The American Volunteer.

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WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office with Wm. J. Shearer, Esq.
Dec. 1, 1865—1y.

J. M WEAKLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on South Hanover street, in the room formerly occupied by A. B. Sharpe. Esq.

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Dec. 1, 1865.

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Feb. 15, 1866—1y.

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Dec. 1, 1865.

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Dec. 1. 1865.

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Dec. 1, 1865.

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Feb. 22, 1866.—1y.

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OVER $25,000,000 OF CAPITAL REPRESENTED.

Home, Metropolitan, Manhattan, Artic, Security, North American, Germania, all of New York. Aetna and Phoenix of Hartford, Conn.; North American of Philadelphia, Pa.; Farmers Mutual of York, Pa.; Columbia Mutual of Lancaster, Penn'a.

The main element to be desired in Insurance Companies is

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If wealth, experience, intelligence and probity exist, perpetuity and honorable dealing will be likely to ensue.

Insurance creates independence. A person pays for his own indemnity, and need not be a tax on his friends.

Every man should insure; the burning of whose property would injure or inconvenience himself, his family, or his neighbors.

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Jan. 3, 1867—6m

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This is strictly and entirely a Mutual Company. It makes its dividends annually and pays them at the end of each and every year. Its assets are not diluted, nor its strength weakened by any doubtful premium notes or stockholders notes.—Doubtful securities find no place in its list of cash assets. It charges its policy holders no interest, and furnishes insurance at exact cost.

Twenty-four years of straight forward, honorable dealing, has made its name the synonym of strength among business men, and is to-day the

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of this continent. Possessing the largest assets, the largest amount insured, the largest income and the largest surplus over liabilities, as shown by the official reports of the Insurance Department of New York, and which will be shown to any persons wishing to determine for themselves the true condition and standing of different companies by applying to the agent,

SAMUEL K. HUMRICH,
Office No. 23 West Main St., Carlisle.
Jan. 3, 1867—6m

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From three to five dollars will insure your horse against thieves for five years.

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Office 23 West Main St., Carlisle.
Jan. 3, 1867—6m

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., insures against all kinds of Accidents.

CAPITAL $304,800.

For five thousand dollars in case of fatal accident, or $25 Weekly Compensation in case of disabling bodily injury, at 25 cents per day. For sale at

SAMUEL K. HUMRICH'S,
Office No. 23 West Main St., Carlisle.
Jan. 3, 1867—6m

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Wm. R. Gorgas, Christian Stayman, Jacob Eberly, Daniel Bailey, Alexander Cathcart, Jacob H. Coover, John Eichelberger, Joseph Wickersham, Samuel Eberly, Rudolph Martin, Moses Bricker, Jacob Coover and J. C. Dunlap.

The rates of insurance are as low and favorable as any Company of the kind in the State. Persons wishing to become members are invited to make application to the agents of the Company, who are willing to wait upon them at any time.

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Vice President—CHRISTIAN STAYMAN, Carlisle,
Secretary—JOHN C. DUNLAP, Mechanicsburg.
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Members of the Company having policies about to expire, can have them renewed by making application to any of the agents.
Dec. 1 1865

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—"The leading Life Insurance Association of this Continent."—Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Mass. Cash Assets over $17,000,000. Applications solicited and blanks furnished by

A. SHARP WOODBURN, *Agent, Walnut Bottom.*
Dec. 20, 1866—3m*

GOOD PENS GIVEN AWAY.—Samples of "ADAMS & CO'S CELEBRATED GOLDEN PENS" will be sent FREE on receipt of Stamp for postage. Address ADAMS & CO., 21 Bromfield Street, Boston Mass.
March 7, 1867—1m

Real Estate.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!!

W. J. SHEARER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF

Cumberland Co. Real Estate,

OFFERS THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

AT REASONABLE PRICES:

IN THE BOROUGH OF CARLISLE.

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, CARRIAGE 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 220 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, situated at the head of South-St.

IN THE COUNTRY.

No. 6. A 90 ACRE FARM in North Middleton township, 1½ miles from Carlisle. This farm has but a TENANT HOUSE and STABLE, but it affords the finest site for a Mansion House and Bank Barn that we know in Cumberland co.

No. 7. A TRACT OF THIRTY-SIX ACRES, with small but comfortable BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, Frame Stable, &c., and a young and thriving Orchard of 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 Truck Farming, is the most desirable tract of its size to be found anywhere in the vicinity of Carlisle.

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, 1866.

Furniture, &c.

A. B. EWING,

CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,

WEST MAIN STREET,

CARLISLE, PENN'A.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

NEW FURNITURE

for the Holidays, comprising

Sofas, Camp Stools, Lounges, Centre Tables, Rocking Chairs, Dining Tables, Easy Chairs, Card Tables, Reception Chairs, Ottomons, Bureaus, What-Nots, Secretaries, &c., &c.,

Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, Kitchen and Office

F U R N I T U R E,

of the Latest Styles.

COTTAGE FURNITURE IN SETTS,

Splendid New Patterns.

BEDSTEADS AND MATTRESSES,

GILT FRAMES AND PICTURES,

in great variety.

Particular attention given to Funerals. Orders from town and country attended to promptly and on reasonable terms.
Dec. 13, 1866—tf

CABINET WAREHOUSE.

