The American Volunteer.

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The American Volunteer.

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OFFICE--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per year if paid strictly in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months; after which Three Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

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July 11, 1867—tf

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.

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Hanno's Hotel.

Dec. 1, 1865.

JOHN. C. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street, Carlisle, Penna.

Dec. 1, 1865—1y.

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the rear of the Court House, next door to the "Herald" Office, Carlisle, Penna.

Dec. 1, 1865.

W. F. SADLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, South Hanover street.

Dec. 1, 1865.

W. KENNEDY ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer," South side of the Public Square.

Dec. 1. 1865.

JOHN LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.,

Feb. 15, 1866—ly.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office a few doors West of Hannon's Hotel.

Dec. 1, 1865.

DR. J. R. BIXLER offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity.

Office on Main street, opposite the jail, in the room lately occupied by L. Todd, Esq.

April 11, 1867—1y

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford, Carlisle, Penna.

Dec. 1, 1865.

Dry Goods.

1867. SPRING! 1867.

BARGAINS

Now opening in

DOMESTIC GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,

CASSIMERES, SATTINETTS AND JEANS,

WHITE GOODS,

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

ZEPHYRS,

RIBBONS AND NOTIONS

AT

RING'S NEW STORE,

NO. 55 WEST MAIN STREET,

Opposite the Mansion House,

Next door to the Post Office, Carlisle.

April 18, 1867.

LOOK OUT DRY GOODS MEN!

TO THE PUBLIC.

I have just returned from the East with my Spring Stock, and as usual, I am selling Goods a little cheaper than any other Dry Goods House in town. I do not think it necessary to occupy a column of newspaper to endeavor to keep up my reputation for selling Cheap Goods, nor do I wish to resort to any other clap-trap to gull the public. All I ask of them is to call and examine for themselves, and if not satisfied with the prices, not to buy. Remember the stand, No. 32 North Hanover street, next door to Dr. Kleiner's, and Miller & Bowers' Hardware store.

WM. A. MILES.

P. S. I will say nothing about my third and fourth grand openings.

April 18, 1867.

628. HOOP SKIRTS. 628.

NEW SPRING STYLES.

"OUR OWN MAKE."

embracing every New and Desirable size, style and Shape of Plain and Trail Hoop Skirts,—2 2 1-4, 2 3-4, 3 1-4, 3 1-2, 3 3-4 and 4 Yds., round every length and size Waist; in every respect FIRST QUALITY, and especially adapted to meet the wants of First Class and most fashionable Trade.

"Our Own Make," of Hoop Skirts, are lighter, more elastic, more durable, and really cheaper than any other make of either Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American Market. They are Warranted in every respect, and wherever introduced give universal satisfaction. They are now being extensively Sold by Retailers, and every Lady should try them.

Ask for "Hopkins's Own Make," and see that each Skirt is Stamped "W. T. HOPKINS MANUFACTURER, 628 Arch Street, Philadelphia."—No others are Genuine. A Catalogue containing Style, Size and Retail Prices, sent to any address. A Uniform and Liberal Discount allowed to Dealers. Orders by mail or otherwise, promptly and carefully filled—Wholesale and Retail, at Manufactory and Sales-rooms.

No. 628 ARCH Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Skirts made to order, altered and repaired.

Terms, Net Cash. One Price Only.

WILLIAM T. HOPKINS.

April 18, 1867—10m.

GREAT WATCH SALE!

2000 WATCHES, Patent Lever Movements, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, Sterling Silver, Beautifully Engraved and in every respect first class Timers. To be sold at six dollars each, being less than three-fourths the cost of manufacturing.—These watches are retailed by Jewelers at from $15 to $18, the actual cost to the manufacturer being $9 each. This stock of watches was purchased at a Bankrupt Sale in London, and are now offered at such extremely low figures, that all may possess a correct Time-keeper at a merely nominal sum. Every watch warranted for 3 years. Parties ordering them sent by mail, must enclose 36 cents extra to repay postage. Money enclosed in a well sealed letter may be sent at my risk.

Address all orders to MARLIN CONNOR, ALBANY, N. Y.

May 16, 1867—1y

E. CONRMAN. DR. C. M. WORTHINGTON.

NEW DRUG STORE.

The subscribers have opened a new

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE,

No. 7, East Main Street, Carlisle,

where they have just received a large and fresh supply *of the very best*

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

to be found in the City Markets, to which they invite the attention of the public.

