The American Volunteer.

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The American Volunteer.

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OFFICE—SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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JOHN LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 15, 1866—1y.

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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 25, 1867.

NOTICE!

A NEW ATTRACTION AT

BENTZ'S STORE.

We have now received a new and great supply of

HOMEMADE GOODS,

consisting of

CASSIMERES, SATTINETTS, JEANS, WHITE and COLORED FLANNELS, also, YARNS, &c., &c.

These we consider a great acquisition to our immense stock of

LADIES' CLOAKINGS

in endless variety, such as WHITNEY BEAVERS, in different colors, CHINCHILLAS, &c.

Our carpet department has again been replenished with cheap and every description of desirable

CARPETINGS & OIL CLOTHS

in variety of design. Nov. 7, 1867. *No. 27 S. Hanover St.*

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WILLIAM T. HOPKINS,

"OUR OWN MAKE."

After more than five years experience and experimenting in the manufacture of STRICTLY FIRST QUALITY HOOP SKIRTS, we offer our justly celebrated goods to merchants and the public in confidence of their superiority over all others in the American market, and they are so acknowledged by all who wear or deal in them, as they give more satisfaction than any other skirt, and recommend themselves in every respect. Dealers in Hoop Skirts should make a note of this fact, and EVERY LADY WHO HAS *NOT GIVEN THEM A TRIAL SHOULD DO SO* WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY.

Our assortment embraces every style, length and size for Ladies, Misses and Children. Also, Skirts MADE TO ORDER, altered and repaired.

Ask for "Hopkins' Own Make," and be not deceived. See that the letter "H" is woven on the tapes between each hoop, and that they are stamped "W. T. HOPKINS, MANUFACTURER, 628 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA," upon each tape. No others are genuine.

Also, constantly on hand a full line of good New York and Easton made Skirts, at very low prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

at the PHILADELPHIA HOOP SKIRT Manufactory and Emporium, No. 628 ARCH STREET, *PHILADELPHIA.*

April 18, 1867—1m. WILLIAM T. HOPKINS.

Drug Store.

DRUGS! DRUGS!—Dr. D. Cornman having established an extensive drug business as well as his Drug business in the city of Pittsburg, several years ago, on account of ill health, has now opened at No. 38 N. Hanover street, between the office's of Drs. Kieffer and Zitzer, a DRUG STORE, where he has and is receiving every few days a pure stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs and everything generally kept in a well-regulated City Drug Store. Prescriptions carefully compounded, and family receipts will receive special care. The Dr. can be consulted at any hour, at his office, back of his store, or at his dwelling, No. 112 N. Hanover street, after store hours. Remember the place, No. 38 N. Hanover Street, Carlisle.

Sept. 12, 1867—1y DR. D. CORNMAN.

EVERY VARIFTY of Cooking Utensils, Tin, Sheet-Iron and Japanned Ware, for sale by HINKSMITH & RUPP, *No. 63 North Hanover Street, Carlisle.* Oct. 31, 1867—tf

Stoves, Tinware, &c.

WANTED! WANTED

EVERYBODY

TO CALL ON

MESSRS. WALKER & CLAUDY,

AT GORGAS' OLD STAND,

CHURCH ALLEY,

IN REAR OF RHEEM'S HALL,

TO SEE THE LARGEST STOCK OF

STOVES AND TINWARE

EVER OFFERED IN CARISLE.

As the season is approaching for house-keepers and others to look for a GOOD STOVE, we would beg leave to call their attention to our stock of

COOKING STOVES,

among which may be found the following now in the market:

REGULATOR, QUAKER CITY, NOBLE COOK, SUSQUEHANNA, NIAGARA, COMBINATION and EXCELSIOR PENN,

all of which are warranted to be the best

ROASTERS AND BAKERS,

with all the MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

We would call especial attention to the REGULATOR COOK, which possesses advantages which should recommend it to all. It has a REVOLVING TOP, by which arrangement the cook can reverse the cooking utensils to any position desired without the NECESSARY LIFTING. It is decidedly the best cook stove in the market.

Messrs. Walker & Claudy have also on hand a large stock of

OFFICE, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM STOVES

among which may be found the celebrated BASE BURNING

MORNING GLORY!!!

