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Poetical.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Thank God, the sky is clearing ! The clouds are hurrying past Thank God, the day is nearing! The dawn is coming fast. And when glad herald voices Shall tell us peace has come This thought shall most rejoice us; "Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing Drown war's tremendous din Soon shall the joy bells ringing Bring peace and freedom in. The jubilee bonfires burning Shall soon light up the dome, And soon, to soothe our yearning,

Our boys are coming home. The vacant, fireside places Have waited for them long ; The love-light lacks their faces. The chorus waits their song; A shadowy fear has haunted The long deserted room,

But now our prayers are granted-

Our boys are coming home. O mother, calmly waiting For that beloved son! O sister, proudly dating The victories he has won! O maiden, softly humming The love song while you roam-Joy, joy, the boys are coming-

And yet-oh, keenest sorrow! They're coming, but not all; Full many a dark to-morrow Shall wear its sable pall, For thousands who are sleeping Beneath the empurpled loam; Woe! wee! for those we're weeping Who never will come home!

Our boys are coming home!

0 and heart, hush thy grieving; Wait but a little while, With hoping and believing The was and fear beguile Wait for the joyous meeting Beyond the starry dome, For there our boys are waiting

Miscellneous.

A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

BULTING & CHILD'S HEART.

· I don't expect anything of my children ! The tone was fretful, with a quantity of accusation. The face of the speaker were an injured look.

A boy between fourteen and fifteen years of age sat rending. He moved uneasily, as if pain had disturbed him; but he did not if pain had disturbed many on which they lift his eyes from the pages on which they were resting.
The harder a mother slaves for her chil-

story; and as true to day as it was a thousand years ago. If children grow up cold and thankless towards their reserved in the cold speak calmly, and under the influence of reason. and thankless towards their parents—if they

the poor-house when I get old and help-

You talk in that way before your child-

hard thing in you, my friend, to make Tom's delinquency the occasion for smiting your There was a silence for some time own son, whom you may bind to you, if you broken by the friend, who said will, by triple cords of love, not to be broken by the friend, who said:

They are simply human beings. They have sensitive souls, quick to receive impressions. Tender to love, but hard or resentful toward all unkindness. They are creatures helped my boy instead of hurting him. In of feeling rather than thought, not generally His strength you may overcome also, and of feeling rather than thought, not generally His strength you may overcome also, and holding inalice, but rarely losing the memory win the love of a child whose heart is athirst of pain from unjust infliction. In after years this memory is often revived. It is my opinion that in a large number of cases, where children neglect their parents in old age the

the lad's mother, ' and a poor compliment to

'All of which is simply vindicative,' said the lad's mother, 'and a poor compliment to human nature.'
'Human nature doesn't often suffer unjustly through hard judgement,' was answered. 'No, no,' she answered. 'Not with you, but with myself. What have I been doing? What madness has possessed me? I know shortcomings, only look after the cause. To that love begets love—that in Mrs. Howitt's beautiful wards it her reader will than fear. human nature.' ly through hard judgement, was answered. But I am not offering an apology for her shortcomings, only look after the cause. To prevent is better than to cure. Forewarned, forearmed. Is it not much the wiser course for,us to make sure of our children's love in

the present?'
'You speak as though I didn't love my children.' A dark stain marked the wom-an's cheeks. There were sudden flashes in her eyes. She was a woman of quick tem-

per.
'Every feeling has its sign,' was calmly replied. 'Love, anger, dislike—each expresses itself in a different way. These signs everybody knows. Even the babe of one brief summer may read them. Edward feels that you do not love him?'
'Whe care that he feels so?' The mother

'Who says that he feels so?' The mother started. There was a mingling of anger with surprise in her face. Must it not be that you withhold too often, the signs of love?'
'I shall get angry at you, if you talk to me

any longer in this strain.'
'No, my dear friend, you must not get an gry at me. Too many sweet memories of the past are shared between us. Bear with me, now, as one who holds you in her heart. Shall I relate to you an incident that occurred in my house only yesterday? It is under the warrant of this incident, that I have ventured on the plainness of speech which has disturbed you.'

eyes.
'Go on,' she said, her voice dropping down

from its sharp key.

