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Poetical.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME. . RY ELLEN LYNN.

From mast and spire the flag fling out From gladdened hearts send up a shout, And words of welcome clamor out, When " the boys" come home.

Let drum and trumpet beat and swell As passing banners-shot, torn-tell Of battles brave fought and well, Ere the boys came home.

Train eve and ear that scene to meet, As watching earnestly the street, At last you see the way-worn feet

How eagerly the men will stare On faces round them everywhere; Mothers and wives, be surely there, When the boys come home

Then, if the visage, sadder grown, Shall tell of wounds, or fever moan, Of bivouac, and ward, alone, Since the boy left home

Meep down the tears, press down the sighs, But softly pray to God on high That now, so seen, he may not die, Just as he comes home

But if he wears health's ruddy hue, If tried, he still is staunch and true To God, his country, and to you,
Shout a welcome home

If he has erred and shunned the light, Or groping stumbled in the night, Point him to One who can guide right, Till the boys get home.

Miscellaneous.

PARSON DOVE'S STORY.

She was a very beautiful girl. I think I never saw such a lovely creature in my life, though I know that we are very apt to be unough I know that we are very apt to be misled by our imaginations, and that the eye makes its own beauty. But no one could have thought her anything but pretty, standing by the garden gate with her apronfull of wild-flowers, and her curls, lifted by the wind, danging around her forehead like a swarm of golden bees.

"My daughter, Rose," said her father, and she put her little white hand into mine

as a child might have done, just as simply and prettily, so that it was very hard for me to shake it and let it go instead of keeping it.

But there was somebody else to shake

hands also, and he, standing on the other side of Deacon Olmstead, put on his long, lank fingers, in black silk gloves, and performed the ceremony which he always went to the company which he always went to the company which he always went to the company of the company which he always went to the company of the company which he always went to the company of the company which he company which has been decompany which he company through with when any offered to shake hands with him, and which could not have been agreeable to anything except the village pump.
"Mr. Bitterworth, said Deacon Olmstead,

waving his hand toward my companion with impressment, "Mr. Dove," and he glanced at me. Who should say he is of no importance? "Is tea ready, my dear?"

She replied that tea was ready, and we contain that the different says for my his roof, having come to W—— on church business, Deacon Olmstead always making a point of entertaining the volume roof, having a point of entertaining the volume roof, and which upon her death bed, she had given me, bidding me to give it to the girl I loved upon the day she promised to marry me. point of entertaining two young ministers on

The Rev. Benjamin Bitterworth was much older than I, and much more important in every way. I had been lately called to a struggling little church, exceedingly unfortunate in the way of difficulties and debts, where the congregation seldom paid any salary, and always considered themselves ill used by the minister, who, in turn, was somehow always injured by a parsonage call-to me, will you not? I love har very dearly." ways accused of misappropriating the church funds. I never could discover what they were. And the Rev. Silas Snow, having taken French leave in great disgust, the congregation had called for an enterprising young minister, and I had been selected.—But for Benjamin Bitterworth a warm nest had been selected as the bad been selected. had been ready, and every one had predic-

His was a country church also, but it was a rich one, and he had friends and influence and everything which I had not. Deacon Benjamin Bitterworth, with his stately steps Olmstead showed that he knew this by every and folded hands, making his way along the glance of his eye and every tone of his voice. ing a minister-was mistress of the house, exhibited no partiality. On the contrary, I think she liked me best; and though Benja-min Bitterworth, long and lank, leaned across the table to talk to her in his oily tones over and over again, somehow she al-

with her girlish prattle.

She know the village which had been my boyhood's home, and had seen and spoken to a sister of mine, dead years before; so we found many subjects in common. But even had we had none—had we spoken in different language, unintelligible to each other—I am sure that to have sat beside Rose Olmstead, with her eyes looking into mine-not boldly, only frankly-would have been worth the most eloquent words that ever fell from

any other woman's lips.

