The American Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BRATTON & KENNEDY.

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Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the of the Court House, next door to the "Heroffice, Carlisle, Penna.

o. 1, 1886.

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Jan, 8, 1857—om

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Dec. 20, 1886—8m^a

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Remember the place, North Hanover street, nearly opposite the Beposit Bank, Carlisle,

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Rocking Chairs,
and Upholstered
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of all kinds kept constantly on hand.

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CUMBELAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

Will attend promptly to the calling of sales, at
the lowest rates. An experience of several years,
warrants him in garanteeling satisfaction in
every case, Residence near Diller's Bridge, West
Pennsborough township.

Jan. 8, 1867—6m

OTHCE.—Persons having Books be-tioning to the Belles Lettres Library of Dick-tion College, are requested to return them im-mediately. Books can be left at No. 14 South Hanover St., or at room No. 25 West College. By order of the Boolety.

J. H. GRAHAM, Jr.

MPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING MA.
CHINES are superior to all other for FAMIAND MANUFAUTURING PURPOSES. Conain all the latest improvements; are speedy;
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Linsterated, Circulars free. Agents wanted.—
Liberal discount allowed. No consignments

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a Shops, Hais, Cape, Under Shirts, Drawers, Shops, Gloves, &c., is at PLANK'S Boot, ince, Hat and Cap Ware Room, S. W. corner of Yorth Hanover Street and Lucust Alley, midwebwent Thudium's and Wetzel's Hotels, Carlisla

PECIAL NOTICE:—Every person who is in the want of Boots, Shoes, Hata and Laps, &c., should call at the Sales Boom of B. PILANK, and learn prices. B. W. Corner of North Hanover Street and Locust Alley, Carliale.

Nov. 18, 1886—6m.

J. H. GRAHAM, Jr. Chairman of Committee.

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CABINET MAKING.

Dec. 1, 1865,

Dining Table Card Tables, Ottomons, What-Nots,

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Rocking Chairs,

Splendid New Patterns

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AND UNDERTAKER,

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CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1867.

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S. C. BROWN'S NEW DRY GOODS STORE! 100DS ARE REDUCED FROM 10 to 20 per Cent. OFFERS THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE In consideration of the great decline, the un-dersigned is now offering the greatest induce-ments offered in the county. He is selling best Prints at 20 cts.,

Best 1 yd, wide Bro, Muslin at 24 ets., 1½ yd. best Cot. Table Diaper at 62 cts.

1 yd. best Tick at 65 cts. DRESS GOODS! nerican Delaines at 30 cts.,

IN THE BOROUGH OF CARLISLE.

No. 1. A large and commodious BRICK DWELLLING HOUSE, in North College Street, with Gas, Water, Water Closet and college Street, with Gas, Water, Water Closet and college Street, with Gas, Water, Water Closet and college Street and College Grounds and College Grounds.

To the Borough. The parter windows of this dwelling command a pleasant view of Dickinson College grounds.

No. 2. The delightful Suburban residence of Mr. Benedict Law, in South Hanover Street, with its ample verands, fine Fruit, Garden and extensive grounds, embracing an Acre of town Lots.

No. 3. A New and Well Built TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE, with Two-story Back Building, containing in all Seven Pleasant Rooms, together with NEW FRAME STABLE, CAR RIAG E HOUSE and other out-buildings; situate on East side South Hanover Street. This Lot, on which there is some very Choice Fruit, contains 42 feet in front by 20 feet in depth.

No. 4. SIX of the finest BUILDING LOTS in the Borough, on South Hanover Street.

No. 5. The six most elevated BUILDING LOTS in the Borough, on South Hanover Street.

No. 6. The six most elevated BUILDING LOTS in the Borough, on South Hanover Street. res,
Alpaceas all colors,
Cobergs all col's, 3 to 6 quars, wide ol Delaines 3 to 5 quarters wide, from 60 to \$1 00, 38 inch French Merinoes, best makes \$1 25. MEN'S WEAR! MEN'S WEAR!! cloths, very cheap,
All Wool Cassimeres from \$1 00 upwards
Sattinets, Jeans, &c., &c.
A full line of

ry, Gloves, Zephyr Hoods, Shawls, Call and see for yourselves. Rememb

S. C. BROWN, No. 18 West Main St., Carlisle BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

SELLING OFF AT COST AND NO MISTAKE! am selling off my entire stock of Dry Goods COST, consisting of French, Plaid and Plain illns, all wool kepps, French and English linces of the most beautiful colors, all wool American Delaines, Coshmeres, Black and

No. 5. The six most elevated BUILDING LOTS in the Borough, situated at the head of South St.

IN THE COUNTRY.

No. 6. A 90 ACRE FARM in North Middleton township, 13 miles from Carlisle. This farm has but a TENANT HOUSE and STABLE, but it arrors to the finest site for a Mansion House and Bank Barn that we know in Cumberland co.