Edward had called to see the children. We always like to have him come. He is never rude, nor coarse in his manners, but gentlemanly in his bearing beyond what is usually seen in lads of his age. I have more if ye are than once compared him with my oldest son, and wished that John resembled him in many things. The two boys were in the parlor alone. John, I am sorry to say, is not always to be trusted. He is over curious, and apt to meddle with things that should be sacred from his touch. Recently he has be-

beetles among the leaves. The vase was covered with glass. John's new formed interest in etomology had given a special attraction to these moths and beetles; and on this occasion he went so far as to lift the dren the less they care for her.'

The boy moved again, almost with a start, as though the pain felt an instant before had suddenly increased.

'All children are thankless!' So the speaker kept on, talking to a friend, yet really thrusting at the boy.

Not all, answered the friend. 'I have a mother, but I know my heart in regard to with contact and grown-up people when they are not doing just right, occurred. The glass shield slipped from John's hand, and cracked to pieces on the floor. The noise startled and excited me. I went hastily to

mother, but I know my heart in regard to her. It is full of love and gratitude, and I cannot remember the time when it was not so.

There are exceptions to all rules; and, besides, there are few women like your mother. That would be a cold heart, indeed, into which she did hot inspire love?

Love begets love; that is the old tritestory; and as true to day as it was a thou-

and thankless towards their parents—if they early separate from them, going off into the world, and treating them with neglect the fault in most cases rests with the parents. They did not make themselves lovely in their children's eyes.

There followed this a dead silence for some moments. The boy had let his book fall from before his eyes, and was listening intently. His mother saw this, and had a quick perception of what was passing in his mind.

'Edward,' said she, 'I don't like boys in my bed-room. Go down stairs.' This was not spoken harshly. The mother's tone had changed considerably.

The boy arose without hesitation and left the room.

I don't think it's always good to talk be-I stood, for a few moments, looking at the The boy arose without hesitation and left the room.

'I don't think it's always good to talk before children,' remarked the lad's mother as soon as he had retired.

'A proper regard to our language and conduct before children,' was answered, is a theory of the gravest consideration. They have keen instincts—their eyes are sharp—they read us and know us sometimes better than we know ourselves.'

'They are sharp enough, I suppose; but though they are sharp as all that,' was answered,—the result, my friend. Of that we may be certain. As we are to our children so will the result, my friend. Of that we may be certain. As we are to our children so will they be to us. Love begets love and kindness good will. If we do not hurt them wantonly, they will not in turn, wound us by neglect.'

'Hupt them wantonly! I am sure that I ect. them wantonly! I am sure that I that he had helped me to self-control in a

has done for him. But, as I said a little mother scold you?' . Because she loves me, while ago, all children are thankless. I and knows that scolding wouldn't make me don't calculate anything from mine. They'll half so sorry as what I am.' I wish that grow up, and scatter themselves east and my mother loved me, said Edward, in a tone west; getting off as far from home as possi-ble, and I'll probably be left to ar asylum or tears into my eyes. tears into my eyes.'
The mother of Edward caught her breath at this. Her lips moved as if she were about

to speak; but she repressed what was in her thoughts, and kept silent.

"Affrey know my sentiments."

'So I inferred. In that way you hurt them. You put their future on trial, and write out a verdict of condemnation, when it is impossible for them to vindicate themselves against your ornel charges. I saw lawys scolding me, and hurting me by bad around the property of the your sharp thrusts at him. He was no party to Tom Baldwin's unfilial act; and it was had such a mother as you, I'd be the happiest boy alive! I'd do anything for her. There was a silence for some time. It was

. Forgive me for having told you this.ken; or push away to a distance, where he can feel no warmth or no attraction. Take kisses of an enemy. Forgive what may seem an exultation of myself above you. He who knows my heart knows that in there is no an exultation of myself above you. He who knows my heart knows that in there is no answered, but with a little obstruction in pride of superiority. He who knows how haven't time to build houses, and everybody manner.