Also, a large variety of

PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES,

Dye Stuffs, and all the various Patent Medicines.

All Drugs and Medicines warranted pure.

☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.

CORNMAN & WORTHINGTON.

April 25, 1867—6m

PLAIN and FANCY PRINTING of EVERY DESCRIPTION *neatly executed* at the VOLUNTEER Office.

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. 1. SIX of the finest BUILDING LOTS in the Borough, on South Hanover Street.

No. 2. The six most elevated BUILDING LOTS in the Borough, situated at the head of South St.

IN THE COUNTRY.

No. 3. 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, Ottomans, Bureaus, What-Nots, Secretaries, &c., &c., Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, Kitchen and Office

FURNITURE,

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. 43, 1866—tf

CABINET WARE HOUSE.

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 Metallic 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 *Watt's Spring Mattress*, 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 Bureaus, Secretaries, Work-stands, Parlor Ware, Upholstered Chairs, Sofas, 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 style, and all under his own supervision. If 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.

PIPER'S BOOK AND FANCY STORE,

AND GENERAL NEWS DEPOT,

33 WEST MAIN STREET,

CARLISLE, PA.

A fine assortment of Goods on hand, such as Writing Desks, Port Folios, Ladies Companions, Work Boxes, Satchels, Ladies' Purses, Pocket Books, Segar Cases, Card Cases, Gold Pens, Pen Knives, &c., &c.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF FAMILY BIBLES and PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, AT REDUCED PRICES.

DIARIES FOR 1867.

Subscriptions received for all Magazines, Fashion Books, Papers, &c., at publishers prices. Save postage and always sure of receiving your Magazines by subscribing at PIPER'S.

Special attention is paid to keeping always on hand a supply of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

for town and country schools.

Books and Music ordered when desired.

May 23, 1867—tf

BEALE'S

(LATE POWELL'S) EMBROCATION,

For all Diseases incident to Horses, Cattle, and the Human Flesh, requiring the use of an external application.

This new Compound, prepared by a practical Chemist having a full knowledge of all the medical virtues of each ingredient that enters into its composition, is warranted to exceed anything of the kind ever yet offered to the public as an external application for the diseases which it is recommended. We are satisfied that it will work its way into the confidence of all who use it, and those who try it once will never be without it, and therefore we rely on experience as the best test of its usefulness. It is pronounced by Farriers, and all who have tried it to be the best application ever used. This Embrocation has been put up for over eight years, and it is only through the increasing demand and urgent request of my friends and the public that I send it forth as the grand remedial agent for the various diseases to which that noble and useful animal, *the horse, is subject.*

Many remedies have been offered to the public under different forms, some of these are injurious, others at best of little use, and many wholly improper to answer the purposes for which they are recommended.

A judicious and really useful composition free from these objections, has therefore long been desired by many gentlemen who have valuable horses, and are unwilling to trust them to the care of designing and pretended Farriers. Their wishes are at length fully gratified by Dr. Beale being prevailed upon to allow this valuable Embrocation (which has proved so efficacious to the various diseases) to be prepared and brought out to the public.

This Embrocation was extensively used by the Government during the war.

Address all Orders to DR. EDMOND BEALE,

602 South Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ For sale at the Drug Stores of Cornman & Worthington, East Main St. eet, and D. Ralston, South Hanover Street, Carlisle.

April 11, 1867—3m

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE MILLION!

I will send, post-paid, 50 Photographs of the most celebrated Actors for 60 cents; 50 Actresses for 50 cents; 50 Union Generals for 50 cents; 50 Rebel Generals for 50 cents; 50 Statesmen for 50 cents; 50 beautiful young Ladies for 50 cents; 50 fine-looking young Gentlemen for 50 cents; 6 large Photographs of French Dancing Girls, in costume, beautifully colored, exactly as they appear, for 50 cents; or for 50 cents, 6 of the most beautiful Ladies of the Parisian Ballet Troupe, as they appear in the play of the Black Crook, at Niblo's Garden, New York.

Send all orders to F. O. Box 177, Troy, N. Y

May 16, 1867—1y

Medical

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne, used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflamation, to perfume clothing, for headache, &c. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York, Wholesale Agents.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

S. T.—1860—X.

Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, &c., deserve to suffer if they will not try the celebrated PLANTATION BITTERS, which are now recommended by the highest *medical authorities*, and warranted to produce the *immediate* beneficial effect. They are exceedingly agreeable, perfectly pure, and must supersede all other tonics where a healthy, gentle stimulant is required.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.

