. Inquiries were made, and it was accertained thats near neighbor, having been troubled by frequent visits of pigeons, had soaked some grain in

whisky and scattered it about his premises,

so that the pigeons became intoxicated in fact, dead drunk. They recovered, however,

but poor puss became a victim of alcoholic stimulants imparted by infected pigeon meat.

and Get out of the yard," said, a big

feeling navy officer to a carpenter who had offended him, "you shall not work for the United States." The carponter walked to

is such that if they rejoice with them they are

mad, if they mourn with them they are mad, and if you do neither, they are mad.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. THE ORIGINAL SQUEERS.

ASPST MILLER

A correspondent sends the following curi-ous account of a recent conversation he held with a gentlemanly Englishman now travelling in this country. We give it for whatevr it is worth: In the midst of a familiar chat he asked.-

NO: 48.

when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I ab-horred myself. She vowed to go everywhere I went, and do everything I did. Jould I see her do that? Her loveliness stained, her character ruined? No, sir I if it kills me, I will leave off, and never touch, taste or han-dle more, from this night henceforward and forever. And now, gentlemen, help me to be a man again." The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping and clapping, and a gush of song arose from those manly hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh 1 "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repeat. Me hope God converted the soul of Mr. Rose, for he became a good man, and his fam-ily were very happy. But we hope no other daughter will have to resort to so painful a remedy to save a father." TRICK OF AN ESQUIMAUX DOG.—One day on feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around une, and gave each a capelin, or small dried fish. To do this fairly, I used to make all the dogs encirele me until every one had received ten capelins apiece. Now, Barbe-kark, a very vourg and shrewd dog, took in son feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around the can capelins apiece. Now, Barbe-kark, a very vourg and shrewd dog, took in son feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around the can capelins apiece. Now, Barbe-kark, a very vourg and shrewd dog, took in son feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around the can capelins apiece. Now, Barbe-kark, a very vourg and shrewd dog, took in son feeding the dogs of the story of the story is son at Bows. And thef by pence-meals examined the characters of Squeers (Mr. Shaw,) Mrs. Squeers (Mrs. Squeers (Mrs. Shaw,) Mrs. Squeers (Mrs.

by peace-meals examined the characters of Squeers (Mr. Shaw,) Mrs. Squeers (Mrs. Shaw,) Miss Squeers (Miss Helen Shaw,) and Master Wackford (Mr. Johnny Shaw). Mrs. Shaw was to a dot as Dickens represents her. She used to take all our lead pencils. paper, shirts, dollars, &c., and either sell them or give them to Johnny. O what a hateful lit-tle fellow he was; he'd steal our balls, and as we didn't dure speak to his father about them he always kept them. Miss Shaw is unfair-ly drawn by Dickens; she was well educated

and considerably refined, having been sont to a first class ladies' boarding school. Mr. a net class indice boarding isonool. Ar-Shaw was a very passionate man and when earaged at a boy in school, would order two boys to hold him down upon a table, one holding down his head, the other his feet and then would gash his bare back with birch sticks. But no boy in school dared cry when

whipped, for if he did the other boys pinched and kicked him when they got him out of doors. Mr. Shaw dever taught any branches except reading and spelling. The reading exercise consisted of Bible reading from the vhole school, one bundred and twenty boys, two verses apiece ; and the writing exercise to reverse the order of Barbekark's game by playing a trick upon him. Accordingly, ev-ery time I came to him he got no fish; al-though he changed his position rapidly three times, yet he got nothing. Then, if over there was a picture of disappointed plans -of envy at other's fortune, and sorrow at and misfortune—it was to be found on that dog's countenance as he watched his compan-tion of the struck him with a rod and out open his right check. The assistant could not succeed by any change in his po-sition, he withdrew from the circle to where them had a large fortune left to him be be-ly undians had apprenticed to him. One of them had a large fortune left to him be be-