pride of superiority. He who knows how haven't time to build houses, and everybody weak I am, how often I fall short, how often is afraid to put up a house for fear he might passion gets the better of reason; how near it was to bearing me down yesterday. It was in His strongth that I overcame and

> for your love, as is the drooping flower athirs for the dew and rain. The mother of Edward buried her face into her hands. For a little while her body shook with half-choked sobs. Then she looked up

beautiful words, it has readier will than fear. I know, also, that hardness begets hardness hat driving is more difficult and far less co tain than leading. And yet, knowing all this, I have sought to rule my children by passion and force; to drive instead of leading them into the right ways. No, no. I am not hurt with you. For all this plain speaking, which I so much heeded, I thank you from the depth of my heart. If it is not better with both me and my children in future, it will not be my fault. But it shall be bet-

er!'
And it was better. How quickly all changed under a new order of home govern-ment. Love and kindness found swift obedience where anger and harshness had met obstruction. Sunshine dropped in through a hundred places, which had been closely barred against its sweet influences; and Ed-ward wondering at the pleasant change, drew nearer and nearer to his mother, and felt that she loved him. O, love! sweet to all hearts. Ye who

should give of its treasures, see to that your hand fail not in its dispensation. It has signs peculiarly its own which are never mistaken. If you would win love hang out of preservation. the sign.

Moderation - A Scotch parson once oreached a long sermon against dram drink-The red spots faded off the mother's ing, a vice prevalent in his parish, and from cheeks. The keen light went out of her which, report said, he was not free himself: ing, a vice prevalent in his parish, and from Whatever ye do, brethern, do it with moderation; and above all, be moderate in dram

drinking.

When ye get up, indeed, ye may take a dram, another just before breakfast, and perhaps another after, but dinus always be dram drinking.

If ye are out in the morn, ye may just brace yourself up with another dram, and

brace yourself up with another dram, and perhaps take another before luncheon, and some I fear take one after, which is not so very blameable, but dinns be always drinkng. Naebody can ecruple for one just before

ored from his touch. Revently he has become interested in insects, and has began to collect and preserve them.

There was a vase of wax flowers on the mantel-piece, the ingenious maker of which had placed several intitations of moth and beatles, among the leaves. The man and after tea, and after tea, and between tea and agreement the leaves.

After tea, and after tea, and between teas and supper, is no more but right and good, but let me caution you, brethren, not to be always dram drinking. Just, when you start for bed, and when ye're ready to pop into't, to take a dram or two is no more than a Christian may law-

fully do.

But, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I've mentioned, or may be ye may pass the bounds of moderation.

THE SHORTEST WAY.—Some twelve years age, Napoleon, Ind. was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and get some informa-tion respecting his future course. During the evening he become acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to

gard to the best route to different points to which he was destined.

'I wish to go to Greenfield,' said the collector; 'now, which is the shortest way?'
Well, sir,' said the drover, 'you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north.'

The traveler noted it down.

'Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edinburg?'

Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edinburg?' Then go to Napoleon and take the road

Well, if I wish to go to Vernon? 'Go to Napoleon and take the road south-Or to Indianolis?' added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he

ras paing imposed on. Go to Napoleon and take the road north-The collector looked at his note-book; every direction had Napoleon on it! he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more

to the drover with—
'Sappose, sir, I wanted to go to the devil?'
The drover never smiled, but scratched

his head, and after a moment's hesitation, 'Well, my dear eir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Na

Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me.' The doctor feels her pulse. 'There is met. Ine doctor leess for pures. Into the mothing the matter, madam; you only need prest. Now, doctor, just look at my tongue—just look at it! Now I say what does that need. 'I think, that needs rest too." Exit madam, in a great excite-

"Hurt them wantonly! I am sure that I get your meaning!"

"Are you surprised much that Tom Baldwin made his escape from home at the first good opportunity?"

"Well, I looked for it, I must confess;" but that don't excuse him. He's proved himself to be an ungrateful boy, after all his mother to be an ungrateful boy, after all his mother. Why didn't your to be an ungrateful boy, after all his mother. Why didn't your to be an ungrateful boy, after all his mother. That he had helped me to self-control in a moment of trial, when passion would have moment.

