CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1865.

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

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Tervisive

TERMS:

The first fi

the option of the Editor. Δηνειτισεκιστα—Accompanied by the CASH, and not taxeeding one square, will be inserted three lines: for \$2.00, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. These of a greater length in

proportion. Pamphlets, Blanks, Eabels, &c. &c., executed with

Boetical.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER:

BY EMILY B. BENNETT. The airs of mild retreating hours In soft embracings float around, While pensively maturing flowers Lean toward the silent, somt re ground From Nature's mist-enveloped lyre Symphonic sweetness trembles low; faded hue its vestures wear. Funeral murmurs come and ro.

To-day, the last of Summer days, Old Time recalls the season's breath; But so to sympathies displays Banners of promise for its death ; To-morrow's sun will gild a bier, Where lies in pageant state a queen, So late the monarch of the year Her foot prints guide her burial train.

Let grains of gold be scattered o'er The parted Summer's flower-lined tomb And fruits delicious, which she bore Brom blossems legucies of June ; and spread ne dark portentous pall around her vanquishe t lovliness, But leaves she nourished, in their fall, Weave crimson folds her bior to dress.

October's plaintive breezes sing A triumph dirge, O Queen, for you When birds have flown on startled wing. Where Summer lives as though anew The sinking sun, cloud marshaling, Let fall those many colored gems For kindred muses thence to string The nonpareil of diadems!

Hiscellaneous.

A PATAL MISTARE.

Carlos A 144 It was a pretty little brown house, with plate glass windows, and fanoifully carved pornice, while the green plumes of the Alian-thus trees brushed softly against the roof, as freemulously anxious to remind people that certain. nummer was its golden prime. Atleast such Tabled murmur to Adrian Morley, as he came appled murmur to Adrian Morley, as he came which esteps, and dexterously fitted his night Key into the paneled resewood door.

cumstances may ensue from my neglect of Her adjeux in the parlor were brief enough business just now.' 'That's just what you men always say. I don't helieve there's a word of truth in it.' blood beating like pulses of fire in her verish blood beating like pulses of fire in her veris. She sat down, sick and trembling, under the white glare of the gaslight, and tried to real-ize the full horror of her situation. Adrian was silent for a moment. He stood with contracted brow, evidently considering. Adrian Morley, her husband, was a drunk-ard and a gambler! Was it all a dream or 'I am sorry I haven't made a home a little ore pleasant to you. Grace.' 'Home,' repeated Mrs. Morely, petulently. was it indeed true that she had waked to this horrible reality of grief and shame and yet Anything but a man who is always harping about home; I often wish there wasn't any such word.' ive on ?

American

"Would it really add so much to your hapa low shivering groan, a new phantom of re-morseful agony ruse solemnly up before the accusing judgment seat of her open conpiness to spend a month at Saratoga or Newport ?'

'Oh, Adrian, I should onjoy it so much !' Her eyes were sparkling now and the soft color rose to her cheek. Will you take me here, Adrian?'

If you insist upon it-but remember that attached---if I had not kept him here to grat dop't at all approve of the arrangement. 'Oh I'll assume all the responsibility.' laughed Grace merrily.' 'And when shall is greater than I can bear l' And she remembered with a sick heart the

we go?' 'When you please.' 'I could be ready by Monday.' 'You are in a great haste to leave your pleasant home, Graco; I wish I could sumher reckless folly. 'I told him that I was miscrable at home, mon up an equal fervor of enthusiasm." Grace put her hand on his shoulder, and she thought. , Miserable I. If I had known the meaning of the word. But to morrow I leaned down to peep archly into his face. 'What a darling, old fashioned fellow you are, Adrian ! I shall spend this summer in trying to make a modern husband of you.' will beg him on my bonding knees to return once more—I will tell him how foolish I have been-how mad And perhaps we may be happy in our quiet home once more. Oh! if I had never left it !!! ' Do you think the modern article would be preferable ?' smiled Adrian.

Ob. infinitely 1. And now don't talk to me; I must make out a list of things to be purchased. Only think that I'm really 'One, two, three l' As the little clock sharply spoke out the nour, Grace Mrley started to her feet. "What detains him so? What can keep equipping for a summer at the Sorings ! And she clasped her hands so gleefully, that Adrian had not the heart to damn he him away from me? I will go myself and bright anticipations with his own indefinite look for him. miegivings. She drew the white opera cloak round, her * * * * * shoulders, and hurried with trembling limbs 'The prettiest woman at the springs, by owards the door. ul olda.'

'Who is she?'

had ?'

little.

