The American Volunteer.

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The American Volunteer.

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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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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—1y.

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

Hardware, Paints, &c.

HARDWARE, IRON, NAILS, &c. AT HENRY SAXTON'S OLD AND CHEAP HARDWARE STORE *EAST MAIN STREET,* NEXT DOOR TO THE CORMAN HOUSE.

I have just returned from the East with the largest and best selection of HARDWARE ever offered in old Cumberland, and am able to sell the following articles a little lower than elsewhere in the county. All orders attended to personally and with our usual promptness. Goods delivered to all parts of the town *free of charge.*

Hammered, Rolled and English Refined Iron, Horse-Shoe Iron, Russia Sheet Iron, Burden's Horse and Mule Shoes, Norway Nail Rods, Sanderson's Cast-Steel English and American Blister Steel, Sleigh Sole Steel, Spring Steel, Carriage Spring, Carriage Axles, &c. The largest assortment of

CARRIAGE & WAGON FIXTURES yet offered, such as *SPOKES, HUBS, FELLOES, BOWS, PLAIN and FINISHED SHAFTS, SLEIGH RUNNERS,* &c., &c.

5,00 BARRELS Rosendale, Scotland and Hancock Cement, all warranted fresh. Douglass and Cowling's

IRON AND CHAIN PUMPS.

POWDER.—A full stock of Dupont's Rifle, Rifle and Duck Powder, Safety Fuse, Picks, Mattocks, Drills Crow-bars, sledges, &c.

1,000 KEGS NAILS, which we will sell low. Country merchants supplied at manufacturers prices.

PAINTS.—20 tons of the following brands of White Lead and Zinc:

Whitehall's	*French Zinc,*
Liberty,	*American do.,*
Buck,	*Colored do.,*
Crystal,	*Snow White do.,*
Mansion,	*Florence do,*

COLORS of every description, Dry and in Oil in cans and tubes, also, Gold Leaf, French and German Leaf Bronze

OILS AND VARNISHES.

Linseed Oil,	Turpentine,
Sperm do.,	Coach Varnish do.,
Fish do.,	Furniture do.,
Lard do.,	White Demar do.,
Lubric do.,	Japan do.,
Neats Foot do.,	Iron & Leather do

Also, Putty, Litharge, Whiting, Glue, Shellac Rosin, Chalk, Alumn, Copperas, Borax, Madder, Logwood, &c., &c.

HENRY SAXTON. Sept. 13, 1866

MILLER & BOWERS, SUCCESSORS TO LEWIS F. LYNE, *North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa* Dealers in American, English and German HARDWARE, Cutlery, Saddlery, Coach Trimmings, Shoe Findings, Morocco and Lining Skins, Lasts, Boot Trees and Shoemaker Tools of every description. Solid and Brass Box Vices, Bellows, Files, Rasps, Horse Shoes, Horse Shoe Nails, Bar and Rolled Iron of all sizes, HAMES AND TRACES, Carriage Springs, Axles, Spokes, Felloes, Hubs, &c., &c. Saws of every variety, Carpenters' Tools and Building Material, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Plated Forks and Spoons, with an extensive assortment of Hardware of all kinds and of the best manufacture, which will be sold wholesale or retail at the lowest prices. We are making great improvements in our already heavy stock of goods, and invite all persons in want of Hardware of every description to give us a call and we are confident you will be well paid for your trouble.

Hoping that by strict attention to business and a disposition to please all we will be able to maintain the reputation of the old stand.

MILLER & BOWERS. Dec. 1, 1865.

DRUGS! DRUGS!—Dr. D. Cornman having to relinquish an extensive practice, 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 offices 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. DR. D. CORNMAN. Sept. 12, 1867—1y

PAINTING AND PAPER-HANGING!

The undersigned has resumed his regular business of PAINTING AND PAPER-HANGING.—

PLAIN AND FANCY PAINTING, SIGN PAINTING, LETTERING, &c., *NEATLY EXECUTED AT SHORT NOTICE.*

Residence and Shop No. 91 North Hanover street, Carlisle. C. A. SMITH. July 11. 1867—3m

EVERY VARIETY of Cooking Utensils, Tin, Sheet-iron and Japanned Ware, for sale by BLUESMITH & 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.