It was a very happy evening; for afterwards, in the gleaming, we went out upon the porch, and she took me down to see the roses in the garden and the honeysuckle arbor over the little and the little arbor over the little and the little arbor over the little arbor ove bor over the little sent where she set overy afternoon at work, and we stayed so long that Deacon Olmstead came down after us and scolded Rose for wetting her feet with the dew, and had something of great moment | shall endeavor to secure the best interests of

to say to me, so that Benjamin Bitterworth offered his arm to Rose to escort her through thegarden, while I walked behind with her

We went back to the perch after that and into the parlor, and soon there were family prayers and a genial good-night. But it beprayers and a genial good-night. But it being a bright summer evening, with all the windows open, I, sitting at mine, and looking at the moon, heard some one singing, and knew that, of all that household, it could only be a Rose. It was a sad song and a sweet be a Rose. It was a sad song and a sweet be a Rose. It was a sad song and a sweet be a Rose. It was a sad song and a sweet be a Rose. It was a sad song and a sweet be a Rose and a sweet be a Rose and a sweet be a Rose and a genial good-night. But it be provided mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solemn wave or many than the checked mo with a solem ly be Rose. It was a sad song and a sweet one—a farewell, a plaintive fall in it that was very touching; and I knelt beside my window, and with my head upon my hand shed tears, thinking what if I were that departing lover, and Rose Olmstead sung that "My father has commanded me," was the farewell song to me. Do we never unconsciously reach the future? Sometimes I

think so. next morning, Benjamin Bitterworth wore a queer smile upon his face, and rubbed his long black gloves as though something pleased him mightily. At last he said to me in his oily tones, with a peculiar affection of accent which it had pleased him to adopt: "Brother Dove, I want to ask your opin-

ion on an important subject."
This was odd. My opinion had never been considered of any importance before, but I bowed my head and waited.

"Do you believe, brother Dove, that Rose Olmstead would make a good clergyman's

That was the question. My cheek flushed scarlot. My heart beat loudly, but I turned toward Benjamin and looked bim full in the

"I know she would make a good wife for any man who might be fortunate enough to

solved to marry for several years, and Deacon Olmstead's daughter appears to have excel-lent qualities—I shall offer her my hand."

Perhaps she will not accept.' I said it angrily. My voice was not under my control at that moment. Benjamin Biterth understood me-I saw that in his cold, black eye. But he answered without emotion"Her father would decide that, I think.

He is a man of judgment, and she is an obedient daughter.' "Perhaps she might choose for herself," I nawered.

"Perhaps," said Benjamin, "but I think she has been brought up well."
"You may have rivals," I continued. "It is not consistent with my cloth to be any man's rival," replied Benjamin. "What I do, brother Dove, I do from a sense of du-

We said no more, but went on toward the stage, he treading softly along the road on the tips of his polished boots, his thin lips sanctimoniously pressed together, his black gloved hands folded behind his back, while I, warm and angry, put a strong restraint upon myself to walk beside him decorously.

After this day we met only under Deacon Olmstead's roof, but we met there often. I

sat aloof, talking to her father, as a general thing, and then only, as it seemed, to prove his power. In whatever he did in this way, he was aided and abetted by old Deacon Olmstead. I could see that plainly. But I saw also that Rose began to like me very much. In that I trusted, for, though a stern parent, Deacon Olmstead seemed to love his

aughter.
Summer faded, and the roses in my daring's garden died with it. At last I spoke to her, saying something like this:

"I love you, Rose—I think I love you more than man ever loved woman. Can you

ove me well enough to be my wife?"

And the golden curls sunk low upon my shoulder, and I gathered my darling up against my heart. We were in the garder then, beside a great elm, older than the old house itself, and sheltered by it, we stood together, I supporting her; she leaning on my breast; and we saw nothing save each other's voices; and I took the little hand in mine, and slipped a tiny ring upon the taper went into the old-fashioned house, for we finger—one that had been my mother's be-were going to take tea with Deacon Olmstead, trothal ring, and which upon her death bed,

ch occasions.

The Rev. Benjamin Bitterworth was much path, and mingled with it, fell another shad-

The deacon's face was like a stone. could not read its import; but he drew his daughter toward him and stood between us. "You have done wrong, Mr. Dove," he said, "very wrong. She is young, and has but little judgment. I will speak to her alone. I should have spoken to her tefore, but I thought one of your profession could be trusted. Good evening. Come, Rose."

And he passed into the house, taking her with him; and as I left the garden, I saw

The next day a boy came to my study with a note. It was from Deacon Olmstead, and summoned me to his dwelling. I went at once, and in the parlor found Rose, pale as a lilly, sitting beside her father. She looked at me as I came in, for one moment, and then turned her face aside, and hid it with her

ways returned to our old conversation as often as she could, and made me very happy with her girlish prattle.