Mrs. Morely, of New York. Nebody ev-er heard of her before, but she flashed into society like a meteor. The young fellows are heir midet. And Grace Morley, while all the blood in all infatuated about her, and not without er veins seemed frozin into ice, knew that good reason. she was looking into her dead husband's Grace Morley's cheek flushed with conface ! scious triumph, as she heard these words, half spoken, half whispered, in her stately 'Take care of the lady-she's fainted,' said a rude voice. 'Dooter, you had better ee to her.'

sweep through the long piaza from a moon-light drive with the most stylish young cav-alier at the hotel. And she did look very lovely in her dress of deep blue grenndine, floating around her like azure billows, with a fleasy white sheard drawing from her cheat But she had not fainted. White, speechess, powerless as she was, the blessed relief of insensibility had been denied the bereaved wife, she saw and heard with agonizing disa fleecy white shawl drooping from her shoul-ders and the showy plame of a jaunty little tinctness, all that passed around her. "His wife !' said the young surgeon, pity Spanish hat hanging low over the rippled luxuriance of her golden brown hair. ingly. 'I did not know that he was a married She should have been prepared for man. Yes, Mrs. Morley was a helle at last ! and post completely did she enjoy the intexica this. Poor creature-poor crushed creature I Lay down the dead man. Somers, and come ing atmosphere of flattery and adulation that here. He is past help now. Call the women surrounded, her every footstep. and take away that mob of staring men." - Well, Grace, what sort of a time have yo As the pungent breath of some powerful

estorative crossed her senses. Grace faint-Adrian was lounging under the gas light in their room with a half read volume in his ed in the young surgeon's supporting arms -life and consciousness could not uphold ap, looking the vory victim of hopeless en their domain against the great billows of agny that were sweeping across her soul.

When she came to her senses the first ob-ject on which her eyes rested was the kind "Oh, delightful! But Adrian, how bored rou look !' 'No more so than than I feel, I am quite face of the young doctor. With a convulsive effort she strove to start from her couch.

"Gently-gently, shid the young man..." 'Lie still a little longer; you are hardly strong enough to rise yet." 'Fell me?' she gasped with colorles lips, 'I wish you would try and enjoy yourself

' How ?' ' Play billiards-smoke-do as other gen-

[From the Patriot & Union.] A PLEA FOR WEEDS. We have have never heard of a defender f that down-trodden, much-warred against, but ever alive and prolific class of plants,

known under the general term-weeds.--Although not warranted in so doing by the widespread hostility of husbandmen and gardeners the whole tribe, we have often wondered—as nothing is made in vain— As she bowed her head on her hand with whether weeds, even, have not their uses .--We know they are a pest to the thrifty farmer; that their personel is unsightly, gerer-ally; that their presence is proof of human science. 'It has been my fault—ail my own fault,' she wailed aloud. 'If I had not torn him from the home to which he was so tenderly tural right to existance and a share of the free earth ; are they not unjustly compelled to ify my own individual vanity, this would never have been! O God! the purishment is greater than I can bear l?

Did we not pursue one idea so much, and arguments she had used to win him away were our battle with the howling " wolf at trop home-the eagerness with which she the door" not so fierce, perhaps we could see from how and had also to min him which she had resumed all the responsibility of the change—the very words she had spoken in vigor and persistence with which they adhere to natures unerring laws. We are not completent, botanically, or oth-

erwise, to set up a plausible or even respectable defence for the race of weeds, nor would we dare to do so, in the face of our farmer readers; but we will be allowed to say a few words in mitigation of the hard lot of some, even if the whole continue to be the symbol of idleness, ugliness and sin.

We are toll that the apple, the peach, the plum, and other fruits, have been brought out of the wild bitterness and unworthiness. by cultivation and fostering care. The luscious and mammoth strawberries, blackberries, &e., which the gardens produce, exhibit the influence of a proper education. Oats once grew wild, and probably others of the cereals. Cotton has been brought to perfec-But while her touch was on the handle, it tion through cultivation. The tomato was once a horticultural curiosity. The taprootwung rudely open, and a group of men came n bearing something prone and lifeless in ed vegetables-carrots, parsnips, rad shes. which &c., wore once neglected weeds. Tobacco, yield. though still a weed, and a very noxious one, too, has shown what a fair chance an open field will do for a weed. Celery was, once only a fragrant encumberer of the ground.-The almost ubiquitous potato-with its end-

extent, fastening a truth here, and making a give a variety, are desirable. very random assertion there, until we had *Calves*.—Provide shelter ar exceeded the bounds of a very short article. Therefore we shall say no nore on this point, but leave our renders to put what facts they milked longer, and give this year richer milk know to what we do not know. This brings us to another point. As es-

culent and nutricious vegetables and fruits have been brought by cultivation from their native wildness, are there not others susceptible of similar developement and usefulness ? The world of plants evidently is governed by the same laws of progression as those ruling the world of humanity, and therefore we connot the weeds.