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 upon customers either by day or by night. Ready made COFFINS kept constantly on hand, both plain and ornamental. He has constantly on hand *Fisk's Patent Metalic Burial Case*, of which he has been appointed the sole agent. This case is recommended as superior to any of the kind now in use, it being perfectly air tight.

He has also furnished himself with a new Rosewood HEARSE and gentle 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 Spring Mattrass*, the best and cheapest bed now in use, the exclusive right of which I have secured, and will be kept constantly on hand.

CABINET MAKING,

in all its various branches, carried on, and Beaureaus, Secretaries, Work-stands, Parlor Ware, Upholstered Chairs, Sofas, Pier, Side and Centre Tables, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Washstands of all kinds, French Bedsteads, high and low posts; Jenny Lind and Cottage Bedsteads, Chairs of all kinds, Looking Glasses, and all other articles usually manufactured in this line of business, kept constantly on hand.

His workmen are men of experience, his material the best, and his work made in the latest city style, and all under his own supervision. It will be warranted and sold low for cash.

He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. For the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him he feels indebted to his numerous customers, and assures them that no efforts will be spared in future to please them in style and price. Give us a call.

Remember the place, North Hanover street, nearly opposite the Deposit Bank, Carlisle.

DAVID SIPE.
Dec. 1, 1865.

CABINET MAKING!

The undersigned respectfully informs his old friends and patrons that he has resumed the business of

CABINET MAKING,

in all its various branches, at his old stand, Nos. 55 and 57 South Hanover Street, two doors below the Second Presbyterian Church, where he is prepared to manufacture

BUREAUS, SIDE BOARDS, SECRETARIES, BREAKFAST TABLES, DINING TABLES, CHAIRS, HAT-RACKS, WHAT-NOTS, CENTRE TABLES, SALOON TABLES, TEAPOY TABLES, WASH STANDS, BEDSTEADS, BOOK CASES, WARDROBES, &c. and

COTTAGE FURNITURE,

of every variety,

Looking Glasses, Sofas, Rocking Chairs, and Upholstered and Cane Chairs,

of all kinds kept constantly on hand.

CANING, REPAIRING AND VARNISHING,

done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

JOHN LISZMAN.
Feb. 14, 1867—3m

CARRIAGES!

The undersigned have now on hand and are making a large assortment of all kinds of

CARRIAGES, ROCKAWAYS, TOP AND NO TOP BUGGIES,

warranted of the best material, and manufactured by the best workmen, all of which will be sold

AT REDUCED PRICES.

We have also a lot of second hand work which is offered at exceedingly low rates.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING

done at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Shop on South Pitt Street, nearly opposite the Mansion House.

A. B. & N. SHERK.
Jan. 3, 1867—6m

HENRY G. BEIDLER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

KERSVILLE,

CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

Will attend promptly to the calling of sales, at the lowest rates. An experience of several years, warrants him in guaranteeing satisfaction in every case. Residence near Diller's Bridge, West Pennsborough township.
Jan. 3, 1867—6m

NOTICE TO PAINTERS.—Sealed proposals for painting the Court House will be received at the Commissioner's Office, in Carlisle, until Wednesday, the 3d of April next.—Specifications of the work can be seen at said office.

HENRY KARNS,
A. F. MECK,
M. G. HALE,
Commissioners.
March 21, 1867—3t

EMPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES are superior to all other for FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES. Contain all the latest improvements; are speedy; noiseless; durable; and easy to work.

Illustrated Circulars free. Agents wanted.—Liberal discount allowed. No consignments made.

Address, EMPIRE S. M. CO., Broadway, 616 N. Y.
July 26, 1866—1y

Poetical.

THE COURSE OF TIME.

A SPANISH POEM.

O! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us naught behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which your flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each dream of future joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives hasting streams must be,
That into one engulphing sea
Are doomed to fall;
The sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that said wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought;
That path of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of earth can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where the strength that mocked decay,
The step that rose to light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

[From the Day of Rest.]

A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

"I am yet a king!" exclaimed Francis the First, vaulting into his saddle after the disastrous battle of Pavia had consigned him to a year's captivity, whose last month had more gall than honey, through his marriage with the Dawager Queen of Portugal, sister to his imperial and *imperious captor, Charles the Fifth.* From the Iser to the Rhone whispers had crept forth that he returned to France a crest-fallen man, who, after chaffing his proud spirit in bondage, had no means of breaking his chains, but by accepting a bride for whom he had small regard.

However this may have been, he rode through Provence, where his subjects received him with every demonstration of joy, although, as he approached their gray old towns, he thought their giant gates looked down upon him with derision. He was wont to rally, and set spurs to his steed; and leave his retinue far behind; but on one occasion the townsmen, who had timely apprisal of his route, met him outside their walls, and he could do no less than rein up, and bow from his stirrups, which he courteously did, to the admiration of all who beheld him; for he could wrestle with Henry the Eighth and throw him in lusty falls, was no more deficient in grace than in strength. They besought him to honor their tilt-yard with his presence, where, *in festivity of* mimic fight, they might celebrate his enfranchisement from the prison in Madrid.

"By our faith, good liegemen!" quoth his Majesty, "we have had such hard knocks on the battle field, that we are none in love of the shadows of tourney." And he waved his hand by way of adieu, when his horse started at an old Castellan whose hair was silver white, and beside whom stood his daughter, incomparably fair.