She knew the village which had been my horhead's home and had seen and special to the contained with the special contained wit this baby-play of courtship was going on, it should have been stopped before. It is not too late now. Rose sees her folly. She has resolved to obey me. Some trifle of yours a ring. I believe-she will return to you, and then you will part. Rose."

She left her seat as he turned toward her,

and, crossing the room, calmly and sadly laid the little betrothal ring on my hand.
"Good-bye," she said; "I must obey papa. It is all over between us. Good-bye, Wil-

liam."
But I could not be so calm. I caught her hand, and turned toward the stern old man

my daughter. You'll cease to urge the point when you hear that she is to marry the Rov. Dr. Benjamin Bitterworth a week from next

"Marry him !" I cried. "Rose, have you consented to this? Are you false to me? Have

answer, "and I must obey."

I turned from her, and fled from the room

and the house, mad and blind with grief and As we walked away to take the stage the indignation.

"She is not what I thought her," I said "She has been won by gold. My poverty has lost her to me."

Yet I loved her still and the world seemed dark and desolate. I had wild thoughts of wandering away and hiding myself from the eye of mortal man, and was thankful that excitement made me really so ill that on the Sunday of the wedding, I had ample excuse for deserting my pulpit, and, having procured a substitute, spending the day in my own room. This at least was my intention, but, as the hours crept on an influence which I found it impossible to resist, urged me to leave the house and go across the fields, and through the yillage to the church were Rose was to be married, and witness the ceremony. I think I was feverish, almost delirious.

No. I think I was feverish, almost delirious.

The opposite bank I had wisned bound the bottom of the sea. Being naturally impetueus I burst out with—petueus I burst out with—petueus I burst out with— Surely, a wise judgment would have led me to any other spot in the universe. But I

win her love." I answered.

"Love!" Benjamin Bitterworth elevated his eyebrows. "We were not speaking of love, I believe," he said, "but of fitness.—We should put the vanities of this carnal world out of the question when we look for wives, brether Dove."

"I believe that she would be admirably fitted for the position," he said, "and I intend to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the belief. I have been restant to act upon the forest and sharp upon the frosty air. I listened to it.—

"Surely," I said, "some awkward hand is at the rope. It is more like the peal tolled for the dead than that rung for a merry wedding." But this might have been my fancy, for everything looked dark to me that day. It was a winter day and the snow lay than Donald can carry o' ye." I knew this was so, for as I sat in a sheltered spot on the gallery looking down, those who came in seemed to wear sad countenances and to exchange mournful whispers, yet still the thought that it was more like a funeral than a wedding would creep across my mind.

"And so it is," I thought, "the funeral of
my brightest hopes—of every mournful
dream which I have cherished."

Then there was a whisper—a stir. The bride was coming. I should see her again.

Could I bear it? I strained my eyes. How slowly they came—how gravely heads were bent; and they were dressed in black, every one of them. We I gain and I verily believe to this day that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to Helen. one of them. Was I going mad? I saw old Deacon Olmstead—I saw Benjamin Bitterworth. And what was this? O, merciful Heaven! the bride was coming not in bridal wreath and voil, blushing and beautiful, but cold white as marble, lying beneath that sable pall, motionless, sightless, dead to words of earthly love forever more, Rose Olmstead

was dead.

They who lifted me from the floor where I had fallen, told me that she had died the night before; that she had been failing for the last few days, and that on that night she had risen and knelt down to pray, it was believed, for they found her kneeling with her face upon her hands, quite dead. "Her heart is broken," the doctors said, and I be-

I was very ill after this - so ill that they thought I must die. But death choose those who were happier, and left me; and I dwell now in the same old place, where I can sit eside my darling's grave, in the twilight of the Sabbath eve; an old man weary with the weight of years. Yet I shall be young again sometime—young and happy in Heaven with my lost one.

The way in which words are often divided, when set to music, sometimes produces a rather ludicrous effect. "A stranger was once surprised on hearing a congregation, mostly of women, cry out:

O for a man ! ! O for a man-sion in the skies!! While on another occasion a choir sang out to the best of their ability: Wo'll catch the flee ! We'll catch the flea!!

We'll catch the flee-ting hours!!! It is hoped no body was bitten.

"Julius, can you tell me how Adam ot out of Eden?"
"Weel, I 'spose he climbed ober de fence.' "No, dat ain't it?"
"Well, den he borrowed a wheel-barrow and walked out."
"No."

"I gum it up den." "He got snaked out."