ids.

that

ans.

have yet to come to. Each of the various kinds of "noxious weeds," against which an "irrepressible conflict" is waged by every te left in the ear, and put in narrow open

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER. November work is that of preparation for the winter; fitting stock and their quarters for the cold season; finishing up the fattening of those animals destined for the market, and turning those farm crops which can be disposed of into money, or something else, which will equally contribute to happiness.-November is the month of full granaries, and of thankful hearts. A good Providence has vouchsafed to this country all that we need of the fruits of the earth, and a great deal more ; and though sometimes in particular sections we may have had larger harvests, yet taking the value of gold and exchange into consideration, and the prices which are into consideration, and the prices which are likely to rule, it is probably that we have never had a season of greater agricultural prosperity. We have poor to care for, and garly and generous thoughtfulness for them will provide more than and for them will provide work for many, and comfort for many more, who, in the proverbial improvidence of poverty might otherwise suffer from the necessities of life, lose health and pluck,

honesty, honor, and perhaps life itself. Let us not forget this, among our other November work. Buildings.—Look well to roofs of all kinds. Stop holes and give a coat of coal tar to those from which the water is not collected for use.

Stables may be made very warm by boarding up on the inside and filling straw, hay, or leaves between the inner and outer boarding. Whenever it is possible to prevent the sweep of the air ander stable floors, by banking up earth against the sills of the buildings, do so, first jainting the wood-work with gas tar.-Look to the ditches and channels to carry water away from buildings, especially away from the cellar walls of the house or barns, so that there may be no danger, in case of heavy rains and melting snows, of the cellars

Butter.—The very high price of butter should lead to feeding oil-cake, carrots and other roots, corn meal, bran, numpkins, etc. which, judiciously used, will increase the

Beeves fatten rapidly at this season, when the cool air gives them sharp appetites. Provide salt and fresh water abundantly. Give them the feeds of grain (ground and cooked, or soaked,) with entire regularity. Keep fatless varieties and usefulness-at one time tening cuttle warm, and never let them wor-was only a low and insignificant bulb. The ry for a neal, or for lack of regular attonbean was once a wild climbing plant, with no esculent qualities appertaining. And thus we might go on to an almost indefinite gradually. Occasional changes of feed, to

. Calves.-Provide shelter and feed so that there shall be no check in their steady growth. than usual, to take advantage of the butter market.

Cisterns .--- Enough rain falls on the roof of an ordinary dwelling to supply water for all purposes of the family, and a great deal moro. So too the roof of a common barn turns water enough for all the stock it can cover, and all other purposes. What is needed is to have cisterus to hold and store it... They should clude that the moral and physical worlds are going steadily forward to perfection. This conveniently situated. At this season clean would incite us to say cultivate but despise out cisterns, if the water is low. Protect from leaves which might enter through the But the main point we wish to get at we eave spouts, and protect the pumps and pipes

gratified at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk were an index of health; when, in ron-lity, any excess of fatness is, in proportion, that the weak to discharge their duty; and the ten-dency to fatness, to obesity, increases, until existence is a burden, and sudden death clo ses the history. Particular inquiry will al-most unvaryingly elicit the fact that fat per-sons, however rubicand and jolly, are never well, and yet they are envied. While great well, and yet they are envied. While great eaters never live to an old age, and are never for a single day without some "symptoms," some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to at-tract the mind's attention unpleasantly.

Risks of Great Eaters.

HOLITEPT.

Small eaters, those who eat regularly of plain food, usually have no "spare flesh," are wiry and enduring, and live to an active old age. Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of centenarians of a past age. Galen, one of the most distin-

guished physicians among the ancients, lived very sparingly after the age of twenty-eight, and died in his hundred and fortieth year.-Ketigern, who never tasted spirits or wine, and worked hard all his life, reached a hundred and eighty-five years. Jenkins, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was one hundred and sixty nine years old when he died. Old Parr lived to a hundred and fifty-three; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer and coarse bread -

The favorite diet of Henry Francisco, who lived to one hundred, and forty, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Ephraim Pratt, Shutesbury, Massachusetts, who died, aged one hundred and seventeen, lived chiefly on milk and even that is could be constituted. on milk, and even that in small quantity; his son, Michzel, by similar means, to be a