COAL IN THE FAR INTERIOR.

The very important fact is now clearly ascertained and established that mineral coal, in vast and perfectly inexhaustible quantities, exists along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from the head waters of the Missouri to the Rio Grande, and beyond it—from Montana to the western border of New Mexico.

At the meeting of the members of the Academy of Natural Sciences and other gentlemen, held at their hall, on Broad street, on Tuesday evening, Dr. John L. Le Conte made some highly interesting remarks upon the coal-beds which he had examined during the past summer, in the vicinity of the route surveyed by General W. W. Wright, chief engineer Union Pacific Railway, Eastern division, from Fort Wallace, on the Smoky-hill river, passing by Fort Lyon, on the Arkansas; thence up the Purgatory, crossing the Raton Mountains; thence via Fort Union, Los Vegas, Canon Blanco, Canon Carmuel, and Valley of the Rio Grande, to Fort Craig.

The main sources of mineral fuel on this line are two: *First,* The great beds of tertiary coal which occur around the western end of the Raton Mountain and the neighboring foot hills of the Rocky Mountains; *second,* The beds of early cretaceous coal of the Rio Grande valley.

The first coal basin consists of an immense thickness of coarse sandstones first manifesting themselves in some of the ravines of the Raton, about twenty miles east of Raton Pass, but soon becoming visible on the flanks of the mountain, continuing through the pass, and to an unknown distance west of it. This formation lies nearly horizontally against the base of the Raton and Rocky Mountains, extending along the latter from the Arkansas river at Canon city to the valley of the Little Cimarron on the south. In the Raton Pass the coal beds, which are quite thin in the Manco del Burro Pass, begin to assume importance. About six miles from Trinidad, a locality on the side bank of a small stream, was examined and sections drawn, which exhibit a total thickness of about five feet of good coal separated into four beds, placed near together. Other beds were found above the one examined, but no thorough exploration of them could be made. Near the top of the Pass are also beds of about the same thickness, but near the southern exit of the Pass, in canons connected with upper waters of the Cimmaron, here called Red river, these beds occur in still greater magnitude, being eight feet thick. All these are, however, of trifling nature compared with the great beds found in the canons of the Vermejo valley, which showed in one locality ten feet of coal in two beds separated by ten inches of slate; the same strata were found on the other side of the canon one half mile distant, and in other canons several miles farther west. I was afterwards informed by Mr. Maxwell, the owner of the tract upon which these valuable mines are situated, that he had seen the same or similar beds a long distance above the point to which we traced them. Further south, other thinner beds were seen in the canons between Vermejo and Maxwell's, of the thickness of three and four feet of good coal. Beyond the Ponejo, near Maxwell's, the high table lands containing the coal-beds disappear entirely, and the only sedimentary rocks in view are the early cretaceous sandstone, capped in places with middle cretaceous limestone. The thick bed of coal which is profitably mined at Canon city, was not visited but the extension of the high table land of tertiary sandstone in that direction could be plainly seen; it is therefore probable that, if the future necessities of the region require, similar beds may be found north of the Raton to those that are known south of it.

The Raton Mountain lies partly in Colorado and partly in New Mexico. The 37th parallel runs directly through it. It is on the line of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, about midway between Pond Creek, on the Smoky-hill river, and Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande. It is a broad and irregular mass of volcanic matter, running mainly from north-west to south-east, some fifty or sixty miles. Although geologically it does not properly belong to the Rocky Mountain system. There are several passes through it, one of which, the Trinchera is suitable for a railroad, or the road may be carried around its eastern base. The Purgatoire river drains the northern slope of this mountain, and flows north-eastwardly to the Arkansas; the Vermejo and Little Cimmaron, on which the greatest of these coal-beds are found, drain the eastern portion of the Rocky Mountains south of the Raton, and unite in the Canadian river, the great southern branch of the Arkansas.