They create a healthy appetite.

They are an antidote to change of water and diet.

They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.

They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.

They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.

They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.

They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache

They make the weak strong, the languid brilliant, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are composed of the celebrated Calisaya bark, wintergreen, sassafras, roots and herbs, all preserved in perfectly pure St. Croix rum. For particulars, see circulars and testimonials around each bottle.

Beware of impostors. Examine every bottle. See that it has our private U. S. stamp unmutilated over the cork, with plantation scene, and our signature on a fine steel plate side label. See that our bottle is not refilled with spurious and deleterious stuff. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters by the gallon or in bulk, is an impostor. Any person imitating this bottle, or selling any other material therein, whether called Plantation Bitters or not, is a criminal under the U. S. Law, and will be so prosecuted by us.—The demand for Drake's Plantation Bitters, from ladies, clergymen, merchants, &c., is incredible. The simple trial of a bottle is the evidence we present of their worth and superiority. They are sold by all respectable druggists, grocers, physicians, hotels, saloons, steamboats and country stores.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists

Have you a hurt child or a lame horse? Use the Mexican Mustang Liniment.

For cuts, sprains burns, swellings and caked breasts, the Mexican Mustang Liniment is a certain cure.

For rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff joints, stings and bites, there is nothing like the Mexican Mustang Liniment.

For spavined horses, the poll-evil, ringbone and sweeny, the Mexican Mustang Liniment never fails.

For wind-galls, scratches, big-head and splint, the Mexican Mustang Liniment is worth its weight in gold.

Cuts, bruises, sprains and swellings, are so common and certain to occur in every family, that a bottle of this Liniment is the best investment that can be made.

It is more certain than the doctor—it saves time in sending for the doctor—it is cheaper than the doctor, and should never be dispensed with.

In lifting the kettle from the fire, it tipped over and scalded my hands terribly. * * * The Mustang Liniment extracted the pain, caused the sore to heal rapidly, and left very little scar.

CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad St., Phila.

Mr. S. Litch, of Yorde Park, Va., writes: "My horse was considered worthless, (spavin,) but since the use of the Mustang Liniment, I have sold him for $150. Your Liniment is doing wonders up here.

All genuine is wrapped in steel plate engravings, signed, G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and also has the private U. S. stamp of DEMAS BARNES & CO., over the top.

Look closely, and be not deceived by Counterfeits.

Sold by all Druggists, at 25, 50 cts., and $1.00.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft and glossy.
It prevents hair turning gray and falling off.
It restores hair upon prematurely bald heads
This is just what Lyon's Kathairon will do. It is pretty—it is cheap—durable. It is literally sold by the car-load, and yet its almost incredible demand is daily increasing, until there is hardly a country store that does not keep it, or a family that does not use it.

E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists

Who would not be beautiful? Who would not add to their beauty? What gives that marble purity and delicate appearance so admired upon the stage and in the city belle! It is no longer a secret. They use Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Its continued use removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness, from the face and hands, and leaves the complexion smooth, transparent, blooming and ravishing. Unlike many cosmetics, it contains no material injurious to the skin. Any Druggist will order it for you, if not on hand, at 50 cents per bottle.

W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y., Chemist,

DEMAS BARNES & Co., Wholesale Agts., N. Y.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists

Heimstreet's inimitable Hair Coloring is not a dye. All instantaneous dyes are composed of *lunar caustic*, and more or less destroy the vitality and beauty of the hair. This is the original Hair Coloring, and has been growing in favor over twenty years. It restores gray hair to its original color by gradual absorption, in a most remarkable manner. It is also a beautiful hair dressing. Sold in two sizes—50 cents and $1—by all dealers.

C. HEIMSTREET, Chemist.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, &c., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cts per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

For sale at Hartshorne's and Halston's Drug Stores, Carlisle.

Poetical.

THE STAMMERING WIFE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed if the lady would only be mine
I would always endeavor to please her—
She blushed her consent, though the stutter'g lass
Said never a word except, "you're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog-dog-dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon."

And once when I said, "we can hardly afford
This extravagant style with our moderate hoard,"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceeding blue—
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew-Jew-Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser."

Again, when it happened that wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cus—cus—cus—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
A feeling the woman was greatly to blame,
To scold me instead of caressing—
I mimicked her speech—like a churl as I am—
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing."