Never had Francis seen beauty so rare, and so modest withal. She bore a massy salver, on which lay a bunch of rusted keys, and with downcast looks she said, "My Lord will please to accept the keys of this brave old town," and she held them towards him with such gracefulness, that in amaze he stooped from his saddle, stroked her dark tresses with his mailed hand, and inquired who she was.

"My name, my Lord, is Ellen, and this is my father Peter Ingleverre," said she.

"And your age, sweet damsel?" asked he.

"Sixteen last Candlemas," rejoined the little maid, who looked a perfect woman, so innocent and yet so heroic, as she ventured to raise her head, that the King forgot his disasters of war in suddenly inspired love; and while he indulged in a pleasure he could ill conceal, between their hands the keys fell to the ground. This gave him a pretext to alight; and surrendering the bridle to a courtier, he graciously received her father, and between him and her walked into town.

By this time the sun was on the wane, and Peter, who was Governor, besought his Majesty to sojourn for the night, and he would soon have fifty prime cooks to prepare a royal feast.

To this Francis, who nothing more desired than an invitation, consented; and he accompanied Ellen home to her father's house, where some time after a band of trained violars arrived to commemorate with songs the happy visit.

Ellen entertained the King with artless talk so interspersed with sense, that her conquest over her suitor was complete.—And when placed by her side at dinner, he forgot venison and pastry, and beakers of wine, for though so many other ladies shared the honor of his presence, to none were his attentions so refinedly pointed as to the daughter of his venerable host. Perhaps some envied her the distinction, of which she appeared unconscious; and some of the envyers were surprised to see her retire from the hall, observing as she passed that this was a feint to draw the King more deeply in her toils.

Ellen merely said she had arrangements to make for the morrow.

"And why not for to-night, cousin?" asked the King, who, when the wine bowls had passed more than once, had followed her from the table, and discovered her reading in a little oratory alone.

"And why not to-night, fair Ellen?" reiterated he, persuasively withdrawing the book from her hand. She did not reply, while he tossed over the illuminated leaves, where pictured saints seemed to frown upon him chidingly. The silence evidently disconcerted him, but he evaded his chagrin in smiles.

"We come, charming cousin, to breathe unalterable fidelity in thy ear," said he.

"What's a charmed portal, my lord?" said she, interrupting him, and drawing back.

"We swear by thy mild blue eyes that none whom Francis ever loved shall be so beloved as Ellen," said he.

"My Lord," said she, "I've heard of holy books bursting their clasps when perjured mouths come nigh. Beware of robbing my poor eyes of modesty, their only clasping-seal. Towards me, I warn you, practice neither falsehood nor inconstancy."

"By our knighthood, we shall be true to thee, girl, till our heart hath no throb for any living creature."

"Will you love me till my hair be gray?"

"Enchantress! we shall love thee, wert thou a withered crone from which hideousness itself might recoil," cried he so affectionately that she paused.

"And for what am I so vastly inestimable?" said she, hesitatingly. "It cannot be my tresses,—a few clips of the shears, and farewell my pride in ringlets to the winds. It may not be my brow, for care shall soon furrow it, and blanch my cheek, which now seems bloomingly. Care, too, shall more peak my chin, and charms, if I have any, be most perishable."

"Lady, we love thee more for thy good sense than for thy beauty," said he; and in stepping closer towards her his spur struck the door, which closed with a spring. He rubbed his hands together, and expressed delight at an incident which created in her a considerable trepidation, that soon subsided into a calm.

"I was childish enough to be alarmed; but I have nothing to fear from a true knight. His most Christian Majesty would not oppress the meanest of his subjects, or betray confidence where he is an honored guest," observed she, drawing a chair before her, and leaning in an easy posture over its tall, carved back.

"Not for a diadem would we harm thee, dearest," said he. "Yet by our sword we would sooner forfeit every acre of Navarre, and leave Italy the brightest jewel in our rival's crown, than forego thy love. Thou must be ours;" and the enraptured monarch disengaged her from the bulwark, and embraced her ere she could extricate herself from his arms.

"Hist! heard you no noise?" breathed she softly, and held her finger towards the door. He heard none, nor had she; and she twined her small fingers around her wrist. "In two hours hence it shall be midnight. Meet me here when the town clocks chime. Pray, my Liege, till then retire," said she, and she opened the door.

"Dost mock us, Ellen? Say wilt thou keep thy promise?"

"Assuredly my Lord does not doubt me when I say, yes? Yes, I shall meet your Majesty. See, the revellers from the hall seen you as one lost. Join them, and remember the appointed hour."

Francis retired abashed, when with gentle force he had been expelled from the oratory; and Ellen quietly resumed her devotions for the night.

Tranquilly she arose, and her manner betrayed neither excitement nor emotion, though from repeated efforts she made to trim the chamber lamp, and fertive glances she cast often at a mirror, dull must one be who could not distuguish that she was ill at ease. She paced round the apartment, which was small and meanly furnised, its only ornament being a few pictures in embroidery on Scripture subjects. In one corner were suspended loose sheets of vellum, parts of a missal for festive purposes, and in another seemed a perch to have been erected, upon which perched a hawk, but so in the shade that it was difficult to determine whether it was part of the ravelled tapestry or a real bird.