The second coal basin is found in numerous exposures of somewhat inclined strata of early cretaceous age, on both sides of the Rio Grande. The beds of coal are from five feet to five and a half thick, excluding the contained slates.—South of Santa Fe, near the Placer Mountain, one of these beds has been overflowed by a stream of gray trachyte, and baked into an anthracite, presenting all the appearance of Pennsylvania anthracite, but somewhat less dense.

These cretaceous and tertiary coals are commonly spoken of as bituminous.—They are not so in reality, not softening at all when burning, and showing no disposition to coke. They burn easily, with much flame, exhaling a peculiar odor, and leaving a greater or less quantity of ash, according to the purity of the specimen. The ash is frequently quite light, resembling the ashes of wood.

By slight variations in the form of the furnaces from those in use in the Eastern States, these coals can be used for all metallurgic or manufacturing purposes. In fact, coal of similar age, and frequently of far inferior quality, is extensively used in Germany.

The importance of these beds of mineral fuel in the supply of our continental railroads, and in the development of the mineral wealth of the interior of the continent, cannot be overestimated. Without them, the operating of a railroad would be almost, if not quite impracticable. With them, good and sufficient supplies of fuel can be obtained at distances which will divide nearly equally the spaces to be passed, so that not more than 100 to 150 miles of transportation will at any place be required.

Dr. Le Conte's remarks were illustrated by specimens from the different coal mines mentioned. He also stated that in the vicinity of several of the mines he examined, valuable deposits of iron ore existed. He concluded by referring briefly to the coal-beds of Denver, some of which are extensively worked, for the purpose of supplying the towns in that neighborhood. One of the beds he had visited was vertical, and 16 feet thick.—Another horizontal one was 11 feet of good solid coal.

Dr. Leidy then read a letter from Dr. Hayden, dated Cheyenne City, giving a brief but very interesting statement of the great coal field on the head waters of the Platte, around Cheyenne City, on the line of the Pacific Railroad of the Platte, estimated at five thousand square miles in extent. The veins are of eight to twelve feet in thickness. Dr. Le Conte traversed the more southern field for a distance of from 120 to 130 miles. The intermediate fields north and south of Denver are not included in either.

The specimens exhibited by Dr. Le Conte, taken from the heavier veins, very much resemble the bituminous coal of Western Pennsylvania, being compact, black, and lustrous. But they are very different, and were formed at later periods. They are not lignites, neither are they bituminous. When first ignited they give out a clear, bright flame, but not much smoke. They do not melt at all, and therefore cannot be converted into coke; and when the volatile matter is consumed or expelled, the remainder continues to burn as anthracite or charcoal burns, until all the combustible matter is consumed, and a small remainder of earthy matter in the form of ashes is left. Messrs. Williams & Moss, analytical chemists of this city, made a careful analysis of a specimen of Raton Mountain coal with the following results:

Moisture, at 212 Fahrenheit,	4.74
Sulphur,	.16
Volatile matter,	37.20
Fixed Carbon,	53.90
Ash,	4.00
	100 00

This coal, it will be perceived, is remarkably free from sulphur; it is therefore admirably adapted to the smelting and working of iron, with extensive mines of which, in New Mexico, and also in Northern Colorado, it is in immediate contiguity. But of the coal in the latter locality we have seen no analysis. For the smelting of iron ore it must be used in a raw state, as is largely and successfully done with the semi-bituminous coal of the Shenango and Mahoning valleys in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. This New Mexican coal, although not even semi-bituminous, is shown by the above analysis to contain all the constituents of a first-rate fuel.

THE LIVE MAN.—The live man iz like a little pig, he iz weaned young, and begins tew root arly.

He iz the pepper sass of creation—he alispice ov the world.

One live man in a village iz like a case ov itch at a distrikt skool—he sets everybody tew scratching at oust.

A man who kan draw New Orleans mollassis in the month ov January, thru a half inch augur hole, and sing 'Home! sweet home!' while the mollassis is running, may be strickly honest, but he ain't sudden enuff for this climate.

The live man iz az full ov buzziness az the conductor ov a street kar—he iz often like a hornet, very huzzy, but about what the Lord only knows.

He lights up like a cotton faktory, and hain't got enuy more time to spare than a skool boy haz Saturday afternoons.