Miscellaneous.

JIM NELSON'S REVENGE.

BY JOHN TRAVERS.

I always like coming straight at things, so if I am going to tell what I know about this, I ask your leave to do it in my own way, for I'm a plain man with plain words, and have no knowledge of writing fine, so here goes:

I was married to Susan Gatley on the first of February in the year 1803, at St. Paul's Church, Highford street, which may be seen by looking at the writing in the books. Her father is in the butchering line. He says to me, when I asked Susan: "William," says he, "of course I have a liking for my little girl, and likes to see her well settled in life and happy, and I asks you as a man and a father, what's your lookout?"

"Susan's father," says I, "I drive, as you know, on the Great Eastern that goes across the country, with £200 a year and fuel, and I'll take care of your Susan and be a kind and dutiful man to her."

"William," says he, shaking my hand, with tears in his eyes that the pleating of all his lambs he's killed in his day couldn't bring; "you can take her, and good luck to yer, though since her mother was throwed she's been bite and sup to me, and 'Eaven help but may she be the same to you."

Well, I was going away, feeling happy along of the ease with which things was working, when he calls me back, saying, "William, I ain't a wicious man, nor yet a backbiter, but I must say that, if you take Susan, you get an enemy along with her."

"Sho!" says I, taken quite aback.

"Fact," says he; "that Jim Nelson, has been hankering after my little girl, off and on; but she don't like him. No more do I; and no more do you.

I nodded "yes."

"And he told me one night that he'd be an enemy to him that got Susan, without 'twas himself."

"Never you fear; I thought that it was them lawyers that might be drivin of us apart," said I, laughing hearty; but the old fellow shook his head in a doubtful style.

Well we—that is Susan and I—were wedlocked, as they call it, gay and happy as a marriage bell; and we were coming out of the church, when up came Jim Nelson, white around the mouth and nose, and he whispered to me, "William Rogers, there's something betwixt you and me so long as you live, which won't be long."

What he said quickly; and before I could get Susan's arm off, so as to give him a clip, Susan's pa, who was walking behind with a white rose in his mouth, stepped up, and, being a strong man, he caught Jim by the shoulders and turned him round, and gave him one with his boot. I think it was done well, for he rolled down the steps and into a hole that the sexton was in, and that made it worse. I didn't feel like laughing, for it seemed unnatural; and that day was, to me, happy, and I wanted it so all around; and it felt as though my engine was running over the sleepers, instead of on the rails, when Jim got up out of the hole, all covered with dirt, and stood, as pale as a ghost, shaking his fist at me and Susan, without speaking a word.

I couldn't shake off the remembrance of it all that day nor the next, and a kind of dread stuck to me; in spite of all I could do the thoughts of it would come unbidden to me in the oddest places, and I began to feel a little strange. It wasn't fear for me at all, but I kept thinking, suppose that he should dosome harm to Susan when I was away on the road, or come and scare her with his white face. By George! thinks I to myself, I'd tie him on the track lengthwise and run over him if I thought he'd do that. I know it was a cruel thing to think of him who had done me no harm, but I was just so savage along of thinking of his wanting to come between me and my lawful wife.

The next day I went on my route as usual, which was from Croydon to Paiserton, just 103 miles. I drive the Nestor with the express down in the morning and then back to Croydon again, starting at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon; though that is not quite certain, as we have to wait for passengers by the boat, and that is kept back by storms and such like, though on the average the time doesn't vary more than fifteen minutes.

In the winter time, as it was when this happened, of course it is dark as pitch when we run into Croydon, without there's a moon; and I always look well at the head light and drive with my eyes wide open; and I generally let her go full, as the track is well cleared of special trains at that time, and the way they have of telegraphing now-a-days, keeps me well posted about the track ahead by the signal lanterns along the route. So you see I felt pretty safe, and knowing I was a careful man, I didn't have much fear that I'd let anything go that would show that Jim was going to get his revenge by doing me a harm on the road, or by spoiling my reputation as an engineer. For, do you see, the idea struck me that, knowing the road himself, and all its workings, that he might think it was easy to hurt me that way, and so I kept my eyes open.