After the haying, old Shaw, would say

to the boys in the writing class, ' I'll not flog

the rakers for their hands are sore; but wo

up to you, throwers l' He used to go to London twice a year, and then the boys had to write letters telling their

parents what a good man Mr. Shaw was, and how kindly he treated them. Before the let-

how kindly he treated them. Before the lot-ters were written he used to say, 'I defy any by of you to say that I ever took away a collar, shirt, or even a? pin from him?' but Mrs. Shaw always did that part of the busi-ness. When in London he quartered at the Saracen's Head. Once in three weeks the boys were ranged in rows, and the assistant

boy had his lead spoor; knife and fork in hand; if he hadn't them, he lost his pocket

money for two or three months. After the publication of Nicholas Nickleby, Mr. Shaw lost all his pay scholars, and so he appron-

ticed his apprenticed scholars to shoemakers, blacksmiths, and carpenters. Mrs. Shew in about two years afterwards died of a broken

beart. Her contemptible old husband died, almost an idiot. Helen married a low drink-

ing fellow; Johnny became a London loafer, and the second son, Jonathan, who studied

aud the second son, jonathan, who studied medicine, spent whatever was left of the old mun's property among his fellow-students in drinking and high living generally; but for some years has been the village physician in

his native place, Bows, John Brodie actually existed in John Doats, the village shoema-

ker, who had the humane habit of helping the boys in running away from Shaw's dun-

geon as he called the school. When a buy came to school, his clothes and

other things were taken possession of by Mrs. Shaw, and he was given pants of lenther, which had been worn by a generation of boys before him, and which had been so patched with different colored pieces of oldit that the

poor schoolboys mistakenly called them ' Jo-seph's coat of many colors.' When Mr.

seph's cost of many colors.' When Mr. Shaw and all the contemptible tribe of York-shire schoolingsters had been shown up and ruined by Dickens' Nickleby, the London. *Despatch* came out advising Sbaw and his fellow sufferers to prosecute Dickens for li-bel, but my brother and, I who by bitter ex-perience knew, the truth of Mr. Dickens' ex-position, wrote to the editor of that paper. assuring him that the book was almost liter-ally true. And then the Despatch pitched

ussuring nim that the book was almost liter-ally true. And then the Despatch pitched into old Shaw, more sayagely than Diokens had done. Nicholas Nickleby, or, rather a young Londoner, came into the school as as-sistant teacher ufter I left.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE .- ' Pray tell me my

dear, what is the cause of those tears? Oh, such a disgrace !! What is it, my dear ?! don't keep me in

spense !' ' Ob, I have opened one of your letters sup-,

nosing it to be addressed to myself. Cer-tainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr.

'le that all! What harm can there be in

wife's opening her husband's letters ? No harm in the thing itself, but the con-

o be read by my wife ?' 'Oh no, it is couched in the most chaste

and beautiful language. But the contents 1

more importance than a horse race.

United States." The carponter wanted to the states." The carponter wanted to the states and with the greatest sang froid asked him if he might work in the United States. The Bloomsburg Star says the vindict-iveness and madness of the Abs in that town,

# HOW GODFREY CHOSE HIS WIFE.

Godfrey, old boy,' said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back his chair and put his feet on the mantle-piece, 'when is the wodding to

Whose wedding?" · Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which is

.it ? I don't know, I'm sure.'

Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey, you are a constant visitor, and all our sex are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters.' 'How do you know whether either of them

will have me ?' 'Dop't be absurd, old boy. Come, be frank,

which is the favorite sister? family for coveral months, as you know, but i cannot decide. Laura is certainly the hand-somest, with her flashing black eyes and

queenly manner; but Jenny seems, although the youngest, to be the most womaily and useful of the two. Yet I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and let me call at what

hour I will they are always dressed, and apparently disengaged. To be sure, I always in the morning, have to wait before Laura is visible.