At length she sat on a low stool and encompassed her knees between her hands, rocking to and fro as if engaged in unraveling some painful train of reflections.—"If inward beauty can be nowise retained except by outward injury, better the body know scath than that the soul be defiled," said she, reviewing herself in the grotesque mirror, with a pensive expression which soon cleared into cheerfulness. "Now, vanity aside," continued she, "Nell, did you ever think you were so pretty as to make conquest of a king? Never Nell, never? Nell must be lovely to have accomplished that. La, what a toyshop of charms are temptingly *piled in yonder glass*," and she shook the oil so that wavy light fell on the mirror. "Blue eyes and black hair are peculiarities not often found together. Yet here I have them in Milesian perfection, albeit the average spirit of my eyes is half melancholy. And cheeks are here, that though they may not shame the rose, they never knew the blush of counterfeit. Teeth, likewise, which though passing white, any elephant-hunter would at one glance discover were not ivory; and lips which a truer wooer than my Lord Francis told Ellen, were gushing ripe, any bird would know at first pecking were not worth sweet strawberries. Well, and as I was thinking, it's a pity all this toyshop should be in an hour or two as *sad to look on as a sepulchre.*"

She called her maid, and bade her bring a chafing-dish, heaped with live charcoal and sulphur in bar, which done the maid retired, and Ellen sat once more alone.—*Suspending the basin of a spirit-lamp* over the dish, she dropped in the sulphur, and it fused into liquid, a yellow flame flickered up, and cast a dull halo around the chamber. She shook out her hair from the golden pins that bound it, and it fell luxuriantly to the floor, before she combed it with the greatest care, as if she *intended to rebrush it again.* Redressing her tresses never had more; for with scissors she clipped round and round till her head was negress bare, but not half so picturesque, for it had no curls!

Smearing her forehead and cheek with oil, the sulphuric vapor arose in poisonous influence as she leaned over the fatal dish. Her eyelashes were the first sacrifice to the fume; and her pained eyeballs rolled in their sockets as if they were driven inward by gusts of fire. The fairness of her forehead at first became a dark olive hue, and assuming a charred blackness, the skin burst over the quivering veins. Her cheeks soon were bereaved of all blush and beauty, and her lips, if they had any similitude of fruit, partook less of the rowan than the sloe. She endeavored to allay the pain by averting her head from the vapor; but the evasion only increased her agony, for her neck, upon which drops of the sulphur cystalized, became actualy sensitive to the weight of a string of pearls. One by one she removed them from the smarting flesh; but the clasp behind had sunk so deep that its withdrawal gave her torture intensely severe.

With inconceivable effort she preserved herself from insensibility, and with copious draughts of water allayed the burning fever in her throat. Her voice lost its sweetness and she expressed her *grief in such harshnesss and monotony* that she started from her seat as the clock struck twelve. As peal after peal swept dismally along she tottered to the door, which she opened, and groping her way along the walls, for her eyes were dim, searched for hood and bells, which she shook. The perch in the corner rocked backward and forwards, as the hawk on it flapped its wings and screamed so loudly at the sounds of its favorite emblems of chase, that the chamber rang.

The King, who had been walking in the corridor, approached, bearing in one hand a small chamber lamp, and in the other a scabbardless sword. Ellen mustered sufficient strenth to speak, for obscurely he saw that something was amiss, and he inquired the cause.

"I will tell my lord most willingly," said she, and the screaming hawk pounced at divers shadows as they were its prey. Alas! there was now no occasion to cast down her eyes, for little of their lustere remained.

"My Lord, had I harkened to your suit, my father's welcome had been paid with wrong, and your Majesty's chivalry been more eclipsed than my charms could brightened. Happily a brief pain has preserved your honor."

"O infatuated, yet noble-minded girl, what hast thou done?" exclaimed he, casting down the lamp and sword, and covering his face with his hands. "Why didst thou not intimate thy heroic resolve, and the possession of worlds would not have made us ruin that loveliness which kingdoms cannot repair."

"You would have called it mad-sick martyrdom, of coquetry run mad, or epithets equally fantastical," said she pressing her hand to her bosom.

"Stay, there yet is hope. The injury thou hast inflicted is not irreparable," cried he rushing to arouse the household, when she beckoned him back.

"I pray your majesty be calm;" said she; "the worst is past."

"O heavens, how heartless! we seem to be the cause of all this wreck. O Ellen, can'st thou forgive thy destroyer?"

"Indeed I can; far better be thus than be a tarnished thing cast away, for maids to loath and men to scorn me. Now the worst they can say of me is that I spoiled myself of a questionable good to escape an evil."

"And what will they say of me Elen?"

"That the good King Francis once upon a time, meeting a poor plain girl in an obscure town was so blinded with strange love, that she saw no way to restore him to sight than to loose her own."

"Gracious and all mysterious God!" exclaimed he, appalled, "thou dost not say thou art blind?"

"In sooth, such is my fear. Give me your hand, and I'll determine whether there is water in the well-spring of the brain," said she, with touching tenderness; and she shed a tear, which he kissed away as she endeavored to examine his palm.

"Ellen, Ellen, say thou canst see, and make me happy!" exclaimed the agonized monarch, falling on his knees, and resting his head heavily against her breast.

"All's dark, my Liege."

"All, Ellen?"

"Yes, my Leige."