From these statements, nine general readers out of ten will jump at the conclusion that milk is "healthy," as are baked apples and bacon. These conclusions do not legiti-mately follow. The only inference that can be safely drawn is from the only fact running through all these cases -that plain food and

life of steady labor tend to a great age. As healthfulness and life protracting qualities of any article of diet, named, nothing can be inferred, for no two of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that can rationally and safely be said is either that they fived so long in spite of the quality of food they ate, or that their instinct called for a particular kind of food they ate of the spite of the food ; and the gratification of that instinct, instead of its perversion, with a life of steady labor, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days. We must not expect to live long by doing any one thing which an old man did, and omit all others; but by doing all he did, that is, work steadily as well as

farmer, with every imaginable implement, cribs, or spread out on a floor in a dry loft.

HOW JONES POPPED THE QUESTION.

NO. 22.

Too bashful to "pop the question" in the usual way, Major Jones persuades his sweet heart to put up a stocking, which will hold a couple of bushels, on the night that Santa Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry; feel best when they are cating, but, as soon as they have eaten, they endure torments so distressing in they are eating, but, as soon as they have eaten, they endure torments so distressing in their nature as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines moderately to eat when eating time comes, and which, when satisfied the transfer of the nature as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines moderately to eat when eating time comes, and which, when satisfied the transfer of the nature as the nature as the nature to keep for ever what he gave her. In this the gallant and lovelorn Major contrives to night." But we will let the Major speak eating time comes, and which, when satisfied, for himself: leaves no unpleasant reminders. Multitudes "I remain

"I remained up till midnight, and when they were all gone to bed I softly went into the back gate and went up to the porch, and measured their health by the amount they can eat; and, of any ten persons, nine are the obck gate and want up to the poten, and thar, shure enuff, was a great big meal bag hanging to the jice. It was monstrous un-handy to get to it, but I was determined not to back out. So I set some chairs on the top ity, any excess of fatness is, in proportion, locisive proof of existing disease; showing that the absorbents of the system are too in the base discharge their duty; and the ten-in the base swung against the charge getting in, the bag swung against the chairs and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but Miss Stalli, ness' grate big dog, and here he cum ripin' and tarin' through the 'yard like rath, and round and round he went, tryin' to find out what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder than a kitten, for four held find me out. The wind herem to fear he'd find me out. The wind began to blow 'bominable cold, and the old bag kept turning around, swinging so as to make me sea sick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin

the I had the ager. It seemed it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful, I would have froze to death; for my heart was the only spot that feit warm, and it didu't beat more an two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be surprised in the mornin', and then it went on a canter. Bimeby, the cussed old dog came on the porch, began to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed somethin'. "Bow, wow, wow?" soz he. "Begone you abominable fool," sez I, and I felt all over in one spot, for I 'speciel b'd nip me; and what is worse, I didn's know whereabouts he'd take hold. "Bow, wow, wow !"... Then I tried coaxing. "Com-little to him; but it was no use. There he stood and kept up his sternal winnin' and hundred and three years old. Father Cull, burkin' all the night. I couldn't tell when age of a hundred and five, the main diet of his life having been salted swine's flesh (ba-con) and bread made of Indian meal. alive."

They got him in the morning, covered with meal and almost frozon. But Miss Mary does not refuse his present. And he cays, "I tell you what it was worth hanging in a bag, from one Christmas to another to feel as happy as I have ever since."

A BRACE OF STAMMERERS .- Stephen C -was-a-jovial-soul, and hesitated not to play a trick on any one. Among his acquainta trick on any one. Among his acquain-ance was a young lady and a young man, both of whom stammered very hadly. They were not acquainted with each other. Bob F.—, the young man allided to; was quite sensitive, and to think that any one making for of his defeat made him one was quite soustive, and to think that any one was making fun of his defect, made him frequently fly into a praction. It was Ste-phen's fortune to meet both of them at a par-ty, and he soon determined on a joke. 'Miss Sue,' said he, approaching his lady

friend, ; may I have the pleasure of introdueat mainly a particular dish .- Mall's Journal cing you to one of my acquaintances, a worby young centleman?'