[A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it did not know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so were that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on:

CORRY O'LANUS AT THE OIL REGIONS.

I have reached the land of oil, having taken a safer route than the Erie. Pennsylvanie is a good sized State, and it akes sometime to get there.

When you do get there you wish you hadn't cent lots of people.

I am for "Snake Run," the most like

place for oil. They call these places runs, because every ody who is after oil runs here. Every man you meet is the President, diector, or engineer of a petroleum company. The natives, who are white people, and re-semble country folks, live by selling laud and They have a system in both transactions.

If you know anybody who has got a few vacant lots that he wants to sell, tell him to bring them out here. /
The folks are so busy looking for oil they

over an oil well.
Consequently the hotels are a little crowd-The Muggins Hotel, where I put up,

nuch so.
Muggins, the proprietor, is the most ac commodating man you ever saw. A city railroad conductor isn't a circumstance to He has only got six beds in the house, but

ne is always ready to take in everybody. He took me in. Also two hundred more petroleum pil-The sleeping accommodations are various

We go to bed in plateons.

When the first plateon get asleep they are carefully taken out of bed and hung over a close line. The second platoon go through the same process, until everybody is provided

Preferring to sleep alone, I slept on the antle piece with the coal scuttle for a pil-As I observed land is precious out here, I ought a lot ten inches by four, for ten thou-

and dollars, and commenced operations. The next thing is to commence boring. You want a sharp bore. A public lectur-er won't do neither will a skating gimlet. I took a brace and bit and went in.

Found that I had struck the pre-Adamite ok of the ossified strata of the Silurian for-This is geology, and you perhaps won't understand it, but I will explain it all in the paper to the Historical Society I am about writing.

the bowels of the land, when I came to an

Got a candle and went down to see about 1 found a big Megatherium, about six hun-

Went on boring through forty feet of sand

Here encountered a strange smell of sul-

back half the money, and wanted me to

report like that made by Butler's powder boat that didn't blow up Fort Fisher. boat that didn't blow up Fort Figuer.

Things were slightly confused for awhile.

A section of Pennsylvania went up, and I

A section of Pennsylvania went up, and I went up with it. I guess I must have come down again, as the next idea I had was finding myself comfortable, hung over the clothes line at Muggins Hotel.

An investigation into the matter showed that I had struck through into a gas factory in China, which had exploded at both ends of the bore, killing half a million of Chinese.

The complicities on our side were confused The casualities on our side were confined to one native and a small dog.

I haven't given up yet.

The folks here are very encouraging; they will stick to a man as long as he has a cent left, and I never knew Muggins to turn a man out of his hotel to pay his bill.

A kind hearted chap offered me another piece of land, the size of a stove plate, with-in a mile and a half of a seven hundred bar-

nn a mne and a nau or a seven nundred par-rel well, for the reasonable figure of half a million, and two-thirds of the oil.

I had concluded that bering for oil is not so profitable as bleeding the public. I shall start an oil company on more liberal terms than any yet offered.

than any yet offered.

I shall be prepared to guarantee anything.

The capital will be a million dollars, divided into two million shares, at fifty cents each. Dividends of two hundred per cent. will be paid weekly, in addition to which each sub-scriber will be entitled to a season ticket for Lanigan's Ball, a new hat, a farm near La Crosse, and a ton of coal at market prices.

The "Scaly Run" Petroleum Company will be the biggest thing in oil in the mar-

I am going on to arranguethe business as soon as my friends send me funds enough to pay my way back. I am yours, oleaginously,

CORRY O'LANUS.

A SUBSTITUTE'S OFFER. Mr. Pilkinson, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was some time ago drafted for the service of his countime ago dratted for the service of his country. His wife, though she possesses but a small stock of general information, is one of the best conjugal partners, and she is much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. The other day as she was engaged in scrubbing off her door steps, a rough looking man again up and thus addressed looking man came up and thus addressed

her: 'I hear ma'am, that your husband has been drafted.'
'Yes sir, he has,' answered Mrs. Pilkinson, 'though dears knows there is few men that could not better be spared from their

Well, ma'am, I've come to offer myself as a substitute for him.'
A what?' asked Mrs. Pilkinson, with some excitement.