A cute Yankee, in Kansas, sells liq-uor in a gun-barrel instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute than he is selling liquor by the barrel. Of course the cute Yankee's cu tomers are liable to go off half cocked.

"Doctor," said a person once to a sur geon, "my daughter had a terrible fit this morning; she continued half an hour without knowledge or understanding."
"O," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their

A fellow who took the mantilla from he boudoir of a pretty girl in Fifth Avenue, justifies himself on the ground that "it is no harm to steal from a thief;" as the owner of the mantilla has stolen the hearts of some

As people usually sprinkle the floors pefore they sweep them, says an old bachelor, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with fears in order that they may sweep the eash out of their pockets.

One of the Western editors speaking of a large and fat cotemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I expect I am," said the fat man, from the way the asses are nibbling at me.'

"Now mind you," whispered a servant girl to her neighbor, "I don't say as how missus drinks; but, between you and how missus drinks; but, between you and me, the decanter dont't keep full all day."

A Memphis paper heads its list of divorce cases in court, "Matrimonail ship-wrecks."

It is safe to learn, even from our enemies but seldom safe to instruct our on stayed my hand, and cried out, in the old friends.

WHY I RAN AWAY.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded with little more than friendship pretty Helen Graham, our oldest girl at school. We romped and denced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of the two lovers con-But the time was to come when jealousy lit the spark in my bosom. and blow it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the green eved monster perpetrated this incenliary doed. It was on a cold October evo-

ning, when Helen, Donald and myself were

returning with our parents form a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford, where the water ran somewhat higher than inkle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to, with hands interwoven "chair fashion," and thus we carried our pretty passenger over the brook.

Just as we were in the middle of the water, (which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves,) a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I know not, for we had carried Helen across the brook ere now without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she stendied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket. No flame can burn so quick or with so lit-

as if ye feared a fa'. I can carry ye lighter

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea all qualified to compete with him in feats of physical courage. On such topies boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank it was settled that the point should be determined by our sing-ly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms. Helen was to determine who carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood hightest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day that I could

quietly along, and then returned to Helen. With the utmost care I carried her like an nfant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form, and felt the pressure of her check against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute But alas! in the very deepest part of the ford I tred on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, pearing Helen with me, nor did we rise till fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald,

or the accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness —and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, bearing her in his arms a long disproached her home, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to reconcile me. But I preserved a moody silence, I was mor-

tified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to better results than generally attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburg, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless, man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed in upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and faults resured to Section of riph education. and finally returned to Scotland rich, educa-

ted, and in short, everything but married. One evening, while at a hall in Glasgow, my attention was taken by a lady of unpre tending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression indicated a mind of extraordinary power. I was introduced, but Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something; and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure

We became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history.

And you my brother Fred? I thought that contemplated marching on Canton on the gentleman, pointing at the handsome fellow night of Thursday, but was only going after gentleman, pointing at the depot. and she was now acting as governoss in a

family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace half way up the line to meet you. What are

with her as I had never conversed with any lady. Her questions about the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and she ossessed a large store of useful informa-

We progressed in intimacy, and as our tion. I laughingly remarked that I owned my own

her request proceeded to relate my ford Adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the aniability of my early

Her mirth during the recital became irre-I gazed an instant, remembered and was dumbfounded. The lady with whom I had for a contribution. thus become acquainted was Helen Craham "Yes, I must give

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married, and Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached it in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort laborer, much are you worth?"

The gentleman continued—"I will be sattivelye. Rose was a well-built man, very much are you worth?"

much are you worth?" field, who seemed a small farmer, by inquiring or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answored me well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helthe widow gave, for she gave all she had."

Was about to give him a sixpence, when Helthe widow gave, for she gave all she had."

It was a new idea to the wealthy merhaps and cried out, in the old

It was a new idea to the wealthy merhaps and others too obscene to print.—

FASHIONABLE PROYERS:—Pride must have tal jests, "Is he fat?" "He'll make good tal jests, "Is he fat?" and others too obscene to print.—

Sausage," and others too obscene to print.—

"Hey, Donald, man, dinna ye ken your

They, bounds, man, dinna ye ken your old freens?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage, a nd answer our numerous inquiries as to our

Different men start in life in different ways. I believe that mine, however, is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

CAUGHT IN MY OWN TRAP.