No. 7. A TRACT OF THIRTY-SIX AORES, with small but comfortable BRICK DWELLING HOUSE. Frame Stable, &c., and a young and thriving Orchard or CHOICE FRUIT, situate on the Railroad, in North Middleton twp., West, and within a mile of the Borough of Carlisle. This Property as a HOMESTEAD and for general or Size of Samiling, is the most desirable tract of its size of some anywhere in the vicinity of Carlisle, and you have been supposed to the found anywhere in the vicinity of Carlisle, and the certain extension of the town Westward, partly consequent upon the improvements made and contemplated by the Railroad Company in that direction, drawing, as they necessarily will, nearly the whole trade of the town to that end, will very greatly enhance the value of this land to the future owner, for any purpose whatever, rendering it a safe and profitable investment.

Feb. 28, 1898. LADIES' CLOAKING AND SHAWIS, Shirting and other Flannels, Canton Flannels, Checks, Ginghams, Tickings, Table Linen, Lad dies' Vesits and Under Wareof every description, with a large assortment of Misses and Infants Me-tino under Vesit of every size, Calicoes, Muslins, Balmoral Hoop Skirts, &c., &c. Also, a large assortment of Gentlemen's Wear,

> all of which must be sold at cost until the entire stock is sold. My goods have all been bought— some at the lowest auction prices, the remainder at the lowest wholesale prices at the New York and Philadelphia markets. North Hanover Street, next door to Miller & Bowers' (formerly John F. Lyon's) Hardware Store. Remember the number—32 North Hanover, Sign of the Yollow Fannel, Nov. 22, 1866.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

RING'S

NEW DRY GOODS STORE, MAIN STREET.

Opposite the Mansion House

Next door to the Post Office Having rented the Store formerly occupied by

Mr. Wm. A. Miles, the undersigned invites the

attention of the ladies of Carlisle and its vicinity

to his WELL SELECTED STOCK of

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he still continues the Undertaking business, and is ready to wait now constituting business, and is ready to wait now and ornamental to have been appointed the sole agent. This case is recommended as superior to any of the kind now in use, it being perfectly aft fight.

He has also furnished hinnelf with a new Rosewood Harbers and greatle horses, with which he will attend funerals in town and country, personally, without extra charge.

Among the greatest discoveries of the age is Well's chring Matrias, the best and cheapest bed now in use, the exclusive right of which I have secured, and will be kept constantly on hand.

CARINET MAKING. DRESS TRIMMINGS. AND NOTIONS, Just received from the Eastern Cities. By strict attention to business, and a careful study of the wants and tastes of his customers, he hopes to obtain a share of the public patrop-

Special attention given to DRESS TRIM-

W. BENTZ HAS NOW RECEIVED complete assortment of CHOICE GOODS and prepared to sell them at the lowest CASH PRICES.

Having heretofore dispensed with the sale of Colored Silks I am now prepared to exhibit a large and handsome supply of all shades and col-ors. Prices will be very moderate and satisfacto-As the winter season is closing out I purpose selling my Woolen Dress Goods and Shawis at COST. I have received an immense stock of

and all qualities of Bleached and Unbleached Cottons. I have also for sale the new style Im-perial and Champion Trail Skirts. CARPETS! CARPETS! I have resumed this branch of my line. Having purchased a large and handsome assortment of all kinds, I shall sell them at very satisfactory prices. My stock consists of

List and Hemp, Cocon Matting, Oil Cloths,

Druggets, &c.
N. B. Do not forget to call, as many of my
Goods will be sold at COST, and great bargains
may be expected.

A. W. HENTEZ.

GRAND DISPLAY, AT NO. 85 WEST MAIN STREET.

John H. Rheem, late of the Firm of Rheem & Spair, announces to the public, that he has pur-chased the interest of his late partner, and that he has a magnificent stock of CANDIES, TOYS AND FANCY ARTICLES. consisting in part as follows: rums, Trumpets,
Dancing Jacks, Horses,
Mules, Tops and Dolls, of all sizes, shapes and colors;

rops and

apes and colors;

Violins,
Furniture Estts,
Tables,
Bureaus,
Halls,
Monk's on
Sticks,
Elephants,
Dogs,
Cats,
Mice,
'table' of all sizes, and of all sizes. id endless variety of other Toys, suitable to fancy of both young and old.
Chave selected my stock of Fruits and Confecus with the greatest care, and have the finest ortment ever brought to Carlisle, among tich are MALAGA GRAPES,

noy Appendictions of the control of

TOLD PENS GIVEN AWAY.—Sam-T, ples, of "ADAMS & COS CELEBRATED GULDEN PENS" will be sent FREE on receipt of Stamp for postage. Address ADAMS & CO., 21 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. March 7, 1867—Im

BURIAL OF THE ROSE.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Green land and red land, Moorside and headland, Are white as dead land— Are all as one; Are all as one;
Nor honeyed heather
Nor bells to gather,
Fair with fair weather
And faithful sun;
Fierce frost has eaten All flowers that sweeter The fells rain beaten:

Have made the snow's bed
Down in the rose-bed;
Deep in the snow's bed bury the rose. Bury her deeper Than any sleeper; Sweet dreams will keep her All day, all night; And time o'ercome her. She dreams of summer, And takes delight Dreaming and sleeping In love's good keeping, While rain is weeping