SFrom Judd's American Agriculturist.]

agant to have a home to come to when the

And, a home-like room is what he entered. And A home-like room is what he entered. berlin woole about her, was toying with her head while her thoughts were far away. She was a rosy, brown-eyed little creature, with full red lips, cheeks round and smooth The early peaches, and silky brown heir wav-ing early peaches, and silky brown heir wav-ing over her forehead in natural ripples—a wife of whom a telerably reasonable man might well be proud. But just at this moment there was a discontented curve to the mouth a droop in the fringed eye lids, that

Gracie, what's the matter ?' Mutter ? nothing-only I'm tired to death

of being penned up here in the city when evthange? Addian Morely sat down by the window,

Tather dispinited and began fanning bimself with a cover of a book.

that matter long ago, Grace? Ho answer; Grace's cyclide only fell a de-

graelayer. Grace, I say -dou't you hear me?'

Weat, i hear you? Weat, hear you? Weat, thear you? Weat, then, do may a little attention when a fellow is speaking to you? Advian's sun-my good temper was becoming a little chilled. Wou remember that I told you how very inconvenient it would be for me to leave town

this season-nay almost impossible?' The Grangers have gone.'

Possibly-but Granger is not in busi-

ness,' And Mrs. Erhardt.' Yes, 'her husband don't care whether his and the source of t law office is open or shut, as long as he can be find the self from the long purse. inself from the long purse? ian, how can you he so ill-natured?' only speaking the truth, my dear.'

"Henrit is so stupid here—and all my dress-thanging useless in the wardrobe.' you dress here as well as at a fash-

Ewatering place ?' Adrian-you know what I erfectly well. There's nobody in town

ciate a handsome toilette, andn Morely sprang to his feet and be-

ing impatiently up and down the

e-you are not ridiculous enough to although she was aware of being quite invissuch an absurd grievance as this ?' too had to cramp memp here when--' face and winning manners would | lam of voices within the gambling bouse, for ätty

such a sensation in fashionable eircles topped short instead, and retreated topped short instead, and retreated 'It's only Morley,' returned another, de-her embraidared pocket handkerohief, liberarely biting off the end of a cigar.

of tears. Grace, ain't we very happy here, in night.'

ng little home?' may be, but I am miserable.'

'Just that -and playing as if there were be rable ! Oh, Grace ! when I should an evil spirit at bis elbow. The thousands or greater happiness than to sit down are slipping out of his hands like quicksilver to-night.'

our piano and look into your eyee, just 'I'm very sorry, Mrs. Morley,' said Mr. ed to do in the courting days. You Ardenham, coming to her side a second af-think it so monotonous then. Grace terward ; 'but I cannot find the fan any-

ittle wife-are we less dear to each where. I will take a second look for it to-10w ?' morrow.' m wearied to death by this humdrum

.t. e

irian, pouted Grace, 'and some change and will have !' and will have !!

The sudden change is an average of the better, Grace.' And Frank Ardenham obeyed, marvel much at the sudden change that had or not.' and you know what vory disastrous or over his beautiful companion's spirits.

'Not yet-you will be stronger presently.' 'I know it all,' she moaned. 'He's dead, Adrian Morley opened his book once more with a tremulousness yawn, as Grace began to unfasten her hat and brush out the disorout how.' The surgeon saw that concealment would ered masses of her hair. To him Saratoga was nothing more or less than vanity and be in vain: be bent over her sofe with a nitvexation of spirit; but for Grace's sake he ying gentleness. Your husband had lost everything he pos-

was patiently willing to be bored. sessed at the gambling table, and in a fit of despair, partially aggravated by the influence of liquor, shot himself through the temples. 'Don't you think it is almost time to return home. Grace?'

the outskirts of the grounds.

her pale blue glove.

a loud fierce shout arose high above the bed-

" I fancy he's pretty well over the bay to-

· · · · ·

such Mrs. Morley knew it to be.

Drunk, is he?'

'Adrian, what an idea! ! lot for two weeks yet. The gayest season is yet to come.' 'Two weeks !' sighed poor Alriun. 'It is Your friends have been telegraphed for, and will soon arrive. In the meantime, perfect

' No time at all,' said Grace, positively ! quiet is what you most need-it muy avert the symptoms of brain fever that are impend-'It will soon pass.' Alas I had Grace Morley but dreamed of

Contrary to the doctor's expectations, Grace neither screamed nor wept, but lay sithe years of anguish and despair that were to hinge upon those two weeks 1 lent and voiceless as a statue.

As the days passed on she saw less and less of her husband. He was no longer wear ily awaiting the coming of her footsteps from 'She takes it easily,' thought he. Ah, could he have seen into the depth of her brocen, crushed heart.