MORNING GLORY. SOLD BY WALKER & CLAUDY, Sole Agents FOR CARLISLE. MORNING GLORY. MORNING GLORY. MORNING GLORY.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OFFICE AND PARLOR STOVE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the MORNING GLORY, which so far has taken the lead of all other stoves in the market. It is a gas consumer, burns its own cinder, and requires very little attention after the fire is made, it being so arranged that it will

FEED ITS OWN COAL!

For proof of what we have stated we would refer all to the following gentlemen of Carlisle and vicinity, who have had the MORNING GLORY in use last winter, and will cheerfully testify to its merits:

JOHN CAMPBELL, GEO. WEISE, DAVID RHOADS, W. B. MULLIN, Esq., H. L. BURKHOLDER, JOHN DUNBAR, J. M. WEAKLEY, Esq., JACOB RITNER, &c.

We would respectfully ask those who wish to purchase a No. 1 stove to call at once and examine

THE MORNING GLORY!

We also have on hand the

MORNING GLORY HEATER!

WHICH CANNOT FAIL TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION!

FISHER'S FRUIT CANS

constantly kept on hand and for sale.

Our stock of TINWARE is complete in all its branches and will be sold at reasonable prices.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING AND GENERAL JOBBING,

promptly attended to and done in the most workmanlike manner.

☞ Do not forget to give us AN EARLY CALL!

WALKER & CLAUDY, *Gorgas' Old Stand.* August 1, 1867—3m

JAMES M'GONIGAL,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

STOVES TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

South Hanover St., Adjoining Blair & Son's Grocery, CARLISLE, PA.

The subscriber thankful for past favors, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has now on hand a large supply of the latest and best improved

COOK and PARLOR STOVES, HEATERS and RANGES.

In the Stove Department we desire to call particular attention to the following, comprising as they do, the very best Cook and Parlor Stoves now in use:

NIMROD, QUAKER CITY, EXCELSIOR, PENN, NOBLE COOK, NIAGARA, SUSQUEHANNA and IRONSIDES.

To speak at length of the different Stoves would occupy too much space, but we deem it necessary to call the attention of the public to the

EMPIRE GAS BURNER.

This truly wonderful Parlor and Office Stove is so constructed that the cheapest quality of coal (Limeburner's), can be used with success. It burns continuously and the fire is easily kindled. It is capable of heating one room below and two rooms above. There is no dust and no escape of gas, and an actual saving of coal, which in two or three seasons will pay for the stove.

The Empire has many valuable qualities which can only be fully appreciated by seeing it in operation. We claim that it is far superior to any other stove now in use, and we feel satisfied that we can convince all who will favor us with an examination of the Stove at our shop of this part.

We have on hand a full assortment of

TINWARE.

Repairing promptly attended to. Roofing done at the *shortest* notice. Spouting will be put up on reasonable terms and with despatch.

Please give us a call at No. 83, South Hanover Street, adjoining Blair's Grocery.

JAMES M'GONIGAL. Sept. 19, 1867—6m

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

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY, E. D.

HERMOSILLA, C. T., August 1, 1867.

Judge Bradford, Mr. Fosdick, Colonel Boone and Mr. Haven came from Pueblo to Fort Lyon as a committee to welcome Gen. Wright's expedition to the Territory, and offer him any aid they could in advancing his great undertaking. From them I learned that the Arkansas was "well settled to Canon City." But a Western man's idea of "well settled" is very different from that of a Lancaster county farmer. The two closest neighbors I saw on the Arkansas were four miles apart, and the greatest distance I traveled without meeting a ranch was from Doan's Ferry to Brananan's, a distance of nearly thirty miles. We traveled on the south side of the river, having crossed on the rickety ferry at Doan's.—No doubt there are more settlements on the opposite bank.

A CHARACTER.

One of the most peculiar, and we think a characteristic man of this region, we encountered near Brananan's. In company with Lieut. Hanay and Capt. Stuart I rode to the bottom, where we saw a stove-pipe sticking above a pile of badly-arranged logs that had taken, as if by chance, a shanty shape. On checking our horses before the opening to this curious structure, we saw sitting on the doorsteps a man about forty years of age, with long, light-colored hair and reddish beard that had a sort of John-Brown-look about it. His eyes were gray and rather soft, while his mouth was working with a motion supposed to be peculiar to persons who are eating hot musk; in truth, the fellow was taxing his energies to retain and masticate an enormous quid of tobacco, which seemed to be a great producer of saffron-colored saliva. He was bareheaded and barefooted, and on our approach he stood up to his full six feet. He looked as he stretched himself as if he could draw himself out to twice that length, like a sliding telescope, but he was too lazy to do so. He had on a shirt and a pair of ragged pants, and no doubt he felt those articles of dress to be very cumbersome, wearing them merely to show his respect for society.