And winds their foes

And no leaves cling; Winds will come bringing her Comfort and singing her ries and songs and good news of the spring Draw the white curtain

Close, and be certain She takes no hurt in Her soft low bed : She feels no colder And grows not older, Though snow's enfold her From foot to head; She turns not chilly Like weed and lily In marsh or hilly High watershed,

cops awhile and she is not slead. For all the hours, Come sun, come showers, Are friends of flowers, And fairles all: They came and lapt her. In leaves, and wrapt her With shroud and pall; In red leaves wound her, With dead leaves bound her

Dead brows, and round her
A death-knell rang;
Rang the death-bell for her, Sang, "It is well for her; Vell, is it well with you, rose?" they sang

Miscellaneous.

ESCAPED FROM JUSTICE. It was a bitter night in January-a night

It was a bitter night in January—a night when homeless wanderers on the moors might have sunk down frozen to death, and the very marrow seemed to congeal in one's bones.

"There's one advantage in steam," growled a fat old gentleman in the corner seat, "wind and weather don't affect it. No flesh and blood horse could stand a night like this, but the iron horse keeps straight ahead, whether the thermometer is at zero or at boiling water heat."

Just then the conductor entered.

"Tickets, gentlemen, if you please."

"Tickets, gentiemen, if you please."
"It's a dreadful night, conductor," I
said, feeling with stiffened fingers, for my
ticket, in the breast pocket of my coat.
"Dreadful, sir," feelingly responded the
conductor. Wing your britished each t condition with war with the other way, when they creep in, poor fellows, to get a breath of warm air, at the stove. We haven't had such a night since a year ago come the second of February, when Tom Blakeslee, the baggage-master, froze both his feet, and a woman who was coming on from Chicago got off at Blinn's Four Corners with her baby in her arms a corpse!"

en to death ?!! "Frozen to death?"

"Aye, frozen to death, and she never thought poor thing, but what it was asleep.

"My baby's cold," says she, 'but we'll soon warm it when we get home.' It was just such a night as this."

And the conductor opened the door, and plunged across the coupling into the next car, crying out:

"Hardwick!"

It was quite a considerable city—with a

It was quite a considerable city—with a handsome Iron depot, flaring gas lamps, and the usual crowd around the platform, with its hands in its pockets and its cigar onds flaming through the night.

Our car was nearly the last of the long train, and but one passenger entered it—a slender yound girl wrapped in a gray blanket shawl, and wearing a neat little traveling hat of gray straw, trimmed with stone colored velvet flowers. She seemed to hesitate, like one unused to traveling, and finally sat down near the door.

"Pardon me, young lady," said I, "but you had better come nearer the stove."

She started, hesitated an instant and then obeyed.

then obeyed.
"Does this train go to Bayswate?" she asked in a voice so deliciously soft and sweet that it seemed to thrill through

"Yes. Can I be of any service to you." "Oh, no—at least not until we reach Bayswater. I would like a carriage "We shall not be there yet these three

"Do we stop again?"
"Only at Exmouth." She drew a deep sigh, seemingly of re-ief, and settled back in a corner. By the She drew a deep sigh, seemingly of relief, and settled back in a corner. By the light of the lamp that hung in its brass fixture opposite, I could see her face, that of a lovely child. Apparently she was not more than sixteen, with large blue eyes, golden hair drawn straight away from her face, and a little rosy mouth like that of a baby.

"Do you expect friends to meet you at Bayswater, my child?" I asked incidentally.

illy.
"No, sir—I am going to school there?"
"It will be an awkward hour for you

to arrive by yourself-one in the morn ng." "Oh. I am not afraid," she said with an artless little laugh ; I shall go straight to

the Seminary.
So the express train thundered on, with steady, ceasless pulsing at its iron heart, and constant roar. and constant roar.
Suddenly the signal whistles sounded,
the train began to slacken its speed.
"Surely we're not at Exmouth yet," I
thought, "unless I have fallen unconclously asleep and allowed the progress of

time to escape me."

I glarded at my watch; it was barely half past eleven, and I know we were not due at Exmouth until a few minutes after twelve. I rubbed the frost from the window pane and looked out.

We had stopped at a lonely little way station in the midst of dense woods. " Is this Exmouth?

It was the soft voice of the pretty travller opposite.
"No—I don't know what place it is some way station."
"Does this train stop at way stations?"

"Nover, generally; they must have been especially signalled here. You are cold, my child—your voice trembles."

"It is cold," she said in a scarcely audible voice, drawing her shawl around her. "Oh, I wish they would hurry on!"

"We are moving once more," I said.—
"Conductor,"—for the man of the tickets was passing through the car—" why did we stop at that back woods place?"

"Out of water," was the reply, as he hurriedly passed by.

Now I knew perfectly well that this answer was not the true solution of the matter. Our delay had not exceeded half a minute, altogether to short a time for replenishing the bollers; and where on earth was the water to come from in that desolate stretch of barren pine woods?