A few days afterwards she returned to the drive or walk-no longer leaning dreamily against the window of the ball room, watch ome she had been so enger to abandon, onlý to mourn with the bitterest remorse that one fatal mistake had darkened her whole ing her flying figure as she flusted by him in valtz or polka; nor did Mrs. Morley regret the gradual change. 'I am so glad he has found some way of existence with its baneful shadow l

amusing himself," she thought. 'It was such a nuisance to have him every few minutes A NEW WAY OF DOING IT --- Sharpers are prolific in inventions, some of which it must be confessed, are very neat. Here, for inasking if I were not ready to go home."

She was seturning from an evening stroll. stance, is the latest: A day or two ago a neatly attired gentlea night or two subsequently in her prettiest tollette of blue silk and white opera cloak, man entered a drug store on Fifth street, and deposited on the counter a couple of bundles. with ner little hand resting lightly on Mr. Ardenham's arm, when she suddenly stopped e of which bure the appearance of contain-

ing dry goods, and the other very palpably a close to the dense wall of shrubbery that half incealed the brilliant sparkle of lighted win silk hat, and proceeded to celect some articles, guided hy a penciled list which he took from dows and doors of a show building just on his pocket. The bill completed, a very pret-ty toilet case attracted his attention, and af-'I have dropped my fan, Mr. Ardenham ; how could I be so careless?' 'Rest yourself a moment on this rustic seat, Mss. Morley,' said Ardenham gallant ter admiring it for a moment, and asking the price, he remarked it would make a very neat

present to his sister, and politely requested permission to show it to his mother, whom, , "and I will go back for it in half a mine stated, was in the carriage, a few num-Frank Ardenham went off, vowing that Bers above. Of course the obliging clerk consented, and

Mrs. Morley's fan was worth any degree of the young gent, leaving his recent purchase trouble that could by any possibility be beunpaid for on the counter, together with his stowed upon it, and Grace waiting his return. ther parcels, stepped out at the door. A reasonable length of time elapsed, but mechanically playing with the fastening of

he did not return, when suspicion being Suddenly the loud, discordant tumult of aroused, the bundles were examined. One voices struck upon her ear as a party of men of them contained an old pair of unmention issued from a lighted door beyond the shrubables, the body stuffed with shavings, and bery In the moonlight she could see their flushed faces quite plainly—and she involunthe legs wrapped over in artistic style, so as to make, when enveloped in brown paper, quite a formidable appearance, present prictarily recoiled further back into the shadow considered. ible. 'Hush ! what's that ?' said one pausing, as

It is needless to say that the hat package ras no better, and like the other, was worth, of Weed) origin. at a liberal estimate, about three cents a

pound less than nothing. The proprietor otted down an entry of \$20 that night in a book marked "profit and loss. It was on the poses as follows : That some men had ruther dew a smart

Dr. side of the page .- Gincinnali Times. thing than tew dew a good one. TA teacher in a contraband school ask-That backsliding is a big thing, espeshul ed a young darkey what a certain letter of the alphabet was. The darkey looked at it earnestly for a short time, and said: "A ly on the ice. There is 2 things in this life for which we

are never fully prepared, and that iz twins. know dat well enough by sight, but am bress

The people of the two cities of Pitts-

prize than tew-suckseed in a mean wun.

has its own peculiar properties-distinct | Feed soft corn before cold weather. Sell rafrom all others. Each has within itself a ther than store, except for home use, if good prices are offered. production of pertain, odore, oils, juices and Draining.—As long as the ground contin-

solids. One produces a bitter principle, an ues open, draining may go on. We believe other an acid, a third a pungent, a fourth a in deep draining-31 to 4 feet in ordinary sweet, a fifth a resin, and so on. They do cases. Dig for tiles as narrow as possible;

not come in couffict with each other, and it is less work. there is no competition. Though all draw their raw material—earth, air and water put them in such order, that there will be litfrom nature's common store-house, they each manufacture a distinct class of fluids and soltle to do in the Spring. Dispenso with all inferior fences possible. Before the ground We may take a mass of earth, a vol- freezes, make an inspection to know what encing stuff it is best to get out next winter. ume of air, and a measure of water, but Fruit.-The great value of fruit this year combine and manipulate them as we may we cannot produce the saccharine, nor the acrid, nor the acidulous principle; nor even can we secure a trace of the odor or aroma

of the various " pests." It is therefore clearetc. Grain Fields .-- Guard against standing ly evident that each plant has an alembic of

hostile husbandmon and dry and dusty sa

its own, wherein are combined and distilled water, or floods from higher ground, which those fluids of which no trace can be discov- will wash the soil away, or which will bring ered in the material with which it works. on gravel, etc., by a good system of surface Is it not possible, nay, probable, that there drains. Well drawn plow furrows are usuis a grand object in all this? May it not be ally sufficient, but on spots where much wathe combinations of fluids, gums, and ter is likely to come, pile stones, or set planks solids which are produced in these wonderful pso as to turn it off.