He iz like a decoy duck, always above water and lives at least eighteen months during each year.

He iz like a runaway hoss, he gits the whole ov the rode.

He trots when he walks, and lies down at night only bekause everybody elst doz.

The live man iz not always a deep thinker; he jumps at konklusions, just az the frog doz, and don't alwaz land at the post he iz looking at.

He iz the American pet, a perfect mystery tew foreigners; but he haz done more (with charcoal) tew work out the greatness ov this kuntry than enny other man in it.

He iz jist az necessary az the grease on an axeltree.

He don't alwaz die ritch, but alwaz dies bizzy, and meets death a good deal az an oyster duz, without making enny fuss.—*Josh Billings.*

KIND INQUIRIES.—Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go over to the Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among these relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the plazza where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he spoke the silence by—

"How's your father?" which was answered much after the same fashion as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?"—again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

A CURIOUS LOVE STORY.—A very curious love story is told by several of the ancient writers respecting Egirvard, a secretary to Charlemagne, and a daughter of that Emperor. The secretary fell in love with the princess, who at length allowed him to visit her. One winter's night he stayed with her very late, and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left his foot marks would be observed, and yet to stay would expose him to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened, however that from the window of his bed-room the Emperor saw the whole affair.

In the assembly of his lords on the following day, when Egirvard and his daughter were presented, he asked what ought to be done to the man who compelled a King's daughter to carry him on her shoulders, through frost and snow, in the middle of a winter's night? The lovers were alarmed, but the Emperor addressing Egirvard, said: Had'st thou loved my daughter thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give thee two lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage; fear God and love one another.

AN AGENT OF THE LORD.—Deacon Simes was an austere man who followed oystering, and was of the hardshell persuasion. The Deacon 'allus made it a pint' to tell his customers that the money which he received for 'isters' did not belong to him. 'The good father made the 'isters,' said the deacon, 'and the money is his'n; I'm only a stookt.' One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cents, and he 'wash't goin' to meetin' till that ar was fixed up.' 'Why dear con,' said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, 'what's the odds? what need you care? 'tisn't yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss.' The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said; "Yass, that's so; but if you think that I'm going to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents you're mistaken. *I don't foster no such feelin'.*"

A LADY making a morning call discovers her married female acquaintance making tremendous lunges with a broom-stick under the bed. Conversation breaks forth:

"Good morning, madam. Ah, you have a troublesome cat under the bed?"

"Troublesome cat? no ma'am, it's that sneaking husband of mine, and I'll have him out, or break every bone in his body.'

"You will, eh!" said a faint voice under the bed. 'Now, Susy you may rave and pound and rave, but I'll not come out from under this bed while I've got the spirit of a man about me!'

☞ "Amelia, far thee—yes, far thee—at thy command—I'd tear this eternal firmament into fragments. I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumbled from the regions of ethereal space and put them into my breeches pocket. I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor. I'd tear him from the sky and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!"

"AMELIA.—"Don't Gustavus Adolphus, it would be so very dark!"

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

Poetical.

MY LOVE AND I.

And we sat in the quiet evening,
All alone, my love and I,
And she played on her organ softly,
And I listened silently.
For she sang me a gay song sweetly,
Like a chorus of wedding chimes,
And oh! in the music ringing
Came the thoughts of other times.

In a dream I was still beside her,
In the summer woods and dells,
And I led her on in the sunlight
To the sound of village bells.
And she sang me a grave song sadly,
That was soft, and sweet, and low,
Of the good book's golden promise.
That wine and oil should flow.

In a dream I was still beside her,
And I saw her, yet; the same,
Though the promise was for others,
And those good things never came.
Then she sang me an old song softly,
Like a sigh from a dying breath,
And 'twas only the world's old story
Of love, and life, and death.

And I thought as I sat beside her,
As I heard her gently sing,
That with such sweet thrilling voices
The choirs of angels ring.
So we sat in the quiet evening,
All alone, my love and I,
And she played on her organ softly,
And I listened silently.

[*Dublin University Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

THE LOST WILL.

The scenes I am about to describe occurred about the year 1860, to a respectable family by the name of Culverton, in Orange county, New York.