The next day I looked at Jim's house, which is about twenty miles out of Croydon, in the woods, and near the track, and I saw him standing in the doorway, scowling at me, or, least ways, where he knew I was, for he knew my train and habits, as we were chums once. He kept his eye on the cab window, and as we got almost out of sight, I looked around sudden, and saw him shaking his fist at the train. Thinks I to myself when I saw that, William Rogers, you look sharp when you come back over this route to-night; men that have a spite that lives as strong as that, two days and two nights, ought to be looked after, and more than that, Susan said to me that morning when she was putting my dinner in the pail, says she, "William, dear"—

"Yes, Susan," says I, with my mouth full of bread.

"William, would it make much difference if you came in half an hour late to-night with the train?"

"No, Susan, perhaps not." You see I half knew what was coming.

"Because I'm afraid, almost, of something; don't ask me what it is, for I don't know myself. I feel it somehow, and want you to drive slow, and promise me, William dear, to look at the lanterns, and wheels, and things, won't you?"

"Susan," says I, kissing of her, "I'll walk her all the way."

And that was what I was going to do. I made Collins, the firemen, mad as a March hare making him go through the wheels twice with a hammer before we started back from Palterton that night. I went through the engine myself, examined the springs and levers, and had two extra men put on the brakes and an extra lantern fastened on the engine in front of the boiler. They all laughed at me, but I kept on till I felt that things were as they should be.

When I was speaking of Jim Nelson's house in the woods, perhaps I ought to have said that he was a widower and had a little tot of a baby, and I noticed it as I ran by that morning, playing round in the door-yard. I saw this so that that which comes after may be better understood.

Well, we started back at 4:20, that is, back to Croydon. It was storming as I thought it never did before; the clouds rolling up black and the wind came down from the mountains cold and blustering. I shut her all up tight and turned down the light in the cab so that I might see better how things went outside. Pretty soon it came on to rain, mixed with hail, and the night came down blacker than before. I kept my hand on the lever and my eyes to the broad streak of light that lit up about two hundred yards of the track. I let her along easy at about twenty miles an hour, taking a look now and then at the cars and keeping an eye on everything. We ran on steadily this way for two hours and lost fifteen minutes, and still everything was right. I kept my course, as the danger commenced now if there was any at all. The storm and rain were worse than ever, and beat against us like mad, and blew the smoke and steam down over us so that I felt like stopping altogether, but of course this wouldn't do. We kept on this way for another hour, feeling our way carefully. About twenty minutes after that I get off my seat to look at the oil cups and guage, when, quick as lightning, Collins, the fireman jerked my arm and shouted: "Good God, there's a child crawling on the track!"

I shoved my lever back and pulled the whistle valve short and quick, and opened the cab window and jumped out on the engine,—in doing so, I thought afterward, I must have kicked the lever back again. At that moment what I saw made me forget everything else, for sure enough, about two hundred feet in front of the engine, in the middle of the track was a little one, kneeling on its hands and knees, and without moving, that looking straight at the light of the lanterns. God help me, says I, seeing the poor thing must be killed if I didn't help it, and I scrambled forward past the boiler and out on the cow-catcher. The wheels of the cars grated, but the engine was working harder than it had that night. I couldn't stop to think why, and putting my feet between the bars, I caught hold of the shackle with my left hand and leaned forward over the track. I shut my teeth together tight and held on like death, knowing well that a slip of my hand or foot would end me. The poor cowering little thing crept away to one side, but was so scared that it had sunk down and was laying on its belly across the rail. "God help it!" again says I, bending low down, and I stuck my arm out straight and stiff, with my hand an inch from the track; in an instant I shoved my hand under the body of the child, but pushed it along about five feet before I could close my hand on the dress, then I lifted it up over my head and put it on the platform behind me, and then, quick as may be, I followed, I felt a kind of weakness coming over me. I took the baby in my arms, but was too weak to go back, so I sat there. The engine was going like lightning and the rain was beating in mine and the baby's face, and the wheels was grinding and roaring, and afore heaven I never was so womanish along of any danger I have been in, as I was then, with the poor little thing, and its arms around my neck, and sobbing as if its heart would break. I was only there a minute, and was nearly fainting, when I heard a shouting louder than the storm and the noise of the engine, and I opened my eyes and saw the figure of a man about thirty yards in front of the engine. He stooped down, then jumped up with something large in his hands, and threw it off the track; then he did it again and again. He worked quick and wild like, and just before the engine reached him, he jumped off, and the glare of the lantern fell on him at that instant, and showed a face which was pale round the lips and nose, such a look on it as I had seen a day before.