Pop in unexpectedly, and notice the in

ternal economy. How can 1? A card at the door will put the lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor.' Go there in disguise. As a washerwoman

for instance ?' r instance ?' Good ! I will.' • Go there as a washerwoman ?' oried Clay

ton, Not efaotly ; but I will obtain admittance

to a morning's privacy,' Well, let me know the result.'

stances, moved in rasidination be was about to couldn't git a liven. supply the lämented Mrs. Somers' place after ndarly ten years' mourning, and, although a kind and indulgent parent, hud no objection to his daughters' marriage, and, indeed, had | made in vain, but I have thought that all the told them so. Laura, whose high spirit re- time spent in manufackturing striped snaks told them so. Laura, whose high spirit re-sented the probable supremacy of a step-mo-ther, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her husband; and Jenpy, who was younger and gentler in spirit, had tried to conquer a oarciully conceived preference for the same person. All his attentions were ascribed by her as a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness and courtesy touched her to the t

very heart.

very heart. It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room toge-

ther. Laura, with her glossy black hair brushed aggligently off her face, with the rough tum-bled braids of last evening's coiffure gathered loosely in a comb, wearing a soiled wrapper, soopeny is a comp, wearing a source withput, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contest to the brilliant ball-room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large ginghani apron and fair smoothly bushed into a pret-

ty knot, was washing the breakfast dishes. "There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers,' said the servant, op-ening the dining room door, 'will you see

him ?' m ?' 'No,' said Jenny. 'Yes,' oried Laura.

The servant descended to obey the last order. . . . 

. .

'Not decided yet?' said Jenny, short absence. 'No. Come here.' must have dropped it. 'I can't. Father has sent home a calf's

head and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret, I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding, and the parlor must be dusted, and there is my white mull to be finished.'

'Before I'd be the drudge that you are,' cried Laura. 'Drudge | nońsense ! I have time for enjonment, and father cannot have a comforta-ble house if some one dues not superintend.

these things. When I marry you may do it, she laughed merrily. 'As if I should not marry first l' said Lau-

As if I should not marry first I said Lau-ra. 'There, I have chosen all that I want.'
'Shall call again for the money?' asked the old pedlar. 'I shall be happy to add the Missees Somers on my list of customers.'
'Yeg call again, 'said Laura.'
So the pedlar, tok, up the basket and walked home, threw aside the wig, beard, and walked home, threw aside on avoud of his

and disguise, and wrote an avowal of his heart and hand to Miss Jenny Somers, which was accepted.

Laura Somers had two sources of profound speculation. One was, 'why Godfrey Horton proposed to Jenny instead of herself?' The other, 'I wonder why the old man never called to be paid for those exquisite flowers?'

Josh Billings on Wil!

Yu ask me to describe with. I can't dew it well. It hant got any pedigree, it iz like the wind, it blowsth when and where it listthe wind, it plower when and where it is the eth. No man can be witty when he wants to, enny more than he ken he hungry when he wants to, it cummeth to him as luv duz, he wants to, it cumment to him as tuv due he can't tell how nor whi. Wit is wisdom at play, while humor is on ly good nature on a frolic. Wit is like great strength; a dangerou

There is nothing that seems the suit a wo Laura and Jenny were the children of may's harte so much as jewelry. widower, who, although in moderate circum-stances, moved in fashionable society. At run out, for if it wasn't for, them wise then

heds. We are told that there wasn't ennything

and muskeeters was wasted. If there was nuthin but truth in this world,

phool wud stan just as good a chance as

vise man. True politeness consists in bein very anxus bout nothing. Robbers come just like rain, they fall on

the just and unjust. If a man is as wize as a sarpent, he can Mary ? afford to be harmless as a dove.

We are apt tu hait them who wont take out

advise, and dispise them who do. It is dredful esy to be a phool-a man can

be one and not kno it. Elegant lezzure- oha wing plug terbacker and spitting in a dorg's eye. Real happiness don't consists so much in

what a man don't have az it duz in what he on't want.

Fear is the fust lesson larn't and the last ne forgotten. Nobody but a phool gits bit twise by the

ame dorg.\* A pet lam alwus makes a cross ram Epitaffs are like circuss bills, there is mo

n the bills that is ever ferformed. Peace iz the enamel ov the soul. Tew bea heltby—eat onions and go naked. | found last night?