The Culvertons had lived in the old family mansion and enjoyed the revenues of the family estate for many years, without the slightest doubt that they had a right to it, when suddenly there started up from goodness knows where, an individual who laid claim on the property, and seemed likely to prove his claim to all but the Culvertons themselves.

It was certain, Jabez Hardy was the nearest relative, and certain that Mrs. Culverton was only a grand-niece of Hiram Hardy, deceased; but the Culvertons had lived with the old man for years, and he had promised, time and time again to leave them everything. He had even declared that his will was made in their favor; and that such a document was actually in existence, Mr. Culverton could not doubt; but diligent search had been made in vain, and Jabez Hardy, whom the old man never saw, was to take the place of people he loved so fondly, and who had been his comfort in his last hours.

"It was a shame!" said every one.

"A cruel, wicked thing!" sobbed Mrs. Culverton.

And Mr. Culverton, who had never expected a reverse, was quite crushed as the pending lawsuit progressed.

A thousand times a day he said:

"How providential it would be if uncle Hiram's will would turn up at this moment."

"I wonder how he can rest, poor man, with such injustice going on."

But no matter what they said, or how they managed, no will was found, and Jabez rubbed his hands in triumph.

It was strange that while matters were in this condition, one so deeply interested as Mrs. Culverton necessarily was, should dream of anything else; but dream she did, night after night, of an entirely different subject.

Inevitably, for a week at least, she had no sooner closed her eyes than she found herself in an intelligence office, full, of all ages and nations, and face to face with a girl of small statue, with white Scotch features, and singular blue eyes, wide apart and staring, who desired the situation of cook.

At first she did not like the girl, but in every dream she found her aversion vanish.

After a few moment's conversation, and invariably, it had began to melt, when the girl looked at her and said:

"I'd like to hire with you ma'am."

It was always the same office—always the same words were uttered—until Mrs. Culverton began to think there must be something in the dream.

"Though it can't come true," she said, "for while Johanna remains here I shall never hire another cook."

And just as she said this there was a scream in the kitchen, and the little girl ran in, frightened out of her senses, to tell how Johanna, lifting the wash boiler, had fallen with it and scalded herself.

Mrs. Culverton followed the young girl into the kitchen, and found Johanna in a wretched condition; and the doctor being sent for, she was put to bed and declared useless for her domestic capacity for at least a month to come. A temporary substitute must be had, and Mrs. Culverton, that very afternoon, went to New York to find one at the intelligence office.

Strange to say, in the bustle she had quite forgotten her dream, until she suddenly stood face to face with the very girl she had seen in it. A small young woman with very singular blue eyes in a white face, and whose features betrayed Scottish origin. She had risen—this girl—from a seat in the office, and stood before her twisting her apron strings and courtesying.

"I'd like to hire with you, ma'am," she said.

The very words of the dream, also. Mrs. Culverton started, and in her confusion could only say:

"Why?"

The girl blushed.

"I don't know," she said, "only it seems to me I'd like to live with you."

It seemed a fatal thing to Mrs. Culverton, but she put the usual questions and received the most satisfactory answers, except as to references.

"But I can't employ you without reference," said Mrs. C., knowing that fate had decreed that this girl should take a place in her kitchen.

"If you can't I must out with it," said the girl. "There's my lady's name, ma'am. She will tell you I am honest and capable; but she turned me off for frightening the family."

"How?" asked Mrs. Culverton.

"Seeing ghosts!" replied the girl.—"Every day I saw a little child in white playing about the house; and all said there was no such child there, though there had been once, but he was dead.—Mistress said I pretended to see it for the sake of impertinence, and she discharged me; but I knew by her trembling that she thought I had seen a ghost. I went to a doctor and he called it optical delusion, that it would soon pass away; and sure enough, I have not seen it since I left the house."

It was a queer story; but Mrs. Culverton believed it, and before she left the office, had hired Jessie to fill Johanna's place, for the space of one month from that day. That evening she came and went to work with a will.