Dorn and I had been silent full fifteen minand that been shert full litteen min-utes—an unusual occurrence for us—when she suddenly broke out in one of her gayest, sweetest peals of laughter. The-cars were sweetest peals of laughter. The cars were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, but Dora's laugh rang out above all their noise

something funny. Do you see that gentle-man just in front of us, with the beautiful black whiskers and dreamy brown eyes?-Well, he's been watching you behind that book for the last half hour, looking as if he rie east of town to a grove of timber, a disshould love to take a bite of the red roses on tance of about a mile. Arriving there a cirveur cheeks. Don't blush for he is in love cle was formed and the wounded bushwhackwith you, I'll bet my gold thimble on it. I er placed in the centre. Too weak to stand, the fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached that be the source of the stories I the opposite bank I had wished Donald at have read about yoing ladies mistaking the bottom of the sea. Being naturally impetueus I burst out with—

"We proved as burst out with was just thinking of seme of the stories I he taid down on his right side or hips and to stand, the taid down on his right side or hips and the tail the total and the tail the could only manage to mistake that gentleman for your brother Fred.'

I was ready for fun in a moment. 'Tell you what I'll do," I broke out eagerly. 'You know I haven't seen Fred since I
went to school, three years ago; and of
course he's changed a great deal since then.

Very seen to school the great deal since then.

Very seen to school the great deal since then.

Very seen to school the great deal since then.

Very seen to school the great deal since then. of sparing my power. But Donald's fire was course he's changed a great deal since then. kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at Well, if that literary gentleman with the brown eyes (he is handsome isn't he, Dors?) should get off at our station, I'll wait till he gets mixed up with the crowd, see him suddenly, as for the first time, rush up to him in deserved deeth, and that it was right denly, as for the first time, rush up to him in a flutter of delight, call him brother Fred, and give him such a kissing as he hasn't had since he saw his sweetheart last.' 'Yes, I would if I were you,' said Dora,

sareastically. 'You daren't, you know.'
'Don't I dare too though? Wait and soc.' And so I dropped back into the cushion in silence till the train stopped at our station. Dora gave me a wicked look, and whispered that she knew my courage would fail me for the gentleman was really getting off.

I was not to be triumphed over, though and so, as we stepped out on the platform. I saw the literary gentleman standing amidst the crowd, and with a little bound, threw myself into his arms, and kissed him full in

the mouth, hysterically saying:
'Fred, my dear brother, how do you do?' I caught a glimpse of Dora-she was in was exciting the sympathies of the crowd, as they supposed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

'Father and mother are expecting you, Nellie, and are so impatient they can scarcely wait to see you. I was afraid you would image has been treasured up so carefully in my sister's heart.' I was bewildered beyond measure. It re-

I was bewildered beyond measure. It really was Fred, then, and I had not known
him I felt slightly ridiculous, and while in and being full of dust, looked anything but nim. I felt slightly ridiculous, and while introducing Dora to my brother, whispered to her to keep quiet in reference to my intended than from him, which was given with pain riage which was waiting for us, and rapidly drove home.

I had never known Fred to be so affection-

ate. He held my hand at unnecessary intervals; but to tell the truth, I had never loved him half so well before-never thought him half so handsome.

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me all at once; father repeated it; and finally a frank hearty voice broke out with: 'Hallo, sis! aren't you a going to notice your scapegrace of a brother, at all?'

And to my astonishment, a handsome fel-

A mad empraced at the depot.

Why sis are you going crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow there is, my college chum, Archie Winters who was a my college chum, Archie Winters who was a my college chum.

you blushing at Nell? There wasn't any thing wrong in it; was there? I didn't have house, that he (Rose) wanted to board a few ble of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune him, so that he would be sure and know you. I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed I looked at Archie Winters besechingly; and as they were all going into the house

whispered to him:
'For pity's sake do not speak of that mis take. How could it have happened?" I overheard you in the cars, and will promise to keep your secret only on one condi-

He whispered something to me that made conversation turned upon the causes which induced so many to leave their native land, my face flush scarlet; but I was at his mercy, and said I would think of it, reader; and to travels to falling with a pretty girl while the delight of the whole family-Dora and travels to mining with a process. I attributed of hy a remarkable paleness. I attributed ed by a remarkable paleness. I attributed of the control of the con room, laughed, and, at herself if I would attend their wedding in a

shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, confusion resulted from this, and cries from Her mirth during the recital became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:

"Mr. Roborts, is it possible that you have following incident has a moral for all such:

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"Mr. Roborts A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend | weaker every minute. Just before the hand

> rich man. "You mean the widow's mite, I suppose," replied the other.
> "To be sure I do."