"How do you do, sir," one of our party asked; "have you got any milk?"

"Nary drop; I'm getting on bully," came the reply.

"Got any water in the house?"

"No sir, but I kin git some. Phil, Phil!"

After he had called "Phil" several times, we heard a noise in the cabin, and in a few minutes a huge, dirty, overgrown boy of nineteen rubbing his eyes, rubbing his eyes and yawning—(it was 2 o'clock, P. M.)

"Phil, git some water for these fellers."

Phil started for the water, and the rancheman turned to Stuart, and giving his waistband a sailor-like hitch, asked:

"What brought yeh a-got that critter, and how much did yeh guv for 'em?"

Stuart told him the place and price.

"Now, see heah, stranger, yeh've bin fooled the dogondest! That strate critter ain't worth no sich money. I'll give yeh a hoss worth four of him for jis half that money, and I'll take that-thar wild brute in part payment. Yeh see I haint bin long in this country, but I knows hosses. My wife kin break a critter as well as I kin—but I wouldn't let Moll ride that hoss no how."

Stuart assured him he was satisfied with his horse, and would run all risks.

"Wall, if yer bound on a-destroying of yourself, why go in—but I kin say I warned yeh."

I saw him eyeing my horse, so I asked him "what he thought of him?"

"Wall, stranger," he replied, "yeh've got a good critter; a very fine critter. I remember as well as yesterday when Sam Penerson stole that ar hoss from a Camanche chief. Let me see. (Here he scratched his head.) Yes, it's nigh onto twenty-two year ago. He was a bully buffalo animile then."

I could not help laughing at his story. He noticed it and went into a lengthy genealogy of the "critter," ending with a full description of the man I purchased the horse of. My companions laughed, and the rancheman continued:

"Now, mister, I've got a pony young enough to be that ar' animile's grandother. Yeh kin have her for that hoss an' a Remington pistol."

I did not feel like trading. After getting a drink we mounted our horses to start, when the ranchman shouted out: "Whar did yeh come from?" One of the party answered, "From the East."

"Dogoned if I didn't reckon so—seein' how yeh got on yer critters."

We noticed, as we rode off, that this man was cutting a *raca* (ditch) to irrigate some bottom land. He will get the thing started; then leave in disgust for a point further west, when energy and capital will come in to complete and elevate the work begun by the pioneer.

MEXICANO.

We met a number of ox trains going to Lyon from the Hurafano with corn.—These teams are driven by Mexicans of a still darker complexion than any we had yet seen. They look wonderingly at us and ask "Adonde va usted?" Those who understand the Spanish reply "Voy a la California." On hearing which the Mexicans get together and express by word and gesture their surprise. They part from us with a "Quede ustedes con Dios."

It is no doubt out of place here to mention my feelings, and that of the majority of Americans I have met in the far west, towards the Mexicans. A people who could act as they have done towards the misled but admirably noble and brave Maximilian must be lacking in the qualities that make a people great. And the "freedom" of Mexico, culminating in an act so barbarous, will but fit the people for a heavier yoke, and sharpen with a keener edge the next swords drawn against them.

TOPOGRAPHY.

As we ascend the Arkansas, the face of the country becomes more rolling and bold. Ravines cut down from the plateaus on either side, making a continued series of buttes that project into the bottom lands. The land bordering on the river grows richer, and spreads out into extensive fields of dark rich loam, that only need industry to be very productive. Back six miles from the river the land is poor, desert-like, being covered with broken shale and occasional drift boulders, underlaid with sandstone. There is no obstacle, so far, to the construction of a railroad.—Indeed, from Fort Lyon to the Huarfano the ascent is gradual, with no heavy cuts, and through the finest portion of Colorado.

THE FLORA ALONG THE ARKANSAS.