"O, say not so. Say there's yet a little light."

"And so there is, Lord Francis; a little light that misled me into—?"

"Love, Ellen."

"'Tis so, Lord Francis."

"For whom, Ellen? Thou tremblest, I know all."

"Then if you do, why do you ask? why do you ask, Lord Francis?"

"Ellen, thou lovest him who would have been thy base undoer."

"'Tis so, my Lord."

"O, torture worst of all; and Ellen's blind!" and her tears fell plenteously on his upturned face, while he continued to ejaculate, "And she is blind! O, who will love her now, when she is blind!"

"Won't you, my sweet Lord Francis, love me as though I were a dear sister long since dead?"

"Dearest sister, I will," said he, kissing her hands fervently. "Sister Ellen, I will; and never till now knew Francis love so pure, so lasting."

"Eh! yon keen crucible hath burned away all drossiness," said she, moving her hand over the chafing dish. "'Tis *with life as with this short episode of an* hour. Nothing in the way of virtue was ever accomplished without pain. To horse, Lord Francis, and whenever you pray, remember Ellen Ingleverre."

"And must we part thus, more dearly loved and doubly fair?"

"Yes, and rejoice that no guilty blush crimson my cheek, nor criminal throb upbraid my heart for beating," replied she, as the hawk uttered such a piercing series of screams, that first her attendant, and then others, and finally retainers and revellers, rushed into or surrounded the room, where they discovered the soverign surnamed "The Restorer of Learning, and the Great," deprived of forethought and firmness of mind.

The most skilful leeches the town or court could afford were summoned; but their aid was only of partial avail. Facial beauty had forever bade farewell to her whose self-control was worthy the best days of chivalry. Eyebrightness had not, however, departed; and in the gray mists of the morn she saw her royal lover depart never more to return.

In after life he was wont to say, that throughout his glorious career of war and peace he had met only two human beings eminently great,—one the famous Bayard, the poor captain of a few lances, the chevalier sans reproach, from whose sword King Francis sought and received knighthood *as earth's great honor*, and the other the humble and lovely Ellen, who had taught him that love without dishonor, and charms without virtue is shame.

New Way of Paying Subscriptions.

The following is an amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the paper. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men "we wot of:"

"You have hens at home, of course.—Well, I will send you my paper for one year, for the proceeds of a single hen for one season; and the products. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay a subscription; perhaps it won't but I make the offer."

"Done," exclaimed farmer B. "I agree to it," and appealed to me as witness of the affair.

The farmer went off apparently much elated with his conquest. The editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, the world revolved on its axis, and the sun on its orbit as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it, and said he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information.

Some time in the month of September, I happened to be up again in the office, when who should enter but our friend farmer B.

"How do you do, Mr. B?" said the editor, extending his hand, his countenance lit up with a bland smile; take a chair and be seated, fine weather we have.

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," he answered, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B. hitched his chair backward and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractly, and spit profusely, starting up quickly, he said addressing the editor, "I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products amounting to eighteen pullets, worth twelve and a half cents each, and a number of dozens of eggs, making in the aggregate at the least calculation, one dollar and fifty cents more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a year's subscription and over. All folly, sir; there's no man but what can take a newspaper, it's charity, you know, commenced at home."

"But," said the editor, "I will pay you for what is over the subscription, I did not intend this as a means of profit but rather to convince you. I will pay—"

"Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid, sir, doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen story Good day, gentlemen."—*Agricultural Review.*

☞ Two young fellows got to bantering each other the other day. Finally, one of them exclaimed, "Well, there's one thing, you can't put your head into an empty barrel."

"Oh, nonsense," exclaimed the other, "why can't I?"

"Because," dryly rejoined the first, "it is an impossibility to put a hogshead into a barrel."

☞ The newest mechanical contrivance announced is an invention for "Weaving by Compressed Air." Is this what has been so long "looming in the future."

TALE OF A MASQUERADE.

A Mischievous Widow.

[From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

A masquerade would not be much of an affair if there were not some ludicrous scenes attached to it or connected with it. Last evening that of the Musical Society was no exception to the general rule, and any number of funny incidents transpired.

No person failed to notice a conspicuous costume present, a gentleman dressed as a Spanish cavalier—a very neat and tasty dress, set off upon a well-built and athletic frame. The gentleman, whom we shall call X, paid particular—indeed, most devoted attention to a pink domino, enshrouding a sylph-like form, acting as her escort at all times, and paying no attention, worth noticing, to any body else. In promenading or in resting they were in earnest conversation, and the ladies, who could not fail to notice them, thought he must be a duck of a fellow to pay so much attention, while the gentleman thought she must be a divine little angel to listen so devotedly to all his soft things. Perhaps both of them were just what they had the credit of being.

The cavalier was a legal gentleman of our city, and the pink domino was—no matter who just now.