> much are you worth!"
> "Seventy thousand dollars," he answered.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

Lynching of a Guerrilla in Illinois-His Con--Scene at the Gallows, &c. [From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald, June 3rd.]

Wednesday a large crowd, numbering about five hundred citizens and soldiers, congrega-ted at the Court House, filling the jail yard, the passage in the Court House and the street in front. It is proper that we state that a majority of the crowd were drawn thither through curiosity. Those interested in the mob-for such it was-were very violent in their actions, and demanded the keys of the jail in terms that indicated that an excitement was up, which, under the circumstances, could not be satisfied without a taste of protects the entries to the jail yard, and by ineans of billets of wood and hammers forced and confusion.

'What is it Dora, you witch you?' I said, half piquod that she had not at first told mo what pleased her, and laughed afterwards.;

The miserable man, bleading from the wounds the miserable man, bleading from the wounds the miserable man had been but a few an entrance, seized the body of the wounded and dying bushwhacker, and immediately hours previous, was forced hurriedly along Fifth street to Hampshire, from thence to Sev proach of his end; in a clear audible voice askel his executioners to find some one to telegram was despatched to Springfield for pray for him. The question was asked by one of the men, a soldier: 'Is there any one was despatched and arrived in the morning. vices. On his appearance, Rose got upon his knees reverally, and the minister of the Gosthat he should die and prayed that God might be merciful to him. After finishing his prayer, if it could be called such, we gained admission to the ring, and seated ourselves by the wounded man for the purpose of eliciting such information relative to his past life as would be interesting to our readers, and also assist in implicating the remaining portion of the thieving company. As we sat by him we had good opportunity of seeing the man, and we particularly noticed his words, actions and even the working of the muscles of his face. Knowing that a great many stories would be circulated about the affair, we were

IN THE RING.

The circle formed by the mob and the idle ourious was on an inclined plane, the fall exdanger of going into convulsions. I expect- tending northward, at the base of which the ed to hear the stranger say confusedly, that there was some mistake; but to my surprise the gave me a hearty embrace—kissed me two or three times—said that he was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had grown a great deal; and the was well—ithat I had great a great deal; and the was well—ithat in that I had grown a great deal; and inquired for my little friend Dora—who, all this time. thought there were about three hundred persons present. The prisoner was in a reclining position upon the ground, and bresented a spectacle of pain and abject misery. As the glimmer of four or five lighted candles, mingled with dusky moonbeams, shed their not know me, but I am really glad that my glaring and sickly light upon the prisoner we confess that we felt a little strange, and had we not been present would have been gratified. His head was bare, and his hair

trick. I was too much confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing me; so we all went to the carut seeing me; so we all went to the carut live in Troy, in Lincoln county, Missouri : have a wife and three children living In 1860 I voted for Stephen A. Douglas for President, and for John B. Henerson for the convention. About this time I got into a personal difficulty with a man by the name of Creed, and through his influence was arrested by the militia and placed in prison, where I stayed a long while. louse was burned by the militia in August last, and I found I could not stay at home, so

by Kirby Smith as Captian in the Confeder te army. He did not state when he came back or low, I had not yet seen, gave us a genuine what he came for. The confusion was so hug, and a kiss that you could have heard great that we could not get him to say. He across the yard.

'There is some mistake,' I murmured, that robbed Fowler, and said that they had contemplated marching on Canton on the

went to Arkansas, and was commissioned

What are he knew nothing about him or his company, house, that he (Bose) wanted to board a few days. He said that he had come to the conclusion to quit raiding and had so declared himself to the boys. The names of the rehimself to the boys. maining numbers as yet at large are Harry Sacad and Jo. Bradburn. Rose frequently spoke of his wife and children, and regretted very much that he could not see them. crowd were so eager to hang him that we could gain no more, and being invited to leave the ring, we complied with as much rapidity as possible.

After the ring was cleared, a rush was

made for the prisoner and he was dragged to the place of execution-the tree. He did not display the weakness of a coward on such trous eye. He was placed upon some boxes, prepared as a platform, with his hands pinioned behind him. Before the rope was placed around his neck he fainted and fell groan-Cornered.—Covetous people often seek to ing backwards to the earth. Considerable kerchief was placed around his eyes he ask "Yes, I must give you my mite," said the ed to be shot, again spoke of his wife and chiled to be shot, again spoke of an and the box-dren. The noose was adjusted and the box-es kicked over and Rose was left daugling in the air. He struggled but little. V height, and twenty-seven years of age.—Whilst havging some of the participants in the execution took hold of the body and start-

The winding up was a warning given by some one in the crowd to "copperheads and rebels," to which cheers were given. This is, without embellishment as plain and simple as we can make it a true account of the affair as it happened. About half past ten o'clock on the night of

EXCITEMENT ON THURSDAY.