From the day we struck the Arkansas, forty-two miles below Fort Lyon, up to the present time, when our line is seventy miles above the fort, there has been no change in the timber of the bottom lands. Cottonwood, and only cottonwood, meets the eye. There is, however, a decided change in the general flora. Near the Opishpa, an inconsiderable stream, with steep, clayey banks, we first met the curious tree, like cactus (*Opuntia Aborescense*). It is a perennial, of a woody texture, and when dried is quite hard and filled with perforations. The flower, now fading, is blood red, and when a cactus of this variety is in full bloom it looks like a large "burning bush." The elevated lands, no matter how arid-looking, still support large quantities of the prickly pear (*Opuntia Missourienie*), which form a shelter for the rattlesnakes that abound near them. *Artemisia* is found in large quantities in the bottoms, and presents a serious obstacle to the chain men. It is called by Lewis and Clarke "wild sage"—a name borrowed from the early *voyageurs*. In reality it is a species of wormwood.

During Fremont's explorations many mistakes were made in the flora of this region. One was that they had discovered a new genus—a saline plant, which they called *Fremontia*, after the officer in charge. It was, however, described long before by a German who explored the Missouri river, and whose name I have forgotten. He called it the *sarcobatis*.—Wild verbena is met occasionally; same variety exists in such quantities near Fort Hays. The lemon plant is plentiful in the bottoms, and in the evenings emits a delightful, bergamot-like odor. The *zerinia* has a yellowish blossom, and it is a very beautiful, odorless flower. The quantity of sun-flowers that exist here is wonderful, and very tiresome to look at. Between the Opishpa and Hermosilla, on the Huarfano, a distance of twenty-five miles, the country is covered with sun-flowers. I have seen five thousand acres of this flower at one view. The grasses of this region are good—though not as rich as the buffalo, prarie, or blue grass. The *gramma grass* of the Mexicans makes good grazing, but is not as plentiful as the *inferior herd grass that grows in tufts* wherever it can get hold of the soil. In the ravines a *wild cereal grows* abundantly, of which our animals seems very fond. The plains men call it "wild oats." This is certainly a mistake, for the plant is in reality a wild indigenous wheat. Wild hops are plentiful in the bottoms, as are the wild fox-grape. Both the latter could be cultivated here to great advantage.—To me the most wonderful plant of this section is the bush *convolvulus*, or morning-glory. It is now in full bloom, and wherever seen it reminds one of civilization. The root is bulbous, and of great size. I measured one six feet one inch in length and thirty inches in circumference at the thickest part. It weighed seventy-three pounds.

FARMING.

At Mr. Brananan's I saw a field of one thousand acres, the greater part under corn. Though so close to the mountains, the farmers have to irrigate, and they are paid for it in crops of from thirty to fifty bushels of shelled corn to the acre, which sells at an average of three cents per pound on the farm. Wheat of a fine quality is grown along the Upper Arkansas and Huarfano. Unfortunately the grasshoppers have injured it severely this year. Mexican beans and Irish potatoes are cultivated, but like most of the early settlers, the farmers pay but little attention to the cultivation of vegetables. The cattle of this region are of a much finer breed than the long-horned Texas stock, and they sell for more here by thirty per cent. than cattle brought from the Gulf. For the last sixty miles of our route we were never out of sight of sleek herds of cattle. The ranches have an abundance of fine milk and butter. The tendency of the settlers is to stock raising, than which I know of no labor more profitable.

THE FARMER.

We are now out of the buffalo range, still the little prairie dog that barked us a welcome in Central Kansas is to be met with. I have seen their little villages on elevated ridges, where it would seem impossible for a drop of moisture to be found, and sitting on their mounds of the dull sentinel owls. These birds live with the prairie dogs. But when a rattlesnake makes the village a visit, he is an unwelcome guest. The popular belief is that the bird, reptile, and animal live together harmoniously. I have searched in vain for rattlesnakes in the dog towns, and am inclined to believe the story a mistake.

In the dense growth of *artemisia*, *sarcobatis*, and *soap-weed* (*yucca*) long-eared rabbits, resembling the English hare, abound, and make very fine sport where there is a chance to give them a run with dogs. The cayote and gray wolf are plentiful, and large herds of antelope are to be seen every day. The antelope is timid, and very swift; no horse can run them down in this rough country, so that they are only killed by still-shooting, or "flagging." A man dismounts, and waves a flag of some bright color; the animals curiosity is excited, and it gallops in circles, coming nearer each time, and often stopping to look at the flag; when the hunter judges it near enough, he fires, and generally with effect. Orioles, curlews, plover, and snipe are found near the river, and large flocks of blackbirds are to be met wherever a tree is found. I have not seen a prairie chicken on the whole route. Occasionally wild aquatic fowl can be seen in the river, but they are timid, and I take it would prefer a quieter stream than the Arkansas.