'I'm willing to take his place,' said the

stranger.
You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman in that way, you vagabond!, cried Mrs. Pilkinson, as she discharged the dirty suds in the face of the discomfitted and astonished substitute, who took to his heels ust in time to escape having his head brok-

WHO IS A MASTER MASON:

Fom an address recently delivered before the Grand Lodge of Iowa by Rev. Bro. I. K. Fuller, Grand Olator, we take the following

answer to the foregoing question:
"Latitude and longitude on the earth's surface is measured by degrees, minutes and seconds, and the smaller divisions, the minutes and seconds, are esteemed to be equally important with the degrees, and absolutely inpensible to the perfection of measurment. o that he, who, placing undue emph. sis on ne degrees, is unmindful of the minutes, will e regarded as unskillful and defective in his calculous. And so, brethern, in computing our Masonic latitude and longitude, it is to be eared too great stress has been laid upon the legrees as such, while too little importance ins been attached to minutes and seconds, or what Masonary enjoins upon us between the degrees. It is to this direction, this orim-inal want of attention to what has been falsely called the little things of Masonry, that such false estimates have been made as to the character of our institution, and that pro-fanes have sometimes said "Masons are no better than other people," whereas Masons should so exemplify their principles in their lives as to constrain others to desire admission to our rights, lights and benefits. But I hasten to the consideration, who is a Master Ma-son? I hear a brother say, he is one who is regularly initiated, passed and raised according to the due and ancient form.—But does this really make a Master Mason? I answer unhesitatingly, No. Masonry, as you are aware, is a great moral science, and in strict-ness he is only a Master Mason who has suc ceeded in mastering the whole subject in all its parts, whether speculative, perceptive or practical. He who has simply graduated in the third degree of Masonry, has only enter-ted the vestibule of our glorious old temple, having not yet penetrated far enough to be-come familiar with its sublime mysteries. If in a Christian country, to profess Christian eligion and join a church, necessarily make man a Christian, then to have taken the third degree of Masonary makes a man a gen-uine Mason; but the premise being false the conclusion is of course untrue; still further, person may take upon himself the solem obligations of Christianity, and still have done nothing more than stolen the livery of heaven to serve satan." So if you were o ask a brother what makes him a Mason, and he were to answer my obligation, he would have but half answered your question, because his obligation only makes him a Mason nominally, not de facto. It is the wo king out that obligation into the life that
makes him such in reality; it is profession
and practice married faith and works as
cause and effect, that illustrate Masonry.

In a word, then, a Master Mason is one

In a word, then, a Master Mason whose heart is always in the right place, al-ways palpitating at the sight of human woe, whose conscience is tremblingly sensitive and whose conscience is tremblingly sensitive and true to its trust as the needle to the magnet, who comes up out of the dust and toil, the complications and antagonisms of daily life unsullied, with his soul perpendicular to the zenith. He is a man whose hand is never lifted up in violation of God's law as expressed in the decologue, but who is always ready to mingle his unaffected tears with the suffering sons and daughters of mortality. Such staircase ascending from it to the fourth stois the ideal of a Master Mason an ideal ry, lighted by a window on the roof. There ous exemplifications in the catalogue of Ame-

CROCKETT IN A QUANDARY .- "I never, but once," said the Colonel "was in what I call a real genuine quandary. It was during my electioneering for Congress at which time I strolled about in the woods so particularly pestered with politics that I forgot my rifle, you know; but it isn't every man that can nake amends for his forgetfuluess by his fac-

ulties, I guess.
It chanced that I was strolling along, considerably deep in congregationals; the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of thing that took my fancy was the snaring of some-young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; but I soon found I could not reach the cubs with my hands, so I went feet foremost, to see if I could draw them up by the toes. I hung on the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went, more than twenty feet, to the bottom of that hole, and there I found myself almost of that note, and there I found inject unlost hip deep in a family of fine young bears.