We were in hopes that the excitement of Wednesday night would be sufficient to satisfy the inferiated mob; but our hopes were vain. The god of light had not much more than raised his golden head above the eastern horizon ere squads of men began assembling on the street corners, and their gestures, lan-guage and every action plainly showed that a storm was brewing, that the evil nature of man had taken hold of the parties, and another outbreak might be expected, renewing the horrors of the past night. At twelve the crowd, about five hundred in number had surrounded the Court House, and many were clamerous for the prisoners in the jail.— Threats were made which caused the Sheriff o become somewhat solicitous for his own personal welfare and safety. He, however, efused to give up the keys. During the exand other citizens attempted to address the crowd, and, if possible, allay the excitement, which had reached a very frenzied state, but without much avail, as many of the crowd were so worked up as to wish to hang General Prentiss. The General, however, was not intimidated, as his breast had been bared to the fire of a hostile foe on several hardfought battle fields, and he persisted in having peace and quiet, and nobly urged the crowd to disperse. Through a piece of good management the prisoners were turned over to the Provost Marshal who, with a squad of was despatched and arrived in the morning. The streets were full of excited men during the entire day, but no very great demonstra tions were made. We presume the bristling of four or five bayonets in the hands of determined men looked rather formidable-too much so to run against. General Prontiss Hon. I. N. Morris, Lieutenant Cooper, and other citizens of prominence and soldiers of rank, deserve the greatest credit for their efforts to put down the riot and restore order.

A Word to Young Ladies.

We wish to say a word to young ladies, about your influence over young men.
Did you ever think of it?

Did you ever realize that you could have an influence at all over them? We believe that a young lady by her constant, consistent, Christian example, may

exert an untold power. You do not know what respect, almost wor ship young men, no matter how wicked they

may be themselves, pay to a consistent lady, be she young or old. A gentleman once said to a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the Christian reli-

Often the simple request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from swearing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection

A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded when a more powerful appeal from other sources would fall unbeeded upon his heart.

Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in society are away from the influence of parents and sister, and they will respond to an interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influ-

ence which his dissipated gentleman associates have over him. We believe that it is all true that a gentleman's character is formed to a great ex-tent by the ladies that he associates with be-fore he becomes a complete man of the

We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and young lady friends choose to make him. We know a family where the sisters encourage their younger brotliers to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle with the gay dissipated fellows, because they

the gay dissipated ferrows, because they thought it "smart," and they did mingle with them body and soul, and abuse the same sister shamefully.

The influence began further back than with their goutlemen companions. It began with their sisters, and was carried on through the forming years of their character. On the other hand, if sisters are watchful and affectionate they may in various ways-by entering into any little plan with interest by introducing their younger brothers into good ladies' speiety, load them along until their character is formed and then a high toned espect for ladies, and a manly self-respect, will keep him from mingling with low so

If a young man sees that the religion which in youth he was taught to venerate is lightly thought of and perhaps succeed at by the young ladies with whom he associated ve can hardly expect him to think that it as the thing for him.

Let none say that they have no influence it all. This is not possible. Tou cannot live without having some sort of influence, any more than you can live vithout breathing.
One thing is just as unavoidable as the

it is you are constantly exerting.

An invitation to take a glass of wine, or to play a game of cards, many kindle the fires

of intemperance, and gambling, which will burn forever.

A jest given at the expense of religion, a light, trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous ways in which you may show your disregard for the scul of others, may be the means of ruining many for time

and eternity .- Home Journal. A favorite magpie, which had been used to receive its dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress, the other day perched, as usual, on her shoulder, and inserted its beak between her lips, not, as it proved, to receive, but to give or to hide, for as one good turn deserves another, the bird dropped a large, a green, fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.

Dr. Adam Clark, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at a dinner, where the principal dish was a roast pig. He is reported to have said: "O Lord, if thou canst bless under the gospel what thou didst curse under the Law, bless this pig."

FASHIONABLE PROVERS .- Pride must have