The gentleman is married and has a small family. He loves his wife, but people do whisper that sometimes he loves other people's just as much. The cavalier proposed some time since to go to the ball but his wife insisted that her health was not very good, and as there would be something of a crowd present she would not go—to her masquerades were very tedious affairs at best. That X. was delighted with the determination there is no doubt. He did not say so, however, but the day his wife decided not to go he met in company a young and pretty widow, and in the heat of the excitement he asked her to accompany him to the masquerade. The widow was possessed of a bosom full of fun, and she consented to go. A. fitted her out with a costume and a pink domino, and, as everybody saw, who noticed it, very pretty and very expensive. Now, in concluding to go, the widow had some object in view, evidently, for yesterday, so runs the story, she saw X. go away from home, when she sought the presence of his wife and told her the whole story, and in conclusion she said:

"Now you've heard the whole thing, That good for nothing husband of yours has been paying too many attentions to me of late, and I do not like it. If you are a woman of spirit you will play a trick on him for this, and if you are not why I'll—I'll—just go with him to the masquerade, and I will flirt with him all the evening just as hard as ever I know how." It is presumed the wife was not a woman of spirit, for last evening about nine o'clock a carriage drove up to the widow's house, and a Spanish cavalier, very gentlemanly, very devotedly, and very lovely, assisted a domino into it and it drove to Music Hall.

At the Hall the couple paid little attention to the funny scenes about them. If they laughed at all it was at their own wit. Prying eyes tried hard to find out who they were. They sauntered about until tired. They took refreshments and occasionally a glass of wine. They made no attempts to peep beneath each others masques, for it was evident they knew each other well. At all times the cavalier seemed whispering the softest things to the domino, and a close observer might have seen that occasionally the words were very soft, for they made the fair domino start and tremble just a little, but she seemed to have good control of herself, but there is no doubt that could her face have been seen, there would have been traces of blushes.

It was not a very late hour when the cavalier and the domino had disappeared *from the scene. When the masques were* removed at 12 o'clock anxious ones were looking to see who the couple were, but they were gone, and all were disappointed. Let us follow them to the home of the widow, where they drove in haste, the cavlier very happy, very talkative, and almost beside himself with joy—the domino very quiet and very reserved.—*They were shown into the drawing room,* where the domino throws herself upon a lounge. The cavalier steps forward to turn up the gas a little, but a pleasant voice says, "I will do it for you, Mr. X.," and the room is ablaze with light. The voice was that of the young widow, and the blaze of light showed the lawyer leaning *upon a chair, perfectly aghast* with astonishment, looking from the widow to the domino, yet unable to utter a word.

"Why, what is the matter with Mr. X?" asked the widow, "you look astonished. I expected you, and have been waiting for you some time. Your wife told me she would come here."

"My wife!" gasped the cavalier.

"Yes, your wife. Why, what is the matter with you? Are you unwell?"

The cavalier scarce seemed to know whether he was unwell or not. He turned to the domino. She had removed her masque, and he saw his wife sitting before him. His astonishment was greater than before. Still he could say nothing. The wife was too indignant to speak. The widow came to the relief of both.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. X.," she said, "You've one of the best women in the world for a wife, and you abuse her worse than any man I ever knew. I just wish I was in her place for about five minutes."

The cavalier looked as if he wished nothing of the kind. The widow went on.

"You insulted me in asking me to go with you. If I had a big brother able to whip you he should have done it, and if it had not been that a woman cannot do those things, I would have done it myself. *You deserved it any way, you—you* ugly monster. As I could not do it, I told your wife, and we determined to punish you, and I guess you have had a pretty good lesson, and one which will last you sometime. I know, by the way, your poor wife blushes, you have said all sorts of insulting things to her, thinking it was me; but it wasn't, and I guess you have found it all out. You've had your lesson; now go home, and if I ever hear of your neglecting your wife again or running off after other women I'll tell the whole story, and have it published in the papers, with your name in great big type—oh! you big monster, you!"

Poor H. was suffering terribly. He had never been caught so fairly before. The perspiration was pouring down his forehead, and the air of the room seemed terribly confined. He mentally cursed masquerades, dominoes, bewitching widows and his own stupidity, and it was a *relief when his wife, who evidently felt* that he had been punished sufficiently, intimated that they had better go home, and the poor cavalier slunk away, like a whipped school boy. We trust the lesson will be a lasting one to him.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.—One evening, as I was sitting by Hatty, and had worked myself up to the point of popping the question, sez I: "Hatty, if a fellow was to ask you to marry him, what would you say?"

Then she laughed, and sez she: "That would depend on who asked me."

Then sez I, "suppose it was Ned Willis?"

Sez she: "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you."

That kinder staggered me, but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I again: "Suppose it was me?" And then you ought to see her pout her lips, and sez she:

"I don't take no supposes?"

Well, now, you see there was nothing for me to do but touch the trigger and let the gun go off. So bang it went. Sez I: "Lor, Hatty, it's me. Won't you say yes?" and then there was a hellabaloo in my head, I don't know 'zactly what tuk place, but I thought I heard a "Yes" whispered somewhere out of the skirmage.

☞ Why are fowls the most economical stock for farmers to keep? Because for every grain of corn they give a peck.

TALMAGE ON DANCING.

The following most eloquent passage is from a sermon delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in his church, in Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday:

I come to-night to exhibit a group of what might be termed the dissipations of the ball-room. They swing an awful scythe of death, and are ministers to stand idly by and allow this evil to go on without saying a word for fear of trampling on the trail of some popular vanity? The whirlpool of the ball-room draws down from to-day half the life and the moral worth of a city. In this whirlwind of imported silks the existence of multitudes goes out. Bodies and souls of thousands are annually consumed in this great conflagration of ribbons. They are the abettors of pride, the inciters to jealousies, the sacrificial altars of truth, and the avenues of lust.