"Five minutes after the conductor re-en-Five minutes after the conductor re-en-ered the car; I made room for him at

to do this minute."
He obeyed.
"What did you mean by telling me such

a lie just now?"
I spoke under my breath; he replied in
the same tone:
"About what?"
"About the reasen you stopped just
now."

He smiled.

"To tell you the truth, I stopped to take on a single passenger—a gentleman who has come down from Bayswater."

"For the pleasure of travelling once more over the same route?"

"Exactly so—for the pleasure of traveling it in certain society. Don't be alarmed for your own safety—it's a detective policeman."

I was about to repeat the name with astonishment, when he mentioned me to

astonishment, when he mentioned me to silence.

"And who is the offender?"

"I don't know myself yet. He does not want a scene until the moment of arrest; we are safe enough until we reach Bayswater."

"Where is he?"

"The detective? He sits by the door yonder, with a ragged fur cap pulled over his eyes. Did you ever see a more perfect specimen of the dilapidated countryman?"

I smiled; I could hardly help it.

"What is the case?"

"A murder—a man and his wife and

"A murder—a man and his wife and two little children—their throats cut, last-night, and the house set fire to after-words."

wards."
"We had continued the conversation throughout in a whisper, scarcely above our breath, and now the conductor rose and left me to study the faces of my fellow passengers, with curious dread and horror.

horror.

Somehow, often as I revolved the matter in my mind, my fancy would settle on a coarse, gross-looking man opposite, with a bushy beard and a shaggy wool cont, with the collars turned up round his ears. I felt convinced that this man, with the brutal eves, and the heavy hanging jaws, was the Cain! and as I looked furtively across I caught the wide open blue orbs of the fair little girl.

Obeying the instantaneous impulse of Obeying the instantaneous impulse of

my heart, I rose and went over to her.
"You heard what we were saying my "Yes—a murder—oh, how horrible!"
"Do not be frightened—no one shall

hurt you."

She smiled up in my face with sweet confiding innocence.

Our stay at Exmouth was but brief; but during the delay I could see that the watchful detective had changed his seat to one neares the butter was in the bar. to one nearer the brutish man in the shag

to one nearer the brushes have gy coat.

"See," faltered the young girl—"they—they locked the cardoors at Exmouth; they are unlocking them now."

She was right.

"Probably they were fearful that the criminal should escape," I remarked in an undertone.

eriminal should escape," I remarked in an undertone.
"Will you—may I trouble you to bring me a glaes of water?"
I rose and made my way towards the ice cooler by the door, but with difficulty, for the train was again under rapid motion. To my disappointment the tin goblet was chained to the shelf. "No matter," said she, with a wining smile, "I will come myself."
I drew the water, and held up the cup but instead of taking it as she approached.

she brushed suddenly past me, opened the door and rushed out upon the platform.

"Stop her! stop her!" shouted the detective, springing to his feet. "She will be killed: conductor—brakesman—hold ap!" Enere was a rusu—a tumult—a bustle.

I was first upon the platform; but it was curpty and described, save by a half frozen looking brakeman, who seemed horror "She went past me like a shadow, and jumped off as we crossed Cairn turnpikeroad," he stammered.
"Jumped off the express train! Well,"

"Jumped off the express train! Well," said the conductor, shrugging his shoulders, "she must have been killed instantily. What mad folly!"

"It's five hundred dollars out of my pocket," said the detective, rufully. "I didn't want a row before we got to Bayswater, but I was a confounded fool. A worsen corpored xill do suything I have woman cornered will do anything, I be

lieve!"
"What?"I ejaculated; "you surely do not mean that that child......"
"I mean," said the detective, calmiy, "that that child, as you call her is Attild." Burton, a married woman of twenty-six years, of age, who last night murdered four persons in cold blood, and was trying to escape to Canada. That's what I mean?"

The train was stopped, and a party of us, headed by the conductor and detective, went back to search for the beautiful went back to search for the beautiful young creature, whose loveliness and apparent innocence had appealed to my sympathies so earnestly. Nor was it long before we found her, lying quite dead by the side of the track, frightfully mangled by the force of the fall, and mutilated almost beyond recognition!

"Well, she's escaped justice in this world, if not in the next," said the detactive alcomily as he stood looking worm, it not in the next," said the detective, gloomly, as he stood looking down upon her remains.
"Do you suppose she expected to be able to spring off the morning train without injury?" I asked

"Without much injury—yes; women are unreasoning creatures. But I never dreamed of such insane folly or I should have taken prompt measures to prevent it."

They lifted up the fair dead thing, and carried it to the nearest place of refuge—a lonely farm-house among the frozen hills, and we returned to the train, reaching Bayswater only a few minutes behind our regular time.

And when in the next morning's paper I read the account of the murderess, I thought of the slender creature's blue eyes, and rosebud mouth, with a strange, withing tirell to rea heart. pitying thrill at my heart.

A RIDE FOR LIFE. ву тнео. м. кісн.

Poor Bill! he was a kind hearted, good-natured old fellow, and the tears will trick-le down my weather-beaten cheeks when-ever I think of the happy days I have passed in his company. Side by side we wandered over prarie and mountain, and side by side we have fought the crafty red men who sought our lives. But he is dead, and oh! what a terrible death was his!

dead, and oh! what a terrible death was his!