THE RAILROAD.

I have conversed with men coming from the mountain region, and well able to give an opinion on the country from which they come. *Every man I have spoken with* has assured me that it will be *impossible* to run a line through the snow range. They say that Gen. Wright is on the proper road, and the only one that can be successfully located. Mr. Miller's expedition will, however, solve the difficulty of the mountain passes, and throw much light on the topography of that region. Major Calhoun's trip to the headwaters of the Colorado may be useful in the same way. ARC.

[*From the Elk Run (Va.) Gazette.*

A Remarkable Frog.

On this subject Mr. Yager, living near Mitchell's Station, in Culpepper county, relates some very curious facts about a remarkable frog. "Concerning this frog" says he, "it has lived many years with us and is a great favorite, and the greatest curiosity is its becoming so remarkably tame. It had frequented our door steps before our hall door some years before my acquaintance commenced with it. My father had admired it for years on account of its size and color, and he visited it every evening, when it would come forth at his summons and by constant feeding, brought it to be so tame it would come to the candle and look up as if expecting to be taken up and brought to the table and fed on insects of all sorts. On presenting living insects it fixes its eyes intently and remains motionless for awhile as if preparing for a strike, which is an instantaneous throwing of its tongue to a great distance, upon which the insect sticks fast to the tip by glutenous matter. I can't say how long my father had been acquainted with it; from my earliest recollection he spoke of it as "Old Tom," "the old frog." I have known it for a great number of years. I can answer for fifty-seven years. It makes its appearance (always a welcome visitor) with warm weather and remains with us till fall, appearing morning and evening to our great amusement, having been trained to do many things, such as leaping, turning somersaults, holding alternately by its feet and hands to a small rope, swinging and whirling after the manner of a slack-rope performer, marching erect on its hind legs, and at the word of command going through the manual exercise. It seems perfectly good natured, and never shows temper, but is dreadfully afraid of a cat, on whose approach it will often leap four feet from off the floor, with the utmost precision, plump into the mouth of a large stone water pitcher, and thus secure a safe retreat. Yet he is in no wise alarmed or disturbed by the presence of dogs, of which we have many about the premises. They seem to regard him as one of the household and a "privileged character." The Hon. Judge Taylor, who will attest the above statement made by Mr. Yager, in speaking of the age of this frog, remarked: "It is certainly one hundred years old, and though he may have been here before the Indians left the country, he may be even now but in his infancy.

☞ A SCOTCHMAN'S VIEW OF ADAM.—There must have been some curious specimens of Scottish humor brought out at the examinations or catechisings by ministers of the flock before the administration of the communion. Thus, with reference to human nature before the fall, a man asked, "What kind of man was Adam?" "On just like ither folk." The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the catechumen, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse-couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, nobody got onything by him, and mony lost."

☞ Josh Billings says: The best cure I kno of for tite boots, is small feet.

Poetical.

THE BEWITCHED TERRIER.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Sam Johnson was a cuited man
Who lived down by the sea;
He owned a rat tan terrier
That stood 'bout one foot three;
And the way that creature chewed up rats
Was gorgus for to see.

One day the dog was slumberin'
Behind the kitchen stove,
When suddenly a wicked flea—
A ugly little cove—
Commenced upon his faithful back
With many jumps to rove.

Then up arose that terrier,
With frenzy in his eye,
And waitin' only long enough
To make a touchin' cry,
Commenced to twist hisself around
Most wonderfully spry.

But all in vain, his shape was such—
So awful short and fat—
That though he doubled up hisself,
And strained hisself at that,
His mouth was half an inch away
From where the varmint sat.

The dorg sat up an awful howl,
And twisted like an eel,
Emitting cries of misery
At every nip he'd feel,
And tumblin' down and jumpin' up,
And turnin' like a wheel.

But still that most owdacious flea
Kept up a constant chaw,
Just where he couldn't be scratched out
By any reach of paw,
And always half an inch beyond
His victim's snappin' jaw.