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Still,' urged the tempter, he will never know it; and after all, what are ten dollars to him? He is worth a hundred thousand. Still Edward was not satisfied. Whether Mr. Hubbard could snare it or not was. not the question. It was rightfully his and must

be given back to him. 'I'll go to his house and give it to him this very night,' said Edward. 'Otherwise I might be tempted to keep it.' He deternined to go to Mr. Hubbard's be fore he went home. The sight of his sick sister might perhaps weaken his resolution,

nd this must never be. He must preserve his integrity at all hazards. He knew where Mr. Hubbard lived.

the knew where Mr. Hubbara hved. It was a large, fine looking house, on a fash-ionable street. He had passed it several times and wondered whether a man must not feel happy who was able to live in such a style. Without any unnecessary delay, therefore he went to the house, ascended the steps, and

ang the bell. A man servant came to the door.

Well?' he said. 'Is Mr. Hubbard at home?' \*Yes, but he has only just come in, and I lon't think he can see you,' was the rather

upercilious reply. 'I am in his employ,' said Edward, quietly, and I have just come from the store. I think he will see me if you mention this to

him.' him. Very well, you can come in. Edward was left standing in the ball, while Mr. Hubbard was sought by the ser-

vant. 'Well ?' he esked inquiringly, 'has any

thing happened?' 'No, sir,' said Edward, 'but I picked up this bill near your desk, and supposed you dropped it. I thought I had better bring in here directly. ' You have done well,' said Mr. Hubbard.

and I will remember it Honesty is a very valuable quality in a boy just commencing a business career. Hereafter I shall have per

feot confidence in your honesty.' as the door closed behind him, and he walk-ed out into the street, the thought of his sick sister at home again intruded upon him, and he thought regretfully how much good could have been done with ten dollars. Not that he had regretted that he had been honest.--

There was, a satisfaction in doing right. Mrs. Jones brought some to st to her daughter's bedside, but Mary motioned it

away. 'I thank you for taking the trouble to make it mother,' said she, ' but I don't think

I can possibly eat it. 'Is there anything that you could relish

'No,' said she, hesitatingly, nothing that we can get. Mrs. Jones sighed, a sigh which Edward

echoed. . It was with a heavy heart that Edward

started for the warehouse the next morning. He had never felt the oraving for wealth which now took possession of him. He set about his duties as usual. About

two hours after he had arrived at the ware house, Mr. Hubbard entered. Ho did not at frat appear to notice Edward, but in about balf an hour summoned him' to the office.

which was partitioned off from the remain-der of the spacious rooms in which goods vere stored He smiled pleasantly as Edward 'entered

his presence. 'Tell me frankly,' he said, 'did you not

day at dinner time, in march Mr. Hubbard's. This is his desk, and he hrmed with a cowhide, and advancing to Brown's chair, proceeded to dust his jacket

for him in the most approved style. Brown was astonished. Luckily he had been lieuwere alike useless and hopeless. His wife tenant of militia in his native State, and he knew the importance of incommoding his enemy by a diversion. So seizing a gravy turgen, he tossed the contents into the face of the belligerent colonel, and before he could

recover from the drowning sensation thus oc-nasioned, he sprang upon the table, and began to shower upon him with a liberal hand the contents of the dishes around." "You are au infernal....." "Coward," the colonel, was about to say,

but at that moment a plate of greens struck full upon his mouth, and the word was block-aded, lost forever. "Ha !" oried the New Englander, whose drinking shop. He was a horrible object, in-decent to look at; as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back, and get him, at least to put on some decent cluthing but he would blood was now up, "fourd of greens, are you'? Take a pointo, ito?" and he hurled a telling volley of hard paintoes at him. "Excellent eggs here, capital, with call's head," and crash came a plate of soft-boiled not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side bare armed and bonnetless, with an

ather's arm she said : eggs against the side of the colonel's cranium. The blow of the cowhide, which had hith-"Come, fither, I'm going too."