little manufacturies, and buried with their 1. Hogs.—Goolt all feed given to fattening dead bodies in the earth, are intended to pre-thogs. Add occasionally a few handfuls of pare the soil for the existence or better prodead bodies in the earth, are intended to prepare the soil for the existence or better propare the soil for the existence or other pro-duction of other plants of a higher and more didly than slowly. Horees.—Halter-break colts, coaring them

directly useful order? May it not be that plants of a higher order absorb and apply with sugar, never using a harsh word to them the result of the weed labors-being unable Yearlings and 2 year-olds that have run free of themselves to produce from the crude and in pastures during the summer, will need to undeveloped elements the delicate food re- be handled and halter-broken, for conveniuired by them? And, further than all this, ence, before cold weather cuts off the pastur-

quirea by them is And, futures on an an an and age. may not the "noxious weeds" draw from the age. Atmosphere many deleterious gases, prejudi-been with indicious admirtures of muck heaps with judicious admixtures of muck, vegetable matter or soil, bearing in mind the cial to animal life, and may they not return to it life and health giving aromas and gases. A summer morning's walk in the fields or principle not to mix lime or unleached ashes with solid or liquid animal excrements, flesh roods, when the dew sparkles on everything or anything yielding ammonia in its decomand the air is laden with a thousand fragrances, would almost make us believers in spite position, except perhaps leather.

Plowing .- The dry weather which has pre-

vailed during the autumn, will make the ground very hard to plow in many places, Likely we will be assured that the thou but some fields may be much better plowed now than next Spring. The benefit of the frost in winter, the fact that the teams are in better condition for work, and the greater sands of distinct and peculiar odors of weeds and "useless" plants arise and are dissipated in thin air; that the fluids and semi fluids sink down and are lost in the petroleic regions; and that the solids dissolve and releisure we have now than in Spring, should turn to the earth only what they had appro-priated therefrom, viz: silex, sulphates, lead us to do all the plowing possible this Fall.

Sheep .- Let the rams run with ewes for phosphates, soda, oxides. &c. This may all be; nevertheless we shall continue to believe March lambs, not allowing valuable animals gives the following notice: All notices of marriags, if no bride-cake is to share their attention among too many. that-"nothing was made in vain ;" and if our theory of the usefulness of Weeds shall Roots .- Dig and house, or cover in pits be sent, will be set up in small type and poked in some outlandish corner of the paper.fail, we must fall back upon another—that Petroleum is of vegetable (and consequently fore hurt by frosts. Carrots and beets are

tenderest. Where a handsome cake is sent, it will be put conspicuously in large letters; when Cr A little boy running along stubbed his gloves or other bride favors are added, a niece toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a bystander, "you "on't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," mind, of illustrative poetry will be given in addi-"you tion. When, however, the editor attends the ST Josh Billings, being duly sworn, de

ceremony in propria psrsona, and kisses the bride it will have especial notice—very large answered the little boy, "I won't cry tomorrow.2 type, and the most appropriate poetry that an be begged, borrowed, stolen or coincd Mor "Now children," asked a school infrom the brain editorial.

spector, " who loves all men ?" A little girl. not four years old, and evidently not posted in the catechism, answered quickly, "All womer."

nice that he greases his boots with the oil of get along a man a half a chance. Wait till I bergamet He is first with the oil of bergamot. He is first cousin to the youth who sleeps on a bed made of sponge cake.

T Beautiful is the love and sweet the kies of a sister; but if you haven't got a sis. 1y been opened and the remains found in per-ter handy, just try some other follor's sister. foot preservation.

105 The tomb of Daniel Webster has late

All research in the state of th

THE LITTLE CUP OF TEARS.—There was once a mother and a child, and the mother

who ley on his sick bed even to death. Three

days and three nights the mother watched

and wept, and prayed by the side of her child, but it died. The mother, now left

most violent and unspeakable grief; she ate

wept three long days and three long night

come with suffering, in the place where her

child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and

the mother started, for before her stood her

It had become a heavenly angel, and smil-

ed sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small

cup that was almost running over, so full

mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me

you shed but one tear more it will overflow,

mother! weep no more for your child, for i

ons." It then vanished. The mother shed

no more tears, that she might not disturb her

AN EFFECTIVE SPERCH .--- During the Revo

utionary war, Gen. Lafayetto, being in Bal-

timore, was invited to a ball. He was re-

uested to dance, but instead of joining ir

the amusement, as might have been expected of a Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed

the ladies thus : "Ladies, you are very handsome ; you

dance very prettily; your ball is very line--but my soldiers have no shirts !"

or the gallant defenders of their country.