Dinner time passed comfortably and tea-time came. The Culvertons never ate anything but a biscuit or a cake at this meal, and cups were handed about in the sitting room. Jessie came in at the appointed hour with her tray, served every one, and then stood smiling before Mrs. Culverton as she said:

"Please ma'am, let me pass you, the old gentleman has not yet been helped. Yes, sir, in a minute."

"The—old—gentleman!" cried Mrs. Culverton.

"Yes, ma'am—behind you in the corner there, please."

"There's no gentleman, young or old, there," said the lady. "I can't imagine what you took for one."

The girl made no answer but turned quite white and left the room. Mrs. C. followed.

At first she could extort no explanaton, but by and by the girl declared she saw an old gentleman sitting in an arm chair in the corner, who beckoned to her, and she fancied in a hurry for his tea.

"What did he look like?" asked Mrs. Culverton.

"He was thin and tall," said the girl—"his hair was white and very long, and I noticed that one of his knees looked stiff, and a thick gold-headed cane beside him."

"Uncle Hiram?" cried Mrs. Culverton, "upon my word you've described my great grand-uncle, who has been dead for twenty years."

Jessie began to cry.

"I shall never keep a place," she said. "You will turn me away now."

"See as many ghosts as you please," she said, "as long as you don't bring them before my eyes," and went back to her tea without saying a word to any of the family on the subject, although she was extremely mystified.

Surely if the girl had never seen her uncle Hiram—which was not likely, considering that he had been dead nearly her whole life time—she must have seen something in the ghost line; and if indeed, it were uncle Hiram's spirit, why should he not come to aid them in their trouble? Mrs. Culverton had always had a little superstition hidden in her soul, and she soon began to believe this version of the case.

The next morning she went into the kitchen and shutting the door, said to Jessie:

"My good girl, I do not intend to dismiss you, so be quite frank with me. I do not believe that these forms are optical illusions. I feel sure that they are actual spirits. What do you think?"

"I think as you do, ma'am," said the girl. "Our folks have always seen ghosts, and grandfather had the second sight for ten years before he died."

"If you should see the old gentleman you told of again," said Mrs Culverton, "be sure and tell me. I'll keep the story from the young folks, and Mr. Culverton would only laugh at it; but you describe my dear old grand uncle, and my belief is you saw him."

The girl promised to mention anything that might happen, to her mistress; and from that day an interchange of glances between them and a subsequent conference in the kitchen was of frequent occurrence.

The girl saw her apparition seated on the sofa in the parlor, seated at the dinner-table, walking in the garden, and so life-like was it that she found it impossible to refrain from passing plates and cups and saucers to it, to the infinite amusement of people who saw only empty air in the same spot.

By and by she invariably spoke of her ghost as the old gentleman, and was more affected by his presence than by that of a living being. If it was an optical illusion it was the most singular on record.

But all this while—ghost or no ghost—the figure never spoke, and never did anything to help the Culvertons in their dilemma, and the lawsuit was nearly terminated, without the shadow of a doubt, in Jabez Hardy's favor.

In three days all would be over; and the Culvertons who had earned their property, if ever mortals did, by kindness and attention to their aged relative—whom they truly loved and honored—would probably be homeless.

One morning, Mrs. Culverton sat over her breakfast after the others had left the room, thinking of this, when Jessie came in.

"I've something to tell you ma'am," she said. "There's a change in the old gentleman."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Culverton.

"I've seen him twice at the foot of my bed in the night," said the girl; "and though he always, before me, has been kind and pleasant looking, now he frowns and looks angry. He beckons me to go somewhere, and I don't dare, in the night time."

"You must," said Mrs. Culverton. "I know he will come again; and I'll sit with you all night and go where you go It may be of great use to us all, Jessie."

"I shan't be afraid, ma'am, if I have company," said Jessie, in the most matter-of-fact manner, and carried out the breakfast things.

All day they never spoke on the subject; but, on retiring, Jessie found her mistress in her bedroom wrapped in a shawl.

"I'm ready, you see," she said. And Jessie merely loosened some buttons and hooks and lay down, dressed.

Ten o'clock passed—eleven—twelve.—Mrs. Culverton began to doubt, when suddenly she saw Jessie's eyes dilate in a most peculiar manner, and, in an instant more, the girl said:

"Why there he is, ma'am!"