The tread of this wild, indiscriminate, heated midnight dance is dangerous to the purity of the hearthstones of a city.—Physical ruin is evident. What is to become of those who work all day and dance all night? A few years will turn them into coughing, cadaverous, exhausted imbeciles. In the book of God, those who have given up midnight to spiced wines, to hot liquors, and ride home through the winter's cold unwrapped from the elements, will be recorded as suicides. There is but a short step from the ball-room to the graveyard. A sepulchral breath floats up amid the perfumes of the ball-room, and the froth of death's lip bubbles in the champagne.

Many of our brightest homes are being desolated; many of them have broken up keeping house and gone to boarding in order to devote themselves more exclusively to the higher duties of the ball-room.

Farewell to books, to quiet culture, to all the amenities of home. The father will, after a while, go lower down into dissipation. The son will be tossed about in society a momentity. The daughter will elope with some French dancing-master, and the mother, still trying to keep within the glittering circle by every art, coaxes color to her cheek and the wrinkles from her brow, attempting all the arts of the belle without success—an old flirt, a miserable butterfly without any wings.

The first time that you find one of the faithful attendants at the ball-room suddenly engaged in home duties, let me know. I would like to see such a one, go a great ways. They have no home.—Their children unwashed, the china closet upset, the furniture dirty, the house a scene of misrule, confusion, cheerlessness and dirt. You can almost discover the sickening odors of unwashed, unclear and unventilated apartments, even amid the witcheries of the domestic ball-room.

This gilded sphere is utterly bed-warfing the intellect and soul. This constant study of little things; this borrowing anxiety about dress; this shoe-pinched, hair-flecked, strange spectered group; this shrivelling up of all man's moral dignity, until it is no more discernible with the naked eye; this taking of one's heart, that God meant to be filled with all amenities, and paring it until it is a heartless heart, lost; this wrapping of all the mind in the griefs of a spotted cravat; this trampling down of a soul that God meant for great upliftings, under the feet of the ball-room dance.

I prophesy the spiritual ruin of all continuous participants in this dissipation.—For the white-polished blads attending have been once on the road to heaven, but the flash of the ball-room chandelier lighted a torch for eternity.

From the table spread at the close of that besweated scene, who went home to say his prayers? Who? Who went about with acts of charity? Who? Who dressed the wounds of the soldier? Who? Not one! How multitudes waste and lose their souls.

Alas! to many this life is but a masquerade ball. As at such entertainments, gentlemen and ladies appear in dress as queens and kings and clowns, and mountebanks, and move to and fro in thorough disguise, so into this life all unclean passions move in disguise. Across the floor they trip merrily. The music throbs, *diamonds glitter*, lights bubble, the feet bound, gemmed hands—tinkling feet respond to tinkling feet. On with the dance! Flash and rustle and laughter immeasurable! But the languor of death comes over the limbs and blurs the sight. Light lowers! Music saddens into wail! Lights lower! Masquers can hardly be seen! *The fragrance of flowers is exchanged* for the sickening odors of garlands wrapped long in the tomb! A breath of air sweeps through the hall! The wreaths shake! Lights lower! Sights seem caught among the curtains! Glasses shaken by solemn thunders rattle loudly together! The scarf falls from the shoulder a shroud! The masks fall off, and to and fro on the slippery boards dances death; in glide jealousies, disappointments, despair!—Torn leaves and withered garlands half hide the ulcered feet! The stench of *lamp-wicks almost quench! choking damp! chillness! feet still! hands folded!* voices hushed! eyes shut!—LIGHTS OUT!

How He Got Drunk.

A Chicago paper contains the following confession made by a prisoner arraigned before the police court of that city for drunkenness: "I am A. P. Griffin. I want to call myself Smith, but I cannot tell a lie. I'd be sure to betray myself.—Last night I visited a friend; and took supper with him. Brandied peaches were on the table, and I ate many of them, They were nice, and I had an appetite.—Strange to say, they improved my conversational powers. I was witty. Whenever I spoke every one laughed. I got off a conundrum. It was wicked, but oh, how funny. It was "which of the Apostles is good to drink?" Paul, because a pall is a bier. It's a rule of three conundrum.

Then I left for home. I haven't reached it yet. On my way there a missionary awoke *in me. I would see what a* haunt of iniquity a rum shop looked like. I called for brandied peaches without the peaches. It was given me, and I drank it. The bar-keeper demanded twenty cents. Said I: "Friend, I am a missionary. Consequently I shall pay thee in tracts. Here are two dozen of them.—Read and profit thereby." He wouldn't take them. He cursed me. Then I got *angry, and forgot that I was a Christian.* I said, 'confound you.', But I had to pay him. It would seem that sometimes the wages of sin are twenty cents, What I did after that I don't know, I know my head aches. I know my hair is filled with ashes. I know I am a wicked sinner.

Now, Mr. Justice, don't fine me. If I didn't act right when I was drunk, it wasn't my fault. There is no hand-book *of drunkenness to teach me.* It was the peaches that made me drunk. I am going to write out my last night's experience. It will be in the form of a tract.—I will send you some that will make some nice Christmas gifts." To discourage people from becoming drunk on peaches, A. P. was fined $10.

☞ "Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" inquired a farmer of an old acquaintance—a temperance man—who was spending an evening at his home.