MARRIAGE NOTIOES,--- A Western paper

Dr A wide-awake minister, who found his

congregation going to sleep one morning be-fore he had fairly commenced, after proach-ing a few minutes, suddenly stopped and ex

claimed : "Brethren, this isn't fair ; it isn'

. ...!

was irresistible. The ball ceased

was it. And the child spoke,

"Oh, dearest

departed child.

child's joy in heaven.

Thí

faint from grief, the door softly opened, and

"Jer-cer-cer tainly, sir." Away he started for Bob F-Bob, old fellow, here is a nice girl I want loved this, her only child, with her whole to introduce you to. Come on." heart, and thought she could not live without "Does she taw-taw-talk ?" it: but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which seized this little one, 'Yes-like blazes.'

So off they started, and soon approached the sent of the lady. Stephen introduced them, and immediately drew to one side that he might see how they would manage each other, when his ears were greeted with the alone in the wide world, gave way to the following conversation :

'How are you enjoy-joy-joying yourself nothing and drank nothing, and wept, wept, without ceasing, calling constantly upon her child. The third night, as she thus sat, over-

th this evening, marm? 'Th-th-thack you, pleasantly. But it is ra-ra-a ther warm.'

Bob's brow contracted ; but he restrained his feelings, and continued :

'I pre-pr-r r-presume you are acquainted with most of those pr pr r-present ? 'Yo-yo yo yos, sir, with all, I be-be-be-believe,' and she, smiling. But that smile ruined her forever in Bab's

stimation ; for hastily rising, he exclaimed : 'By th-th-thunder! ma-a dam, if that is the w.w.way you make f f fun of a f fellow's infir-fir firmities, you may go to grass.'; Stephon laughed immoderately all the mother, weep no more for me; the angel of

time, and was subsequently called to account for the trick, but his good nature droyeaway all bad feelings.

and I shall have no more rest in the grave, and no joy in heaven. Therefore, O, dearest From doctor's pills and western chills, s well and happy, and angels are its compan-

and other ills, deliver us. From want of gold, and wives that scold, and maidens old, and sharpers sold deliver

From stingish flies and greenish eyes, and baker's pies, and babies' cries, a man that lies, and cludy skies, and love that dies, fickle ties and gaudy dies, deliver us. From bearded females, and strong minded romen. (that don't jingle) famale lecturers, and all other masculine she-males, deliver

From creaking doors, a wife that snores, onfounded hores, deliver us.

From modest girls; with waving curls and teeth of pearls—oh ! never mind. From a soldier's hed, a man unread, or a

the ladies went home and went to work ; and kinky-head, oh ! deliver us. the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore

THAT'S & GOOD 'UN .- Some one was telling Jim about the longevity of the mud turtle.--'Yes.' said Jim, 'I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow who was so old that he could scarcoly wiggle his tail, and on his back was caryd (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words : 'Paradise, year I, Adam.'

TT Aunt Isabel--" Beatrix will you have me bread and butter?'

Beatrix--- ' No!' Aunt I-abel--- '' Is that the way to answer? No what ?"

Beatrix-" No bread and butter!"

A mother, admonishing her son, told im he should never defer till to-morrow.what he could do to day. The little fellow replied, 'Then, mother, lot's cat the remainder of the plum pudding to-night !

IT Some stunid editor says, 'if a fee of fifty cents were charged to see the sup. rise, nine tenths of the world would be up in the morning.'

nor Many of the wealthy citizens of Charleston, S. C., have recently had their property restored to them by the government.

1

coz they hain't got nothing to save. And not love is painful too; That a femail woman kan't keep a secret, But, ah 1 it gives the greatest pain To love and not be loved again. nor let nobody else keep 1. That a little larning iz a dangerous thing, that iz tru az it air commun. That it iz better to fale in a noble enter-

much at the sudden change that had come

ed if I can tell it b/ name.' He was told he could take the back seat. To love is painful it is true,

consolidate.

'It-it is of no consequence,' said Grace, And Frank Ardenham obeyed, marveling

and Allegheny are agitating a proposition to

That ignorance is bliss-ignorance of sawing wood for instuns. That men will fail tew be saved, simply be