Sam Johnson heard the noise, and came
To save his animile;
But when he seen the critter spin—
A barkin' all the while,
He dreaded hiderifobia
And then began to rile.

"The pup is mad enough," says he,
And luggin' in his axe,
He gave the rechid terrier
A pair of awful cracks,
That stretched him out upon the floor
As dead as carpet tacks.

MORAL.

Take warnin' by this terrier,
Now turned to sausidge meat;
And when misfortune's to you shall come
Upon your back to eat,
Beware, or you may die, because
You can't make both ends meet.

Miscellaneous.

WIVES OUT OF TOWN—HUSBANDS AT HOME.

"I would like to know," said the youngest married lady, with the least bit of a toss of the head, "what would become of my husband if it were not for me? I went to the country for a week, husband taking meals at a hotel during my absence. When I returned I hardly recognized my own home. The parlor was swarming with flies, and my nice carpet, white ground, with lovely bouquets of roses, you know, was absolutely ruined. Stumps of segars, chessmen and cake crumbs were scattered around. All the spittoons were filthy to a degree, and somebody had been there who did not know their use, I sadly discovered. In the bay window were a lot of broken bottles and a cork screw.—"What is the meaning of this?" I asked Charley, who sat composedly reading the morning papers.

"Oh! didn't I tell you, I had the club to meet here while you were gone?—Thought it would save you a bother, and we had some of your blackberry wine."

Note.—People don't knock the necks off bottled home-made wine. I found out afterward that Charley had been to the cellar plundering around, and in tasting my currant wine (made this summer,) he had left the spigot turned so that instead of racking off it all leaked out.

Now, I had come from my short visit doubly armed with tenderness for my husband, of my home, and it would not do for me to show any impatience the first thing, so I proceeded to my room, and there was confusion worse confounded. My beautiful lace curtains that I had done up myself, pinning down every point, were twisted as tight as a rope, and tied in a hard knot. Every drawer and press was opened wide, and all of Charley's clothes were lying around loose. What puzzled me the most was to see my cedar chest turned upside down, and my Saratoga trunk stretched open, with trays piled outside, like a toppled cobhouse. I went to the bureau to untie my bonnet, and there was the boot-jack, lemon-squeezer and punch-bowl, a pair of pants were thrown over the looking-glass, and a bottle of hair oil broken; the oil had soaked into the marble top and run down the side of the bureau upon the carpet, and upon a queer-shaped article that seemed to be a stocking, but looked as plump almost as if it had "something in it." My curiosity was excited, and, after satisfying myself that it was not alive, I picked it up, and what do you thing it was but one of my wedding stockings. I put my hand in and drew out, one by one, stocking tops of different lengths, British hose, lamb's wool and clock, so fashion, and all marked in sister's delicate hand, with maiden name—"Lucy Spriggens." This was too much, and I called for Charley to come up.

"What's the matter, dear?" he answered in his honey-moon voice, taking three steps at a time until he reached the landing where I stood, the footless stocking in my hand.

"What does this mean?" I asked in as steady a voice as I could, for I had a weakness about those stockings, and I had put them away in fine paper, thinking to keep them as long as we lived, and I felt my face burning.

"Why, can't you tell?" said Charley, and he laughed uneasily, and, as I only looked at him, he varied the question,—"Don't know?"

"How should I?" I replied.

"You astonish me! Well, you know our private theatricals (I had never taken part in them, and was only invited to belong to them because they wanted Charley, who was as handsome and handy;) I didn't expect to take part in the last performance, but the Romeo was sick, and I couldn't well refuse. Now, you know," he insisted.

"Nothing," I answered.

"Well, of course, as Romeo, I had to wear tights, and you to know that I am thin, and I knew that you wouldn't like to hear me called *slim legs*, and so I went to Riley about it, and he was so kind as to come over, and we hunted up your old (!) stockings, and together we made up the handsomest set of calves! You'd better believe it. They would have been a fortune to any one on the stage. Frank said so."

"But I cannot understand how the trunks and presses should be open," I continued.

"Oh! there were other things needed, and on looking them up, I found an old josey that fitted me to a T, and wore your cloak, and used some dirty lace that I came across among your scraps. They are all tied up in the piano cover somewhere. I wish you'd been here to have helped me out, but the girls said I looked splendid. By the way, dear, I hav'n't a shirt to my back: What's become of your quilt? Have no idea, unless the boys took it when they had a show in the wood-shed. Little brother asked me if you would care if he would take the sheets, and I told him of course not, and perhaps they were not enough. It was too funny. Tom wouldn't let the Jones' boys into the show, and they stoned the wood-shed with sticks and stones, and made such an uproar that the police interfered and broke it up. I didn't know when I'v laughed so. You would have enjoyed it."