I soon found that I might as well under take to climb the greasiest part of a rainbow as to get back, the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery

from the rain.

Now this was a real, genuing quandary.—
If I was to shout, it would be doubtful
whether they would bear me at the settlement, and if they did it would rain my election, for they were of a quality too cute to vote for a man that ventured into a place that he didn't understand how to get himself

out of.
Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help or to wait in the hole until after election, I heard a kind of grumbling and growling overhead; and looking up I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me.

My motto always was "go ahead," and as

my motto always was "go ahead," and as soon as she lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buck horn hafted penknife in the other, I commended spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever a member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did! She took me out of that hole in the shake of a lamb's tale!

ITEMS FOR HOUSEKREPERS .- Do everything at the proper time.

Keep everything in its place.

Always mend clothes before washing

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors, red, green, or yellow.

Sal soda will bleach; one spoonful is nough for a kettle of clothes. Save your sude for the garden and plants or to harden yards when sandy.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture

will take out white spots.

A bit of glue, disolved in skim milk and water, will restore rusty old crape.
Ribbons of any kind should be washed in Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold suds, and not rinsed.

If flat irons are rough, rub them with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent them from creaking.

Scotch snuff put in the holes where crick-

ets run will destroy them.
Wood ashes and common, wet with water, will stop the cracks of the stove and smoke from escaping.
Green should be the prevailing color for bed hangings and window drapery.

The state of the s

A Tonching Incident.

In 1860, a young lad was sent from Charleston, S. C., to be educated at a distinguished school near Latrobe, in this State. About the same time, a sister was sent to New York city for the same purpose. These were stances living in South Carolina. Shortly afterward, the rebellion breaking out, all communication was cut off with the South, and it was impossible for the children to hear from home. In the course of time the young man's funds run out, though he was urged and pursue his studies gratuitously, he was several circles in the air, the circumferences too high-spirited to do so; but declared his gradually lessening and suddenly commenced ability and willingness to earn his own live pouring into the chimney in a perfect stream, lihood. In the meantime, owing to some, tens, and hundreds, and thousands descendcircumstance, he and his sister lost all trace of each other. She engaged in teaching in New York, and he came to Johnstown and went to work bravely and cheerfully. The sister advertised in the Philadelphia and in a bed, but we think three thousand swal-Pittsburg papers for information concerning him, and in reply received a letter from one signing himself "E. Jones," to the effect hat he had been sent to the peritentiary for horse-stealing. In distress, the young lady visited the Governor to have him pardoned and released, and was told that he could do octhing without knowing the particulars, and to ascertain these she went to the Western Penitentiary to examine into the matter where, to her relief, she found that there was no truth in the report. She then renewed her advertising and inquiries, and at length succeeded in tracing him to this place, where

ly, and before meeting her went to the barber shop to be shaved, washed and spruced
up, in order to look something like he was in
his earlier days. The sister learned where
he was—her better judgment gave way to
the impulse of feeling and emotion, and she
repaired to the shop, ordered the barber to
suspend the operation of shaving, threw her
self on her knees before him, embraced and
bisead him in the presence of all the hystord.

Merely collecting the swallows were observed to
enter this in "millions" and were not seen
any more until in the spring, when they
would come out with a loud noise or roar,
and were soon dispersed through the neighborhood. From this and many similar cases, Mr. Williams concluded that they passself on her knees before him, embraced and
bisead him in the apring. kissed him in the presence of all the bystanders, and then took him to her room unwashed and unshaved, that she might in a more retired way, renew the ardent manifestations of a sister's undying love. O, what a lesson this teaches! Only a mother can love more intensely than a sister. Here she realized that he was still alive, still guiltless of crime and unstained in character and undisgraced by the fiendish report that he had met a felon's fate.—Johnstown Democrat. LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT'S PHILADEL-PHIA RESIDENCE.—The handsome furnished nansion on West Chestnut street, purchased and fitted up at a cost of \$50,000, by the cit-

izens of Philadelphia, as a present to Liout. General Grant, was opened on the 6th inst., story windows. In the interior the arrangements combine elegance and convenience.— There is a spacious hall, and a handsome which I am glad to know has many illustri- is also a private staircase leading to the dining-room and kitchen.