Well, I got back to the cab with the baby, and whistled the brakes off, and went into Croydon thirty-five minutes before time. I told Susan all about it, and she took to the baby in fine style, and she and I sat by the fire that evening, talking and wondering over what had happened, when a knock came to the door, and I went to it and says, "Who's there?"

"It's me," says a voice, which was trembling as though the man was crying; "let me in Rogers. I'm Jim Nelson. I've got nothing agin you and Susan now, God knows."

So I opened the door and he came in, staggering as if he was in liquor, and as white as snow. Then he looked around the room, and seeing the child in Susan's lap he ran to it, and kneeling down buried his face in its clothes and sobbed and cried as I never saw a man before or since. After a while he got a little calmed; then he stood up, and turning round to me he says:

"William Rogers, I meant to do you harm to-night; but you saved the little one for me, which is all I have to love in this big world. You took one away from me, and I thought to mend my breaking; but, William," he went on, "I wasn't the old Jim Nelson, which is a true man, and who is a speaking to you now, and so I asks forgiveness of you and her."

Then Susan and I shook hands with him, but we could not speak a word. Then Jim stooped down and took the baby into his arms, and says, as a last word to Susan and me;

"God bless both of you for man and wife," says he, "and may you always be happy."—Then he turned and shut the door behind him and went out into the storm and rain—and I have never seen him since.

WHO IS SAFE.—God has never created a mind yet that can safely challenge combat with the appetite. Earth has no ambition that is not engulfed, no hope which is not blasted, no tie which is not broken, no sanctuary which is not invaded, no friend, no kinsman, wife or child that is not forgotten; no fibre of human agony which is not wrung. Minds of common mould will go through life without excess while those gifted with God-like powers are smitten with weakness. The gifted author of *Childe Harold* walked in fetters, and died at Misolonghi of a drunken debauch. He who led the prosecution in the British Parliament against Hastings, was hurried to the grave to escape the clutch of his landlords. Poor Charley Fox! And the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming* died a drivelling imbecile. How the "Gentle Elia" wept over the habit that enthralled him—how these tragedies of human individual history—of temptation and fall—stalk before us! The history of the best minds of our land is darkened by these episodes of weakness and ruin.

GOD gives to little seeds wings, and they fly away on all the winds where He sends them; and wherever they alight they go right to work to make a tree and bear fruit. Shall not man be as faithful as they, and shoot forth branches and bear fruit in any spot where God places him?

DEAD BROKE.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

We found a man seated on a curb stone, near the post office, last night, muttering to himself apparently, as there was no one else to mutter to. We felt constrained to ask him what he was doing there?

'Hain't doin' nothin',' was the reply.

'Where do you belong?'

'Don't b'long nowhere, and nowhere don't b'long to me.'

'Who are you?'

'I'm Broke.'

'Well, suppose you are broke; you've got a name, haven't you? What is it?'

'I tell ye I'm broke—Dead Broke—that's my name, and that's my natur'.—My father was broke before me. If he hadn't been, I wouldn't be Broke now—at least, not so bad. My mother was a Peaseley, but she wanted a husband, and she got Broke—that's my dad—and Broke got me. I've been Broke ever since.'

For a few moments the unhappy D. Broke buried his face in his hands, and seemed lost in the most doleful reflections. Then raising his head, he exclaimed bitterly:

'I wish I had been born a colt!'

'Why do you wish you had been born a colt?'

"Because a colt ain't *broke* until he is two or three years old. I was Broke the moment I saw the light, and I never got over it. It is hard to be broke so young.'

'How did your parents come to call you Dead Broke?'

'Well, ye see, as soon as I was born something seemed to tell me that I had got to be Broke all my life, unless I could get my name changed by act of Legislature, and that, you know, would be an impossibility.'

'How an impossibility.'

'Are you such a blockhead as to suppose that a man can get anything through the Legislature when he is *broke?*'

'You are right. Go on.'

'When the conviction forced itself upon my infant brain, confused as it was by recent experiences, that I must be Broke all my life, I felt that there was nothing left to live for, and lost all consciousness at once. (I have found only a part of it since.)

'He is dead!' cried my mother, wringing her hands.

'Yes,' groaned my father, 'dead *broke!*'

'I revived, alas, but Dead Broke became my name, and I have been dead broke ever since.