rty descended upon the Yankee's head and as if horror struck. "To the dram shop. What is good for you Loulders, now began to fall more weakly

and wildly, and it, became, evident, that the assailant, half sunned, oboked, and partially is good for me." blinded, was getting the worst of it. Ilis

sing in the streets. "Go back, girl, you are crazy. Mother

"Take a turkey?" should be a a a a noble old gobbler descended fairly upon the colonel's head, and bursting, filled his hair and, eyes with delicious looking stuffing. "Here's the fringes," he continued, as the squash, and jelly followed,

squash and jelly followed. By this time the colonel was irretrievably defeated, and as his merciless opponent seized a huge plum pudding, isteaming hot, and holding it above his head with both hands, seemed about to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down his owhide, turned about and made a rush for

the door. "Stop for the pudding, colonel, stop for

the pudding." He did not escape from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He subsequently chal-lenged four, persons, against whom his ire was particularly excited, and they all con-sented to fight, but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party; ap-pointed pudding bagefor their weapons. At "Mary is crazy, and I made her so. I wishi was dead, Do go and get her in, I length the unhappy duelist, finding no one willing to shoot or to be shot at, was obliged to quit the State.

THE MILLER'S PORTRAIT .-- A worthy mil-

The MILLER'S PORTRAIT.—A worthy mil-ler, wishing for's portrais of himself, applied to an artist to have it painted. 'But,' said he, 'I jam a very industroins man. 'I want to be painted as looking out of in window; 'but when any one looks at me. 'But,' said the painted in so as not to be my window; 'but when any one looks at me. 'I wish to pop my hedd in so as not to be this side on overy occasion. Mrs. Ruse pres to an overy occasion. Mrs. Ruse pres to any will,' said the painter. 'It shall be done so.' 'I apainted the mill and the mill window.' 'Yery well,' said the.'' But, where is my-self looking out?'

self looking out?' Oh l' said the painter, ' whenever any one 'I am going out." "Where?"

"Where i". "To the temperance hall. Go with me and see if I don't go there." So Mrs: Rose went with him to the door of looks at the mill, you know you pop your head in of course, to preserve your credit for industry," 'That's right," said the millor. "I'm content-just so. I'm in the mill now, sin't I? Just so-that will do.'

like a repentant, prodigal dog.-Gaptai imself without efforts to save him. Earnest and persevering endeavors were put forth prayers were offered up, and his family left BUSINESS RULES FOR YOUNG MEN .- The avenue to his heart upentered. But all world estimates men by their success in life.

and; by general consent, permanent success and daughters wept and prayed, but despair s evidence of superiority. Never under any circumstances assume ed entirely. Mary, his pet often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not from private sin. She became very sad, and refused to atesponsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others. In other vords, mind your own business. tend church or go into society. When her father was sober he had sense enough to see Base all your actions upon a principle of Batics, preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on cost. Remember that self interest is more like-

the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary, and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than for his. One morning he started as usual for the

ly to warp your judgment than all other cir-cumstances combined, therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned. Never attempt to make money at the expense of your reputation. Be neither lavish nor miserly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping old whiskey bottle in her hand. Taking her stone to nerferment; therefore generous fee!

"Going where ?" said he, starting at her

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is always a friend in need. Keep clear of law suits, for even if you s good for me." Then she began to flourish her bottle and ing one of the low songs she had heard him

Avoid both borrowing and lending. Liquor drinking, smoking segars, and whewing tobacco are bad habits; they impair the mind and pocket, and lead to a waste of time. They tend to let one down, but never

take her in." ... "But I am going, father, with you to ruin my soul and body. It is of no use to me t

My soul and boy: It is of no use to me to be good, while you are going off to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary. "Go away, girl; you'll drive me.mad." "But you have been mad for a long time, and I am going mad too. What do I care, my father is only a poor despised drunkard,

his daughter may as well drink and lie i the gutter too." So Mary pulled away at her father's arm and went on to open the gate. He drew back ; still she dragged on and sung louder. A few boys began to run towards them, and then her father broke from her hold, and went into the house. There he ast down, and putting his face in his hands, wept and sobb-ed aloud. Still Mary staid out. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Rose.