Buck of the chambers on the second and

third floors are both rooms, which are elegantly fitted up. The parlor, about seven-teen by forty feet, is superbly furnished, the carpets being velvet, the furniture of walnut, and the curtains of the richest lace. The piano and all the articles of furniture in the room are in the highest style of mechanical art. Vases of an antique pattern decorate the richly carved marble mantel; and an elegant clock, surmounted by a figure representing the historian is in the centre of it. On the centre table is a magnificent copy of

Passing on the dining room are exposed to view, on an extension table, a silver tenset and a china dinner and tea-set, together with pearl-handled knives and silver forks. A prominent figure on it is a large silver candelabra and flower stand combined. In the dining-room is a very beautiful side-

The chambers on the second floor are finished in almost as costly style as the parlors Velvet carpets on the floors, a splendid Jenby Lind bedstead is in each room, with beau-iful dressing bureaus and wardrobes. The reception room, on the second floor back, is also richly furnished. In the third story chambers the floors are covered with Brussels carpeting, and the furniture is of a superior kind. All portions of the house are urnished in the most complete manner.

The residence was formally presented to he General in person. Several speeches

STRANGE BURIAL CUSTOMS IN SICILY .-- In Sicily, churchyards are unknown. The corpees are placed in layers in the vaults of churches without a coffin, and when decomposition performs its work, the remains of the poor are piled together in a corner, and sometimes walled in; but those who can afford it have their remains placed in a niche in a special apartment, called the Chamber of Death, where for a long time the hideous relies of humanity may be seen by the curious. It is a large hall on the ground-floor, lighted by a large window, like that of an artist's studio. All round there are niches like sentry-boxes let into the wall; they are about six feet high, and the bottom is level with the floor. The corpses, blackened by decomposition, are frightful to loook at; they are kept generally in a standing position by a rope round their necks, and their naked, fleshless feet rest on the floor; but, as the ropes are not uniformly tightened, the attitudes are all different; some leaning forward with their heads outside the niche, us though about to advance into the centre of the room.
All have a paper label fastened on their breast, couched thus: "I am so-and to; have a mass said for me, for mercy's sake." In one of the niches is the corpse of a young man, in a Zouave's uniform; he is fastened round the waist, so that the body is bent in two, the head down and the hands for ward, which gives him the appearance of looking for something on the floor. There are also a few, only a few, glass coffine; in one of them is a gentleman wearing a chim-ney-pot hat, much too large for what is left of his head. A few wooden coffins form a strange contrast with the ghastley exhibition all around. They contain the remains of la-dies, this barbarous fashion at poste mortem display stopping short of the fair sex.

About 2000 negroes are now employ-Green should be the prevailing color for by the bucket.

Green should be the prevailing color for bed hangings and window drapery.

Bed All the robel soldiers, prisoners in the nam who should misuse our gifts as we not be of allegiange.

Not here to be discharged upon taking the nam who should misuse our gifts as we misuse those of heaven.

Green should be the prevailing color for bed by the Quartermasters department in the Quartermasters department in the Country have excellent bay and but little to do, and bless their stars daily that they are "contrabands" and not poor white folks.

They have excellent bay and but little to do, and bless their stars daily that they are "contrabands" and not poor white folks.