It was sunset of a hot, scorching day in August, when Bill and I made arrangements for passing the night in a pretty little grove of cottonwood, surrounded by a widely stretched prairie. After making a hearty meal of venison steaks we produced our pipes, and were soon engaged in a friendly smoke. Although we were exceedingly tired by our long ride, it was quite late when we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and went to sleep.

I was aroused about midnight by hearing a long; continuous roar, which at first I thought was thunder; but when I gazed upward, and saw the stars shining brightly, and the western horizon lighted up with a ruddy glare, the truth instantly flashed across my mind.

"Bill!" cried I, hastily shaking my companion. "the prairie's on fire!"

"What!" cried Bill, springing to his feet.

But it was unnecessary to repeat the

feet.
But it was unnecessary to repeat the intelligence, for Bill well knew what that sunrise appearing light in the west, and that continual thundering noise meant.

that continual thundering noise meant.

"But what's to be done?" I asked.

Bill looked around him.

"We might let the buffalces pass us very well by climbing a tree, but then we'll lose our horses, and get burnt to death in the bargain, which is not at all to my liking. If we should fire the prairie here by the grove we could then get out upon the ground we had burnt, and escape the fire behind us; but we would be in danger of the buffalces, for we could

"Sit down, conductor—you've nothing to do this minute."

He obeyed.
"What did you mean by telling me such a lie just now?"
I spoke under my breath; he replied in the same tone:
"About what?"
"About the reasen you stopped just

As roother plan could then be thought.

As no other plan could then be thought of we hastly mounted, and dashed off in the direction proposed by Bill. By this time the flames were plainly visible, and the prairie was limited up for miles "Faster!" cried Bill; "the buffaloes

around.

"Faster!" cried Bill; "the buffaloes are gaining on us!"

We both had fine horses, but they were quite exhausted, having traveled at a pretty good pace since morning. My companion's was a balky little mustang, one on which dependence could never be placed, and it was with extreme difficulty that he kept his saddle. Although we used our most strenuous efforts to keep ahead, we were now among the buffaloes, with the fire hissing and roaring but a short distance in our rear.

No pen can describe the sickish faintness that came over me when I saw my companion's horse stumble and throw its rider over its head, then get up and continue on with the living sea! I attempted to turn, but it was useless, for the buffaloes hemmed me in on every side; so with a sad heart I spurred in, and left poor Bill to die, with the terrible thought in my mind that perhaps I would share his fate—be trampled upon by thousands of feet, and my body burned to cinder!

About three miles further ahead I espied, by the aid of the light of the burning prairie, a slight elevation which appeared to be devoid of vegetation, with the exception of a few stunted cedars. If I could get upon that I knew I would be safe; but the flames were fast gaining on me, and it was doubtful whether I could reach it with my horse in his present exhausted condition.

reach it with my horse in his present exhausted condition.

However, I spurred him on, and then for the first time noticed that the buffiloes were gaining upon me at an alarming rate; and by the time the next mile was passed I found myself among those bringing up the rear of the herd. I continued to urge my horse forward, and soon a mile only intervened between me and the goal I sought. But would I ever reach that goal? The heated air and the dense smoke almost stifled me, and I rode most of the time with my eyes shut, so as to exclude the dust raised by the hoofs of the animals around me. No one who has not been in a similar condition can perfectly understand the situation in which I was placed at that time. Half a mile lay between me and a place of safety, and my neck was already burned to a blister by the heat.

It fairly made my flesh creep when I heard the bellows of agony which the poor, unfortunate buffaloes gave vent to as they were overtaken, one by one, by the ruthless flames. At one time I gave up the race but life was sweet so I nush. reach it with my horse in his present ex-bausted condition.

as they were overtaken, one by one, by the ruthless flames. At one time I gave up the race, but life was sweet, so I pushed on again, and my noble steed, scorched by the intense heat, made one more superhuman effort. A moment more, and I would have been overtaken by the devouring element; but my faithful beast, trembling in every limb, rushed up the little barren hill, and we were safe!

Immediately upon gaining the top of the knoll the noble brute fell from sheer exhaustion, barely giving me time to extricate my feet from the stirrups. I then threw myself upon the ground face downward, and waited for the fire to pass over me. It did pass, leaving the little barren knoll almost untouched, and following the terrified buffaloes.

I now turned my attention to my horse, and after rubbing him down, and administering to him a fair way to recover.

When dawn appeared the fire and about

to do till noon the next day, when I mounted my now well-conditioned steed, and started out upon the prairie to search for the remains of my luckless companion; but in this I was unsuccessful, so I 69th," said Sir Henry Clinton. "The Major leaves the city on duty to-night which will most likely terminate in making plain John Andre, Sir Andre, for such success must crown his efforts." Little did it occur to any one then that the career of glory which now looked so bright and dazzling to the young officer was to close on the gibbet. It was his last dinner in New York.