I was not sure of it, but I said nothing. By this time I had taken off my traveling suit, and was looking around in vain for my new wrapper. "Where is my wrapper?" I said to myself more than to Charley, but he took it up. "I gave away one of your old dresses, while you were gone, to a very deserving person that came before our society for aid."

I rather pride myself upon my husband taking a prominent part in the Young Men's Christian Association, but this is a little too much, and I fancy Charley thought so too, for he started off suddenly, saying, "I must go to business now. I shan't be home to dinner, pet, and I hope you will lie down and take a good rest.

It was my very best print that he had given away, but I hadn't the conscience to scold about it; for, to tell you a secret that I never told him, when we were first married a china and glass vinder came along, and I traded off Charley's finest suit for a broken cologne bottle, an inkstand and two vases of Bohemian glass. Sunday he couldn't find his clothes, and he believes to this day that they were stolen. He has often wondered why the thief took nothing else. But I must tell you about that bundle he referred to—that was the finishing stroke. In it was my peplum basque, with the sleeves diamond slashed, and gilt paper all around it, and drops of glue all over it, and my sweet illusion waist was inside, what there was left of it.

There, too, was my set of heavy curls brushed out maniac style, and covered with powder and carmine; my point lace torn to shreds; my velvet cloak in a wad, and the inflated fellow to my wedding stockings! And my husband a church member and a Christian Association man. It was more than I could bear. I could have cried, but that would do no good. As for taking Charley to task, he was the best husband in the world, and if he had been the worst there was no language that would do justice to the occasion, so I did the best I could under the circumstances. I set about putting things to rights. The first steps necessary seemed to be clearing away the rubbish, and I began tossing the dirty clothes in a heap, and positively before I got through it was as high as my head. I couldn't see over it.

All my sheets, towels, and pillow cases, ten shirts, (no wonder Charley wanted some new ones,) and other things too numerous to mention. It would take me too long to tell you all the mischief that was done—the raids on the pantries, pickles and preserves. I should about as soon have had the house on fire.

BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.—Corry O'Lanus of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, argues the advantages of married life over "boarding" institutions from the following standpoint:

Single blessedness is not good for a married man of mature years.

He gets along very well for a little while until his first fortnight's washing is brought home, when he begins to realize the value of matrimony by the absence of shirt buttons.

Man can never be an independent creature until the necessity for buttons can be dispensed with.

In a boarding-house a man has considerable conceit taken out of him.

His interest in the establishment is limited—authority he has none.

His landlady agrees to fodder him two or three times a day, and stable him at night somewhere on the third floor.

He can't complain of the coffee, or growl if the potatoes are undone.

If he doesn't like it he can leave it.—There are other boarding houses, and he has a choice of evils.

In the evening he has all the world before him.

He has perfect liberty of choice between his bedroom and the street.

There is a parlor to be sure; but the young lady who has steady company is already there.

You go in and the damsel looks daggers.

Her young man looks as though he would like to punch your head.

If you are possessed of a sensitive and sympathetic nature you can't resist this mute, but eloquent appeal.

Especially when it comes home to you, as it does to me, and there was a time when you were similarly situated.

How would you have liked it yourself?

There is no alternative but to suddenly remember that you "have an appointment," seize your hat and rush out into the street.

A DARKEY JURY.—A friend of ours vouches for the truth of the following:

At a recent session of one of the courts in South Carolina, an entire colored Jury was empanelled. A case was brought before them—the witnesses examined, and the attorneys made their respective arguments. The Judge, after laying down the law, and recapitulating the testimony, gave the papers into the hands of the Foreman—an intelligent looking darkey—with instructions that, as soon as they found a verdict, to bring it in without delay.

Thirty minutes or more elapsed, when the Jury returned, headed by the Foreman, and stood before the Judge.

As the Foreman appeared to hesitate, and to wear a disappointed look, the Judge asked—

Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict?

"No, Massa Judge, we haben't found 'em," replied the ebony juryman.

"It's a very plain case," said the Judge.