THE CHIMNEY SWALLOWS .- The Cecil Dem-

ocrat thus describes the first appearance, for this season, of the chimney swallows in that town. It savs:

Last Saturday, a short time after sunset we noticed the return of the chimney swal-lows, from the South. Thousands of them were going through their peculiar aerial evolutions of wing, over a house in town. We watched them a few minutes, wondering where so many would find lodgings the first night. After flying round and over the house top for a while, as if for amusement, the whole flock hovered over one chimney, made pouring into the chimney in a perfect stream, tens, and hundreds, and thousands descend-ed, until the last bird dropped in. We were lows in one chimney would be even closer quarters. There has been much diversity of pinion among even respectable ornitholothe winter. Some mention apparently well in mid winter buried in the mud at the bottom of lakes-one writer says three were tom of lakes—one writer says three were, found in king's pond in England: This is about as probable as that the rail bird turns into a bull frog in winter, which is firmly believed by several residents of this locality. Others contend that they lay dormant all, winter in hollow trees or in the chiffs of rocks and in holes. At Middlebury, in Vermont, succeeded in tracing him to this place, where she learned that he was still lying and enployed at the Iron Works. She sent him word that she was here at a hotel and desirated him. He stopped work immediated was him. He stopped work immediated for September, the swallow were observed to of September, the swallows were observed to content this in "millions" and were not seen merely collecting preparatory to the trip South. It is said that the male birds of a whole vicinity roost in one chimney during voung.

> Worms on the Currant Bushes.-The time is at hand when those who would receive a yield of fruit from their current and gooseberry bushes should be attending to them. Hence the following from a writer to the Syracruse Journal is pertinent. He says:

I notice that the leaves of the gooseberry are already infested with the eggs that hatch into those worms that proved so destructive The insect that lays these eggs is rather small, er than a house-fly, which it slightly resembles: The abdomen is, however, of a bright yellowish brown color. The insect is rather, sluggish in its movements, and may be caught without much difficulty and destroyed, and by its destruction the production of many of the worms is prevented. The eggs which are white, and about one twentiath of an inch long, are denosited on the under sides of the the leaf between thumb and forefinger, or, i

preferred, the infested leaves may be picked off and burned. If this plan of destroying the eggs and mature insects, where found, is thoroughly carried out by giving the neces-sary attention to the bushes for a few minutes every day or two, it must of course, save the bushes. From the slight observation I made lust year, it appears to me those worms come in successive crops, and, perhaps the destruction of this early spring crop may prevent the development of the later crops. It will do so, if the insects that lay the later litters of eggs are matured forms of the larves

of the early crop.

The gooseberry leaves scems to be first attacked because they come forward earlier than those of the current. Of course, attention should be paid to the currant legres as soon as the eggs begin to be deposited on

The suggestion of this correspondent are well but if the mischief goes on and the worms are hatched, then they may be destroyed by the use of hellebore, which may be sprinkled over the bushes in the morning when the dew is on, by the use of a tin box with a perforated cover. Preserve the currants by all means, for they are useful and come to the table at a season when no other fruit can be

A LEGAL BOOMERANG .- A diminutive German—we will call him Mr. Kraut—entered complaint that his wife had beaten him in a manner literally merciless. He unswathed his head from the bandages surrounding it, exhibiting the marks of a broom handle administered with no feeble unction. Mr. Kraut was arrested. She stood full six feet high, with breadth of shoulder and length of arm in due proportion. The hus-band reiterated his affidavit. The woman made no defeuse, and the Mugistrate fined her for intexication. As she didn't pay the fine, the officer motioned her to follow him to prison. She obeyed the order. 'What are you goin to do?' asked Mr.

Kraut. 'Take that woman to prison.'

'Take her to prison ?' Certainly. 'And who dahs care of her baby?' Don't know; suppose you must take care

of it yourself.'
But I can't. I goes now to mine york.' "Well, if somebody don't pay her fine she must be locked up."

And must I get knock in to der cellar by mine vife, und my head broke, and den turn

around und pay for it?"

Mr. Kraut said something that sounded like profanity. He dropped five dollars and ten tears, the former on the desk of the recorder, the latter upon the floor, and departed with his wife, plunged in profound won-der at the curiosities of the law.

As we said before, people indulging in matrimony often learn a great deal by a very short course of study.—Philadelphia North

American. Schoolmaster-"Bill Tompkins, what's a widow?".

Bill—"A widder is a married woman what ain't got no husband, koz he's dead."

Master—"Very well. What is a widower?"
Bill—"A widderer is a man what runs arer widders." A paragraph states that the Empress Eugenie were \$3,500,000 worth of diamonds at the last court ball.