Shortly after, the party broke up and officers crowded around the Major, shook him warmly by the hand, wishing him success and a speedy return.

continued on my way to Fort Laramie with a heavy heart.

The Talk of Great Men. There are few people that touch the summit of excellence in the art of conversation. Just as among the swallows that fly around a steeple, it is only a part of the number that settle on the vane. of the number that settle on the vane.—
Various reasons may be suggested for this. Men of copious minds do not always pour out their effusions in a crystal stream. Some are irritable, some sullen; some have lost their tongues over their folios; some are sensitive; some trumblingly alive to their own reputation, and hazard nothing without preparation. But hazard nothing without preparation. But one of the most common causes why a man of ability fails in conversation is a double surface to his heart and a double tone to his tongue. He is like a tree that gives its fading blossoms before its flourishing fruit. He talks from a superficial consciousness—that 'is, 'b' crattles away without the least effort, pouring out his first thoughts in his first language.

Goldsmith was an example. Everybody that had read his books was disappointed when they heard him falk. It was said of him, "he wrote like an angel, and talked like a parrot." Webster had something like this. He delighted to whistle and talk like a boy,

John Adams was another example. I have a strong impression, if, in the days hazard nothing without preparation. But

John Adams was another example. I have a strong impression, if, in the days of Queen Elizabeth you could have overtaken the bard of Avon going up from Stratford to London, and could have heard his conversation as he rode on his nag with his wife on a pillion behind him, had you not known him by a previous introduction, you would never suspected you were in the presence of the immortal Shakespeare. How do you know this? I reply; I do not know. We have few traditions of the peculiarities and personalities of the great bard whose delineations of all other characters are so well known; and yet I never had a conlineations of all other characters are so well known; and yet I never had a conviction so deeply rooted without positive proof as that Shakespeare did not talk up to his reputation. Why? First, the relaxed temper of his mind; secondly, the supreme carelessness of his best effusions; thirdly, the depths of his inner consciousness show that it must have had an outer rind; and, finally, analogy. We find many dramatic writers who have this superficial folly, which covers up and dares not indicate the thoughts it conceals. not indicate the thoughts it conceals.— Sheridan was in some degree an exam-ple. How like a fool he acted in his concantries. He hardly degenerted when he was drunk.

How IT WAS DONE .- An Irishman adlicted to telling queer stories, said he saw man beheaded with his hands tied be-nind him, who directly ploked up his read and put it on his shoulders in the right place."
"Ha! ha! ha!" said a bystander. could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?"
"An' sure what a purty fool ye are!" "An' sure what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat. "Couldn't he pick it up with his tathe? To the devil wid yer bothera-

Ir 20 grains will make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?

If 7 days will make one week, how many will make one strong?

If 6½ yards make one pole, how many If 3 miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy? If 4 quarters make a yard, how many vill make a garden?

ra A young woman who went to buy a sewing machine blushingly requested to see one with a feller.

par Words without deeds are like husks

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cents per line for the first-insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the Cash. When sont without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of JoB and CABD Printing executed in the neatest style, at low prices.

SCISSORING.

ONLY A CRIER.

A famous judge came late to court
One day in busy season;
Whereat his clork, in great surprise,
Inquired of him the reason.

A shild was born, his honor said,
and sire, "anid."

A LAWYER is always strongest when he is fee-blest. The young lady that kept her word has found it very useful.

been demolished:

The main structure of Kip's house was built of brick brought from Holland in 1614 by the ancestors of the ancient and highly respectable family of Kip's; consequently some portions of the mansion are now two hundred and three years old. Between 1660 and 1700 it underwent some alterations, but is still mostly in its original shape. It stands at Kip's bay, on the East river, between two and three miles from the City Hall. It will be taken down in the course of a year or two, and with it will vanish from existence about the last of the old Knickerbocker residences. Although the family of Kip's A CHEMIST asserted that all bitter things were hot. "No," said a gentleman present, "there is a bitter cold day."

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she's too young to show much reflection.

A MAN who had a scolding wife being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot house. THE woman who never interfered with

husband's affairs arrived in town the other day. She is unmarried.

It is singular that the more you damp the ardor of a troublesome talker by throwing cold water on his effusions, the sooner he dries up.

A "VETERAN students of human na-ture" says: "If one wants a firt, take a brunette; if one wants a cook take a blonde. If one wants a wife takeneither.

SAID a geutleman on presenting a lace ollar to his idolitrada, "do not let any

"WHERE is the east?" inquired a tutor, one day, of a very little pupil.
"Where the morning comes from," was
the prompt and pleasant answer.

A GREAT physician observes it is his opinion that the brain is not injured by intemperatedrinking, as is generally supposed; for, he adds, a man given to intemperance in that way cannot have any brains.

expedition across the plains, Gen. Sher-man's servant asked him what baggage to get ready.
"Oh," said the General, " put me up a shirt."

"Ybun master at home?"
"No, sir, he's out."
"Mistress at home?"
"No, sir, she's out."
"Then I'll step in and sit by the fire."
"That's out, too, sir."