"Ah—hun—no, thank ye," said the old man, "I never drink any liquor of any kind—'specially cider; but, if you'll call it apple-juice, I'll take a drop!"

☞ One of our "intelligent" school trustees, at a meeting recently called for the purpose of seeing about building a new school house in the Ward, declared that it was necessary to have "a building large enough to accommodate two thousand pupils five-stories high."

☞ An advertiser says: Wanted—a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

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 sent 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 CARD Printing executed in the neatest style, at low prices.

Henry Ward Beecher on Love.

The following is from a recent sermon by the pastor of Plymouth church:

On earth there is nothing more beautiful than the first breaking of young, strong, new, pure love. No flower that ever blossomed, however fair; or fragrance that any flower ever emitted, however sweet; no bravery of the sky; no witchery of art; nothing that man ever invented or imagined, *is to* be compared with the hours of dawning love in the young soul. And it is a shame that men should be taught to be ashamed of that which is the prophecy of their highest being and glory. *Alas, that it should* ever perish in the using! Alas, that men should not know that to endure it must rise higher and higher, since *it is* only by growing into its full and later disclosures that it may be saved from quick mortality. It must grow or die; for that which suffices for a beginning is not enough for all, and for all time.

Love, therefore should be a schoolmaster, carrying its pupils up from room to room, through the whole university of the mind. As the lower begins first, it ends first. The higher, beginning latest, lasts the longest.

And, hence, true effection is strongest in the latter periods of being. Perhaps it is less stimulating than young love, but popular impression that we love strongest when we love earliest is not found in truth or analogy. No one knows the whole lore of love, that does not know how to love with reason, the imagination, and all the moral sentiments. It is the most interior school that the soul can know. Men may know how to deal with numbers and solve problems; but that is the rarest, the inermost; but the deepest knowledge that comes with loving by all the parts and faculties of the soul.

They only can love greatly or fruitfully who are good, since the line, the direction is from the flesh toward the spirit. It is from the low toward the high. It is from the substantial toward the invisible. And none can truly love except those whose life is the unfolding of their whole nature on the plan of Christianity.

How pitiful it is to see men build too low! I cannot bear to see the young gathering together and building their nests as the birds do. On my lawn I see the larks and other birds building in the grass, and know that before the young are fledged the remorseless mower, with revolving strokes, will sweep the ground, and the nests will be utterly destroyed, and the young out and wasted. And do I not see men building their nests just so? *Do I not see love beginning to nest*le in the flowers? But the flowers themselves are rooted in the dirt down low, close to the foot that easily shall crush them.

I mourn when I see a mother loving her children for time, for time only. I mourn when I see two natures that should be eternally affianced, loving each other within the horizons of time. There must be something higher than the circlings of this world. No love is fit to be called by the name of love that has not in it something of the other world, and much of immortality. It must have in it faith and hope. It must be a love that is served by the reason, by the imagination, by all that there is in the soul.—*Saturday Night.*

THE EVENING BEFORE WEDDING.—"I'll tell you," continued her aupt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far toward preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage; the second is the best and surest preservation of feminine character."

"Tell me," said Louisa, anxiously.

"The first is this: Demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise yourself, never, even, in jest to dispute or express any disagreement.—I tell you, never—for what begins in mere bantering will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is the one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession costs you some tears. Further, promise faithfully and solemnly, never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other, but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, sister, brother, *and the world.* Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which will indeed make you as one. O, if the newly married would but practice this spring of connubial peace, how many unions would be happy which are now miserable."—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ A short time ago our devil undertook too chew a quantity of tobacco called "Century." Having chewed a considerabl quantity, his stomache rejected and at once commenced delivering itself of its contents by force, when the following dialogue took place:

Mother—"What's wrong, son; have you been chewing tobacco?"

Devil—"No!"

Mother—"Well, what have you been eating?"

Devil—"Why, I was just chewing a little century."

The mother was satisfied.

A RAPID HORSE.—A gentleman riding a very ordinary looking horse, asked a negro whom he met how far it was to a neighboring town, whither he was going. The negro, looking at the animal under the rider with a broad grin of contempt, replied, "Wi' dat ar hoss, massa, it's jist fo'teen miles. Wi' a good chunk ob a hoss, seben miles; but if you jist had Massa Jimmy's hoss! Gosh! you're dare now!"

☞ A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone escaped.

"And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I did not go in te boat," was the Dutchman's complacent answer.

☞ A widow lady received a present of a turkey.

"Who sent it?" she asked of the Irish porter.

"I was told not to tell," said he.

"Ah, I can guess," said the lady.

"Bedad," said the porter; "that's just what I told Deacon Grant."

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife is one who puts her husband in at the side next to the wall, and tucks him to keep warm in winter—splits the wood—makes the fire in the morning—washes her husband's face, and draws on his boots for him—and always reproves the children when they eat up their father's supper.

☞ An unwashed street boy being asked what made him so dirty, his reply was, "I was made, they tell me, of the ground, and I reckon it is just working out."

☞ An editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to the crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

☞ A correspondent, in boasting of his wife's many exellencies, says she is beautiful, dutiful, arm-ful, youth-ful, and awful!

☞ A lazy fellow, lying down on the grass said "Oh, how I wish this was called work, and well paid for."