"Can't help it, massa, couldn't see it."

"On what grounds?"

"We didn't look into de grounds, Massa Judge," replied the Foreman; "de ossifer didn't take us out into de grounds, but he took us into a room, and locked us in, and tole us when we found de verdict, he wud leff us out. So we began to find de verdick, and we searched every nook, corner, crebic, and ebery ting dar was in dat room, but we foun no verdick—no, massa Judge, dar was no verdick—nuffin ob de kind dar."

FRANKLIN ASKING FOR WORK.—When a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and enquired if he could not get employment.

"Where are you from?" asked the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you really set type?"

Franklin stepped up to one of the cases, and in a very brief space of time set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all the office.

TOO MUCH PROOF.—Few army officers have had more or better stories told of them than General A. J. Smith—or, as he was called among his men: "Guerrilla Smith." On one occasion he was sought out by a secesh farmer of Mississippi, who made grevious complaint of depredations the "Feds" had committed on his henroost. The General listened gravely to the recital and asked:

"How do you know it was my boys who stole your chickens?"

"In course I knows it was them. Afore you and your fellars came here I'd a hundred of the prettiest fowl you'd find in old Mississippi, and now there ain't mor'n a dozen left."

"A dozen left—that settles it! You must look somewhere else for your rogues; if my boys had been the thieves they would have made a clean sweep!"

WHITE PEOPLE VS. NEGROES.

What a Republican Supreme Judge Thinks of Negro Equality!

The Right of Negroes to Mix With the Superior Race in Railroad Cars, Prior to the Passage of the Law by Our Radical Legislature in March Last.

Important Supreme Court Decision.

Opinion of Judge Agnew, Rpd., Sustained By Chief Justice Woodward, Judges Thompson and Strong—Justice Reed alone dissenting.

On Monday, the 4th inst., in the Supreme Court, now in session in this city, a most important decision was rendered, relating to negroes forcing themselves in the company of white people in railroad cars, prior to the passage of the Act of Assembly of March last, granting them that privilege. The case in which the question originated was that of a negro woman, who had taken a seat in one of the cars of the Philadelphia and Westchester Railway set apart for white people, and upon the conductor requesting her to take a position elsewhere, allotted to negroes, she refused, remarking she had a right to sit where she pleased, whereupon she was removed and soon after brought suit for damages, alleged to have been sustained by being compelled to occupy a different seat. She obtained a verdict in the lower court, but the defendants appealed, and the case was fully argued before the Supreme Court in Philadelphia, which announced its decision on Monday, reversing the judgment of the court below, and ordering a new trial. A similar case, bro't subsequent to the act of March last, would, in all probability, be decided differently, as the Radical Legislature then gave negroes the right(?)—but the opinion given below shows what a Radical Judge thinks of the present law. The opinion of the Court was delivered by Judge Agnew, which was sustained by Chief Justice Woodward, Judges Thompson and Strong. Justice Reed alone dissenting. Below we give the opinion of the Court in full:

Philadelphia and West Chester Railroad Co., vs. Mary E. Miles. Error to District. Error to Common Pleas of Philadelphia Co.

AGNEW J. It is admitted that no one can be excluded from carriages by a public carrier on account of color, religious belief, political relations, or prejudice. But the defendants asked the Court to say that if the jury believed that the seat which the plaintiff was directed to take, was in all respects a comfortable, safe and convenient seat, not inferior in any of these respects to the one she was directed to leave, she could not recover. The case, therefore, involves no assertion of the inferiority of the negro to the white passenger; but conceding his right to be carried precisely on the same footing with a white man, it appears to be not unreasonable to assign places in the cars to passengers of each color. The simple question is, whether a public carrier may, in the exercise of his private right of property, and in due performance of his public duty, seperate passengers by any other well defined characteristic than that of sex. The ladies' car is known upon every well regulated railroad, implies no equal cost of rights on the part of the excluded sex, and its propriety is doubted by none.

This question must be decided upon reasonable grounds. If there be no clear and reasonable difference to base it upon, separation cannot be justified by mere prejudice. Nor is merit a test. The negro may be proud of his service in the field as a defender of his country. But it was not thought indefensible to separate even white soldiers from other passengers. There is a clear and well founded difference between the civil and military character, and the separation of soldiers from citizens implied no want of inequality, but a sound regulation of the right of transit.

The right of the