A GENTLEMAN who, relating an incl-dent he had met with at Greenwich from a fall, was asked by a surgeon if it was near the vertebrae that he had been hurt? 'No. sir," was the reply, "it was near the observatory.

A TRAVELER who had just returned from the "extreme North," says, that in Spitzbergen last winter it was so cold that in a crowled hut the breath of the inmates would fall to the floor in flakes, and he burnt the stockings off his feet one terrible cold night without hardly feeling the heat.

to cypher on the slate, the precoclous pu-pil put the following tough question to his instructor: "Whaur did a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

Tom C—and Bill P—, of our regiment, the st Heavy Artillery had been absent on sick leave, and had reached Washington on their way to reion the

nia Avenue Tom inquired if they took stamps.

"Certainly, sir."

"Then send on your 'pisen," said Tom, and the "pisen" was produced.

Both drank, and then, stepping back from the bar, began to "mark time" with a great gravity and a good deal of noise.

"What are you trying to do? What do you mean by stamping in that manner," said the proprietor.

"Paying for the drinks! Didn't you say you took stamps?" said Bill, with his face a yard long.

Thegenial President of a New England College, when uniforms were required to be worn by the students, called up a bright chap, small of stature for his age, and told him he was reported for having his coat too short, B—— replied, "It will be long enough before I get another." The President was delighted with the witty rejoinder, and at the next "Government meeting," expressed the opinion that on account of it B—— should be excused. "I told him," said the venerable head of the college, "that his coat was too short, and he replied that it would be some time before he got another?" The President was rather amazed that his own jolly ha! ha! was not echoed by his solemn associates.

A NASHVILLE paper says that lately a ne placed his hand on his breast, and said, with great fearlessness, "Me Indian long time ago."

Without moving a muscle of his face, the old chief slowly rose from his sitting posture, and turned his eagle eyes on the speaker. His freeds say the chief evidently understood, or at least appeared to understand, the meaning of the speech addressed to him, and they gazed intently on the solemn proceedings. The young man bore the searching glance of the Indian without emotion. All felt that the awful moment had come. Moving sufficiently close to the speaker, the chief raised his hand, and carefully taking a lock of the young man's hair between his finger and thumb, gently rubbed it for a moment. All stood in awful expectation. Quietly withdrawing his hand, the chief uttered the silght peculiar Indian grunt, and said "nigger!"

This altogether unexpected denouement ended the interview, and the discomfited descendant of the "Tomahawks" retired with his fitiends—the latter roaring with laughter, and the former with the most sovereign contempt for his degenerate relations.

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ANDRE'S LAST SONG.

public dinner in New York, contained in

an account of Old Kip's Bay House, will

interest many of our readers. It is from

the pen of the late Henry A. Bucking-

ham, and was published about twenty

years ago, since which the old house has

residences. Although the family of Kip do not live in their old mansion, it is at i

"A word in addition, gentlemen of the

nim warmly by the hand, wishing him success and a speedy return.

Long years rolled by; the boom of the cannon, the beat of the drum and the sound of the Briton's bugle no longer echoed along the shores of our beautiful island; but no officer returned. Forty

years had come and gone, when a coffin was placed on board a vessel in the bay; it contained the bones of Major John An dre on their way to Westminister Abby, to rest beside the noble and the brave.

The Pride of Ancestry Rebuked.

The Pensacola Observer tells the follow-

ng good story ; Many years ago, there lived a young gentleman who took it into his bead that,

gentleman who took it into his head that, like John Bandolph; he was of Indian descent, though, unlike John, he did not know exactly the tribe to which his fore-fathers belonged. The idea was a perfect monomania with him, notwithstanding the efforts made by his friends to convince him of the folly of his pretensions, to say nothing of the absurdity of them, even if they could be established. The favorite notion, however, could not be eradicated from his mind, and he promised his friends that he would one day convince them that he was right.

that he would one day convince them that he was right.

Having heard that a deputation of Indians were at Washington, on a visit to their great father, the President, he at once repaired to that city, and arranged with the gentleman having them in charge. His friends in the city were surprised to receive an invitation to accompany him on a visit to the red men before

prised to receive an invitation to accompany him on a visit to the red men, before whom he proposed to verify his pretensions. The party met, as requested, and found the Indians sitting on the floor, smoking their pipes, and manifesting but little appreciation of the honor of the visit. Having arranged his friends at a respectful distance from the aged chief, who still regarded the visitors with stolid indifference, the young man stepped boldly from the centre, and presuming that it would require some show of energy to arouse the chief from his apparent apathy, he placed his hand on his breast, and said, with great fearlessness, "Me Indian long time ago."

been demolished:

The following sketch of Andre's last

Inquired of him the reason.
A child was born," his honor said,
"And I'm the happy sire,"
An infant judge?" "Oh, no," said he,
"As yet he's but a crier."

An inveterate old bachelor says ships are called "she" because they always keep a man on the look-out.

It is very curious that a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring inside.

Ir is a part of the Boston creed that one who is born in that city does not need to be born again.

Human beings are by nature fighting animals. The very babies are up in arms as soon as they come into the world.