'My name has been fatal to me all through life. The smallest boy in school always *broke* me in playing marbles. I broke more windows than any other boy in base ball. I always *broke* down at recitations, and had my head *broke* every day by the schoolmaster. When I left school I went to clerk it for a broker.—One day there was a heavy deficit in the accounts. I was afraid he might think that I had something to do with it—so I—I *broke.* They caught me though, I broke out.'

'Out of jail?'

'No d——n it, *broke out with the small-pox!*'

'What did you do next?'

'After the court had disposed of my case, I was allowed to go into the brokerage business again.'

'How was that?'

'I *broke* stone in the penitentiary, dog on it! After I got out I broke everything. I broke my promise, broke the Sabbath, and broke the pledge.'

'Were you ever married.'

'Yes (sighing deeply), matrimony broke me up worse than anything else. My wife was a regular ripper. She broke up my furniture and the dishes, nearly broke my back with a flat-iron, and finally broke my heart.'

'By running away?'

'No, indeed, by sticking to me.'

'You have had a hard time of it.'

'All owing to my name. But bad as I dislike it, it's mine; I came by it honestly. You wouldn't think any body else would want to be in my place, would ye? but there are thousands of imposters all over the country, trying to pass themselves off for me.'

'In what way?'

'When they tell their creditors they are 'Dead Broke.'

There was another pause, during which the unhappy possessor of an unfortunate name could be heard to sob. At length he broke out—

'It will be a simple and fitting inscription for my tombstone, though.'

'What?'

'DEAD BROKE.'

LABLACHE THE "GREAT" BASSO.

It is a terrible thing to be an excessively large man; and yet large men are sometimes men of genius. Witness Lablache, for instance, the great bass singer.

He was immense, both in size and vocal music—how immense may be gathered from the following anecdote, told by an old associate:

"Lablanche died at Naples on January 23, 1858, at the age of sixty-three, in the villa now inhabited by his son-in-law, Thalberg. We shall never see his like again. The Jove-like head, planted on a colossal body, seemed the incarnation of every priestly attitude, when the grand old Druid Orevese trod the stage. Who that ever saw or heard him can forget the majesty of his look and the thunder of his voice?"

Rossini, writing an account of the first night of "Puritana" in Paris, to a friend in Boulogne, naively declared it was quite unnecessary for him to say anything about the duet "Suono la Tromba," between Lablache and Tamburini, for he was quite sure it must have been heard all over the country. There never was, and probably never will be again, in our time, such a marvelously toned bass voice as that of Lablache. In private life Lablache was a most delightful companion, full of anecdote and repartee. His power of facial expression was remarkable. I have seen him portray a coming storm, every phase of a tempest, and the return of fine weather, by the mere change of his countenance—Grisi sitting opposite to the different phenomena.

His travelling about was always a serious matter. No ordinary vehicle was safe to hold him. His enormous weight rendered it necessary for his servants to take about a chair and bedding for his especial use. It was difficult to find a carriage the doors of which were large enough for him to pass.

On one occasion the rehearsal at her Majesty's Theatre terminating sooner than was expected, and before his brougham had come to fetch him, a street cab was ordered. The cabman looked alarmed when his form, issued from the stage door and showed the test which the vehicle had to undergo.

"He'll never get in sir," said the man dispairingly to me as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who seemed also to have his doubts on the question. We approached the vehicle; the door was opened wide. Sideways, frontways, backways, the prize basso tried to effect an entrance but in vain. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went to the opposite side and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in.

"It's no go," cried the cabman; "he'll ruin my cab."

One more effort. A long pull, a strong push—a pull and a push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulty had not yet come to an end. Wishing to change his position (he had inadvertently sat down with his back to the horse) he rose, the whole of his prodigious weight was upon a few slender boards, forming the bottom of the cab.—Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle that had been going on when the boards gave way, and his feet and legs were seen standing in the road. The driver swore—Lablache grinned—the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomine was ever more ludicrous.—Fortunately Lablache sustained no injury. Had the horse moved, the consequence of the accident would have been serious.—The same process of shoving and pulling, but reversed, was necessary to extricate him. Whether greater violence than at first was used or not; the door in this instance was torn from its hinges, and the cab (previously a good looking vehicle), now presented the most melancholy appearance of a complete wreck. The cabman uttered curses loud and deep, but was pacified by the assurance that the damage should be made good, and his loss of time remunerated. I do not think the great basso ever again attempted to ride in a hackney coach.

"YOUNG PAUGUS."

The "old French War" was over. The banners of England had long streamed