"There's no one there," said Mrs. Culverton.

"Oh, yes, ma'am! I see him," said the girl.

"He's in great excitement, ma'am; he's taking out his watch to look at, and the chain is made of such bright yellow hair, I thought at first it was gold."

"His wife's hair," said Mrs. Culverton. "It was burried with him. You see old Uncle Hiram. Does he look at me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jessie.

"Uncle," said Mrs. C., "do you know me after all these years?"

"He nods," said the girl.

"Have you come to help us—dear uncle?" said the lady.

Uncle Hiram was described as nodding very kindly and beckoning.

"He wants us to follow him," said the lady, and took the light. The moment she opened the door Jessie saw the figure pass through it.

Mrs. Culverton still could see nothing. Obedient to the girl's movements, Mrs. C. descended the stairs and stood in the library.

The ghost paused before a book case.

"He wants me to open it," said Jessie.

"Do so," said the lady.

"He signs to take down the books," said the girl.

And Mrs. Culverton's own hands went to work. Book after book was taken down—novels and romances, poems and plays.

A pile of volums lay upon the library carpet and still the ghost pointed to the rest till they were all down.

"He looks troubled, ma'am. He seems trying to think," said the girl. "Oh, ma'am, he's gone to the other case!"

And so to cut a long story short, the four great book cases were emptied without apparent result.

Suddenly Jessie screamed:

"He's in the air. He's risen, ma'am to the top of the case. He wants me to climb up."

"Get the steps Jessie," said her mistress—and Jessie obeyed.

On the very top of one of the cases, and covered by cobwebs, she found an old German book, and brought it down.

"This was there," she said. Mrs. Culverton took it in her hand, and from between the leaves dropped a folded paper fastened with red tape and sealed.

The lady picked it up, and read on the outside these words:

"*The last will and testament of Hiram Hardy.*"

For a little while she could only weep and tremble; soon she found words:

"Uncle," she said, "in the name of my husband, and my dear children, I thank you from my soul. Does he hear me, Jessie?"

"Yes; he nods and smiles," said the girl.

"Will you let me see you, uncle?" said Mrs. Culverton.

"He has gone," said the girl. "He has kissed his hand and gone."

And so he had for good; for from that moment he was never seen again by mortal eyes.

Nobody believed the story of his appearance. But the will had been discovered, without doubt, and the Culvertons were no longer in danger of explusion from their old home. There they lived and died, and Jessie remained until she married; and all her life received every kindness from the family, who were indebted to her singular peculiarity for their comfort and happiness.

Whether Uncle Hiram's spirit really came back to earth or not, is a question; but Mrs. Culverton always asserts that it did, and quarreled with every one who ventured to doubt the assertion.

CORRY O'LANUS' EPISTLE.

Concerning the Elections—O'Pake's Triumph—Disappointed Calculations—Artistic—Mrs. O'Lanus's as an Artist—Likewise Themistocles—Political Reflections.

DEAR EAGLE: You are probably aware of the result of the election.

It was a big thing for the Democracy.

And for the men who were elected.

My vote hasn't been canvassed yet, but I don't think it will change the result.

I don't propose to contest Kalbfleisch's claim to the office.

I believe he has been elected Mayor by quite a majority.

Bliss and Talmage together took away votes enough to defeat me.

Bliss thinks he would have been elected if he had not been sick, and had been able to be around.

It was a disadvantage, but he had a capital Bellows to blow for him and treat the boys.

I feel as sorry for Bellows as I do for Bliss, because he loses his clerkship.

Bellows is a tip top clerk, and if I had been elected Mayor and hadn't promised the place to half a dozen other fellows, I would have retained him.

Unlike Bliss I wasn't sick before election, but I felt rather unwell the next day.

The excitement you know was a little too much for me.

I understand there has been a good deal of sickness on the Republican ticket since Tuesday.

The weather has been so changeable.

Mrs. O'Lanus is quite resigned to my defeat.

She regards it as a blessing in disguise.

I prefer my plessings plain.

Disguise is suspicious.

The only comfort was

O'PAKE'S TRIUMPH,

which was not at all disgu