TOPERS should bear in mind that what they quaff from the goblet afterwards appears in the mug.

A STANZA FOR SPRING.—
See, now reminded by the weather,
The birds work hard their nests to feather,
And thou, my son, think net of rest
Till thou hast feathered well thy nest.

and with it will vanish from existence about the last of the old Knickerbocker residences. Although the family of Kip's do not live in their old mansion, it is till their property, and is occupied by one or two families.

At the point of rocks a few hundred yards from the house the British troops under Sir William Howe landed on Sunday, the 18th of September, 1775, protected by the cannon of two or three ships of war anchored in the East river, and a skirmish took place with the Americans in the rear of the house. The same day General Washington evacuated the city, and encamped with his army on Harlem Heights at Fort Washington. Over seven years elapsed before he re-entered it.

During the Revolution the house was occupied by different British officers of distinction, and beneath its rafts Sir Clinton, Lord Percy, Knyphausen, the traitor Arnold and others, have dined and swallowed their wines, while the song, the jest and the story passed freely around. It may be as well to say that the Kip's were staunch Whigs in those days, and during the War of Independence: In the latter part of September, 1780, the Old Kip House was occupied as the quarters of Colonel Williams, of the 60th Royal Americans. The regiment still bears this title, although it is doubtful now if there were any Americans in it. It was raised during the old French war in the Colony of New York, about the year 1775 and was then commanded by that lamented young nobleman, Lord Howe, who fell at its head in a French and Indian ambuscade near Ticonderoga, in 1756. It was the hour of dinner. The band had ceased to play the "Roast Beef of Old England," and the wine was circulating freely around the mess table of the officers and their invited guests—for they had that day given a dinner to Sir Henry Clinton," and others — when Colonel Williams exclaimed:

"Our Adjutant General appears to be dull this afternoon, Sir Henry Clinton," "No, dear, I'll take it off," retorted the naughty beauty.

NEVER set yourself up for a musician just because you have got a drumin your ear, nor believe you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

Clinton," and others — when Colonel Williams exclaimed:

"Our Adjutant General appears to be dull this afternoon, Sir Henry Clinton.—We all know his vocal talents, in connection with his other accomplishments, so I call upon him for a song."

The person whom he had named, a young man about thirty years of age, of slight figure and of preposessing and intelligent features, replied:

"I do feel rather serious this afternoon, Colonel Williams, and can give no particular reason for it. I will sing, as you request it, however."

He then, with great pathos, sang the old song said to have been written by General Wolfe:

"Why, soldlers, why WHEN about to leave St. Louis for the

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melanchely, boys,
Whose business 'tis to die!" &c.
When he had concluded, the Colonel When he had concluded, the Colonel rose and gave the following toast, in honor of the singer.

"Fill up, gentlemen, for a bumper.—The lealth of Major John Andre, our worthy Adjutant, the brave soldier and the accomplished gentleman."

A teur fell from the eye of the Major and mingled with his wine, at the affectionate greeting and prolonged cheers which fell from the lips of his comrades, and his voice was husky as he returned thanks for the honor done him.

"A word in addition, gentlemen of the A VERY interesting boy, four years old, was asked by his grandmother if he thanked a certain gentleman for a present he had just received.
"I thanked him," said he, "but I didn't think to tell him of it."

As a schoolmaster was employed, a short time since, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a chary urelifer

In bull-fight days, a blacksmith who was rearing a bull pup, induced his old father to go on all fours to imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding parental roaring, exclaimed: "Hold him, Growler, boy, hold him! Bear it, father, bear it; it'll be the making of the pup."

A MILESIAN sergeant was drilling an awkward squad of recruits one day, and was valuly trying to impress on them the importance of stepping off with the left foot at the command "march." The very next time he gave that command, several of the inattentive recruits stepped off with the wrong foot. This put him in a towering passion, and he shouted: "Oh, ye blaggards, didn't I tell ye that the right fut wasn't the right fut?" The left fut's

Washington on their way to rejoin the regiment, both "dead broke" and both very dry.

Marching into a saloon on Pennsylvania Avenue Tom inquired if they

A NASHVILLE paper says that lately a well-known lawyer of that city presented, for the twentieth time, a small bill that had been left in his hands for collection. moment. All stood in awrul expectation.
Quietly withdrawing his hand, the chief uttered the slight peculiar Indian grunt, and said "nigger !"
This altogether unexpected denouement chief the interview, and the discomfited descendant of the "Tomahawks" retired with his faiends—the latter roaring with laughter, and the former with the most sovereign contempt for his degenerate relations.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks and, when he held out his arms for the baby.

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"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said:

"I'm tired of this affair, and I guess I'll shut up your shop till it is paid." The remark was received with perfect composure, and the man, locking the door and handing the key to the gentleman, said, cooly: "I'll saveyou all the trouble about the matter, my agitated friend. Here is the key of the concern. Take it and run this business for me. I shall be more than satisfied. All I ask of you is, to let me load a round occasionally, and see If you can make anything out of it. I can't say or any other man make the trial." The party who was requested to pay it protested the utter innocence of his pock-